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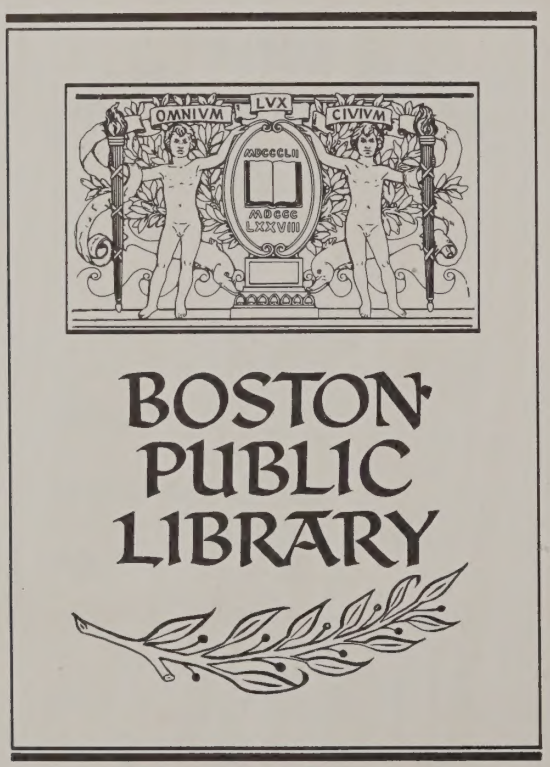

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1870.

The Week.

THE golden promises made by Governor Hoffman about the future of this State under Democratic rule seem not likely to be realized—the Tammany Ring having got the upper hand in the organization of the Legislature, and being apparently likely to keep it. The opposition candidate for the Speakership, put up by the virtuous Democrats from the country districts, disappeared from the scene before the trial of strength without giving any reason, having, in the opinion of the by-standers, "sold out" to his competitor. Sweeny, Tweed & Co. are, therefore, now masters of the situation. Governor Hoffman is generally believed to mean well, being impelled to good courses, if by no higher motive, by hopes of the Presidential nomination. But Tammany is not concerned about his political fortunes; and as to the virtuous country Democrats, the Ring now enjoys means of muzzling them which are not to be withstood. It can offer a country lawyer or farmer who stands in its way the means of passing his declining years in a nearer approach to luxury than he has ever dared to hope for, and we believe that it is now a well-established law of political philosophy that no virtue will stand a strain of fifty per cent. in the way of temptation over and above its ordinary and legitimate rewards. There has been a rumor here that Mr. Tweed had got the contract for the completion of the Hoosac Tunnel, but we can discover no foundation for it beyond the fact that he is one of the bondsmen of the Montreal gentlemen who are now doing that great work for the State of Massachusetts. They declare, we believe, that they are going to do no lobbying in Boston this winter, which is good news. But what does Mr. Tweed say? He does not intend, we believe, to abolish the New York city commissions, but simply to purify them by putting good Democrats in them.

Mr. Boutwell's monthly statement shows a reduction of the debt of nearly $5,000,000 during the past month, making nearly $77,000,000 in all since March, 1869. He delivered a lecture in Boston the other day on the "Transition Period of the United States," which seems to have excited a good deal of expectation among the business men of that city, and they hoped he would make revelations of some kind about his financial policy or opinions, but he hardly touched on the finances at all, his attention being apparently occupied by slavery, and emancipation, and the war. He seemed to indicate, however, that he looked on the rapid payment of the debt as our first duty, and recommended patience under the taxation necessary for that purpose. If we may judge by the tone of the press, the opinion gains ground that coming generations ought to pay some of the debt, which has been incurred in large part for their benefit, and that the present one, which has borne the actual burden of the war, ought now to have its load of taxation lightened. Those who urge haste in paying off the debt are, or at least have been, in good part, actuated by the fear that lapse of time might diminish the national sense of obligation to pay it. But we think experience has shown that this sense has grown with the lapse of time, and that the more people have talked and thought about paying the debt, the firmer has become the popular determination to do it.

In the American necrology of 1869, the three most prominent names are those of Stanton, Fessenden, and Peabody. Besides these, there are a dozen others who once were famous, but who, when they died, made no gap which this generation observed. It is not many years since their names were in all men's mouths, but when they died no one greatly missed Amos Kendall, or John Bell, or Franklin Pierce, or Robert J. Walker, or General Wool, or Governor Pickens, or Mr. Toucey, or Admiral Stewart, or Admiral Gordon, or Mr. Baron Stow. Better than any of these, Mr. Raymond is remembered; and we think we are not mistaken in saying that, during the last ten years, not more than two or three Americans have died whose loss caused more regret than his. The spirit of candor and kindness—so in contrast with the ruling traits of many men in his position—in which he used the enormous power which he had in his hand, secured for him a respect, and, so to speak, an affection which it is well to keep in mind. Of Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Stanton we have heretofore spoken. The one seems to have been as peculiarly fortunate as the other was unfortunate in the time of his death. Mr. Stanton went just at the close of a stormy decade, in which he had had perfect opportunity for the exercise and exhibition of his peculiar powers, and just when, had he lived, he would have been entering on a period of our history and on the duties of an office for which he was rather ill fitted than well fitted. Of Mr. Fessenden, on the other hand, it might have been reasonably expected that, during the next few years of criticism and careful organization, he would have rendered us his best services. Neither man, however, died without being full of honors, if not of years. As for Mr. Peabody, his name goes among the household words of two great nations, and is as sure of immortality as Howard's.

So far as the opinion of the future can be guessed, we should say that of all the distinguished dead of this last year, Sainte-Beuve is the one whom other generations will think of as the most noteworthy. He was by nature and habit a critic—a man who surveyed things done, and the doers of them, and who was not himself a creator. It would be vain, then, to seek for any one performance of his, literary or other, which of itself would justify the respect that is paid him. Of him it is true, as it is true of all critics in their degree, that each part of him and his work was very much less than the whole. His intrinsic greatness consisted in his power of seeing and feeling the strength and weakness of other men; and his greatness in the eyes of others consisted in his power of stating with a precision almost unequalled, if not quite unequalled, the absolute and the relative values of the men who underwent his examination. Ability of this kind does not get its expression in any one work; its influence is exerted by means of a lifetime of writing and talk. And it is not upon everybody that such influences operate. Still less is such ability at once generally operative when it is exercised upon the great in literature, whose merits and demerits are to be weighed in balances of a nicety not only not understood by most, but by most not to be understood. But the great public of a truly admirable writer, especially if he is also a truly admirable artist in writing, is the contribution of generations, and he can afford to die and wait for his fame and chief usefulness.

Besides Sainte-Beuve—who was, in fact, half English in blood and nature—the other noted Frenchmen who died in 1869 were Lamartine, Marshal Troplong, and Marshal Niel. The last was a representative of the Irish blood which two centuries ago went into exile, and which in more than one country of continental Europe has reached high distinction. Marshal Niel was a thoroughgoing Imperialist as well as a thorough soldier, for he inherited without apparent diminution the Irish national capacity for attaching himself to a leader or a dynasty, and loved Napoleonic Cæsarism with a fervor not unlike that of Burke's passionate personal affection for what to anybody but an Irishman would seem a rather cold mistress—the British Constitution. Lamartine's death was a relief to all others as well as to himself. "Charlatan for charlatan," said Sainte-Beuve, speaking of him and Victor Hugo, "I prefer Lamartine." But Lamartine during his last years was a charlatan who had outlived most of those who believed in him, and who made it painfully manifest that he was as unable as unwilling to make a dignified or a decorous exit from the stage on which he had long lagged superfluous.

In England, the death of the Earl of Derby has made more noise than any similar event of the year; but except the grief of his personal friends and dependants, his death has not caused much sorrow. It is only that a brave, honorable, showy nobleman, of the old school, has

gone. Aside from his latter-day usefulness, as a figure-head for his party, "the Rupert of Debate" was never, so far as concerns his public services, very much more than what Lord Lytton called him in the one line of the "New Timon" which still lives. A fellow-translator of Lord Derby's, Professor Conington, who rendered the Æneid into English in a way not previously equalled, is also among the dead of the year. There was a time when Professor Conington's success with Virgil would have given him a long lease of fame; but the age of translations of the classics has passed, and the new version of Virgil, or Horace, or Homer, must get its praise, not from the polite world in general, but from a few scholars, whose commendation is neither, for the writer, easy to get, nor of great value to the publisher or public when got. A greater loss than Mr. Conington's or Lord Derby's to the world of English literature is Mr. Alexander Dyce. He left behind him no Shakesperian scholar more painstaking, accurate, and honest, and, perhaps, none at once so learned and so acute.

The Ohio "reformers," elected, we believe, in the main from Hamilton County, appear to hold the balance of power in the Legislature, and have thus far thrown their weight into the Democratic scale, and the public is waiting with some anxiety to see what they will do about the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. If they should follow the Democratic lead in this also, it will only show how necessary good sense is to prevent "reformers" from becoming a delusion and a snare. There is probably at this moment nothing which does more to distract public attention from municipal reforms of all kinds than the state of suspense in which the country is kept about this amendment. It is its non-adoption which still keeps reconstruction unfinished, and makes it possible for the Irreconcilables in Congress to play the pranks about Georgia and Virginia which are causing the judicious so much grief. The amendment passed, and the moral results of the war thus taken out of the arena of party politics, we should have time and attention for local abuses.

The land-owners of the southwestern corner of South Carolina have just furnished some curious evidence of the struggle that is now going on between the new ideas that new circumstances are forcing upon the Southern mind and the ingrained prejudices of a lifetime. Robertville, situated some fifty miles from Port Royal Island and the town of Beaufort, is a part of the sea-coast region which in old times was famous for its value as a country adapted for the production of long-staple cotton and the best American rice. Plantations there were large in extent, were inhabited by few whites and many negroes, were cultivated at an expense which made it necessary that the cultivator should be a capitalist, and, withal, were unhealthy, or were so considered. The pine barrens being within easy reach as places of residence during the heats of summer, the plantations—the cotton plantations, at least—were not so badly off in regard to climate as was maintained by people who willingly looked for an excuse to spend a part of the year in pleasure excursions, and who also were interested in making it believed that no man but a black man can endure existence in places where good crops of cotton can be raised. The reasons above-mentioned have, however, been sufficient, coupled with the various strong inducements to the foreigner to seek a home in the Western and Border States, to prevent any set of the stream of immigration towards tide-water South Carolina, and the land-owners of Robertville, poor, oppressed by taxes, destitute of money to buy labor, hating the system of free labor, have decided to offer farms without money and without price to all European immigrants who will consent to take up abodes among them. They say truly that should they by giving away half their present possessions double the present population—the new-comers being industrious farmers—they would in the end be greatly the gainers.

But this they cannot bring themselves frankly to do. Some of the conditions which they impose upon possible immigrants are of the most foolish and impracticable kind. First, they demand that the man who accepts a farm shall agree to occupy it five years, to improve it, and that at the end of the five years he shall sell it, if he sell at all, to other new-comers. Secondly, the donee, if without means of his own, must work for the donor, at the ordinary local rate of wages, during the first six months of possession, or else two days in the week during all of the first year. This would set the immigrant at work for another during the time when there would be most need that he should work for himself. Besides, the provision seems to contemplate the entrance of a class of people who would make an accession of no great value to any industrial community. In the third place, the Robertville men will require of their beneficiary a pledge that he will "have no dealings or intercourse with any of the African race." This, be it remembered, in a country where the blacks are the great majority of the population; where nearly if not quite every laborer is colored; where black men vote, practise medicine, act as postmasters, and hold other offices—where, in short, black men manage a very large part of the social machinery. Finally comes a more emphatic and specific pledge, with the same unattainable end in view: the immigrant must promise that never, "so long as the ignorant negro sits upon the jury," will he resort to law for the settlement of any dispute, but that always he will place his dependence upon arbitrators. In a State where the negro is always the law-maker, and not seldom a criminal, these arbitrators will have what is usually called "a good time" in enforcing their decisions. But, on the whole, the scheme reported by the Robertville committee gives proof of progress. Twelve or fourteen square miles of land, part arable and part wood-land, are already offered for acceptance, and the planters will welcome Chinese laborers, whom they boldly praise as being far better than the negro in his best estate ever thought of being.

Mrs. Stowe's new volume has reached us so short a time before going to press that we are unable to offer any deliberate judgment on its merits until next week. But we may say that it does not contain any authorization, formal or implied, for Mrs. Stowe's action in the matter; that the only additional proof of the charges offered is more extended and explicit reports of the conversation in which Lady Byron revealed the secret; and that this conversation will help to confirm the impression of many people that she was not sound in her mind on this subject in her later years. In fact, the whole story nowhere rises, as Mrs. Stowe half admits, above the character of a "drawing-room scandal," and will not bear anywhere the application of a legal test. A very disgusting addition has been made to the literature of the subject during the week by Dr. Charles Mackay, in a sensational biography of the "child of sin," Medora Leigh. We sincerely hope if anybody else has any dirty particulars about the Byron family or its branches in his possession, he will keep them to himself.

There was a report circulated widely, and with a good deal of confidence in the early part of the week, that the Cuban insurgents had, acting under the advice of the Junta, laid down their arms and abandoned their enterprise in despair, caused by the attitude of the American Government and the release of the Spanish gunboats. This has drawn forth a letter from the President of the Central Republican Junta, pronouncing the story an "absurd and malicious forgery," and declaring that the revolutionists "are every day more and more confident of success, with or without the support of foreign nations." The Junta themselves have also issued an address to the American people, in which they say substantially the same thing, and add that the Cuban army now consists of 40,000 men, and give a list of the superior officers, which is imposing. The civil government, they say also, consists of a Congress, or Chamber of Representatives, "composed of delegates from every part of the island *held by the insurgents*" (the italics are ours), which has been sitting ever since the 10th of April. This body has "enacted a constitution," which "abolishes slavery, dignities, and social honors," and "guarantees every inalienable right." The distinction of sex, we regret to see, it leaves standing—thus sowing the seeds of much future trouble. The address furnishes some specimens of the laws which the Congress has passed—the first of which authorizes the issue of $2,000,000 in "legal tenders," which the Republic promises "to redeem in specie as soon as circumstances will permit;" another calls the whole male population, between the ages of eighteen and fifty, to arms; and others organize the judicial and administrative systems. The judicial system seems to be

very simple, and, according to the address, works as well as can be expected in the midst of such commotion, and with rigid impartiality—in illustration of which the Junta mention, apparently as an act of extraordinary virtue, a case in which a court condemned a Cuban to death for murdering a Spaniard. Finally, the Junta defend the incendiary tactics of the insurgents, and hurl defiance at the Spaniards, and predict their speedy overthrow.

The Cuban news from other sources is very varied in character; but the general drift of it is that the insurgents are still in the field, and more or less hopeful, though the circle in which they act seems to be contracting every week under the pressure of increased Spanish forces, and if a combined movement which was on foot towards the close of the last month was successful, those insurgents who escaped would be compelled to take refuge in the mountains at the eastern end of the island, where their very existence would be difficult, except as isolated marauders. It is not impossible that it is the progress of this movement which has given rise to the late stories of a surrender, and although the Junta contradicts them very positively, it acknowledges it has no news later than December 7. The Spanish gunboats have not sailed from this port at the present writing, but a Cuban yacht, the *Anna*, has, having on board that redoubtable chief, Colonel Ryan, whose departure leaves his bondsmen, who undertook to produce him before the United States District Court, in tears. In the meantime, the severity with which the Spanish authorities repress seditious talk even in Havana either indicates that they are ferociously cruel, or by no means sure of their game. One supposition is about as probable as the other.

The Chinese question grows in interest, as will be seen by the letter of a correspondent in another column; but the attempt made by the friends of the Burlingame mission to ascribe the hostility of the Emperor and American residents to the brutal indifference of these gentlemen to Chinese rights, is infusing a good deal of bitterness into the controversy. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has been abusing the American merchants with some vigor, and Mr. Jas. L. Kiernan, the late United States Consul in Chin-Kiang, has appeared on the scene, in a letter discussing the Chinese question, as that of a person "who had had much experience among the Chinese, and travelled the empire extensively," and containing statements strongly denunciatory of the British residents. Whereupon, the leading American houses join in a card against him, which appears in the Shanghae *Newsletter*. They say Mr. Kiernan only spent nine months in the country, part of the time in a steamboat, and part at Chin-Kiang, at his post, where the foreign population numbers in all seven souls—and with the natives his want of practice in speaking Chinese must, of course, have restricted his intercourse—and the rest at Shanghae. Of the foreign residents anywhere he saw very little, they say, and he knew none of the English, and never "travelled the empire;" and the writers close with a cutting allusion to a little balance of $1,300, which they say they had to advance to enable him to withdraw from the Central Flowery Land, and which he had, up to date of the card, in an unaccountable manner abstained from remitting. We are pleased to see, however, that Mr. Kiernan is confident "that the Chinese will accept Christianity when it becomes Christianity to them."

M. Ollivier has at last succeeded in forming his ministry, which has at least the merit of containing no decidedly objectionable person. It is one of the signs of the times that M. Pietri, the Prefect of Police in Paris, has resigned, and there is talk of Baron Haussmann following his example. With his disappearance, the Imperial régime, as established in 1851, might be said to have passed away. The Emperor, in reply to the address of the Corps Législatif, treats the change as a voluntary sharing on his part, for the purpose of lightening his burdens, of the authority committed to him by the people. The change, however, is the important thing, and he will find few Frenchmen disposed to quarrel with him about the name or origin of it. The enquiry into some of the election returns, and particularly that of M. Clément Duvernois, a favorite of the Emperor's, has revealed an unprecedented amount of indirect wholesale corruption on the part of the Government; and as the whole Chamber votes on each case, each enquiry takes the form of a great party struggle. M. Duvernois got in by a very small majority.

The news of the Œcumenical Council is of all kinds, and very interesting. The best that comes direct to this country is perhaps to be found in Mr. Ripley's letters in the *Tribune*—his presence in Rome being a stroke of good fortune for the foreign correspondence of the paper for which it cannot be too thankful. It would seem that the first plan of having the doctrine of Papal Infallibility adopted by acclamation, as it were on a sudden impulse received from the Holy Ghost, having failed, the fate of the dogma, or rather "pious opinion"—for that is all it is as yet—still remains doubtful. The Spanish, Italian, and American bishops are reported to be firm for it, but the recalcitrancy of the French, led by the Bishop of Orleans, and the doubt that hangs over the Germans, owing to *Janus* and the Fulda Manifesto, inasmuch as they seem to make discussion inevitable, seem to have greatly troubled the Jesuit counsels. The doctrine is one of those which might be carried with three cheers, or under the "previous question," but it will not bear debate. There are no arguments tending to show that a mortal man, with a liver and brain, needing sleep, and liable to have his digestion disordered by certain articles of food, never can be mistaken on any subject on which he chooses to pronounce a formal opinion, which can in our day be gravely uttered before a large assemblage, especially in Latin. If the infallibility doctrine fails to be accepted, it is doubtful whether the Syllabus can meet with any better success. The Pope has issued a decree providing for the dissolution of the Council in case of his decease, and the election of his successor by the College of Cardinals. In this he follows precedents, but the question suggests itself to many minds, why a body which is competent to create dogmas, or, in other words, reveal to the world the true mind of God on the most mysterious subjects, is not competent to elect the Vicegerent of God; or what reason, beyond the desire of the Italians to keep the papacy in their own hands, which they have always virtually done, there can be for having the election even during the sitting of an universal council confined to the cardinals. All writers, however, agree in representing the Council as a wonderful display of Papal power—more wonderful, owing to the diversity of its elements, than any which has ever taken place. Even those who doubt the assertions of the Roman papers that recent heavy rains were marks of Divine favor, intended expressly for the occasion, must admit this. *Janus* has been placed on the *Index*, which is the best way of meeting it.

In speaking last week of the Duke of Genoa, we, by a slip of the pen, alluded to the Marquis of Rapallo as his "morganatic father"—step-father we meant to say, and should have said. The Marquis married the Duchess only, if we remember rightly, six years ago. The news comes now that Victor Emanuel positively refuses to permit the Duke to become a candidate for the Spanish throne, probably owing to the failure of the Provisional Government to procure for him the requisite number of votes in the Cortes—two-thirds, we believe, being called for by the King. Prim had, however, almost staked his political fortunes on getting him elected, while Admiral Topete and Marshal Serrano were said to favor the Duc de Montpensier, to whom, as a Bourbon, Prim is violently opposed, and probably has on this point the country at his back. His failure with the Duke of Genoa, however, has doubtless made longer agreement between him and his colleagues impossible, and the latest story from Madrid announces the resignation of the Cabinet. Montpensier is now said to be about to appear prominently on the scene, and we shall probably have some weeks, if not months, of intriguing over him. The Spaniards have only one consolation in all this, and that is, that the Government is strong enough to prevent anarchy; but it is a melancholy consolation after all, for the strength comes from the discipline and fidelity of the army rather than from popular support. The finances are very near that stage in which relief comes from the impossibility of being any worse. The foreign creditors are the only ones who will receive payment for their next coupons, which shows that some of the old Castilian pride survives; and we commend the spectacle to the attention of some of our repudiators, who, in all their schemes of cheating, usually propose to begin with the foreigners.

MR. WELLS HIMSELF.

The low opinion of American honesty entertained in various countries of Europe often excites the indignation and surprise of American travellers, and many of them, knowing how unjust it is, ascribe it to rancorous hostility to our institutions. But, then, those who are most familiar with the way in which opinions are formed in foreign countries are aware that most of whatever disrepute the national character rests under with regard to all that class of virtues included under the term *bona fides*, is the handiwork of a portion of the American press. The bitterest reviler of America and Americans has never ventured on such foul charges and foul insinuations as some of our contemporaries hurl nearly every day against men who are put forward by American society as about as good specimens of the American man as it is capable of producing. We were told, the other day, by an American of distinction—and his experience has been that of hundreds—of the bitterness of the mortification which he endured when in Germany during the impeachment trial, at finding himself an object of daily condolence on the part of his German friends touching the corruption of Senators Trumbull, and Fessenden, and Grimes, three of the foremost statesmen of the party of virtue. And then, there was no use in his denying it or trying to explain it. It was not in a Southern paper they saw the story, nor yet in the foul-mouthed organs of Northern Copperheadism, who make vilification one of their ordinary weapons of party warfare; but in the New York *Tribune*, the mouth-piece of the best element in the Northern population, and which had up to the time of impeachment been holding these very men up to the admiration of mankind.

We bid fair, too, in Mr. Wells's case, to furnish Europe with another reason for believing in our utter rottenness. Mr. Wells has had everything done for him that American society can do. He has been well born, well bred, and furnished with the best education the country affords. He has lived with the best men of his day, and has won and enjoys their esteem. He has displayed very remarkable powers of analysis and induction in a field of social science which until now can hardly be said to have been explored in this country, and has for this reason been selected by the Government to perform the very important duty of supplying the data for legislation on matters of finance and taxation during a period of great public difficulty and, indeed, peril. If ever man has given the State guarantees for his good behavior, it is he. And yet, what do foreigners learn about him from the organ of the sober, virtuous, religious, reading, writing, and thinking Northern public? Why, that the minute he secured an official position, and, through it, influence on public opinion, he sold his services to a foreign government and to foreign traders, and, in consideration of a certain sum in "foreign gold," agreed to suppress material facts, manipulate figures, and construct deluding arguments for their benefit, and for the deception and impoverishment of his own countrymen.

Of course, everybody here knows how false these insinuations are; but then, unfortunately, their silliness and absurdity prevent people feeling the downright wickedness of them, and visiting the men who invent and propagate them with the indignation they deserve. These slanders do, however, in one way, recoil on the heads of their authors, inasmuch as they excite, first, distrust, and then hostility towards the cause they are intended to help. There is no cause which will bear being lied for. Even the Christian religion, strong as are its claims on the respect of mankind, has suffered, and still suffers terribly, from attempts to spread it by falsehood, and slander, and misrepresentation of opponents; and what it cannot bear we may be sure protection cannot. One marked result of the attacks on Mr. Wells has been the steady growth of his authority, and the steady increase of confidence in the statements and conclusions of his reports. Nothing, it is safe to say, has ever appeared on this class of subjects which has produced such a profound impression on public opinion. His conclusions, it is true, have borne hard on the whole theory and practice of protection; but there was only one way of upsetting them or destroying them, and that was, showing either that his facts were not facts or that the reasoning based on them was incorrect. This has not been done; and for this, naked assertions that Mr. Wells has been bribed, and that he has been guilty of suppression and distortion, are not proper and sufficient substitutes.

There is talk just now among some of the more rabid high-tariff men about not only suppressing his report as far as Congress is concerned, but "kicking him out" of the Republican party; but then, we presume, wiser counsels will prevail. The suppression of the report by the House would, of course, only increase the number of its readers, and Mr. Wells would be followed out of the Republican party by such large numbers of the present members that we doubt whether enough would be left to carry on the business of the concern afterwards with any degree of success. There is a class of men in the party who have always been a little anxious to get rid of its brains, finding the thinking faculty a nuisance, and, almost as soon as a man gives evidence of reaching his conclusions with his head, get up a movement for his expulsion. Mr. Trumbull and the late Mr. Fessenden had a narrow escape, but they *did* escape; and their example has had a very encouraging effect. If the protective system will not bear discussion—and from the dislike of the high-tariff men to permit the circulation of Mr. Wells's report, and the refusal of the *Tribune* to print it, it apparently will not—it certainly cannot stand, and there is not the slightest use, as we have more than once said, in claiming a quasi-sacred character for it, as some of its friends seem disposed to do, and treating people who question its value as bad men, to whom plunder or treason would not be particularly disagreeable. It is a theory of taxation like another, of human origin, and that not a particularly respectable one. Large numbers of some of the best, and, on all other things, at least, wisest men in the modern world condemn it, and think it a stumbling-block in the way of human progress, and some of the foremost States are gradually abandoning it. Protectionists must, therefore, be reasonable and patient, take off their sacerdotal robes and lay aside their cursing instruments, and come down into the arena among the rest of us, and give and take in the common secular game of political fisticuffs. Fair play is all they are entitled to, and that they shall certainly have. The young men, it is true, are mostly on the other side, but for this there is no help.

HIS REPORT.

In the composition of this incendiary pamphlet, Mr. Wells starts with the astounding but hardly questionable assertion, that the cost of the war was nine thousand millions of dollars; and this of itself is, it must be admitted, a good deal to recover from. To meet it, however, we have had, since the outbreak of the war, an immigration amounting to 1,664,363. Since the termination of the war, too, thirteen thousand miles have been added to the railroads of the country, opening up an area of virgin soil larger than the whole of France, while the telegraph lines have received an increase of eighteen thousand miles of wires. Moreover, the South may be fairly said to have recovered. The cotton crop has again reached its old standard in quantity, and is superior in quality. The same thing may be said of the other crops peculiar to the South, while the high prices have furnished it once more with capital, of which the close of the war found it totally bereft.

Mr. Wells estimates the total number of persons now engaged in adding directly to the wealth of the country by their labor as 10,000,000, out of a population of 39,000,000, and the total annual product of their labor at $6,825,000,000, or $682 50 each. Of this total product, about one-half is to be attributed to agriculture. The cotton manufacture only counts for $71,500,000; the woollen manufacture, for $66,000,000; the iron manufacture, $119,950,000; the leather manufacture, $222,600,000; and the railway service, $360,000,000. It will thus be seen that the iron industry, which makes most of the disturbance over the tariff, is only fourth in the order of importance, and ranks far below the leather industry, which has been seriously injured for its benefit. Of course, the country is growing in every way, but Mr. Wells holds that it is not growing as it ought to grow, and as it would grow in the absence of a vicious system of currency and taxation. He says, when we leave the region of general estimates and descend into others in which we have exact figures, the prospect is not pleasing. The deposits in savings banks have not increased in proportion to the increase in population, and there is every reason to believe that the depositors no longer belong exclusively to the working classes.

Moreover, the increase in the number of houses has not kept pace with the increase of population, which means not only that fewer families have homes of their own, but that a greater number of persons are crowded under one roof. In short, though wealth increases, it is not increasing in anything like the old ratio, and it is not distributed with anything like the old equality. The direct effect of the bad currency and bad system of taxation is to put a premium on the talents of the broker and speculator, while lessening the rewards of the producer; so that, while the great capitalists and exchangers find things very pleasant, the workingman finds things very unpleasant. In other words, the more complicated your system of taxation is, and the more variable in value your currency is, the more call there is for shrewdness and smartness in the transaction of business, and the less chance is there for simple industry and energy. The banking, brokerage, insurance, and commission businesses thrive. They draw into them all that large and able class of the community who are skilful in dealing with uncertainty, while the dull plodders, on whom the country is after all mainly dependent for solid additions to its wealth, go to the wall. To this state of our currency and taxation Mr. Wells ascribes, too, the listlessness, the dislike of labor, and the determination to do as little as possible, which are now reported as prevailing in nearly all branches of industry; but this theory is shaken by the fact that the same phenomena show themselves in nearly every civilized country. They are, in our opinion, mainly the result of growing social ambition, and a growing feeling of equality on the part of the working classes; and the discontent of these classes is stimulated by the sight of the immense rewards which the capitalist classes have reaped from the application of steam and electricity to industry and commerce within the last thirty years, and in which thus far the working classes can hardly be said to have shared. But the disadvantages of the workingman's condition, all things considered, are perhaps greater here now than elsewhere, and would be greater still if it were not for the resource offered by the abundance of fertile land.

Another cause which Mr. Wells looks upon as seriously impairing the rapidity of national accumulation is the condition of the foreign trade of the country, though, as he states the case, the condition of the foreign trade appears rather as evidence that we are not accumulating rapidly than as an agency preventing rapid accumulation. He thinks that there are now about $1,400,000,000 of American securities of all kinds held abroad, drawing annual interest to the amount of about $80,000,000, and this indebtedness to foreigners goes on increasing, owing to the now regular annual adverse balance against us in our dealings with Europe. Last year this balance amounted to about $210,000,000, and this is, Mr. Wells calculates, the average sum which now stands against us every year, and is settled by the transmission of bonds and other promises to pay. Now, the conclusion Mr. Wells draws from this is, that, if we had either the gold or the goods to pay with, we should pay with them, as we did in old times; but, not having them, we pay in bonds. "Of course, we have not the gold"—some one will say—"but why have we not the goods?" For the simple reason, that the cost of production in this country now, owing to our system of taxation and the condition of our currency, is so great that we cannot afford to furnish goods at prices which foreigners will pay for them. We make hardly anything now which cannot be found cheaper or better made elsewhere. In other words, the process of protection, as now carried on, is very like, in its effects on the national industry, the process of training to go without food to which the man subjected his horse by cutting down his allowance every day, and which was giving every promise of success, when the horse unfortunately died.

Under this state of things, not only have we ceased to export our products to foreign countries, but we have almost entirely lost the carrying trade, which was once the pride and glory of the country. The American ship-owner cannot compete with foreigners, any more than the American manufacturer, so that Mr. Wells calculates that the loss to the country from this source alone is equal to $24,000,000 per annum. In 1859, American ships did two-thirds of our total foreign trade; in 1869, they do one-third. Losses by the *Alabama* will not account for this. The painful truth is, that we cannot build a new ship and sail her at a profit, in competition with Europeans; and new ships would have been needed, even if Semmes had never sailed the sea. Mr. Wells has collected a great deal of evidence, also, as to what he calls "the diversion and demoralization of industry"—that is, the propulsion of capital and labor into unprofitable channels, and the decline of zeal and diligence on the part of workmen. Moreover, he confirms the statements made by the *Nation* two years ago, and which excited so much hilarity at the time amongst some of our contemporaries, as to the decrease in live stock, and its value as an indication of a change in the relations which production formerly sustained to consumption and population. In the State of Ohio, for instance, for the agricultural statistics of which greater accuracy is claimed than for those of any other State, the official report for 1869 shows that, as compared with 1868, the number of sheep has decreased nearly a million and a half, the hogs nearly four hundred thousand, the cattle over twenty thousand. Indeed, the Department of Agriculture estimates the decline in the number of sheep all over the country at twenty-five per cent. But we must reserve for another article Mr. Wells's account of the bearing of the existing financial situation on the farming population; that is, be it remembered, fifty per cent. of the population of the United States.

THE SENATE AND THE EXECUTIVE.

WASHINGTON, January 1.

HERE is a pungent morsel for the public to chew upon! Congress has been two weeks in session. After the stormy rule of Andrew Johnson, the executive and the legislature were supposed to have been made as harmonious as a popular vote could make them. The new President's anxiety to keep the peace was notorious, and has weighed heavily in his course of administration. He has already yielded much —too much—to the legislature, and he seems likely to go on until there is nothing left for him to yield. And yet, when, after a session of two little weeks, Congress adjourns for the holidays, a quarrel has already broken out, in which the Senate is supposed to have shown a worse temper than ever before, and given itself up to a more scandalous and utterly unpardonable attack on the executive.

Whose is the blame? Whatever passes in executive session is secret; but the press knows, or thinks it knows, everything, and among the things which the press thinks it knows, and which its agents are willing to impart to such persons as seek information in a proper spirit, is the following story: The offences of the Attorney-General have long been a matter of notoriety. Ever since he came to Washington, in the month of March, he has made it his business to override the strongest political combinations wherever they stood in his way. His appointments to office have frequently been made in the teeth of senators, members, and local remonstrances, as in the case of Barlow, and of Harlow, in New York. He has expressed, in language more simple than civil, his opinion of political jobs to senators and others who came to him with political jobs in their hands. Although a radical among radicals, and a man for whom all Massachusetts would go bail to an unlimited extent, he has done his utmost to raise the Administration above the dirt of local politics. He is accused of having acquired a commanding influence over the President and his Cabinet. After months of growing jealousy, and after infinite bitterness of spirit, caused by comparatively small matters, the Attorney-General capped the climax of his offences by sending to the Senate a list of nine Circuit Judges, among whose names were several which did not please senators; especially that of Judge Woodruff, which occupied a place supposed to have been intended by certain senators for Judge Hale. The peculiar and intolerable sting of this nomination is by most persons thought to rest in the fact that the late Attorney-General is believed to have feathered the arrow which wounded, and it is well known that, owing probably to the shocking baseness of his moral character, there are few men in America of whom senators stand in greater terror than they do of the late Attorney-General Evarts. The nominations of these nine Circuit Judges were duly referred to the Judiciary Committee, whither that of Judge Hoar himself, as Associate Justice, soon followed them in ominous silence.

The first demonstration came from the committee, and was obviously

directed against the Attorney-General. It came in the shape of a request to the President to furnish all papers in his possession which in any way concerned the candidates for circuit judgeships, and it implied that the Judiciary Committee expected to find reason in these papers for attributing mistakes in judgment, if not worse, to the President or his chief legal adviser. It is further said that the President rather energetically declined acceding to this request until it had been so much modified as to include only the papers which concerned the nine actual nominees, and even to this the President is thought to have acceded, rather from a wish to smooth the path of Judge Hoar's confirmation than from any satisfaction with the Senate's behavior. In order still further to restore good feeling and to conciliate opposition, the President committed an act of very doubtful propriety, and set a dangerous precedent by nominating Mr. Stanton to the Supreme bench long before any actual vacancy existed, the immediate result of which was only the curious spectacle of a judge dead and buried in state, while his predecessor still sits on the bench and goes to the funeral. The Senate, however, was not to be conciliated, and, instead of receiving with equal good-will the President's advances, it seized the occasion to confirm Mr. Stanton with a display of energy which was no doubt intended to be, what it certainly was, an additional insult to the Attorney-General.

The Judiciary Committee then reported unfavorably on Judge Hoar. This committee consists of seven senators, and it is understood that only one of its members—Mr. Trumbull—supported the Attorney-General. Of the rest, Mr. Thurman is a Democrat, and his vote was natural. Mr. Rice is a carpet-bag senator from Arkansas, and his vote was also natural, since no one expects high political morality from carpet-bag senators. Messrs. Carpenter and Stewart, being from the far West, also enjoy a certain freedom from the restraints of elevated motives. Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, is a professional obstructionist, and may, in five cases out of six, be depended upon to oppose any measure, good or bad, wise or foolish. His vote, therefore, was quite in character. But what shall be said of Mr. Conkling? Surely, his course requires some better explanation than any which has yet been offered. In the angry debate which followed, there was no reason urged for rejecting the nomination which could possibly justify Mr. Conkling's vote, far less his attitude as leader of this cabal against the Attorney-General. The temper of the debate is said to have shown, beyond a doubt, what was the true motive of opposition in the Senate; and, at the bottom, it was pure spite, bursting into a flagrant rebellion of all the factious or corrupt elements of that body against the authority of its more respectable members. The dregs of the Senate Chamber, combining with the Democrats, and all led by Mr. Conkling, proved too powerful for resistance, and, now that this combination has learned its strength, the President may expect to hear from it with regularity hereafter.

In the whole proceeding, the Democrats alone can be justified or excused. To them Judge Hoar is the principal representative of a system they believe to be unconstitutional and outrageous. They have a right to argue that an Attorney-General who has, in 1869, decided that the continued existence of war in the Southern States involves in law the establishment of a military government, with powers of life and death, in that region, is not a suitable person to become the dispenser of justice to Southerners; and, if this is not reason enough for their opposition, they can add that, from their point of view, an Attorney-General, the first officer of the Supreme Court, who uses all his official influence (supposing the fact to be true, as is asserted) to obtain the passage of a bill like that now pressed by Senator Trumbull, by which the Supreme Court is reduced to the level of a sort of Congressional commission, is unfit to sit upon that bench. The fact is that Judge Hoar has gone a long way in helping to tear from the States and from the judiciary the last few rags which were left to cover their nakedness, and he has done as much as any one to break down all hindrances to the exercise of unlimited power by the Legislature. Democrats can afford to look on and laugh at seeing him worried and bitten by the overgrown beast he has done so much to fatten. If Mr. Conkling and Mr. Edmunds take the same ground with the Democrats, there is room for a very pretty argument in this direction; but consistency is sometimes safer than logic, and, sooner than go back on the Senate in this way, they had better avow, a dozen times over, that their sole motive for opposing Judge Hoar is that he did not appoint Mr. Hale to a circuit judgeship.

The gravest difficulty, however, still remains. No doubt it is annoying enough for Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Sumner, and such old leaders of the Senate, to find their authority suddenly upset, and the relations which they feel it so necessary for Congress to maintain with the President all at once made hostile, by a mutiny of that part of their crew to which it is for many reasons very desirable that attention should not be too closely drawn. Badly as these Senators stand, however, the position of the President is worse. It is clear that the senatorial cabal strikes not so much at the possible judge as at the actual Attorney-General. Its idea is, whether avowed or not, to drive Judge Hoar from the Cabinet as well as to block his path to the bench. Here rises at once the question of ministerial responsibility to the Senate in its most dangerous form. If the President compels Judge Hoar to remain in the Cabinet, he practically slaps the Senate in the face, and accepts the war it has declared. If he permits Judge Hoar to retire, he sets perhaps the most dangerous precedent which it is in his power to establish; a precedent which is of itself a revolution in the American form of government. The thing is, sooner or later, not unlikely to happen; but, if it should turn out that General Grant's course in the present case is to become the model for a new system by which future Presidents will be bound to allow other miserable senatorial factions to tear their ablest and best advisers from their sides, it will appear that, for a fortnight's work, the results of the session have thus far proved very creditable to the industry of Congress. The Georgia Bill has effectually put an end to all the rights formerly reserved to the States, and vested them in Congress. The Supreme Court Bill is about to vest the supreme judicial power in Congress, which it makes the final judge of the extent of its own judicial powers. Lastly, the Senate is bent upon making the seats in the President's Cabinet dependent on its own pleasure. When all this has been thoroughly brought about, and Congress has fairly assumed every branch of administration and every power known to government, nothing will remain for the public to ask except that the Senate may then be itself permanently controlled by statesmen like those who have shown such high qualities in their treatment of Judge Hoar.

THE DRAMA IN COLLEGES.

A COLLEGE (Harvard) man, reading Hamlet's question to Polonius and the reply, "My lord, you played once in the University, you say?" "That I did, my lord; and was accounted a good actor. I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was killed i' the capitol,"—is very likely to think that the old courtier must have alluded to the practices of some secret society (belonged to some Hasty-Pudding Club) of those days. The appearance of the old comedy of *Ralph Roister Doister* recently, in Mr. Edward Arber's series of "English Reprints," gives us a good occasion for glancing at the history of the drama in its connection with colleges and schools. Some time not long before 1550, Nicholas Udall, an eminent scholar of the time, then Head-master of Eton, wrote *Ralph Roister Doister* for his pupils to perform at Christmas, little thinking of the interest that was to attach to it as the first properly constituted English comedy. It is bright and witty, though surpassed by some other productions nearly contemporaneous. *The Four P's*, for instance, an interlude of Heywood, the jester of Henry VIII., has more humor and a higher aim, being in many parts a bold satire directed against the follies of the time. *Ralph Roister Doister* is much superior in refinement to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, also a school, or rather college play, it having been performed at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1552; but it contains no one thing so good as the drinking song, said to be the first in the language, of which the following is the chorus, as given by Hazlitt:

"Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old."

The most ingenious thing in Udall's comedy is the letter of Ralph to the heroine, which is twice given, and which, without the change of a single word, is made to appear at the first reading insulting, and at the second reading an ardent love-letter, simply by altering the punctuation. In 1553 this letter was cited in an "Arte of Logike," to illustrate the "Ambiguitie," with the following note: "An example of soche doubtful writ-

ing, whiche by reason of poincting maie have double sense, and contrarie meaning." Perhaps it would be impossible, even now, to find a better illustration of the power of mere punctuation. Here, in parallel columns, are a few lines from the two forms of the letter:

"Sweete mistresse whereas I loue you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and richesse chiefe of all,
For your personage, beautie, demeanour and wit,
I commende me vnto you neuer a whit.
Sorie to heare report of your good welfare.
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,
That ye be worthie fauour of no liuing man,
To be abhorred. . . . .
. . . . . .
Doe and say what ye lust, ye shall neuer please me,
But when ye are mery, I will be all sadde,
When ye are sory, I will be very gladde,
When ye seeke your heartes ease, I will be vnkinde.
At no tyme, in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde."

"Sweete mistresse, whereas I loue you, nothing at all
Regarding your richesse and substance: chiefe of all
For your personage, beautie, demeanour and witte
I commende me vnto you: Never a whitte
Sory to heare reporte of your good welfare.
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,
That ye be worthie fauour: Of no liuing man
To be abhorred: . . . . .
. . . . . .
Doe and say what ye lust: ye shall neuer please me
But when ye are merrie: I will be all sadde
When ye are sorie: I wyll be very gladde
When ye seeke your heartes ease: I will be vnkinde
At no time: in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde."

It is quite likely Udall meant to show his pupils, by means of this letter, the importance of attention to pointing. Is it not a little curious that punctuation seems to have been carefully attended to long before spelling? Many a person now is not ashamed to punctuate badly, who would be much mortified to be caught in bad orthography. Among our old writers, however, Chaucer, whom we remember our famous countryman, Mr. Artemus Ward, with some justice condemned as the "wuss speller he ever knew," was particular to write that one—

——"that pointeth ill,
A good sentence may oft spill."

In the sixteenth century, the spelling was worse than in previous times; the reason for which is given at length by Marsh. In *Ralph Roister Doister* the irregularities in spelling are very great, while the pointing does not differ much from modern standards. We have noticed the same thing in other works of that day; for instance, the "Toxophilus" of Roger Ascham, and Latimer's Sermons. Old Tusser, author of the "Five hundreth pointes of good husbandrie," a pupil of Udall in his youth, records that he received from him fifty-three stripes for "faut but small, or none at all;" and hence it has been inferred that Udall was a severe master. Whoever reads *Ralph Roister Doister*, however, will find it hard to believe that the teacher was not, on the whole, a genial fellow and on good terms with the boys. For a teacher or college professor to write a play for his scholars, or, indeed, to aid and abet them in any way in a dramatic performance of this kind, would be a strange thing now. There is no small amount of play-acting, to be sure, at several of our colleges. Among the writer's most vivid college reminiscences is that of personating, in laced bodice and elaborate train, the Queen in a Burlesque. We had not then lost our boyish treble, nor had the beard sprouted. We believe the best point we made was the manifestation of jealousy toward a classmate who is now one of the most eminent clergymen of the Episcopal Church, who, on that night, with his towering figure wrapped in skirts, and a plume on his head that swept the ceiling, personated the giantess who had stolen the love of our royal husband. The men of many colleges have similar recollections. The amount of play-acting done is by no means small; but it consists almost entirely, we believe, of the performance of poor and trifling things. It is generally done in a clandestine way, cold-shouldered by the soberer fellows, for the most part; and, if not frowned upon by the faculty, at any rate not encouraged. Things were once far different.

In French schools and colleges, as far back as 1315, dramas were enacted in public, on saints' days, by students. In Germany there was a similar practice. Reuchlin had especial distinction as a writer and actor of Latin plays in his student days. At Cambridge and Oxford, the practice of acting plays was very ancient, and continued to be an important feature of university life down to the time of Cromwell. At Trinity College, Cambridge, there was a special officer appointed from among the Masters of Arts, whose business it was to superintend the classical comedies and tragedies that were acted in the great hall. There were similar officers at Oxford. On these occasions, the heads of the colleges and the most eminent doctors were present. The representation of plays was adopted as part of the entertainment at the reception of eminent personages. Henri Taine, in a striking account of the circumstances of the English drama in the sixteenth century, alluding to the poverty of the stage appointments, says: "C'est l'imagination du public qui est le machiniste;" but in these college plays there was certainly other machinery and scenery than what the imagination of the spectators furnished. Dr. John Dee, of necromantic fame, says that in the representation of the Εἰρήνη of Aristophanes, when he was Greek lecturer, he introduced a contrivance which led to his being considered a conjuror even then. The play was enlivened by "the performance of a scarabeus, his flying up to Jupiter's palace with a man and his basket of victuals on her back; whereat was great wondering, and many vain reports spread abroad of the means how that was effected." Roger Ascham, in a passage of his travels where he strives to do honor to Antwerp, says it as much excels all other cities as the refectory of St. John's College in Cambridge, when furnished at Christmas with its theatrical apparatus, surpasses its appearance afterward: "Quemadmodum aula Johannis, theatrali more ornata, seipsam post Natalem superat." Thomas Warton, in the "History of English Poetry," whose account of plays at schools is minute, describes those performed at Oxford in 1566, at a visit of Elizabeth. The English piece was founded on the story of Palamon and Arcite. When the play was over, the queen complimented handsomely the author and actors. "The part of Emilia was acted by a boy of fourteen years of age, habited like a young princess, a son of the dean of Christ church, whose performance so captivated her majesty that she gave him a present of eight guineas. During the exhibition, a cry of hounds belonging to Theseus was counterfeited without, in the great square of the college; the young students thought it a real chase, and were seized with a sudden transport to join the hunters; at which the queen cried out from her box, 'O excellent! These boys, in very truth, are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds!'" In 1564, Elizabeth had been entertained at Cambridge in a similar manner. The plays were given in the chapel of King's College, superintended by five learned doctors. The nave of the chapel was lighted by the royal guards, each bearing a torch. At the inferior schools the same practices were in vogue, with less pomp of representation, of course. Warton says the colleges and schools "afforded the best accommodations for theatrical exhibitions, and were almost the only, certainly the most rational, companies of players that existed."

No doubt the attention paid to the drama in colleges and schools at this time was excessive. The soberer part of the nation probably often complained in language similar to that of one of Ben Jonson's characters in the "Staple of Newes": "They make all their schollers play-boyes! Is't not a fine sight to see all our children made enterluders? Doe we pay our money for this? We send them to learne their grammar and their Terence, and they learne their play-bookes." The old condition of things is not likely to return; but we have a strong impression that a partial revival of the ancient customs might be made extremely beneficial. Capability and love for play-acting are almost universal among young people, though they seldom find any opportunity except in the performance of inferior pieces. Why not make this taste useful, so that not only recreation shall come of it, but training and valuable knowledge as well? The best part of our old literature is in dramatic form, never intended to be read, but to be seen and heard. Most youths find old plays dull reading; and there are few of them that it is well for young people to read thoroughly. We believe, however, that it is possible to arrange scenes, indeed, entire acts, from many of the best old plays, so as to make them conform to modern taste; that these can be performed by young men and women in such a way as to give recreation and elocutionary training; that in this way the mind may be refined, and both performers and spectators made somewhat acquainted with the works of our best genius. "But what!" says Fastidiosus. "Will you deliver over the masterpieces to be murdered by school-boys and school-girls?" Dear sir, when prim Madame de Maintenon saw her school-girls at St. Cyr play the *Andromaque* of Racine, shocked that they could do so well with anything of that profane character, she wrote to the poet that they should never play it again: "Elles l'ont si bien jouée, qu'elles ne la joueront plus," and so she begged for something more edifying. Hence *Esther*, concerning the performance of which in the same seminary Racine himself wrote: "Ces jeunes demoiselles ont déclamé et chanté cet ouvrage avec tant de grâce, tant de modestie et tant de piété, qu'il n'a pas été possible qu'il demeurât renfermé dans le secret de leur maison; . . le roi lui-même qui en avait été touché, n'ayant pu refuser à tout ce qu'il y a de plus grands seigneurs de les y mener." We believe our youth are as capable of doing justice to good plays as the protégées of Madame de Maintenon, and the boys at Oxford, mentioned just now, who delighted Elizabeth. There is a fine old play of Massinger, the *Virgin Martyr*, concerning which Pepys wrote, February 27, 1667: "Went with my wife to see the Virgin Martyr, and it is mighty pleasant; finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did

please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife." The writer has seen the best scenes of this play, after they had been slightly changed and combined, performed, wind-music and all, by a company of young men and women in such a manner that he has no doubt he enjoyed himself as much as old Pepys did, though it would be impossible for him to express himself in such happy phrase. There is a noble tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, *The False One*. In one very impressive scene, the Egyptians, after the battle of Pharsalia, are represented as trying to secure the good-will of Cæsar by offering to him the head of Pompey, whom they have treacherously slain; whereupon Cæsar, in a passage full of magnanimity, denounces them. It is fine to read, but vastly finer, especially to young minds, if a stage can be used. Let there be in the background a bier, covered with an eloquent pall and funereal ornaments; let a number of characters be introduced, and action enough to make it all vivid; then, when the impression has reached its deepest, let a spirited youth pronounce the lines, as he turns from gazing at his dead rival's face:

> "Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
> Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
> Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
> Are monuments fit for *him!* No, brood of Nilus;
> Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven;
> No pyramids set off his memories,
> But the eternal substance of his greatness,
> To which I leave him."

It is infinitely better so. It would be time thrown away for modern students, at a commencement, to represent the *Andrea* of Terence or the *Aulularia* of Plautus, as was done on great occasions by their prototypes of the sixteenth century. We have, however, seen at such a time what is far better, a performance of the *Merchant of Venice*, with little omitted except the rather dull business of the caskets. There was no machinery equal to Dr. Dee's scarabeus; but the stage appointments were sufficient to give good effect to the acting; and the whole affair was a delight and benefit to performers and audience. Any professor of English literature who will undertake the trouble, we believe, will be astonished to find the amount of dramatic ability he can develop. We have heard the difficult speech of Petreius, in the closing scene of Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, given by a college boy with admirable spirit; and even of so difficult a character as Lady Macbeth, we have seen a quiet young lady rise into the conception with unexpected power, giving, for instance, the relenting exclamation—

> "Had he not resembled my father as he slept,
> I had done it!"

in a manner to cause tears; and in the great passage where the daggers are clutched—

> "Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers!
> The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures," etc.,

showing some sparks, at least, of such passion as must have filled Siddons.

ENGLAND.—PAUPERISM—UNIVERSITY TESTS.

LONDON, Dec. 16, 1869.

As the season approaches, the number of matters for legislation and the interest with which they are regarded show a steady increase. The Irish land laws will, of course, have the precedence. Education will probably occupy the second place. The partisans of the secular and denominational systems are alike agreed that something must be done, and are preparing for a determined contest. Meetings are being held; the League, which advocates a secular system, has received a large amount of very energetic support, and their opponents, the Union, are endeavoring to get up a counter-irritation. These questions will probably make such demands upon my space in future that I would at present dwell rather upon some of the minor matters, which are in some danger of being crowded out during the session, but which just now excite a good deal of interest.

One subject of the highest importance, and which daily attracts more attention, is the state of pauperism in London and throughout the country. During the last few years of commercial distress it has increased in a terrible ratio. The weekly returns now published show that from nearly 100,000, four years ago, the number of persons weekly relieved has risen to something like 150,000, and, although the increase during the last year has been comparatively inconsiderable, it is impossible to look without alarm upon the possible results of a severe winter. Mr. Goschen, who is a very promising young minister, has done much, as president of the Poor-law Board, to advocate important reforms. Of one movement in particular it may be worth while to say a few words. The system of the English poor-law was, as you know, founded on the principle that every man should have a right to be guarded against actual starvation; but, to prevent the demoralizing influence which, forty years ago, threatened to swamp the resources of the country, the relief given by the poor-law authorities was to be reduced to a minimum. The intention was that the workhouses should supply a kind of self-acting test, admission to them being generally a condition of relief, and the dislike with which they were properly regarded being supposed to repel any applicants not actually drawn into them by dire necessity. The workhouses have, in fact, become little more than almshouses for the infirm and the sick, and are, nevertheless, crowded to overflowing. Three-fourths of the persons relieved are outdoor paupers, who receive small weekly allowances in their own dwellings. The result is that the workhouse test has become practically inapplicable, and that relief distributed on such principles is incapable of any efficient supervision. The dislike which was formerly felt by the poor to the receipt of state charity has shown some unpleasant symptoms of decline. Meanwhile, the whole body of private charitable institutions, managed by clergymen or by persons connected with various religious bodies, rushes into the field, and distributes charity recklessly, with an entire absence of discrimination, and generally at a great expense. The consequence is that the less deserving poor manage to get an undue quantity of relief from the various discordant bodies, that begging becomes a better trade than honest labor, and that a serious demoralization is produced among the poor generally. It is a curious fact that the terrible distress in the east end of London caused a great influx of population, and raised the rents in that quarter. The reason was simply that the pauperized classes heard that a great deal of charity was being distributed there, and rushed in to scramble for their share of good things. It may be said without exaggeration that we are at present spending some millions annually in paying the poor of London to beg rather than work. The consequence is the natural one, that a great and growing proportion of them do beg instead of working, and that the quantity of idle and reckless hangers-on increases so fast in many districts as to press cruelly upon the rates, and, consequently, to drag down to its own level the classes which at present can just keep their heads above water. The public, with its usual discretion, oscillates between fits of profusion and severity. At one moment it cries out against the meanness of the workhouse authorities, and then, seeing that the increase of charity has increased the evils against which it was directed, it cries out with equal vigor in favor of the strictest economy. The first step towards improvement must lie in the introduction of some of that organization for which we seem to have so singular an incapacity. Efforts are being made, however, with some success, under Mr. Goschen's countenance and assistance, to introduce something like a charitable office in each poor-law district. Much good would be done by a simple publication of the lists of recipients of relief either from the poor-law or from private charity. Such a publication would prevent one man from receiving assistance from several quarters at once, whilst others are entirely overlooked. There seems to be some prospect of obtaining this much-needed reform, and the foundation will then be laid for a system of mutual co-operation between the relieving bodies instead of the present chaotic state of things, in which the one point of agreement is the demoralizing influence of the various schemes upon the poor. London is so vast and disorderly a wilderness, without any unity in government or in feeling, that the problem of bringing about any harmonious co-operation between all the conflicting agencies seems to be as difficult as it is essential; but it is at least a promising circumstance that many minds are now employed upon this important question, instead of, as hitherto, the simple multiplication of the means of expenditure. Of many other considerations connected with this melancholy subject, I shall not at present speak. I turn to a much smaller topic which is just now exciting a good deal of interest.

A long battle has been raging over the English universities which I could hardly make intelligible without assuming in your readers a knowledge of the minute details of those most complicated bodies; which, I fear, I have hardly a right to suppose. In a general way, however, it may be said that they have hitherto been more or less confined to members of the Church of England. Gradually dissenters of all classes have been admitted to them as students, and specially to Cambridge. There they have distinguished themselves considerably. Amongst others, a Jew lately took the highest honors which the university can bestow, by becoming senior wrangler. Yet a Jew, or, indeed, any dissenter, though he may distinguish himself as much as he pleases, cannot get a share of

the emoluments by which those honors are generally rewarded. The great object of an English student is to win a fellowship, and to become a fellow he must declare himself ready "to conform to the liturgy of the Church of England." Nobody, I believe, can say with any distinctness what those words precisely mean; though, at any rate, they exclude Jews. A strong feeling, however, exists in the university itself that this exclusion is discreditable and injurious. Having admitted dissenters so far, they ought not to be subject to any disqualifications whatever. All manner of compromises have been proposed, and some bills have reached the House of Lords, though there they have been generally rejected. As matters stand, a dissenter may write the magic letters M.A. after his name, but he does not get a right to a vote in its senate. He may have a scholarship, but he cannot get a fellowship (the scholarship being of less value, and tenable only in his student's career); and there are other rules too minute to be described. The contest, like other English contests, has lasted fifteen years, and given rise to a succession of half measures. The last plan proposed was to leave the decision in each case to each of the forty colleges of which Oxford and Cambridge are composed. The result, however, is, that here, as elsewhere, we have become tired of compromises. It has now been demanded by a majority of the official persons employed in tuition at Cambridge, that Parliament shall interfere once for all, and sweep away all tests by a compulsory measure. The universities will then be fairly thrown open, and the question decisively settled. Oxford is nearly as strong in favor of the same course. It will, I think, be certainly adopted, either in this session or the next, and the result is worth notice as showing a growing tendency of our politics. We have become sick of half measures; and here, as in the wider question of elementary education, are demanding that a sound principle shall be embodied in legislation without taking away half its effect by a concession to its bitterest enemies. In another way, the state of feeling described is noticeable as proving the weakness of the hold of the Church of England on the sympathies of the country; there is a rapidly growing disposition to treat it as one amongst many sects of equal claims, not as the authoritative organ of the national faith.

Whilst noticing this, I may call the attention of your readers to the defence of Mr. Voysey, whose trial I lately noticed. It is published, and is a very remarkable document. It sets forth with most unusual force the consequences of our theory, that the Church of England is simply, so to speak, the religious department of the state, with Parliament for its legislature. Starting from that principle, no man can be expelled who has not in direct terms contradicted some article laid down by parliamentary authority. It was decided, subject to appeal, that Mr. Voysey had done so; but the defence illustrates very remarkably the extraordinary latitude of opinion which is in fact allowed. Broad-churchmen naturally admire a system which subjects their teaching to rules imposed by lawyers and interpreted in courts of law, instead of popular opinion or the authority of ecclesiastical bodies. But the Broad Church, whatever its merits, has not at present, and I do not think is ever likely to have, any strong hold upon the mass of the religious world. The real moral, in my opinion, is, that such a body is not only inconsistent with modern views of politics, but is, in fact, too much wanting in inherent vitality to preserve any permanent coherence. However, I must refer persons interested in the question to Mr. Voysey's defence, as illustrating with great fulness more of the consequences involved.

I will turn for the remainder of this letter to two or three literary matters. Mr. Tennyson's new volume has appeared, and will doubtless be in your hands. What judgment may be expressed by critics I cannot at present say; but this is plain, that, if the age is deficient in poetry, it is not from want of rewards to successful poets. Several of Mr. Tennyson's poems have already appeared, and I confess I shall be mistaken if the others add much to his reputation. Certainly, if published under an unknown name, they would have been a long time in winning their way to public admiration. But Mr. Tennyson's name is a tower of strength. It is said, I know not whether the authority for the statement is sufficient, that he has received £5,000 for the volume, and that 30,000 copies have already been sold. No one can say that poetical glory is an empty name. Another interesting book which has just appeared is Mr. Froude's conclusion to his history. He has stopped short at the defeat of the Armada—rather in disgust, as I imagine, at Queen Elizabeth turning out to be by no means the woman he took her for. His heroine rather broke down under the light of accurate investigation. Whatever the cause, these two concluding volumes are of great interest, and written with enough power to make us regret that they are the last.

Another change of some importance is announced in the newspaper world. The *Pall Mall Gazette* will appear on the 1st of January as a morning newspaper on a large scale—and, as I imagine, with the intention of taking a leading place in the English press. There is room for such an enterprise, if skilfully conducted. The *Times*, though it still shows great energy, as, for example, in telegraphing General Grant's message, has lost much influence of late years, and has no longer a monopoly of talent or vigor; indeed, in some respects it is decidedly inferior to the better writing of the day. The *Telegraph* is written to meet a low order of tastes, though, for its own purposes, it is clever enough. The *Daily News* has declined in merit since it sank to a penny; the *Star* is dead; and the *Standard* is of bigoted Tory politics. There is a chance for a liberal and really well-written paper, adapted for the most intelligent classes; and, as I suppose, that is the position which the *Pall Mall Gazette* aspires to occupy. Whether it is equal to the task remains to be seen.

Correspondence.

AN AMERICAN RESIDENT ON THE CHINA QUESTION.

SHANGHAE, November 20, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Residents in China have read with interest your exposition of China affairs contained in the issues of Sept. 2 and 9. We begin to feel that the real condition of the relations between China and the West may be at last penetrating even to America.

Meantime the violent attacks upon the character of the residents are continued—in the New York papers by one General Kiernan, and in London by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which does not hesitate to return Kiernan's abuse of the English by describing the Americans as little better than open thieves. Kiernan is put to death and buried by a statement concerning his career in China, in the *Newsletter*, a copy of which I send you, and the *Gazette* can be safely left to its London contemporaries. It is a striking comment upon this question of respectability and public spirit between the foreign communities and the Chinese Government that the former have just raised a sum by voluntary subscription equal to $12,000 in currency to enable a celebrated European geologist, now here, to continue his explorations of the country in the interests of science, after his application to do it for the Government had been peremptorily declined. $12,000, for Shanghae with its limited numbers, is equal to $100,000, if not $200,000 or $300,000, for New York. The invitation to this subscription distinctly stated that no advantage to the present generation of residents could be expected from the exploration, and they were invited solely on the score of their obligations to contribute to the world's knowledge of China. I think I am quite justified in saying that there is not a community in the world which gives more attention to public affairs and to questions of general interest than this of Shanghae, and in this respect there is no absurdity in comparing it to Athens in its famous days. There is not a man of prominence in the place that does not give a great deal of time, unremunerated, to public affairs.

The matter of especial public interest at present is the convention just signed at Peking by the English Minister and the Foreign Office, revising the English treaties. Sir Rutherford Alcock has invited at various times expression of opinion from the foreign communities of China on the debatable points, and has, of course, received suggestions, practicable and impracticable, but at least covering the whole round of possible concessions. What he has elaborated is, of course, what his own judgment dictated in so far as he could induce the Chinese to meet his views. The convention is declared to be one of free will on both sides—the first treaty, or modification of a treaty, with China which does not rest on a basis of compulsion. Rabid Americans may deny this last assertion, but they can only do so by putting out of sight that the Americans and others followed in the wake of the arms of England and France, and are identified with their warlike acts by accepting, if not demanding (which I think they have done), an equal share in the fruits of those acts.

This free-will convention falls far short of the suggestions from this and the other foreign communities, but, nevertheless, is received on the whole with satisfaction. The principal points are stated in the local prints as follows: A modification of the transit dues; the opening of two new ports; the working of coal-mines *by the Government*, as an experiment, by foreign appliances at two ports yet to be chosen; reduction of duty on native coal and on various minor articles which experience had

proved were overtaxed; establishment of bonded warehouses; navigation of inland waters by vessels not steamers; temporary residence at any inland port; an increase in the duty on opium; a slight increase also on silk, corresponding to its increased value.

The modification of transit dues is the subject that excites the most interest, the point of failure in the existing treaties being the ineffectiveness of the provisions for protecting foreign goods from illegal exactions while passing from the ports of entry to the interior. This was a great and acknowledged grievance, the exactions by local mandarins sometimes entirely stopping the consumption in certain districts.

The provision consisted in an obligation on the Customs to give *transit passes* to those who applied, on a further payment over the import duty of two and one-half per cent. ad valorem. These passes professed to protect the goods to a point of distribution. But, under various pretexts, the obligation was constantly evaded, the petty officials sometimes even keeping the passes when presented, and then declaring the goods were unprotected. There being no means of redress provided except reference to Peking, recovery of a squeeze once exacted was hopeless.

The new convention provides that payment of an additional two and one-half per cent., making the moderate import charge of seven and one-half per cent in all, shall be compulsory, but that its payment completely exempts the goods from all further taxation whatever up to retailing throughout nine of the provinces. Thus the goods are their own protection within those provinces; for, as no goods will be within these borders that have not paid the transit duty, their mere presence is proof that they are exempt. The restriction is to provinces having ports of entry, and the reason of the restriction that the Central Government feared their power would not reach to protection without especial passes in the more distant provinces. For them it is provided that passes shall be issued, without further charge, protecting them up to breaking of the original packages.

Means of redress throughout the empire are furnished by obliging the nearest foreign Custom House to send a foreign employee to the spot of any alleged squeeze, and if, on examination, one has been made, restitution follows at once by the Customs. The practical working of these provisions will probably be that the goods will really be protected in the nine provinces, and an improvement take place in the nearer portions of the others. In the distant extremities of the empire the passes will not, and never have been, any protection. The community, however, while they see that the measure only partly remedies the evil, acknowledge the difficulties, recognize the good intention, and are disposed to praise both the English Minister and the Chinese Government as having done their best.

The ports to be opened are Wuhn, in the province of Anhwey, on the lower Yangtze, and Wanchu, on the coast between Ningpo and Foochow. These ports are those principally recommended by the different Chambers of Commerce, and casual visitors have learned that the people at each look forward with great satisfaction to the coming of foreigners. The other changes need no especial comment.

There is, however, a further step contemplated by the Government which will be hailed with pleasure by all friends of China. At Sir Rutherford's earnest suggestion, they have determined to join in framing a code of mercantile law for international civil cases, founded on the principles of Western laws. This intention gives color to the whole convention. A network of railroads and telegraph wires is as nothing in the path of progress compared to the introduction of the principles of Western law. That course once entered upon it must be followed, for the better principle will drive out the worse, and the day may not be far distant when our criminal laws will have displaced those under which the country is now misgoverned, and then the problem of opening the empire will be solved. This contemplated step is an undoubted evidence of real intention to change on the part of the Peking authorities. That much must be admitted.

But that any such intention existed at the time the Burlingame mission was inaugurated, or has existed since, until a very late period, is abundantly disproved by Mr. Hart's notes, published by Mr. Ross Browne, in the first place, and by many indications given to resident ministers in the second place. In fact, it was notorious in Peking, up to last May, that the foreign office had resigned none of its arrogant pretensions, and was far from wishing to adopt Western ways and customs. This marked change is of very recent growth, and is in spite of the unfortunate influences of the Burlingame mission, as is proved by the fact that until the mission fell into disgrace at Peking (more or less), the Tsumli Yamen grew daily more intractable and unreasonable.

One cannot help thinking that it has been helped to a conception of the true state of things by the discussions and statements in the foreign local press. It is well known that all papers of interest to the foreign office are translated and laid before it immediately after publication.

I cannot close my over-long letter without saying something upon what seems to me the misconceptions which still prevail in the United States as to the positions of the Burlingame mission and the foreign communities on the China questions. It is generally supposed, and I have seen it stated in an article in your paper, evidently written by one of his partisans, that Mr. Burlingame inaugurated everything of a friendly character that has been done by foreigners for China, as, for one instance, the establishment of the foreign customs. But the system of friendly advice and help had in reality become the rule fully six years before Mr. Burlingame saw China, and has been the system upon which every American minister to the country has acted for the last twenty-five years. It is also supposed, and of course asserted by Mr. Burlingame, that he represents the *people* of China, and is their advocate against selfish traders who represent only their own interests. In truth, Mr. Burlingame only represents a small clique of mandarins, now controlling the Central Government under a regency, and does not represent the people, either in the principles he sets forth, or as in any way known to them. *No one* in all these myriads knows anything or cares anything for his mission, except two or three official men at Peking. One speaks to an intelligent Chinaman of it, and he with difficulty recalls the fact to his mind that any such expedition has left the country. When reminded, he is quite indifferent as to its fate. Further still, and this it is which has brought on Mr. Burlingame the distrust and ill-will of a community wholly inclined to support him at the outset, he claims that he alone favors rational progress without coercion in contradistinction to the residents who would fain coerce.

There are, of course, people in China, as elsewhere, who would always have recourse to violent measures. But the large majority wish nothing of the sort. What they *demand* is, simply protection of their rights under the treaties; what they suggest and advocate is such an attitude on the part of foreign nations that the Central Government will comprehend that they can only look for their favor and support by showing a disposition to ameliorate the condition of their people, and to assimilate their institutions to the superior forms of civilization prevailing in the West. When Mr. Burlingame raised a cry against the foreign communities of China as insatiable in their selfishness and bloodthirsty in their policy, as he did by implication if not by direct words, he could not expect a continuation of their good-will.

His erratic course has thrown us all into false positions. His business was simply that of an apologist for the Chinese Government, to show why they must be slow in improving, to discuss the best course to pursue in their improvement, and, by the information he could convey through his Chinese coadjutors, overcome their timidity and influence their minds towards a more rapid advance.

By overstating the case; by representing that the Government, so far from requiring encouragement, burned with eager desire to push on; by making statements injurious to his predecessors in office and to the foreign communities in China, he embarrassed the Government he represented, involved himself in contradictions, and has made us appear, against our own will and the truth, in the odious light of supporters of violence.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD CUNNINGHAM.

[Mr. Cunningham is the head of the well-known American house of Russell & Co., and also of the foreign municipal government of Shanghae.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

THERE was issued last month in this city the first number of the *Bulletin of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society*, from which it appears that the Society has within the year taken a fair start, numbering thirty-five resident and five life members, with a library of not less than two hundred volumes and twice as many pamphlets, and has established itself in desirable quarters at 64 Madison Avenue (Mott Memorial Hall). The *Bulletin* tells of the origin of the Society, its proceedings, membership, etc., and contains besides: notes on genealogical works; lists of genealogies, local histories, and biographies in preparation; a catalogue of recent genealogies—some of which the owners of Mr. Whitmore's "Ameri-

can Genealogist" will like to learn of—and a list of donations to the Society from its commencement. We are glad that in this matter New York is to follow New England's example, and we trust that the liberality with which the Boston Society throws open its shelves to the public will characterize this new foundation. There is now a good opportunity to bestow works of value for genealogical research where they will be used and appreciated.

—The Bible, according to those who wish it retained in our schools, is not the only text-book which Catholics will presently object to. History, certainly; geography, more than likely; geology and astronomy, and even geometry, will perhaps be judged false or injurious or heretical as now taught. In some of the exact sciences Rome is scarcely up with modern ideas, notwithstanding Father Secchi's eminence as an investigator. While she tolerates him in her observatory, she allows the Cavaliere Agatino Longo, Emeritus Professor of the University of Catania, to publish from the press of the *Civiltà Cattolica* his "Dialoghi e Pensieri Fisico-Politico-Morali," in which he declares:

"Only Catholicism could produce a Dante, a Tasso, a Galileo, a Columbus. The anti-Catholic sects can do nothing but state paradoxes and sow ignorance. What has natural philosophy been from the time of Newton till our own? A myth. What is Newton's theory of attraction? The height of extravagance. Who are the most thought-confusing sophists in the world? The astronomers with their attraction of gravitation, and the natural philosophers with their mechanical theory of heat. When will an orthodox and sensible philosophy again arise? When the theories of gravitation and affinity, the central fire and Humboldt's Cosmos, are banished to the region of chimeras. A single man rises superior to all others, of whatever class and whatever station they may be. He is Pius IX., Rome's great priest. His word has authority, and before him the mighty men of earth and the wise men of this world shall bow their heads."

—History, however, we do not doubt, will be the strong card of the opposition, and we presume no Protestant would undertake to prepare a text-book that should in this respect be acceptable to Catholic priests. When the question actually arises whether we must try to accommodate these gentlemen, it will be time enough to settle it. Meantime a similar and nearer controversy looms up. The South of old not only anathematized free schools, but, as far as it could, refused to do with Northern-made school-books. Some bit of human sentiment adverse to the principle, if not to the institution of slavery, was sure to creep into the most innocent of them, unless, as was too often the case, they were emasculated expressly for the Southern market. And in the reconstructed South, with a few schools, that will presently be many, protests are already arising against Yankee text-books; and we may be sure that Readers which contain Mr. Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, or extracts from Mr. Sumner's speech on the *Alabama* treaty, or some yet undelivered eulogy on Mr. Stanton, will be rejected if any others are to be had, while for a long time histories of the United States manufactured north of Mason and Dixon's line will be ruled out wherever the blacks are not in a majority. In the Louisville *Courier-Journal* of Dec. 25 a letter from a Mr. Mack, of Tennessee, was published to show up the partiality and inaccuracies of "Quackenbos's History of the United States"—an author whose Rhetoric was almost the cradle companion of the Southern boy before 1860, and who, as the writer says, "would not be likely to be suspected of a violation of the essential requirements of historical authorship." We are afraid Mr. Mack is right in his strictures on Mr. Quackenbos's account of certain battles of the rebellion, and at least it may be confessed that our school-histories are wretched affairs, that might be totally abolished without loss; though we cannot add that we would trust a Papist or an ex-Confederate to supply the void.

—The *American Bibliopolist*, which is published by Mr. Joseph Sabin, of Nassau Street, in this city, we have mentioned once or twice before, and are glad to mention again. A good part of its usefulness is dependent upon its being widely read, for it attempts to be something of an American "Notes and Queries," and, in order that it should be that, many men of many minds and various knowledge are indispensably necessary. Thus, who will tell us whether any very reputable British-born writer of English uses the word "raised" as we Americans use it—or, rather, as formerly many of us Americans used it, and as some of us use it now? In the South, and in colloquial language, we hear it pretty constantly with the meaning of "brought up," "bred," "reared;" and it has been used in other parts of the country, and in books as well as in conversation. Franklin, for instance, is quoted as writing that in his day there was a universal custom of "every mother suckling and nursing her own child," by which means more of the children "were raised." Again, is it or is it not true that Raleigh ever set foot in Virginia? When we think of him apart from the adventure of the cloak and the puddle, we very likely think of him as having come over to the colony he favored, and stayed at least long enough to acquire the art of "drinking tobacco." But a learned writer in the *Bibliopolist* says peremptorily that "Raleigh never visited Virginia;" and so far as he has gone into the question in the number before us, he seems to us to get the better of the writers whom he opposes. Another historical problem to which the *Bibliopolist* calls the attention of its readers is that of the origin of "Yankee Doodle." It has been usual to say that the words were written by an English officer, and were meant derisively, and we have seen the time and place of composition mentioned. But Mr. Sampson Walker, of Cambridge, says that, though he has tried to get the information he wants, he can nowhere learn whether the tune is of older date than the words, nor has he been able to find either here or in England a version of the song which he could accept as certainly correct. A correspondent calling himself "K. T. V." would like to be told what became of that letter of Major André's to General Washington, in which the prisoner begged that he might not be hanged, but might die a soldier's death. Another correspondent—who probably may have been moved by the earnestness of Mr. Lowell's recent adjuration—begs any one who knows to impart to him the name of the man who wrote this useful line:

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

If it will save anybody any trouble, we are willing to acknowledge it ourselves, and to confess that we are not particularly proud of it. We tossed it off lightly, regarding it as rather slight—a platitudinarian, spurious, antithetical little trifle, to which we attached no importance. But the least word of genius means, more or less, more than the speaker thought; and often he has to wait till what he has said re-echoes from others before he knows how good it is. There are other "notes and queries" in the Christmas *Bibliopolist* besides those we have set down, and there is a variety of reading matter which is of value to book-buyers, and most of which will be of interest to almost any reader. There is, for example, a column or two of chat about Christmas observances; the beginning of a biographical notice of Sir Thomas Bodley, of the famous library; an extract from Mr. A. R. Spofford's report on the Congressional Library; something about printers' name devices; and a letter—copied, doubtless, from an English or Irish paper—written by Mr. D. F. MacCarthy, from which we get some facts in regard to Shelley's "Revolt of Islam." It appears that there are now stealing into the market copies of the cancelled edition of that poem—which, first published under the title of "Laon and Cythna," was so atheistical as to frighten the publisher, who prevailed on his young infidel to alter it and give it to the world as we now see it.

—If it could be proved of any author, however uninteresting and obscure—a maker of algebras—that he had had a hand in the commission of any great crime or any great folly—that he had sold his grandmother into slavery, or frozen his twin children, or sawed off his feet—the booksellers would at once lay in a stock of his writings, and feel sure of turning a good many honest pennies by the sale of them; so it is not surprising to any one who knows human nature, and what used to be called the kindred nature of the publisher, that "Byron" and Byroniana are just now quoted in the book market as "very lively." For three or four months the somewhat queerly virtuous denouncers of Mrs. Stowe have told us that sixpenny or shilling editions of the poet's works, or some of them, are selling like fresh mackerel; that the leading libraries are not able to supply the demand for the poems, complete or separate; that "Mrs. Stowe's attack on the poet has made many of us overhaul his works again;" that since he woke one morning and found himself famous, he has never been so much talked of as since the day when he was set forth as being so infamous. No doubt this is all true, and that, so far as his repute with this generation is concerned, Byron owes more to the *Atlantic* and *Macmillan's* of to-day than to the *Edinburgh* or the *Blackwood's* of fifty years ago, or to the "Corsair" or the "Childe Harold" or the "Giaour," or even to the "Don Juan." The latest evidence we have seen as to the reviving effect on the poet of the "resurrectionizing" which the man has undergone is to be found in the last *American Bibliopolist*. That periodical contains a list—incomplete as yet—of the various editions of Byron, cheap and dear, illustrated and unillustrated, which have ever been published, and also a list of some of the more important of the many books and articles relating to him. Of these last there is no end, especially if we take into account the fact that the end is not yet. And, on the whole, the overhauling is a thing that is perhaps not so much to be regretted as

almost everybody was, at first thought, disposed to believe. Whatever we are to say as to the particular charge last brought against him, it is well to come to a full understanding of the extent of the hollowness of a figure which once was so imposing, and which still imposes on many of us, both English and Americans, though not on so many as one might perhaps imagine who should listen only to Mr. Parton's tale of the ruined young journalists he has known—the brevity and luridness of whose careers are due to Byron's example—and to the uproar which has been made in England. Prescription is still strong in England, and there is no surer way to "fright the isle from its propriety" than to attack anything established, if only a poet. That Byron is a chief glory of Britain is to-day the belief of thousands of Britons, of whose children we may hope better things, even as we see somewhat better things in our transplanted Britons here.

—That there is nothing hid that shall not be revealed is probably a saying of more nearly universal truth than mystery-loving man is very ready to admit. At least, we may say so in the case of man's known or suspected concealments whenever they are such as to provoke interest and enquiry. It would seem as if now, after a century of controversy, and after dozens of books on the subject have done little more than deepen doubt, the question Who was Junius? has at last found an answer; as if, now that the Georgian Juvenal's laurels are pretty much mouldered away, the right head to wear them has been discovered. The Hon. Edward Twistleton's immediately forthcoming book—to be published in London—certainly brings forward a piece of evidence which those who deny that Sir Philip Francis was Junius will find it impossible to neglect, and, seemingly, very difficult, indeed, to get over. It appears that a hundred years ago, some time in 1770, a Miss Giles, who was pleasuring at Bath, received an anonymous note, inclosing a copy of verses—such, doubtless, as the "fair" of those days were not unused to receiving from the "swains" who at that time had not gone wholly out of fashion in literature, and who were very decidedly in fashion in the sort of English literature which did not get into print, and in a deal of the American literature which did. A Mr. Richard Tilghman, a relative of Francis, an American by residence, if not by birth, was in that year in England, and paid a visit to Bath with his kinsman, who, as we know from his own letters, was not at this period averse to leave the War Office occasionally for a short country trip, more or less free and easy and bacchanalian in its character. The young lady's anonymous note and its verses were in two different hands, one natural and the other evidently disguised. When, years afterward, Miss Giles—who had become a Mrs. King—saw fac-similes of the feigned handwriting of the Junius manuscripts, she declared it to be identical with that of the note she had received. She had, indeed, always believed and often said that the note came from Sir Philip Francis, but her story attracted little attention, or little careful attention; perhaps because she would not or could not furnish anything like satisfactory evidence of the truth of her suspicion. But when, two or three years later, a life of Francis appeared, she found quoted in it two lines of the verses in question. They formed a part of a letter written to Francis by Mr. Tilghman. Any of our readers who have the life of Francis, which we, as we write, have not, may find the lines in a letter bearing date of September 29, 1773. Mr. Tilghman quoted the lines in a manner which, it is said, clearly implies that he knew Francis would recognize them. This confirmatory proof of the correctness of Mrs. King's assertion led to a renewed investigation of the original papers, and it was found by the experts that the handwriting of the poem was no doubt Tilghman's. The careful editor of the "Monthly Gossip" in *Lippincott's Magazine* for January adds, that he has compared the chirography of the fac-simile poem with original writing by Mr. Tilghman, now in the possession of that gentleman's family in Philadelphia, and that he can assert, with the London experts, that there is not the least doubt of the identity of the two. Now, in 1770 Tilghman was reading for the bar in London, was on terms of close intimacy with Francis, and was at Bath with him in Miss Giles's year. On this showing, it seems certain that either Tilghman or his near relative wrote the note in the disguised hand—which is as positively pronounced Junius's hand as that of the copy of verses is Tilghman's own. But it could not have been Tilghman who wrote "Junius's Letters," for these began before the Philadelphian crossed over to England, and continued after he came home again. So, then, what with Miss Giles's belief, and the identity of the handwriting of the poetry, and that of the note with the handwriting of Tilghman and that of Junius, and the poetical quotation made by Tilghman, and the simultaneous presence at Bath of the lady and the two gentlemen, it is not easy to resist the conclusion that Junius and Francis were one and the same. And thus a trivial chance flirtation, as we suppose it to have been, carried on by two fashionable gentlemen during a flying visit to a fashionable watering-place, strips the impenetrable mask from our grandiose acerb patriot, whose sacrilegious lash was the terror of half England and the delight of the other half, and has been a wonder and a mystery to the literary world for the last hundred years.

—"None are so likely," says Mr. Edmund S. Ffoulkes, an English convert to Romanism in 1855, "to bring down Rome upon them as those who occupy themselves with Church history;" and as this is precisely Mr. Ffoulkes's favorite occupation, and as his later discoveries, he says, would certainly have prevented his joining the Roman communion when he did, it is not surprising that his works have been condemned without a hearing by the Index, and himself refused absolution by Archbishop Manning, until he submits to the decree of the Roman Court. This, Mr. Ffoulkes, while agreeing to humiliate himself in a way which the intellectual Protestant could not tolerate as a man, stoutly refuses to do "as an Englishman;" and he has put the whole story of the grievances entailed upon him by his book on "Christendom's Divisions," and more especially by his pamphlet, "The Church's Creed or the Crown's Creed?" into a letter, just reprinted in pamphlet form by Messrs. Pott & Amery. It is somewhat prolix—apparently because the writer was "spoiling for a fight" with the foreign body of which the archbishop may have been merely the tool—and cannot easily be condensed. We must therefore refer our readers to it for a precious study both of the Roman system as exposed by one of its victims, and of the victim's own mental condition, which is curious—and almost pitiful—enough. Mr. Ffoulkes has advanced so far as to deny that Rome and Christianity are convertible terms, and concedes that in one sense the dilemma "Rome or infidelity" does not exist. He also sees clearly enough the consequences of the arbitrary and lawless practices of the Roman Court. On this point he is worth quoting:

"As, under existing circumstances, Rome can only reach laymen through the sacraments, on this account it is that laymen are driven into absenting themselves from the sacraments, to avoid being subjected to her caprice. Ecclesiastics, being bound to her in other ways, and liable to be summarily debarred their profession at any moment, have no such escape. Laymen, sooner than risk being refused the sacraments, for objecting to be treated like schoolboys, threatened or refused absolution in the confessional for a hundred other matters besides their sins, take the law into their own hands and stay away. Then, if they happen to be absorbed in other pursuits, or are tempted to become sceptical or forgetful of their religion upon other grounds, or are from mere constitutional temperament incompetent or averse to be at the increased pains of adhering faithfully to it under difficulties, they settle down into indifferentism, exclaiming that religion has been made impossible, so far as concerns its practice, for any but women and children."

—A simple record of the current publications relating to Dante in Italy alone would amount, in the course of a year, to a very considerable list. It is seldom that these works seem to require of us special mention, but the enterprises in which Prof. Luciano Scarabelli is now engaged are certainly noteworthy. He has in press the reproduction of a valuable codex of the Divina Commedia, which has for many years belonged to the University of Bologna, but in a very ruinous condition. That finished, he announces his intention to do for Dante what is now being done in England for Chaucer: to print at one time (*stampa contemporanea*) twenty codices of the Comedy, of Bologna, Milan, Parma, Naples, Palermo, and other places, and including that of Casa Landi, 1336, the earliest whose date is fixed. Most of these are little, if at all, known, and all are as yet inedited. The Professor will compare the various readings of these and other published or unpublished codices of good repute, and hopes to be able to give a powerful impulse both to the study of ancient codices in general and to efforts to restore the text of Dante. The number of codices thus to be collated precludes, we suppose, the idea of printing them in one view in a single volume. It remains to hope that the undertaking will not fall through for want of support.

A MICROSCOPIC MONARCHY.*

EVERY humane person who happened to be aware of the fact must have had his heart rejoiced by the recent intelligence that his Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco had granted an amnesty on the happy occasion of his marriage. We have seen no details as to the number of criminals, nor of the nature of their offences, who are the fortunate objects of this act of clemency. We presume, however, that they may bear a just proportion to the number of his Serene Highness's subjects and to the extent of his dominions. This sovereign is distinguished among the other reigning

* "The History of Monaco, Past and Present. By H. Pemberton." London. 1867.

princes of Europe by the infinitesimal fewness of the one and the homœopathic smallness of the other. Among all the emperors, kings, princes, grand-dukes, and dukes whose pre-eminences are set down in order in that Golden Book, the Almanach de Gotha, the Prince of Monaco is eminent for his conspicuous insignificance. His domains, consisting of the city of Monaco and the territory immediately appertaining to it, are about three and a half miles square, containing a population of something like twelve hundred souls. But, as this city is one of those on which flights of strangers, chiefly English, have settled down, the average of souls enjoying the protection of the Prince's beneficent sceptre is not much short of five thousand. And here let us magnify the republican principle in which we rejoice by comparing this least of monarchies with the smallest of self-governing commonwealths. The Republic of San Marino boasts of a territory of nearly twenty-eight square miles, sustaining a population of not less than seven thousand native-born inhabitants. Such is the happy influence of free institutions!

The history of Monaco is lost in the mists of mythologic antiquity. Its narrator, like the immortal historian of the Dutch Dynasty of New York, seeks to trace its annals back to "the beginning of the world," but he is obliged to stop short at the times of Hercules. This hero, when on his way to set up his pillars as the extreme boundaries of the world, where the Mediterranean weds the Atlantic, stopped long enough to found this city, which he continued to favor with his protection until he was dispossessed and put to flight at the time of the Diocletianic persecutions by St. Devotus, who has ever since presided over its destinies. Our space would fail us should we attempt even a sketch of the fortunes of this microcosm from that time to this. Enough to say that its story, like that of those *macrocosms*, the empires and kingdoms of this world, which fills up so many more volumes than are ever read, is made up of wars, invasions, assassinations, revolutions, and oppressions. We will, therefore, pass at once to the rise of the reigning House of Grimaldi, which came to the surface of authentic history seven years before Hugh Capet established his long line on the throne of France, to wit, in 980. For his services against the Saracens, the first Grimaldi received an appanage upon the shore of the Mediterranean, including the rock and fortress of Monaco. Though the Grimaldis could not maintain continued possession of this fief through all those troublous ages, they kept up continual claim, and were never lost sight of in the holy and unholy wars which were the only business in which gentlemen of their pretensions could engage. They were not finally and firmly put in possession of Monaco till 1339, to which were added Mentone and Roccabruna two years later. Between France, on the one hand, and Genoa and Piedmont, on the other, they had hard work to maintain a tolerable independence, which was generally but a nominal one. In 1524, however, Charles V. took the principality under the protectorate of Spain, which protection was continued until 1641, and resembled that which the same power gave to the Peruvians, if we may believe the statement of Rolla, namely, "such protection as vultures give to lambs." In this last-named year, however, Prince Honoré II., by a skilfully managed *coup de main*, which was also a *coup d'état*, drove out the Spanish garrison and let in a French one, exchanging the protectorate of Philip IV. for that of Louis XIII., and the Order of the Golden Fleece for that of the Holy Ghost. He also was created a peer of France, with the title of the Duc de Valentinois, which is still the style of the heir-apparent of Monaco.

From this time down to that of the French Revolution the French protectorate continued, and the history of Monaco presents no salient events such as rejoice the heart of the historian. At the time of that great overturning Honoré IV. reigned over Monaco; but neither his endeavors to stay the tide of revolutionary passion by force, nor yet to keep his head above water by swimming with it, were of any avail. Like his protectors, the Bourbons, he was deposed and driven into exile, and his dominions united with the French Republic under its old heathen name of the Port of Hercules. His beautiful daughter-in-law, the wife of Prince Joseph, was guillotined at Paris during the Reign of Terror, refusing to prolong her life by a false plea of pregnancy, which would, indeed, have saved it, as the fall of Robespierre took place four days after her execution. One of his sons took service under Bonaparte, and was of the household of Josephine until her death. The fall of Bonaparte brought change to the fortunes of the Grimaldis, as well as of the Bourbons and other beggar-folk. By a line added by Talleyrand to the treaties of 1814, the Prince of Monaco was restored to his estates, the protectorate being transferred to Sardinia. It was an unhappy hour for the estates, whatever it may have been for the prince that beheld that restoration. For a year or two they enjoyed a reasonably good government under the regency of Prince Joseph, Honoré IV. being incapacitated by epilepsy from exercising his recovered powers himself. But in 1816, this prince dying, his son, Honoré V., succeeded, the magnitude of whose tyranny and the immensity of whose meanness were in an inverse ratio to the size of his dominions, and on a scale worthy an emperor. In his little world he possessed absolute power over the lives and property of his handful of subjects, and he put it forth with an energy and unscrupulousness from which the present Bonaparte might have taken a lesson.

Living almost entirely at Paris, the great object of his financial policy was to extract as much money as possible out of his subjects to spend there, in which he showed as infernal an ingenuity as any of the Surintendants des Finances of Louis XV. Like a truly paternal sovereign, he assumed the charge of the spiritual and temporal needs of his people, and took possession of all funds belonging to churches, hospitals, and confraternities, which he conscientiously applied to the relief of his own necessities. The merchantable produce of his domains being fruits, oils, and wines, he taxed them so heavily as to ruin entirely the peasant proprietors. All olives had to be brought to his mill and pay toll royally. He was a pattern protectionist, beyond even the dreams of Mr. Carey or Mr. Greeley. Everything was made a monopoly. He had bad linen manufactured, which his subjects were forced to buy, under heavy penalties if they tried to import a better article. Gunpowder, pipes, playing-cards, and straw hats next received his protecting care. Butcher's meat followed, and was made to replenish his fisc, as was vermicelli, a main article of food of the poorer classes. But perhaps his most brilliant feat of financiering was that which made the staff of life a better support for himself than his subjects. Little or no wheat being raised in his dominions, his Highness established a monopoly of corn, flour, and bread, which the people were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to procure elsewhere. Unluckily he had no flour-mills, which were essential to his benevolent wish of feeding the hungry; but his genius was equal to this emergency, and met it by seizing four oil-mills of his subjects and making flour-mills of them, economizing the expense by not paying the owners, and obliging them to pay the cost of a road to the same. His agents were always on the lookout at Marseilles and Genoa for damaged grain, and, if any good corn by any accident found its way across the frontier, it was seized, and carried back again, and exchanged for bad. The bread made of this flour was sold at five cents a loaf more than good bread at Nice, and, moreover, was often further adulterated in his Highness's interest. Even travellers were obliged to eat this bread, and, if detected in bringing better at the frontier, were obliged to leave it behind them. Captains of vessels bringing good bread enough for their use in port were obliged to throw it overboard or have their vessels confiscated. More than this, watch was kept over the private families, and, if they did not consume as much of this precious commodity as it was thought they should, they were liable to punishment. These are but a part of the financial policy of this petty tyrant, by means of which he extorted a revenue of 325,000 francs from his paltry principality. The amount raised before his time was but 90,000 francs.

It seems hardly credible that this villain was allowed by his neighbors of France and Sardinia thus to grind the faces of his innocent people. His insignificance was probably his safety. But death, which comes to all, came at last to him in 1841, after twenty-five years of this tyranny. He was succeeded by his brother Florestan I., who had prepared himself for his princely duties by failing as an actor in Paris. He, however, inherited the dispositions of his brother with his principality. He had also married a wife, who was a helpmeet for him in whatever was bad. Some slight modifications in the oppressions of Honoré V. had to be submitted to; but they were still so heavy as to produce a beneficent and bloodless revolution. Monaco, including Mentone and Roccabruna under that name, set the example of revolution to the French, its movement taking place several months earlier than the days of February, 1848. The two dependent towns of Mentone and Roccabruna, from which the chief part of the taxes were squeezed, rose in rebellion, and declared themselves free and independent towns, the Sardinian garrison refusing to coerce them, at the command of the prince and princess. They were recognized as free towns, and enjoyed that dignity for a short time, but they soon consented to be united to Sardinia. Monaco, on which the hand of oppression had weighed less heavily than on the agricultural districts, remained subject to Florestan, and now, since his death, to Charles III. After the treaty of Villa Franca, Mentone and Roccabruna had the privilege accorded to the inhabitants of the other parts of Savoy, of saying whether they would consent to become provinces of France as a part of the price of her services in Italy. And with the same real regret and apparent unanimity they yielded to their fate, and are now

part of the empire. Their prosperity, however, has returned with decently good government. Instead of 300,000 francs of revenue formerly paid to be spent in Paris, they raise but 80,000, spent among themselves. Charles III., however, was not wanting to himself at this crisis, and he demanded compensation for his relinquishment of his rights over two towns which had been entirely independent of him for more than ten years. And Bonaparte, in that splendid spirit of munificence with which he has given away so much money that did not belong to him, allowed him no less than 4,000,000 francs for his shadowy claims! Truly, it is a good thing to be even a little prince!

GENESIS AND GEOLOGY.*

THE very title of this little book is calculated to awaken expectation, which is increased when we remember the character and position of the author, and by the fact that the substance of the volume originally appeared in the form of Sunday evening lectures before the large audience wont to assemble in the Broadway Tabernacle. And our expectation is heightened by the very mention of the naturalist—Prof. Dana—to whom the work is dedicated, and by the quotations made with approval from the writings of men of such standing as Professors Guyot and Agassiz.

The discussion opens with an outline of those phases of creation which preceded the appearance of human beings. This is set forth according to the Mosaic account, and exhibited in contrast with various views which were prevalent in antiquity. In the second lecture, the creation of man is considered, of man the image of God and the head of creation; while the third lecture is designed to show that there has been no transmutation of species, but an orderly succession, and that man came in as a distinct creation, superior to everything that went before. The fourth lecture, which is much the most elaborate part of the book, is occupied with various considerations relating to man's dominion over nature, and closes with a glowing tribute to the memory of the late Edward Everett as a typical man. In the next lecture, the author treats of the antiquity of the race under some of the more prominent phases, in the light of which the subject has been largely discussed of late. Several of these phases will be suggested by the bare mention of Egyptology, pile-habitations of the Swiss lakes, kitchen-middens of Denmark, and the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron. Man's higher powers are made prominent in the sixth lecture, which is entitled "The Sabbath made for Man," the Sabbath regarded at once as a recognition, and a provision made for the unfolding, of the distinctively spiritual side of humanity. "Woman and the Family" is the caption of the last lecture, in which are discussed many points touching great questions of the day, in a way to be of interest, if not of profit, to all such as will ponder them with due thoughtfulness and candor.

In his treatment of the various topics thus curiously brought into view, our author takes up, on the one side, the narrative in Genesis, and gives in brief what he regards as a fair and legitimate interpretation, in the light of the best helps now at the command of the Biblical student. Doing this, and in all his discussions, he takes for granted the genuineness and credibility of the Jewish Scriptures. This many will regard as a prime excellence; it was perhaps so considered by the larger part of his audience. But we may frankly raise the question whether it be wise, in disquisitions of this sort, to take such an attitude. Were there any in the congregation—should there be some among his readers—more or less agitated by doubts respecting the authenticity and trustworthiness either of the Scriptures generally or of the account of creation usually ascribed to Moses, they might regard his discussion as one-sided. They would be likely to feel that he begged the principal question at the outset, and that his arguments were therefore made out in a partial if not partisan way. Thus the author appears too much like a dogmatist trying to sustain his position. If the theologian is to reach the sceptic, he must have a spirit of real enquiry. And it may be well and honestly asked, whether even those who implicitly receive the Bible as divine would not by free enquiry find themselves, in the long run, more thoroughly and vitally, because more freely and intelligently, assured of the essential truth of the Scriptures.

On the other hand, our author brings forward various scientific theories as confirming the proposed explanation of the Mosaic record. Whether his interpretation be correct or not; whether, indeed, the best interpretation yet reached be not liable to many modifications, not so much perhaps as to points of duty and right as to the manifold details of philology, is surely an open question. Waiving the discussion of such matters, we may safely say that the real import of the Scriptures on all spiritual points is one thing, while an interpretation—be it one which to-day is freest from objection—*may be* quite another. Granting, however, that the interpretation suggested is the best yet made, and that it is for the time to be our standard of the truth, we find our author presenting what he evidently considers the best accredited results of modern science as an ally and in confirmation of the Bible. And this he does with unusual learning, ability, and skill. For the most part, his language is terse and strong; his style is usually clear; while he evinces, not only in this work, but in his writings generally, more than ordinary familiarity with what is going on in the several departments of scientific investigation. At the same time it is evident that his knowledge is second-hand—derived rather from books and periodicals than from actual contact with the objects of nature. It is none the less true, however, that the tendency of what he says in this direction can hardly fail to be in a high degree salutary; and with the abatement made in regard to any merely outward standard as an absolute criterion of truth—for no external form can be an adequate expression of the truth in its essence, or serve as an infallible guide—with this abatement his statements must be of great assistance both to such clergymen as are less well informed, and to general readers.

Another point is suggested by the work before us, and claims notice in the way of criticism. While many valuable considerations are well stated, not a few far-reaching views admirably exhibited, and various positions of fundamental importance brought into sight, there is apparent occasionally, perhaps it should be said often, a lack of completeness, both in apprehension of the whole bearing of the subject, and in its presentation. This inadequacy shows itself prominently in three directions. In the first place, positions which are true in themselves, and of vital import, are made apparently to repose on an insufficient basis. Or, as is sometimes the case, the foundation suggested for a particular view is not only unsatisfactory, but it is not the true foundation, nor the one on which it can truly and does really rest. Of course, when any such insufficiency in an argument is detected, the best position is liable to rejection. In the second place, an inadequacy is often felt because of the author's presentation of half-truths. While we recognize much that is of great moment, many important elements, in all his main statements, we yet continually fail to recognize that breadth and wholeness of view which are ever characteristic of truth apprehended as vital and presented in its native integrity. The utterance of half-truths is perhaps well enough, when the elements involved are recognized according to their exact extent and worth; but every utterance of this kind is liable to become a positive falsehood to such as take it for the whole truth. In the third place, the author's point of view is felt to be inadequate. There is a higher position than that occupied by the mere theologian or the mere scientist. This position is in the realm of pure principle, of principle in its primal and only absolute sense; in the realm of necessary and eternal truth, of truth as able to adapt itself to all legitimate conditions and relations, and yet as one and unchanging in its essence. A position of this kind may be held by a theologian, by a scientist, or by any other man who will enter into living communion with the principles which underlie all forms both outward and intellectual; who will subject himself to such discipline under the agency of truth as to learn to be guided simply by its power, and thus freed from the trammels which are so apt to be self-assumed and self-imposed in any and in every special department of study. Of such a position, of a reality of this kind, our author seems occasionally to get glimpses, and there is hope as to the utterances which are to follow; but we find little evidence that he abides in this realm as his home, while these occasional views appear to fade as the flitting shadows of a dream. And still it should be remembered, that in many cases, as in most public discourses, insufficient statements of the several kinds referred to are not rare, if they be not almost a matter of necessity. And while this must be the excuse for our author, it is none the less a fact that people should be put upon their guard, lest they take these inadequacies as arguments, utterances, and positions of the truth in its integrity.

With the few abatements which have been made, we desire to commend the little volume before us, and trust that it will have a wide circulation in all classes of society. It is our hope that those who read it, and detect instances of inconclusive reasoning, will be led to reject not the truth itself, but incogent modes in which it is occasionally presented. We also trust that the hints now given will enable many so to study the half-truths which the book contains as to discover their complementary parts. It is equally our wish that such as peruse the volume may not

* "Man in Genesis and in Geology; or, The Biblical Account of Man's Creation tested by Scientific Theories of his Origin and Antiquity. By Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D." New York: Samuel R. Wells, Publisher. 1869.

rest satisfied with it, but come to recognize the work undertaken by our author as only just begun. We all need to seek a higher position, one in which we shall not only feel, but also see, in the constantly advancing knowledge of details, that, while there may be seeming discrepancies, all the revelations of supreme intelligence, whether in the realm of spirit or in the world of nature, must be in substantial accord.

**** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
A Fagot from the Coliseum, swd	(Little, Brown & Co.)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, No. 17, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	$0 50
Formby (Rev. H.), Life of Christ	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	1 00
Fisher (Prof. G. P.), Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity, new ed....	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Godwin (W.), Adventures of Caleb Williams: a Tale, swd	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	0 50
Heinzen (K.), Was ist Humanität? swd	(Indianapolis)	0 20
Heaton (Mrs. C.), History of the Life of Albert Dürer	(Macmillan & Co.)	12 00
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), Marcus Warland: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Maver's Collection of Genuine Scottish Melodies	(John Wiley & Son)	
Preston (Rev. T. S.), Christ and the Church	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	1 00
Robinson (Mrs. M. H.), Helen Erskine: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Southworth (Mrs. E. D. E. N.), The Family Doom: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Stowe (Mrs. H. B.), Lady Byron Vindicated	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)	
Townsend (G. A.), Poems	(Rhodes & Ralph)	
Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin, No. 23, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	

Fine Arts.

MUSIC.

OUR AMATEURS.

WITHOUT a doubt, music is the art that is most fostered among us. No parlor is considered furnished that lacks a piano. No young lady's education is thought complete without some knowledge of the divine art. While abroad the opera only exists through subsidies from the state, here the popular taste for music supports at least one, sometimes two and three companies at the same time. But the greatest evidence of the vital hold that this art has upon us is in the number of amateur societies that exist in this city, of a few of the most prominent of which we purpose giving some account.

And first, it may be premised that with all this broadcast culture of music, and in despite of the hundred thousand pianos that are made in this country every year, and the tons of musical compositions that are published, and of the fact that music is taught in the public schools, so that the whole people may be said to be educated in it, yet we have no national music, and have produced scarcely a single musical composition that rises to the dignity of fourth-rate merit. Drawing and painting and sculpture are comparatively neglected here—certainly are not universally taught—and yet we have produced painters who have challenged the attention, if not the admiration of the world, and sculptors who fully rank with those of other nations. The pictures of Church and the statues of Powers, Crawford, and Story are as well known on the other side of the water as on this, but though we have an army of composers there is not one among us that has risen above the rank and file, or been able to create a single composition that is really an addition to the musical literature of the world—not even a song, much less a symphony. The works that have been produced are feeble imitations of foreign models. Mortifying as the fact may be to our vanity, it must be acknowledged that the little music we have that possesses really distinctive American characteristics takes its inspiration from the negroes. Those rude refrains that tell the story of the poor black "Way down upon the Swanee River," or in "Old Virginny," or of the "Old Kentucky Home" have really found their way round the world. They are but the echoes of a miserable plantation life, but they are heard in the great salons of Europe. The rest of our music has no vitality of its own. It is constructed on either the German or the Italian models. Between these two schools our teachers also are divided, and they carry with them their pupils to the one side or the other—for the schools are, to a great extent, in antagonism.

Those of our amateurs brought up in the Italian school affect to despise German vocal music as being harsh and unmelodious, and recognize no merit in anything that is not extracted from an opera, while, on the other hand, the Germans find these Italian arias and cavatinas tiresome, meaningless, and frivolous. This division of sentiment is as noticeable among the amateur musical organizations of this city as it is among individuals: some of them sing nothing but the compositions of the Italian school, others nothing but those of the German. Of course, in the matter of musical organization our Teutonic friends altogether take the lead. They have brought with them the traditions of their fatherland, and directly they get here they crystallize naturally and as a matter of course into musical clubs, devoted to the music of their own nationality.

The best known among these clubs are doubtless the Liederkranz and the Arion. In some sort they are rivals—in a pleasant and friendly way to be sure, but still sufficiently so to make each a little jealous of the success of the other, and anxious to take the first place in the public estimation. Both organizations have brought themselves more prominently into public notice than the other kindred societies, by the masked balls that they are in the habit of giving at the Academy of Music every winter, in which each strives to outdo the other in the magnificence of the appointments and the brilliancy of the entertainment. But there are many other musical societies among our resident German population of nearly equal merit, if of less celebrity, than the two we have named. In all there are in this city and its immediate suburbs nearly a hundred, of which there are sixty-four in New York. Among the most prominent of them are the Schillerbund, the Saengerrunde, the Teutonia, the Beethoven-Maennerchor, and the Mozart-Verein.

These societies are stimulated to practise by the prize festivals that are given every alternate year. The latest of these was held in Baltimore, last July; the next will take place in this city, in 1871. At the Baltimore Saengerfest twenty-nine societies attended from this city. The Liederkranz appeared with 74 members, the Saengerrunde with 64, the Schillerbund with 59, the Arion with 52. There was intense interest felt between the Liederkranz and the Arions as to which should take the first prize. The former gained it, to the great mortification of the members of the latter society, who failed even in taking the second prize—a humiliation from which they have not yet recovered. The usual insinuations that the judges had been bought were freely made, and the Arions even, by challenge, attempted to draw their successful rivals into a supplementary contest before another set of judges; but the sagacious men of the Liederkranz felt the laurels secure upon their brows for two years at least, and failed to see the advisability of risking them to no purpose. At the contest the Arions had sung an easy and insignificant song, which had, perhaps, its weight with the judges in contributing to their defeat. Since then they have given a concert here, and, to show what they could do, sang on that occasion the most difficult of all the songs that were given at the prize contest, but sang it so badly as to reflect no credit upon themselves whatever.

The system upon which most of these societies are conducted is the same. Many of them are incorporated, and some own valuable property and have handsome club-houses and concert-halls. They are supported by the initiation fees and the annual dues of the singing and non-singing members. The Liederkranz has a double chorus, singing sometimes as a male voice chorus, but having also ladies in the society, which enables them to give compositions written for mixed voices. They own three adjoining houses in Fourth Street, where they have ample club accommodations for their members and a fine and spacious concert-hall. They support a school also, where young ladies are taught to sing and play gratuitously. The society consists of about eleven hundred members, of whom some nine hundred and fifty are subscribing or non-performing members, and among these are almost all the wealthiest and most distinguished of our German population and very many music-loving Americans. The concerts of the society are for the most part private, but the finest choral and orchestral compositions are given at them, for the club has an amateur orchestra of about fifty members. Mr. William Steinway is the president, and Mr. Pauer the conductor. This society has been in existence about twenty-two years. It took the first prize not only at the contest at Baltimore, last summer, but also at that at Philadelphia in 1867, and so feels double-crowned. Their charter enables them to hold property to the value of $500,000. They have performed all the great choral works of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and of many of the minor composers.

The Arion Society is somewhat similar in organization, except that it is simply a male chorus, there being no ladies among the singing members. It is under the very able direction of Mr. Carl Bergmann. It was organized in 1854, is an off-shoot of the Liederkranz, and has its headquarters at the Germania Assembly Rooms. The society has about four hundred and thirty members, of whom some sixty are in the chorus, the rest subscribers entitled to admission to all the entertainments given.

Last winter the Liederkranz and Arion came together at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, and sang the choral parts of Wagner's Lohengrin. Both of these organizations are thoroughly democratic.

A common love for music is the strong bond that makes of them a brotherhood. Art is the great leveller, and the wealthy merchant and broker, the barber, the baker, the tailor, the physician, and the lawyer stand shoulder to shoulder, animated by a common sentiment of artistic devotion, and clink their glasses in the genial fellowship of song.

The other German societies are so similar in their character that no separate mention of them is needed. All of them have their weekly rehearsals and their frequent social meetings, at which every kind of recreation is indulged in—sometimes a fancy-dress ball, sometimes pageants and processions and carnivals, sometimes dramatic representations, and at all times music. A pleasant example of their ways of enjoyment is found in the festival held by the Arion Club at their rooms on Christmas night. There was music and, of course, the inevitable lager-bier, and dancing—for ladies were invited—and an immense Christmas-tree brilliantly lighted and loaded with gifts, of which there was one for every member of the club, and which were presented with humorous remarks by the orator of the evening. It is impossible to overestimate the good effects of these organizations in fostering content and kindly feeling, in relieving the wear and tear of long days of hard work, in making life pleasant, and in creating a love of innocent pleasures in place of vicious ones. It is but forty years since these organizations were first started in Germany by old Zelter, Mendelssohn's teacher, and his friend, Fleming, and now they exist everywhere in Germany. A single Bund there has over eighty thousand members, while our Northeastern Saengerbund has but two thousand singing members. The drill of these clubs would be vastly better if the members did not hold the beer-glass in one hand as well as the music-book in the other—but then the good-fellowship would be less.

Just at present the Arions are hard at work at Von Weber's "Freyschütz," which the society proposes to give at the Academy of Music, in January; Mr. Candidus taking the tenor part, and Mr. Remmertz, a glorious basso, who will certainly make a strong impression, assuming the *rôle* of Caspar. The representation will probably be a better one than the opera has ever received here. It certainly will so far as the choral parts are concerned.

It remains for us in a future article to speak of our numerous American amateur societies, some of which are known through their public performances, for instance, the Harmonic, the Mendelssohn Union, and the Berge Choral Union, while others, though of a more private character, are accustomed to sing to very numerous invited audiences, as, for instance, the several clubs under the direction of Mr. Abella, Mr. Rivarde, and Mr. Mosenthal. In these are to be found the best of our native amateurs, and the performances of some of them attain a high standard of excellence, and give bright promise of the cultivation of a sound taste for good music among us.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1870.

The Week.

CONGRESS reassembled on Monday, and the principal business of both Houses was the admission of Virginia. There was some heavy sparring over the case of the State in the Senate, in the course of which Mr. Wilson seems to have let out a little of the disgust which the older members feel towards the "carpet-bag" accessions from the South. In the House, Mr. Bingham attempted to let in Virginia by a *coup de main*, but the attempt failed. On Tuesday the debates were continued, without result.

The State has fulfilled all the requirements of the law; her constitution is unobjectionable, and the members of her Legislature are as unobjectionable as they can be without setting up an oligarchy. It is now proposed to exact of them, however, a test-oath, as another and further condition of admission to the Union, not set down in the law, and not proposed till now. Moreover, in the Senate, Mr. Sumner asked for delay, on the ground that in certain counties life and property were not as secure as they ought to be—although no mention was made in the Reconstruction acts of any particular degree of peaceableness as a condition precedent. The state of the case is, therefore, this: It is now five years since the war closed; Congress has, during nearly the whole of that period, had the Southern States completely in its hands, with full powers both for investigation and legislation. After long debate, it passed an act prescribing the manner in which these States should be readmitted to the Union and civil government restored in them. It amended this act, on further consideration, either three or four times. It then passed special acts, containing more particular provisions for the admission of such States as showed a desire to qualify under the general law. These acts, taken altogether, not only contained the will of Congress, but were solemn national promises or contracts with certain bodies of people, that, certain specified conditions being complied with, certain other things should follow; and nothing is or can be known, or ought to be inferred, be it remembered, of the mind or meaning of a legislature except through its acts *on paper*. They were, in short, the law of the land in a free country, not the whim of a pasha, to be changed or modified according to the varying moods or desires of individual legislators, not to be set aside because Mr. Sumner did not feel quite satisfied or General Butler was not altogether sure. A legislative body which treats its own acts with no more respect than so much talk over-night in a bar-room, can hardly expect other people to respect it.

In the case of Georgia, an unjustifiable act on the part of the Legislature, committed *after reconstruction*, which Congress had not stipulated against, and which was actually in process of reversal by the State itself, led not only to the repudiation of the whole series of Reconstruction acts by the very body which passed them, but to the overthrow of the State government and the relegation of the people to a kind of sham called "military rule." This we call despotism, pure and simple. It has the one essential mark of despotism—that under it no man knows what the law is, or what will be the legal consequences of his acts; and a worse offence against the blacks and loyalists at the South Congress could not, in our opinion, commit, than familiarizing the people of the South with the notion that Federal laws are the mere caprices of the Congressional majority, made to-day and disregarded to-morrow, as the convenience of the hour may require. The success of the experiment with regard to Georgia has, as might have been expected, encouraged those in and out of Congress, whose prominence and influence, and in some cases daily bread, depend on the prolongation of the quarrel between the North and South, to try the same game with Virginia, by exacting in her case also, by mere resolution, conditions which are not set down in the Reconstruction acts, and the success of which would really hand the State over to an odious oligarchy, based—of all things in the world—on an "iron-clad oath." The best of the joke is that the people who are most clamorous in support of this scheme pretend that what they want is "a republican form of government."

We could not wish a better illustration of the soundness of our view than what is occurring in Tennessee, though some members of Congress seem to think that it shows the necessity of what they call "caution," but which the rest of the world call breaking the public faith. In Tennessee, the extreme Radicals, who are opposing the admission of Virginia, had it all their own way. They excluded the great body of the white population from the polls; they elected a Legislature of the most orthodox type, under cover of adamantine oaths; they put the most ferocious blood-and-thunder Unionist in the whole South in the Governor's chair; and drew up a constitution that ought to have brought tears even to Butler's eyes; and under it came back into the Union with a rush. According to the Congressional theory, the state of things in Tennessee ought now to have been perfectly heavenly; in fact, it was perfectly devilish. Nowhere ought the black man and white Unionist to have enjoyed so much peace and security; in reality, nowhere were their lives and property so insecure. The calling out of the militia for their protection went far to convert turbulence into civil war. The continued exclusion of the "unrepentant rebels" from all share in making the laws they lived under, and voting the taxes they paid, kept alive the most malignant passions, armed neighbor against neighbor, ruined the State credit, and not only retarded her development, but prevented the repair of the havoc wrought by the war. At last the loyal men had to give way and let their enemies into the government, and we have now in Nashville an unusually malignant Copperhead Legislature, and, worse still, a constitutional convention, presided over by a Rebel general, called for the express purpose of undoing, as far as may be, the work of reconstruction. In short, as far as we have yet gone, those great principles which underlie American polity, and have been till now its boast and glory, but which some "friends of freedom" in Congress seem afraid to trust, are receiving a triumphant vindication from what is passing at the South. Foremost amongst them is this—that the best instrument of government is frank and hearty reliance on human nature, on the tendency of men to do justice and love mercy, on the efficiency of education, and religion, and self-interest as in the long run the best guardians of individual rights and eradicators of prejudices. Test-oaths and martial law are mere blisters, good enough in times of excitement and temporary irritation, monstrous and ridiculous as permanent means of providing security for the weak, or respect for the laws, or loyalty to the Government.

Readers of the daily papers are, doubtless, aware that for some weeks, indeed for some months, there has been a prodigious reform movement going on here among the Republicans. First, there was a Reform Committee started as an improvement on the two "Gangs" by which the party had been previously ruled. Then the committee and the gangs "coalesced" under the approval of the State Convention, and then we went to work "enrolling ourselves" in a manner that made the wicked tremble. We were, when the enrolment was complete, to see what we were to see. We have of late said nothing about these performances, because, as we took the liberty of pointing out early in the fall, a mere mechanical combination of the old elements could not possibly produce any improvement. What is wanted is a chemical combination, and this is not possible. When you have several bad fellows divided into two gangs, your making them shake hands and form one gang does not change their character. So we felt sure the new coalition would leave us just where we were. The enrolment completed, the previous factions met for the first time on Wednesday week, for the purpose of forming a new General Committee, which was

to purify the party in this city, and the result was simply, to speak plainly, a riot. They hustled each other, got the police to club each other, abused and swore at each other, and finally did something which produced an adjournment—inasmuch as it emptied the hall. Every faction wanted to get its own men on the General Committee, for the purpose of continuing to do what they have been doing—dividing the Federal spoils, and selling the Republican vote to the Tammany Ring. But the fact is they are only doing with the audacity peculiar to the locality what the same tribe are doing covertly all over the country. The "man inside politics" is irredeemable, and there is no use in preaching to him. If the Illinois Constitutional Convention will set the example of minority representation, other States would, doubtless, follow it ere long, and decent men would then be delivered from the body of this death, by being enabled to use their votes independently of the caucuses and nominating conventions; and it is clearer and clearer every day that there is no other way out of the slough. On Monday last the New York chiefs held another meeting, with 100 policemen in the ante-room, and, feeling that quarrelling would not pay, "coalesced beautifully, and now all is harmony."

It is at last certain that Texas has been carried by the Radical candidate for the governorship, that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments will be ratified by the Legislature just elected, and that a majority of the new Congressional delegation is Republican. It was only by the skin of his teeth, however, that Davis was saved and Hamilton beaten; for it is only by about a thousand votes that the latter runs behind his competitor. So far as we make out, Hamilton owes his defeat—for which everybody may be heartily glad—to the fact that a good many thousands of the white voters staid away from the polls. For doing this they had two reasons. When it was profitable to be a violent Republican—and, to do him justice, at a time when, as things turned out, it was not profitable, but dangerous—Hamilton was a Southern Unionist of the most pronounced type. It is not yet stale in the memory of many of our readers that, two or three years ago, he made a trip through many of the Northern cities, and delivered speeches in which he seemed to maintain that General Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas was not only good war, but would do very well in the Southern country as peace. Nothing was too bad for rebels. The average white Texan, therefore, has been in the habit of looking on "Jack Hamilton" as "a full member of Parson Brownlow's church;" and although the ex-governor has of late developed a "truly statesmanlike" anxiety to pardon everybody who would only say and swear that pardoned he would not be, he has not succeeded in getting much of the confidence of his old enemies. There was, however, a disposition to make use of him; but for some time past it has been clear to most of the Texans that the admission of the State to the enjoyment of all her rights and privileges would be very doubtfully facilitated by Hamilton's election. Their feelings and their interest then conspired to induce his fellow-citizens to let Hamilton go to the wall, and, for the moment, we have an end of one of the most unsatisfactory politicians that the Southern wing of the Republican party has been infested with.

Mr. Hoar's case is still covered with uncertainty, and the rumors about the prospect of his confirmation are very conflicting. But the particular rumor which made him out likely to resign the Attorney-Generalship in a huff, because the Senate did not approve of him as a candidate for the Supreme Court, is certainly untrue. We have good reason for believing that he is on excellent terms with the President, and means to stay where he is till a better place is found for him, which is possible, and until a better man is found for his place, which is very improbable. It is said that the majority against him in the Senate is dwindling under the influence of time and reflection, which is not unlikely; but still we suppose it is hardly likely to disappear under any influences to which his opponents are amenable. One mode suggested for getting over the locality difficulty is his nomination for Mr. Stanton's vacant place; but the Pennsylvania lawyers hold themselves competent, we believe, to fill it themselves, and will not be over-modest about mentioning it. There is an amusing story in a Philadelphia paper, which, if not true, is good, of a deputation of Pennsylvanian politicians having recently waited on the President to demand the Attorney-Generalship for Mr. B. H. Brewster, and of their having encouraged him by the announcement that Cameron, Scott, and Forney were all for Brewster, and were of opinion that he was an ill-used man; and that nobody need mind Geary, for he had few friends and was in his last term; to all of which General Grant replied that he was glad to see them, but there did not happen to be any vacancy in the Cabinet just then.

Governor Geary, however, who is not dead yet, has, doubtless under the inspiration of the other Brewster (F. C.), been opening a variety of old sores in his message, and the Legislature, under pretence of economy, has retorted by refusing to print it. The pleasantest feature in the Pennsylvania news is, however, that many of the oil speculators are coming to grief in the courts. Mr. Spencer Miller, a leading member of the bar, is pursuing some of the old getters-up of swindling companies. A year ago he got a verdict for $80,000 against one of them, and, we believe, secured the money. Within the last week he got a verdict against another for $96,000, and, though the defendants have vanished into space, he has security for quarter the amount. A man who does work of this kind is a public benefactor, and ought to have a "surprise party." Nothing so promotes swindle as the readiness of the victims to pocket their losses, go their way with a sickly smile, and let the rogues begin again.

The talk of annexing St. Domingo, so rife two years ago, has at last borne fruit in a treaty, which transfers the republic to the United States as a territory. The negotiations have been conducted with great secrecy, for the purpose of preventing a loan, which the President, Baez, had put on the London market, from being taken up, as it was offered at a ridiculously low figure, and, in case of annexation to the United States, would be no longer needed. The United States gets the whole concern for a million and a half of dollars, most of which is to be expended in paying its debts; and the treaty is to be submitted for ratification to the popular vote, the result of which is still doubtful, the mass of the population not being highly educated, and being very suspicious of foreigners. Luckily, they number only 150,000, and, consequently, will not seriously increase the strain on the legislative wisdom of Congress. But they have hardly any taxes, and will consequently incur some heavy and novel burdens in casting in their lot with us, but in return will get a quiet life, under the rule of some of our finest politicians. What State is entitled to this governorship, and who has claims for the Assessorship of Internal Revenue? We venture to say that the news of the annexation will not excite so much astonishment anywhere as in Copenhagen, as the unfortunate Danes are still waiting for the money for the island *they* sold to the United States more than two years ago. The probabilities are that, having got St. Domingo, we shall soon have to take Hayti, on the other side of the island, as the inhabitants of that region will probably find it impossible to let their neighbors alone.

It will be remembered that in discussing "Progress in Massachusetts" a few weeks ago, we assured our readers that the Shanlys (the Hoosac Tunnel contractors) were going to apply to the Legislature of the State for a "modification" of their contract. Certain persons—among them one of these very Shanlys—were hardy enough to question this statement; and a letter was written by Walter Shanly, or his brother, to the Springfield *Republican*, in which it was said that if they could not get through their contract without going into the lobby of the State House, they would not get through it at all. When we read this letter we felt sure that something better than ordinary lobbying was in the wind; and so it turns out. Governor Claflin reviews the work of the past six months in his messsage; and, after admitting that the rate of progress required by the Shanlys' contract has not been kept up, uses the following language: "I would suggest that some provision should be made whereby the contractors may receive additional compensation for an earlier completion of the work than the contract requires. A moderate sum would be of much importance to them." Here we have the first step toward a "modification," and it is

only the first which costs—at least when the Governor of a State takes it. And the best of it all is, that the State, if it is dissatisfied with the rate of progress attained, has only to terminate the contract, and relieve itself from all liability to these contractors; instead of which, it is proposed to give them a little more money.

We have discussed elsewhere the elaboration which the great impeachment mystery is undergoing at the hands of those two single-minded men, Messrs. Butler and Wendell. Senator Ross having understood that Wendell had designated him by implication as a person bribed, or bribable, wrote asking for answers to several interrogatories on this subject. In reply, Wendell says he never said Ross was bribed, and never believed he was bribed, or that anybody received money for the purpose of bribing him; but this he does say—that Perry Fuller was offered several thousand dollars for that purpose, but refused to receive it on the ground that Ross was incorruptible. This is all very fine, but, inasmuch as we have long known the very room in which the money was paid over, the kind of "dinner" the conspirators were eating when the transaction took place, and the exact amount which passed over the table, this kind of by-play produces little effect on us. If these men do not drop the subject and keep quiet, the whole thing will come out. General Butler is dying to make a clean breast of it, and, if we are rightly informed, whenever he does speak he will also give General Gordon his quietus about that little charge of trading with the enemy which Gordon got up against one of the staunchest, etc.

The Turk, it must be admitted, has, since the accession of the present Sultan, been playing his cards with unexpected skill. He took advantage of the revelation made to him by the Crimean war of his value to Western Europe, to put down the Cretan insurrection, and repress Greek interference; and this year he has reduced Egypt, which apparently escaped from him thirty years ago, to vassalage once more. The Khedive has, during the whole of that time, regarded himself to all intents and purposes an independent sovereign, and it must, therefore, have been a good deal of a shock to him to find himself called on to sink into a mere viceroy—levy no more taxes, and contract no more loans, than the Sultan permitted; give up his iron-clads, and hold no intercourse with foreign powers except through the Ottoman ministers. But, despite the strong encouragement and assurances of support he received from our barbarous contemporary, the *Tribune*, which had actually made arrangements for him to go to war, and fight till he died, he has succumbed, and humbled himself in the dust. The Sultan, meanwhile, is really pushing on with internal reforms, but under difficulties which seem almost insurmountable. He has established a Polytechnic School at Constantinople, in which it appears not improbable Turkish statesmen may be trained. The attempts made hitherto to produce educated Turks by sending boys to school in France have been miserable failures—the young men coming back with all the French vices, without a shred of the Turkish virtues. He has also established common schools in the capital, to which he is forcing the Mussulmans to send their children; and as in addition to all this he lives—like a Sultan—money has to be had, and his civil service is even worse than ours, he has put a fresh loan of $60,000,000 on the market, which is going off very well; but he has to pay about twelve per cent. for it. It is four years since he raised the last, but he sets forth that he has kept scrupulous faith with his creditors, and sets apart certain taxes in pledge as security for the present one. It is worthy of remark that he also pledges himself never to tax the creditors' coupons, of which we beg the Butlerites to make a note.

Some remarkable stories are coming from India, in a report from the Cotton Commissioner, as to the effect of the high prices of cotton in certain parts of India, and particularly in Berar, during our war. It appears that no less a sum than $253,675,000 in gold and silver was sent to Bombay in payment for cotton, from 1861 to 1868, from the United Kingdom alone, not counting what went from the continent of Europe. The effect on the people was something marvellous. They first paid off the debts which had been transmitted from father to son for generations, and which few of them had ever thought of getting rid of any more than of the ordinary taxes. They then ran into all sorts of extravagances. Some had silver tires put to their cart-wheels; others, by way of compliment to mother earth, used silver ploughshares; others paid enormous prices for bullocks of a favorite color, or possessing ideal tails. But vast numbers used the money to plant mango groves, and dig wells, and make conduits for irrigation, and to reclaim waste lands, improve their dwelling-houses and furniture, and import better breeds of cattle. In fact, the whole people have been raised several degrees in the social scale. Even the outcast Mhangs, or pariahs, have felt the change, and acquired some self-respect. A curious story is told of a Dher, or one of the lowest of the outcasts, who, before the cotton revolution, would never have ventured to approach a European official, soliciting an interview with an English officer, and sending before him, instead of the customary native offering of disgusting sweetmeats, a tray with two bottles of brandy, two bottles of soda-water, a bottle of pickles, and a tin of sardines on it—the poor fellow's enterprise, as he felt himself rising in the world, showing itself in this bold adaptation of his presents to the Englishman's tastes. The Commissioner mentions, by way of illustrating the degradation of the class to which this man belongs, that, some years ago, in Gujerat, "if a Dher had the audacity to appear in public, he was obliged to drag a bramble-bush behind him, to wipe out the trace of his obnoxious footsteps"—a device worth the notice of any of our politicians who may have occasion to "cover up their tracks."

Mr. Maine, the jurist, with whose celebrated book on Ancient Law most of our readers are familiar, and who may be said in it to have completed the work begun by Mr. John Austin, and laid the foundations of the first school of legal philosophy the Anglo-Saxon race has ever had, is at last on his way home from India, where he has passed seven years of extraordinary brilliance as a legislator, having enjoyed there an opportunity such as no jurist in modern times has ever had of embodying his conceptions in positive law, without let or hindrance from any quarter. The materials with which he has had to deal, too, made his work one of great interest, being neither more nor less than the regulation of the relations with one another, and with the British Government, on principles of international law, of a great number of states which have lost their independence while preserving their autonomy. He has had to deal, too, with some very curious social questions, arising out of the gradual disorganization of the old Hindoo society—such as the marriage of the new rationalistic sect of Brahmos. It is expected that on reaching home he will embody some portion of his experience at least in a book.

The *début* of the Ollivier ministry has not been propitious. At the premier's very first appearance a discussion was raised about certain soldiers who had been punished for attending a political meeting; and as military discipline is a very delicate point with all Continental military men, and one with which it enrages them to see *pekins* meddle, and as Marshal Lebœuf, the Minister of War, is one of the touchiest and fiercest of his profession, the Government appears to have been plunged at once into an exasperating discussion, in which a breach which it will be hard to heal took place between M. Ollivier and his old associates of the Left. But, judged by other signs, the new Cabinet is holding its own as constitutional ministry very successfully. M. Pietri, the Prefect of Police, has had to go; Baron Haussmann is also going; and various other old adherents of the dynasty are being cast aside. The murder of one of the editors of Rochefort's paper, the *Marseillaise*, by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, promises to be a sore trial for the dynasty. The French are as severe about assassinations as they are indulgent for duels; indeed, their indulgence for duels is likely to make the murder of a second in the course of the preliminary negotiations for a duel wear a look of unusual atrocity. The Prince will have to be tried, and his relation to the Emperor will make the trial a fierce political conflict; and, whether he escapes or is convicted, the Empire will suffer.

HOW ABUSES GROW INTO INSTITUTIONS.

THERE are probably few Americans to whom the state of public opinion which in England permits commissions and even promotion in the army to be bought with money, or which in Prussia practically restricts commissions to men of noble birth, and which, in pre-revolutionary France, made even seats on the judicial bench merchantable commodities, and which in many other parts of Europe make institutions, which to us seem senseless or injurious in the highest degree, wear to those who live under them the appearance of ultimate social facts, to be made the best of, but not to be got rid of, does not seem all but incomprehensible. There is not a stump orator in the country, no matter how fluent he may be, who does not find his vocabulary exhausted long before he has expressed his sense of the stupidity and degradation of the people who suffer these things to be. Can anything, for instance, equal in absurdity the chamber of hereditary legislators, to whom Englishmen have submitted for a thousand years? Fancy a man being allowed to legislate for a great people simply because his father did so before him, and without being responsible for his votes to anybody but his precious self! And then, look at the feeling of loyalty to hereditary monarchs. How is it possible that generation after generation of a highly civilized people can carefully cherish and train up their children in feelings of devoted and even enthusiastic attachment to the members of a particular family, not one of whom nine-tenths of them have probably ever seen or even experienced any benefit from; and even prescribe and live under a rule by which one member of this family in each generation, for the performance of a few trifling duties to which the meanest capacity suffices, is taken, and paid an enormous salary, sumptuously lodged, treated with the profoundest reverence, has all the virtues, including almost supernatural wisdom, carefully ascribed to him, his vices either denied or carefully concealed, his dress, gait, and personal defects made objects of admiration, and even worthy of imitation, and his silly whims gratified with the greatest alacrity as the indications of an exceptional and mysterious organization? When "the average American" plants himself in the middle of an Illinois prairie, and takes a close look at all these things, he has to hold his sides, or would have to hold them if it were not for the "divine pity" he feels for the degraded beings to whose delusions they owe their existence.

Nevertheless, one has only to examine the opinions which now exist amongst large numbers of people, and which the whole band of politicians proper carefully preach, touching the civil service of this country, and especially that feature of it known as "rotation in office," to understand fully the process by which the European nations have got into their present state of mind about hereditary monarchy, and legislators, and purchasable commissions, and the restriction of certain offices to certain classes. The doctrine that a complete change of officers, from top to bottom, every time there is a change of administration, is a necessary feature of party government, is not over forty years old. It derives not a particle of support from history. No government of party in any other country or any other age has ever had any such feature. The government of this country was carried on for half a century, and with a purity, economy, and skill which it is now far from showing, before any such doctrine was ever heard of. It is a recent invention of a few men whom nobody respects, and yet almost in a single generation has taken such root that it is now looked on by a large portion of the American people, and treated by most orators and newspapers, especially by the philosophers of the caucus and committee-room, as an essential feature of party government, which was from the beginning and shall be till the end. Moreover, it is not, and never has been, a feature of democratic government. The only governments which have ever been administered on the principle that every citizen should not only vote for officers, but hold office himself in his turn, were in reality aristocratic governments, and the "rotation," so far as there was rotation, went on amongst a small picked and really highly trained class, whose sole occupation consisted in preparing themselves for the administration of public affairs; whose only study was the political science of the time, and to whom it was a disgrace not to be equally competent to sit on the judicial bench or set squadrons in the field. The notion that Tom, Dick, and Harry are fit for and have a right to all places of trust and profit is a recent American invention, and has no more connection with democratic government than with astronomy or navigation.

The European peculiarity of which we have been speaking, too, will appear all the more comprehensible when we remember that the influence of hereditary monarchy, and hereditary legislation, and vendible judicial and military offices, on human character during their centuries of trial have many noble results to show. Loyalty to kings can produce plenty of justification which, as long as men and women are human, will never lose its force, both in the splendid examples of heroism and self-abnegation it has wrought among subjects, and the splendid contributions which kings have made to the history of the race. Officers who bought their commissions, or who got them by mere right of caste, have left us a type of soldier which certainly has great traits, and have played no inglorious part on a thousand famous fields. The military gentleman of Europe is assuredly not a character which the world can ever afford to forget or will ever come wholly to despise. Moreover, the French parliaments, vendible as their places were, and with all their other faults, bequeathed to modern France an ideal of the lawyer which she has preserved and which has stood her in good stead, and an ideal of the judge the disappearance of which in practice from her courts is one of her greatest curses, and that one which the best Frenchmen most deeply deplore.

If we were to apply this test to the system of rotation in office and Congressional patronage, and ask what effect it has had on the character of officials and on the transaction of public business; whether there is an excuse for it to be found in the manners and morals of that portion of the community which it reaches, or in the condition of the public service; whether the type of American office-seeker was in any way a valuable or respectable one, or whether, in spite of his way of getting into the public service, his behavior in it was in any way so commendable as to affect the popular imagination, everybody knows what merriment we should excite in any assemblage, except a nominating caucus, that could be got together in this country. Some minutes would certainly have to elapse before we could resume speaking. Indeed, the office-seeker and his friend and patron, the politician, have come to be a byword and a shaking of the head in American society. In looking through our exchanges, we constantly find their baseness and contemptibleness treated as a reason why the community should not bother itself about their condition, why their tenure of office should not be made more certain or their wages raised. Comments on the cruel treatment they often experience under the present system often excite only laughter. The press abuses them; business men despise and distrust them; to be one of them is not simply a sign that a man has been beaten in the honest walks of life, but that he will never again be fit to enter them; that a little of the sneak, and liar, and cheat, and trimmer, and coward has got into his composition, and made his highest use that of a warning to thoughtless and idle schoolboys. And yet there are men who maintain habitually that the creation and preservation of this animal is not only a function of democratic society in general, but of American society—the foremost and most enlightened of democratic societies—in particular; and that if we extirpated him, and put a decent, modest, well-educated, honest man in his place, and kept him there with an easy mind and assured future, something dreadful would happen. Humanity would bellow in despair; American citizens would lose all interest in their own Government. There would be nobody to nominate Congressmen, or get the tickets ready, or have the documents circulated, or the stump speakers sent out; nobody to manage the post-offices, or the mint, or the Custom House, or to bring in bills, or move the previous question, or "claim" or "yield the floor;" that, in short, the whole system would collapse if we had no "men inside politics."

The subject is now coming up once more in Congress. Mr. Carl Schurz is worthily signalizing his appearance in the Senate by the introduction of a bill, which has been printed and referred to the Committee on Retrenchment, and which we hope to see debated in February. It resembles in its main features Mr. Jenckes's bill, with which our readers are familiar, but differs in some important particulars. The number of offices to which he extends its operation is much larger,

Mr. Jenckes's bill only applies to such civil officers as are not now by law required to be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate; Mr. Schurz's applies to all officers except judges and clerks of the United States courts, members of the Cabinet, ministers plenipotentiary and resident, and members of Congress. Both bills provide for the appointment of a board of examiners, Mr. Jenckes's containing four, holding office for five years; Mr. Schurz's containing nine, a third of which go out of office at the end of four, another third at the end of eight, and another at the end of twelve years; after that, the term of all to be twelve years. Both provide for the examination, by this board, of all candidates for places in the civil service, and confine the selection of officers to candidates who have passed, and empower the body to make such regulations as may be necessary for the exercise of their powers. Both boards are to have the power of trying offences committed by officers, and reporting the result to the head of their respective departments; but Mr. Jenckes's bill looks to tenure of office during good behavior, while Mr. Schurz's, by way of compromise, provides for the retention of their offices for five years by actual incumbents, unless removed for incompetency after examination, which their superior may order them to submit to; and makes the tenure of all subsequent appointees eight years, and makes the first year of every appointee a year of probation, hoping that in this way the public will be weaned from its present habit of looking for a general upturning every four years, as part of our system of Government, without being brought face to face with a "bureaucracy." Even if officers were turned out regularly eight years from the date of their appointment, their dismissal would be distributed through the year, and the executive would have time and leisure for the choice of proper successors, instead of, as now, the new President being compelled to fill every office in the gift of the Government in the very month in which he himself needs all his time to make himself familiar with his own duties.

One of the signs of the advance of public sentiment on this subject is the admission which even hardened politicians now begin to make, that Congressional patronage is an abuse, and has in reality altered the character of the Government by wresting the appointing power from the executive, besides degrading the public service, and that, if "rotating" is to continue, the job ought to be left to the President alone. It is amusing, however, to watch them crying out by way of compromise, "Give us a good President, and all will be well." No; we won't let it depend on the character of the President whether we are to be burdened with them or not. We are determined to get rid of them somehow, no matter what the character of the President may be. It is time for them to select an honest calling. They have lived long enough on the substance of decent people, and have done enough to befoul and degrade the best ideas of the age. They shall not have "justice" for a cloak and "humanity" for a blanket much longer.

MORE LIGHT ON AN ABSTRUSE SUBJECT.

Mr. Emerson, in one of his later lectures—we forget the title, but that is of small consequence—narrates a story which frequently has recurred to us in connection with recent political events. It seems that once upon a time there were two Congressmen who, unlike most Congressmen, were profoundly interested in the most abstruse philosophical questions, such as the origin of evil, the nature of God, his purposes with man, and, indeed, one may say, the cosmos in general. The Congressmen in question, being intimate friends, naturally discussed these problems together, and, gradually becoming more and more interested in their solution, resolved, one with the other, that, if either should at any time discover anything of importance, he should let the other know. Time rolled on, and nothing came of the agreement; the two friends separated, and did not see each other for years. At length they met again in Washington, at one of the President's receptions. They recognized one another across the room, and, as they approached, one said, "Any more light, Thomas?" and the other said, "No more light, Samuel." Then the other said, "Any more light, Samuel?" and the first replied, "No more light, Thomas;" and so they separated for ever.

It has often struck us that the attitude of these two simple-minded Congressmen towards the cosmos was not unlike that of the American public towards the impeachment investigation of two years ago—an attitude of respectful but despairing enquiry; and the recent appearance in the Cincinnati *Gazette* of some more letters on this subject, from the Washington correspondent of that paper, has tended to confirm the impression. The correspondent in question—"H. V. B."—is one of the few Washington letter-writers who can be relied upon for trustworthy and impartial accounts of political transactions, and he has recently been interesting himself in looking anew into the celebrated senatorial corruption investigation, conducted to such a triumphant issue by General Butler at the close of the impeachment trial. Most of our readers remember, of course—if they do not, it is not our fault, certainly—that at the close of the great State trial, which was to have brought Andrew Johnson to the block, and to have taught a lesson to all future despots, which should have made them tremble as not Harmodius nor Aristogeiton nor Oliver Cromwell himself had caused to quake the despots of the past—at the disastrous close of that trial, when the villany of Evarts and the machinations of Satan had secured an acquittal, General Butler rose in his place and proposed a committee of investigation; that the committee was appointed, with himself as chairman; and that, not long after, the General made a report to the effect that immense amounts of money had been used to bribe senators to vote for acquittal; that several senators had been corrupted, and that the most convincing proof of this was that no evidence implicating any one could be found, so carefully had the guilty traitors concealed all traces of their crime. This was perplexing to the ordinary mind, but not half as much so as the controversy which has succeeded it. The moment General Butler had concluded his investigation, the correspondents began theirs, and, as they have been conducting it ever since, the result has naturally followed that the whole matter has been involved in a hopeless maze of assertions, answers, counter-statements, anti-counter-statements, and "final exposures of the whole thing." At present there is, perhaps, no subject before the public which is more entirely and profoundly confused, unless it be the Byron story. Indeed, the methods of investigation, and the kind of evidence produced in the two cases, are, if Mrs. Stowe will pardon us, very similar; and one of the most amusing situations in modern times was that in which the General, taking under his custody the rules of evidence, read Mrs. Stowe a severe rebuke for violating them in her true story of Lady Byron's life.

The chief trouble with the investigations carried on by newspaper correspondents is that, being almost entirely *ex parte*, they are about as valuable as would be an unsworn statement made by an unknown witness before an equally unknown magistrate, produced in court by some third party who was a stranger to both. For example, we read in the daily *Tom-Tom* (an impeachment organ) that the Washington correspondent of that paper knows, as a matter of fact, that so many dollars were paid to the late Mr. Fessenden for his vote, and that remorse for his crime drove him to an early grave. Now, of course, the *Tom-Tom* is not responsible for this statement, for it is not made editorially; the correspondent and his informant are unknown. As a matter of fact, the information reached the correspondent in this way: He is known in Washington as being connected with the *Tom-Tom*, and known to have the same principles professed by the editor of that enterprising journal, and this affords him an acquaintance with gentlemen of the same kind who happen to have seats in Congress; in short, he learns to know and love many of them—among others, General Butler. The General invites him to dine, being pleased with his manly and earnest tone; and when the feast is over, and the genial glow of post-prandial conversation ensues, and the General becomes communicative, the correspondent of the *Tom-Tom* sees that his opportunity has come. The General will allow himself to be pumped. Then, beginning quietly, he says: "General, you must have valuable information in your possession, now, about the impeachment trial. It is a pity the public cannot be fully informed about that matter." Then the General, lowering his voice, replies: "Sir, it would be too dangerous; why, I have information that would damn to eternal infamy half the Senate of the United States. No, no, sir; sorry this cannot be divulged."

Correspondent—"You mean that you have information obtained since the trial?"

Gen. Butler—"Ay, sir; since the trial."

Correspondent—"And it implicates—?"

Gen. Butler—"All of 'em."

Correspondent—"What! Then Fessend—"

Gen. Butler—"As for him—" (taps his pocket and shakes his head significantly). "I wish to be explicit about this. You understand me, I suppose."

And straightway the public is regaled with the announcement of the additional information on the subject of the impeachment trial we have just quoted from the *Tom-Tom*. Most of the correspondence on this subject has been of this sort, and the public cannot be said to have gained much more light from it as to the true grounds of the acquittal of Johnson than they have from the original report of the great investigator himself.

Not such a correspondent, however, is "H. V. B.," of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and this fact makes it not inopportune to call our readers' attention to a letter of his, recently published under date of December 31, 1869, the opening paragraphs of which are as follow:

"A late letter in this correspondence, upon the subject of impeachment, has called out some very pointed denials.

"Some of the main statements of that letter were these:

"1. Three attempts were made to use money, the first involving a bet of $50,000, the second an offer to Wendell of $100,000 for evidence that money was being used to influence senators, and, third, that $165,000 was raised to secure acquittal, and that it passed through the hands of Wendell and others who were before Butler's committee.

"2. There was a political bargain, worked up principally by Senator Henderson, by which President Johnson agreed to reorganize his Cabinet, as an assurance that he intended to make no trouble in case he was acquitted, and that the names used as among the new appointees were those of Reverdy Johnson, Evarts, and Groesbeck.

"3. A statement that the President's nearest friends assert that he was at no time a party to the use of money, and always expressed himself as strongly opposed to it, and that it must be distinctly understood there was no intention of saying that any senator was approached by money.

"4. An intimation that the farce of the House investigation may have been made such by the complications arising from the offer to Wendell of $100,000 for evidence that senators had been approached with money, as it would have been awkward to examine witnesses in regard to their knowledge of the use of money, and have them answer that an offer of $100,000 for evidence against senators, which they understood had been made by General Butler, had come to their knowledge."

When we read these four statements we confess that we glow with that temperate glow of journalistic delight which weekly papers always feel at the discovery of truth. Here, at length, was the solution of the problem; here was the key to the riddle; here was the reward of patient investigation. Money had been used, and it had been used not for acquittal, but to procure evidence which might lead to conviction. "H. V. B." had at last succeeded in doing what Butler had so signally failed to achieve. Unfortunately, however, certainty is not reached yet; for the General has twice been interviewed on the subject of this letter, and has made so many statements as to "H. V. B.'s" statements, who in his turn has replied with so many counter-statements, that the celebrated Chancery suit in which Mr. Packer made his name famous, fades into insignificance by the side of this controversy. In the first place, General Butler said that "H. V. B.'s" letter was "a most absurd collection of falsehoods" as far as he was concerned. But then, further on in the same interview, the General admitted that he did know something of the facts alleged in "H. V. B.'s" two first statements; and this admission "H. V. B." considers as militating against the general denial first made. The second interview seems to have been more important. The interviewer appears to have entered the warrior's chamber melodramatically, with the guilty issue of the Cincinnati *Gazette* in his hand, and to have at once silently presented it to the General. The latter read it carefully, and then, as another veteran, celebrated in verse, is said to have done,

> "De Shen'ral he uttered no hymn und no psalm,
> But he opened his mout, und he priefly say"—

"Bosh! It is a story Cornelius Wendell has been trying to get into print for some time," and then followed this dialogue:

"*Correspondent*—You do not believe these so-called revelations?

"*General Butler*—I do not. I know there is very little truth in it. It is a story Cornelius Wendell has been trying to get into print for some time. . . .

"*Correspondent*—Well, General, don't you think Wendell was the ringleader of, or deep in, the conspiracy?

"*General Butler*—He no doubt was in it, but did not know of all the operations. The others did not trust him implicitly. He is now trying to make himself the Boanerges of the affair, but I would not believe a word he would say, unless it was corroborated by other testimony.

"*Correspondent*—General, who was the leading spirit in the money matters—that is, to the buying of senators?

"*General Butler*—Cooper managed the whole affair.

"*Correspondent*—Did not Wendell buy any senators?

"*General Butler*—He may have arranged something in reference to them, but Cooper was *the* man."

Let us pause here for a moment, and consider the characteristic cleverness of the General, displayed in this interview, supposing for an instant that "H. V. B." is correct in his assertions of the offer to Wendell. Of course, this being taken for granted, it would be obviously for his interest to make Wendell out a wholly untrustworthy witness; and in the way of defamation could anything be neater than the artless manner of saying, "It is a story Cornelius Wendell has been trying to get into print for some time"? The picture is called up of the old villain Wendell sneaking about from newspaper office to newspaper office, trying to get his lying accusation into print, and failing miserably until he actually finds in "H. V. B." a suitable tool, surpasses anything we know of in literature for pure *effectiveness*. And it not only has a primary defamatory effect, but a second, no less important, one on the understanding of the reporter, who is at once made to perceive that Wendell is not his true game at all, and so the conversation gradually leaves the original subject, the question of the credibility of "H. V. B.'s" statements, the General's connection with Cornelius Wendell, and the rest, and of a sudden we find ourselves discussing the character of one Cooper, whom the General describes succinctly as "*the* man." And so the reporter finds himself at the door, as wise as when he entered it. But we cannot go through all the details of the controversy; suffice it to say that "H. V. B.," not being quite satisfied with the General's denials, examined the archives of the Investigating Committee, of which he was once chairman, and made discoveries which he thus epitomizes:

"So it appears from General Butler's own reports that he traced much more money than was claimed in the letter he regards as 'bosh;' and that, while he thinks Wendell was an operator, Cooper was *the* man. He knew something about the $50,000 bet, and all about the pledges of good behavior made by the President.

"He denies that he was a party to an offer of $100,000 for evidence that money was being used to secure acquittal, and attempts to raise a laugh over the absurdity of his going to meet Wendell in a close carriage, and thus discredit the material portion of the statement. There was no assertion in the letter that he did take this ride, but, instead, a statement that those who went to Wendell told him that Butler was near at hand, and would meet him in a carriage.

"Of course General Butler did not walk up to Wendell, and, handing over his check, say, 'Old fellow, here's a hundred thousand dollars; tell me what you know about corrupting senators.' But, because this was not done, it does not follow that an indirect transaction, which meant just that in plain English, did not take place. And that his broad denial by no means meets the case, may yet be made to appear."

And now if any one thinks he knows anything about the impeachment trial more than this, that a distinct charge is made by "H. V. B." that Butler offered Cornelius Wendell a sum of money for evidence, we should like to know what it is that he knows. This charge we are ourselves very much inclined to believe, both on the strength of "H. V. B.'s" reputation, and on that of General Butler's. But there is one thing that might be done. General Butler and Cornelius Wendell might unite in a card to the public, denying formally that any such offer was made, and calling upon "H. V. B." to produce his witnesses, and, if that does n't satisfy everybody, we shall be indeed surprised. It is true that General Butler has thrown out hints that he did not consider the uncorroborated evidence of Wendell very valuable. But then, corroborated by his own, he could not object. A little more explicit denial than that contained in the word "bosh" is what is wanted.

THE BURDEN ON THE SUPREME COURT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In the columns of the *Nation* of August 15, 1867, was one of a series of articles written by the author of this letter, then and now a member of the Federal judiciary, and addressed to the State Constitutional Convention, then sitting in Albany. That article predicted

the inevitable coming of some such movement as the one just begun by Senator Drake. It was written on the judicial side of the subject, yet it earnestly urged upon the Convention that the power to declare laws unconstitutional be taken from the judiciary; and it pointed out the fact that the present system of allowing courts to annul laws because of a mere difference of opinion as to the true theory of the Constitution was dragging down the courts, undermining the law-abiding character of our people, and releasing the Legislature from the strict accountability to the Constitution which the people of England exact of their representatives in Parliament, and which has made Parliament the jealous guardian of the British Constitution, and relieved the British courts of endless exciting and distracting adjudications upon the never-settled doctrines of "constitutional law." The article also said: "The Constitution of the United States has thrown upon the judicial department the entire responsibility of protecting the Constitution. This responsibility the judiciary is the least able to bear, and its errors are the most difficult to be corrected. The body of the people, moreover, have instinctively known that these political decisions were political and not legal; and while upon matters of law the Supreme Court of the United States has ever been heard with profound and undoubting respect, its decisions upon matters of political power have been received with constantly growing contempt; so that, if things go on as they are going, no distant day will see an amendment adopted cutting down the powers of that tribunal, and declaring that no statute properly enacted by the people through their lawful representatives shall ever be adjudged unconstitutional and void."

The prediction is the more noticeable because Senator Drake announces that "two years ago he recognized the right of the Supreme Court of the United States to declare an act of Congress invalid for unconstitutionality;" and that a few months afterward he first found himself doubting that right against all his "legal education and preconceptions; against the reiterated rulings of that court; against all professional tradition, and against the authority of all the writers on American constitutional law."

It was never supposed by me that this change could be effected by an act of Congress. The contemporaneous, the continued, and the unquestioned construction given to the Constitution must be taken as conclusive as to its meaning. The clause just cited from Senator Drake's speech in itself conclusively shows that the people of the United States did vest this authority of supreme arbitrament in the Supreme Court. Such a power, constitutionally vested, can only be constitutionally taken away. Right or wrong, it exists; wisely or unwisely, it has been entrusted to that tribunal; Congress, doubtless, may regulate it as they regulate the jurisdiction of the Court; but the constitution, that is to say the people, alone can take it away.

Still speaking on behalf of the Federal judiciary, and more deeply than before impressed with the truth of what I then uttered, and with the apprehension of a greater evil to come, I earnestly appeal to the editor of the *Nation*, and to all thoughtful men who desire to preserve the moral power of the judiciary and the law-revering character of our people, to assist in taking from the judicial branch of the Government a burden which it is the least able to bear, freeing it at the same time from the popular clamor and odium which is flung at it whenever an unpopular constitutional decision is rendered by a divided court, and at the same time bringing the responsibility of guarding the Constitution home to the legislative branch, where it properly belongs. This responsibility is dragging down the judiciary. Congress and the people have bullied and starved the Supreme Court, and Congress is still paying off old scores, and the Court is slowly and insensibly yielding. I have watched it for years, and see that it is yearly failing. If the conflict is kept up, it, being the weaker, must fail first.

It must be admitted by you—by all men—that this work of annulling what purport to be laws—of annulling, it may be, a statute that has been well considered in two distinctive legislative bodies, and that has, moreover, passed the third ordeal prescribed by the Constitution, the Presidential approval—is a serious business, one to be well considered, and which should not be dismissed, alone, on the ground that it is presented to public consideration by a politician and a partisan irritated at and jealous of the Supreme Court. It is undeniable, too, that the most important constitutional decisions have come to us from a divided court, and that the views of the judges have generally gone according to their former political opinions; so that the public have often been able to predict the decision before it was announced; while the judicial opinions within the Court have been little else than a reflex of the political opinions without. Witness the decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the canal loan case, of the Supreme Court in the Dred-Scott case, and, more recently, in the test-oath case. It may also happen that a statute which has been passed by large majorities in the two Houses of Congress, and which has been maturely considered and deliberately approved by the President, examined, moreover, by the Attorney-General, and sanctioned by all of the President's constitutional advisers, and, finally, which is pronounced constitutional by four judges of the Supreme Court, may be absolutely annulled, and declared not to exist, by five. When this divided Court and bare majority move counter to the general public sentiment of the day, it is needless to add, the general public sentiment of the day seizes on the opinions of the four dissenting members as conclusively right, pronounces the five controlling members prejudiced, dishonest, and, perhaps, corrupt, and thinks the Supreme Court, and, mayhap, the Constitution itself, a nuisance used to thwart the people in making their own laws.

Furthermore, the members of the Supreme Court, holding for life, and changing at rare intervals, must, in the nature of things, hold to the public sentiment of the past rather than the public sentiment of the day. It is not wonderful, therefore, that there have been these jarrings of opinions; and so long as the public sentiment travels rapidly and the judicial sentiment slowly, such jarrings may be expected and will be inevitable. There was something more than sad in the sight of the moral part of the community waiting with angry impatience for the death of their chief judicial officer, whom they were accustomed to regard as a great jurist and a stainless judge, till an unfortunate decision came to drag him down, and make his death not a judicial loss but a political gain.

I may point also, in this connection, to the popular, though it may well be unfounded, belief on the legal-tender question. There probably is not a lawyer in the United States who will not undertake to marshal the judges on this question, and who, if he had been told that Mr. Justice Grier had determined to maintain its constitutionality, would not have exclaimed that *that* settled the matter and made a majority of the Court. Is there not something positively awful in the thought of a statute, on which the entire community has moved through the most trying period of their financial as well as national existence—a statute by which they still move in every money matter of their daily lives—swaying backward and forward, from law to nonentity, on the enfeebled mind of a single aged man? Can a people maintain a profound reverence for that which thus trembles in a quivering balance?

In my previous article on this subject, I went, as men are apt to do when breaking new ground, further than my maturer judgment does approve. Congress differs from Parliament in this: 1st. That its members, though well versed in the laws of their own respective States, come into the national legislature, for the most part, ignorant of the Federal statutes, and knowing little of the subjects to which those statutes relate. 2d. That its general laws are enacted with none, or at best but little, of the care, study, and particularity that shine in the English statutes and give lustre to the British Parliament. And, especially, there is none of that deference to the opinion of the judiciary, that submission of legal questions to the judges, that seeking the guidance of the law and judicial officers of the nation, which makes the work of Parliament so cautious on the one hand, so complete on the other. While these imperfections last the people of the United States will be tardy to vest this supreme power of final censorship in Congress. It remains, then, for thoughtful men to think of a remedy. Perhaps Mr. Trumbull's earlier plan, requiring a concurrence of two-thirds of the Supreme Court to declare a law unconstitutional, is a step in the right direction. Yet, so long as part of a court uphold a law as constitutional, and its validity or annulment de-

pends on the accident of judicial changes or on the political training of the majority, will it not be more logical and rational to require a concurrence of all the judges? A decision which makes a law void affects not merely the *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* before the Court, but affects directly, and perhaps equally, every man and woman in the country. We are all parties plaintiff or defendant in the legal-tender cases, though not appearing on the record. When an act of Congress is so clearly void that no member of the Supreme Court pronounces it valid, and the judicial mind of the Court as a unit stamps it as a legislative inadvertence, then the decisions of the Court will be restored in public estimation to their former majesty, and then, I presume, not even my friend Senator Drake will care to quarrel with the conclusions of the Court. A MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL JUDICIARY.

WASHINGTON, January, 1870.

[We agree with our correspondent that it remains for thoughtful men to think of a remedy. But Mr. Drake's bill is not a remedy: it is simply a proposition to substitute one disease for another. Mr. Drake mistakes the petulant irritation of members of Congress for the will of the people; and he forgets that the people have the right to vest this power of final censorship where they please. He also forgets that the action of Congress of late years has not been such as to entitle it to this supreme power; that laws have been enacted under the party gag, without time for consideration, without liberty for discussion; that the last hours of every session witness legislation conducted amid the tumult of a mob; that the Senate has too often adopted and abetted the tumultuous proceedings of the House; and that the House, after earning the popular cognomen of "the Bear-Garden," is now seeking to make itself worse by increasing its noisy numbers to three hundred or three hundred and fifty members. The Supreme Court may not render decisions on constitutional questions in accordance with the popular judgment, and its conclusions may often be prejudiced, biassed, and unsound, yet still with these defects it will be a safer tribunal to judge of the constitutionality of a statute than the most radical of bear-gardens. So long as Congress holds thirty-hour sessions, and members vote in complete ignorance of what they are voting upon, and general laws are hitched on to appropriation bills, and statutes go upon the statute-books which indicate chiefly the ignorance and inability of the men who made them, just so long it will be idle to talk of placing this supreme infallibility in the halls of Congress.—ED. NATION.]

MRS. STOWE'S "VINDICATION OF LADY BYRON."

THERE is one question between Mrs. Stowe and the public which her first article in the *Atlantic* left somewhat in doubt, and which many people hoped she would decide favorably to herself in the volume just issued, and that is her right to make the revelation she has made about the causes of Lord and Lady Byron's separation. The impression left by the article was that she had been consulted by Lady Byron as to the propriety of making it, and advised against it; and that Lady Byron had acted on this advice by refraining from making any revelations during her lifetime. It further appeared that she had left it to the discretion of certain trustees, of whom Mrs. Stowe was not one, to decide whether any such revelation should be made after her death; and that they decided against it, or against even the supply of materials for her biography from the papers in their possession. What the public would have been glad to learn was that she had, expressly or by implication, left some discretion in the matter to Mrs. Stowe, which she had overlooked or forgotten in making her will; but this does not appear to have been the case. Mrs. Stowe alleges that, "by leaving the whole ("statement of the case for advice") unguarded by pledge or promise, it left discretionary power with her [me] to use it, if needful" (pp. 403, 404). We presume we have here got at the misapprehension which has been at the bottom of Mrs. Stowe's course. "A statement of the case for advice" as to the propriety of making certain facts public is, in its very nature, a confidential communication. It does not need to be "guarded by pledge or promise." If the person of whom advice is sought advises against publication, and his advice is taken, he is, as the lawyers say, *functus officio*. His own lips are closed by the very terms of his counsel, and he has no further duty in the matter. Lady Byron appears to have acknowledged the soundness of Mrs. Stowe's opinion. She died, and made no sign. Mrs. Stowe was bound to follow her example, even if she believed herself to be the sole depositary of the secret. That her error, in making her revelations, ought not to have exposed her to the coarse abuse she has received is quite true; but it was nevertheless an error, based on a misconception, from which, one would say, a few minutes' talk on the matter with a sensible lawyer, or man of the world, would at the outset have saved her.

Another thing to be regretted about the present volume is its tone. The fault of the article in the *Atlantic* was its mixture of fact and feeling —the high-strung, sentimental, and, in some places, rhapsodical vein in which some of the most awful charges ever made against two human beings were brought before the public. People said that, when a story of this kind, damning the memory of two persons to everlasting infamy, and plunging their surviving relatives in a sorrow without hope, was told, it should have been told with all the calmness and precision of which human language is capable; facts and conclusions should have been carefully distinguished, and the feelings of the narrator, no matter how respectable, have been kept as far as possible out of sight. In charging a crime against a man, all displays of emotion on the part of the prosecutor are improper, for the simple reason that they are a covert begging of the question. He has no right to get indignant or sigh or weep over what he has still to prove. It is only to the defence that it is permitted to be pathetic. Mrs. Stowe, it is true, seems to have throughout labored under the impression that she was simply acting on the defensive; but from this, too, advice such as we have spoken of would have saved her. As between Lord and Lady Byron, it may perhaps be said that her theory of her position is correct; but it must be remembered that, as between Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Stowe's procedure is an assault of the most terrible kind on a woman of hitherto blameless repute, who was in no sense a public character, and who, if we are not mistaken, has children or other descendants still surviving, for whom Mrs. Stowe's charges, if sustained, mean social damnation. We were in hopes, therefore, that the defects of form in the first indictment would have been amended in the supplementary volume, and that we should have been supplied with a passionless and unvarnished statement of the proofs, such as would have been proper had Mrs. Stowe been called on to submit them, in Mrs. Leigh's presence, to a competent tribunal. Whatever delicacy, or avoidance of color or overstatement, would have been due to her if living, are certainly due to her when dead. In this expectation, however, we confess we have been disappointed.

And now as to the charges themselves. All the earlier part of the volume, down to page 152, describing what Mrs. Stowe calls the "conspiracy," or "concerted attack on Lady Byron's reputation, begun by Lord Byron in self-defence, and transmitted to his friends to be continued in self-defence," may be dismissed as irrelevant. Mrs. Stowe produces no evidence of "conspiracy" whatever. All that appears is that Lord Byron was coarse, brutal, unprincipled, and that he had friends and admirers who were little better than himself; that when he and his wife separated they took his side, but each in his own way, and used such facilities as they had to defame her. But there is no trace of a "conspiracy" amongst them, and Mrs. Stowe's loose use of the word is another indication of the absence of a proper sense of the gravity of the task in which she is engaged. The only bearing of the story on the present controversy lies in the support it affords to the presumption that Byron was capable of anything, however bad; but then this presumption must rest, after all, on Byron's own behavior to his wife, of which there is plenty of evidence, and which has nothing to do with the "conspiracy." We may fairly dismiss "the physiological argument" in the same way. We cannot allow Mrs. Leigh to be convicted of incest on a statement that "modern physiological developments would lead any person versed in the study of the reciprocal influence of physical and moral laws to anticipate the most serious danger to the "organization" of somebody else; in other words, that the intemperance, licentiousness, and hereditary defects of organization of Lord Byron made it probable that his sister was a disgusting wretch. We are not engaged here in the study of morbid psychology. The sole question between Mrs. Stowe and the public is, What reason has she for believing that Lord Byron committed this crime, *which the rest of the world had not*, and which therefore gives to what she says of the cause of his separation from his wife the character of a revelation, which, in the interest of truth, or for any other good cause, she was bound to make?

The only thing, therefore, as it seems to us, which we are called on to examine, is the value of Lady Byron's testimony as reported by Mrs. Stowe. This testimony is furnished in the new volume much more fully than in the article, and, though Mrs. Stowe tells her story somewhat differently in the

volume, more importance has been attached to this circumstance by some of her critics than we think it merits. The article was evidently not carefully composed, and was put forth rather as a tragic tale than as a chain of reasoning. The last version is the only one we need consider. According to this, Lady Byron, knowing what the habits of young men in fashionable life in London were at the beginning of this century, and knowing that Byron was one of them, was, after two years of doubt and delay, and great admiration for the poet, induced by the beauty of his correspondence to marry him. Finding him gloomy and depressed during his engagement, she thought perhaps he did not feel sure of his feelings, and offered to release him, whereupon he fainted away. This circumstance derives its importance simply from the construction which Lady Byron, looking at it "in the light of subsequent events," put on it in talking to Mrs. Stowe. Her theory was that Byron was engaged in an incestuous intrigue with his sister when he offered her his hand; that the reason of his offering her his hand—supposing him not to be in love with her—was, not as ordinary people might think, the desire of an extravagant young rake, overwhelmed with debt, to get possession of her large fortune, but to secure a cover for his wickedness, and he fainted away simply through "fear of detection." That is, though dreadfully afraid of being found out, he deliberately went to work to bring to the house where this guilty intrigue was going on, the one person in the world from whom its concealment was impossible—a wife; and it appears that from the day of his marriage concealment was the last thing he thought of. He was gloomy and even ferocious with his bride, and began almost immediately to preach to her the gospel of "free love," as if to put her on the lookout for the abominations of her new home, and finally, before very long, proceeded to extremities in her immediate presence, and made insulting avowals, which sent her to her chamber and to her knees to pray for himself and his paramour. How he could have expected "marriage to cover this abyss of infamy," and why he needed a wife "to be the cloak or accomplice of his infamy," Mrs. Stowe does not explain, and apparently neither did Lady Byron. Had the partner of his alleged guilt been any other woman, it would be easy to understand; but his sister could have lived with him without exciting scandal, and his remaining unmarried was an essential condition of concealment. A wife could not appear on the scene except as a detective.

All this is extraordinary; but it is not so extraordinary as the part Mrs. Leigh is made to play in the affair. This lady was not brilliant nor handsome, but she seems to have been good enough to win the esteem of Lady Byron and retain it until after her separation from her husband. During their married life she remained in the house with them, and was the object of criminal attentions on the part of her brother, even in his wife's presence. To these it does not appear she ever made any particular objection, although they naturally filled Lady Byron with horror, and although Lord Byron made no secret of their meaning, and tried to prove their legitimacy by a series of elaborate arguments, some moral and some physiological; and Mrs. Leigh's passiveness in the matter, instead of striking Lady Byron as something astounding and revolting, she apparently considered quite natural. Mrs. Leigh, too, "though not distinguished for genius or talent of any kind," a "poor woman," and "weak, relatively to him," succeeded, it appears, in satisfying Lady Byron that this beastly behavior on the part of Lord Byron was the result of insanity, and that there was not only nothing improper, but something highly praiseworthy in his sister remaining within his reach and exposed to it, for the sake of his wife. The arrangement of the household as it then stood, according to this story, was more extraordinary than anything ever conjured up by the imagination of the foulest romance-writer. It is difficult to say which of the two women—the wife or sister—who consented to remain shut up with this disgusting lunatic, was most worthy of reprobation.

It appears, however, that, even after this awful experience, Lady Byron did not want to separate from him, and was actually turned out of the house by him, leaving his sister behind; but though she knew that this sister was every day and night exposed to the assaults of this man, whose wickedness she felt bound, for the honor of human nature, to ascribe to mental derangement, she was so delighted at the thought of her remaining with him alone, that she wrote to her after the separation to say "that it was her great comfort that she was still in Piccadilly"—that is, in his house. This expression of satisfaction did not form part of Lady Byron's narrative to Mrs. Stowe, but it throws light on it. It is satisfactory to know that Mrs. Leigh "afterwards repented, and became a truly good woman." Her repentance we can readily understand; but her "becoming truly good" must have been a very troublesome process. This strange story was not, however, for the first time told by Lady Byron to Mrs. Stowe. There were rumors of it afloat in London society from a very early period, but Lady Byron, in her latter years, appears to have told it somewhat indiscriminately. Mrs. Stowe had heard the main fact before Lady Byron told it to her, the announcement of which to Lady Byron seems to have excited no surprise. We have the evidence of Mr. John Robertson, of Brighton—a relative, we believe, of the late well-known minister—that he knew Lady Byron well, and lived in the same circle; that she had told this story to three other persons, one of them an American, but that they paid no attention to it, because towards the close of her life she was in the habit of making serious charges against people with whom she had to do, and had been remonstrated with by her friends on the impropriety—to use no stronger term—of the practice. He also testified—and his testimony is corroborated by Mr. William Howitt—that she was given to taking sudden dislikes to people, and, in these fits, was capable of committing acts of gross injustice, while preserving a calm exterior. Of this testimony Mrs. Stowe takes no notice, though we hold it to be most important, and by no means disposed of by Dr. Forbes Winslow's letter to the London *Times* on monomania. Of course, this letter is worthy of great consideration, but it hardly affords any more help than the evidence usually given by medical men about insanity before courts of justice. We may add that Dr. Lushington's and Sir Samuel Romilly's decision does not help Mrs. Stowe's theory of the case as much as she appears to think, inasmuch as it is no secret that the opinion current amongst the English bar, and held, we have been informed, for good reasons, by Mr. Crabbe Robinson, was, that incest was not the offence on which Dr. Lushington's opinion was taken, but another equally unpardonable. The loving letters to Mrs. Leigh from Lady Byron, after the separation, Mrs. Stowe meets simply by a hypothesis of her own, that they must have been written while Lady Byron still supposed her husband insane and her sister-in-law an unwilling victim.

We may add, in conclusion, that some of Lady Byron's reasons for making the revelation—such as her supposition that Byron himself, from his place in the other world, seeing the mischief his influence was doing, must wish to have himself exposed—were of themselves indications that there was a weak point in her mental organization, and ought to have put Mrs. Stowe on her guard, or at least led her to make careful enquiry amongst persons of sound judgment, who were on terms of frequent intercourse with Lady Byron, and did not regard her, like the two ladies who were with her at the time the story was told, with "a sort of worship." But we confess we have no theory to offer in place of the one we are rejecting, and happily we are not bound to offer one. It is enough for us that the case is not proved, and that it is a kind of case which, unless provable beyond the shadow of doubt, ought never to have been touched upon. The result of the attempt in the present case is its best condemnation. Not one person in a hundred thousand has been convinced by Mrs. Stowe's arguments; the dying interest in Byron has been revived; the sale of his works has been greatly stimulated; the name of a woman hitherto unknown to fame, or only known for good, has been foully besmirched, and her descendants covered with shame; and the public of England and America plunged, during six months, into the discussion of a revolting and nameless crime; Lady Byron has been exposed to injurious suspicions; Mrs. Stowe's own influence shaken; and "the truth," for which she believes herself to have been contending, is not triumphant, or anything like it.

FRENCH WOMEN.

PARIS, December 24, 1869.

IT is hard to imagine a situation more confused than the present one here. There is no ground, morally speaking, under one's feet—no ground of any kind, political, religious, or social.

Politically, it is felt that liberal tendencies and creeds are in the air; that they, so to say, pervade the atmosphere, and are involuntarily inhaled by each man as he breathes and lives. Yet the outward, palpable form of all this liberality of opinion is more wanting than ever; nay, there is obviously hostility towards it in the minds of those who still govern.

Religiously, there is light breaking in on all sides, and the men of any importance, as *believing thinkers*, are all ranged in the body of the so-called Liberal Catholics. But the more it becomes evident that faith must be free, or degrade itself into idolatry, the narrower grows the formula into which Rome seeks to bind all really pious and elevated spirits. The attitude assumed by mere material force—by stupid brute power—is one and the same in Paris politically and in Rome religiously. In both, there is a latent feeling that the time for applying their dogmas is past; but in both

there is a hankering after the impossible—a wild desire to resuscitate that which is for ever extinct.

Thus far, then, politically and religiously. But, socially, how stands it? This is so completely a different case that the very instruments that are working in one sense in the two first directions, are working in the sense diametrically opposite in the third. They are, as it were, undermining with their feet the superstructures they are endeavoring to raise with their hands. They say to people: You shall subject your intellect to the superior ecclesiastical authority, and your will and activity to the superior political one—but (now, mark this well!)—but you shall socially spurn all the trammels that have ever been placed over the complete and entire independence of the individual. *Respect* you shall know no more. If you are a wife, you shall not look up to your husband, or guard the purity of his name as befits a pure matron; if you are a son, you shall have no reverence for your father, but shall despise his advice as that of an old "*ganache.*" So long as materially, positively, *literally*, you avoid *crime*, you shall be reputed innocent. *Within* that limit you may trifle with the most sacred things. You may trifle with the honor of your name or with honesty and uprightness of all kinds. So long as you do not *steal*, you shall be said to be of decided probity; so long as you do not commit adultery, you shall be esteemed *pure*. But what you shall venerate and bow down to humbly—and enthusiastically—is wealth, no matter how acquired.

The law-givers, and example-givers, and philosophers of our day do not see that these things are incompatible, and that they must choose between them. If men and women are to be so capable of submission in the highest of all regions—faith—that they can receive blindly the decrees of one recently self-constituted judge, you scarcely fit them for this docility by emancipating them rudely from every other check; and, if you try to educate youth according to what you term *modern* notions, you will find it difficult to crush them later into the most antiquated shape of subjection. However, such now, in this country, are the two elements at war. The strongest and worst influence is evident upon women. The large portion of men are, more or less, even in Latin nations, brought into contact from childhood with the realities of life, and, therefore, whatever the fictions of their instructors, truth somehow is busy with them from their cradle upwards. A man cannot be a soldier or a sailor, or a doctor or a shopkeeper, or, for the matter of that, a private gentleman, without in some degree affronting the mass of the moral atmosphere which is formed by the collective thought of the public at large. He may choose to fight against it, but he must acknowledge its existence—must take it into account. But a woman need not ever submit to this healthier air. She *may* be thoroughly brought up in a hothouse, trained the wrong way, and, when the world is brought to bear upon her, and she upon it, she may be all false, which it is next to impossible for a man to be, unless you have succeeded in making him *quite* an idiot—in which case, as far as society goes, he carries his own antidote about with him.

There perhaps never was an epoch at which education in France was so thoroughly *un*-French as it is now. The fault of Frenchwomen during long ages has been pedantry. In even the Middle Ages they were easily disputatious and "blue;" from the Fronde to the Restoration they preserved the qualities and defects of their mental Adam and Eve—M. de la Rochefoucauld and Madame de Rambouillet; they were full of wit and refinement, critical to excess, but placing intellect above everything else, and gaining from that a certain elevation of thought that, upon trying occasions, stood them in good stead. As they were the most cultivated women in the world, so was their taste the most refined, and this showed itself in every detail: in their dress and manners, and in the internal arrangements of their dwellings. But, as it is impossible to develop equally two such forces as the heart and the brain, the women of France, *over*-developed on the side of the latter, were singularly deficient on that of the former. Be their sins on their own heads! There never, perhaps, existed a Frenchwoman who need have erred. Sentimental weakness is not hers; but hence that immense superiority which belongs to the Frenchwoman almost exclusively, and is so little known abroad as her great virtue. I allude to her genius for administration; to her extraordinary capacity for business, and for whatsoever regards calculation. The Frenchwoman is by nature (or, by *the* nature which centuries of a certain education have endowed her with) the first housekeeper in the world. Be it great or be it small, the sphere in which she reigns—be it a kingdom or a back shop—her administrative qualities show themselves equally strong. She "organizes" down every obstacle, "administers" every person, first of all her husband, and mostly dies leaving considerable savings. In this line the Frenchwoman is naturally great. But this holds together with many other things which are of the past. Since the Second Empire, great pains have been taken to destroy the national type of the French woman, and you do not perhaps know to what an extent *your* example in America is invoked to help the transformation. Somehow or other, the pure British female, in spite of all literary efforts in her favor, never made any converts in this country. In spite of Ossian and Walter Scott, and a host of others, "la Miss Anglaise" remained a mark for ridicule; and probably the reason was that, whatever her merits, she dressed ill. But with your "girls" the case is quite different. Both women and maidens from the "States" dress beautifully, and consequently the Parisian consents to admit them as examples. Permit me to say—with all the respect with which whatever is great in your country inspires me—that this example has *not* been a beneficial one. When young American women and girls come here to Paris, they seem purposely to avoid letting their better qualities be seen—they hide even their acquirements, except music only (for obvious reasons), and "out-Herod Herod" as far as "cocodetterie" goes. How many could I name—and whom some of those who read this *will* name with regret—how many, I hope in reality, innocent girls, accomplished even, and fit for better things, who have made themselves notorious here for the outrageous fastness of their manners, their dress, their flirtations, and their language; and who, being estimated erroneously, have served as models for native unseemlinesses, at which they hardly perhaps guessed!

During the Emperor's stay at Compiègne this year (in the absence of the Empress), the tone was one not befitting the presence of young girls. Yet, as the Emperor and his *entourage* wished for "young girls to amuse the Prince Imperial," Americans were invited; and, it is said, some were there who went without their mother's guardianship, and some whose mothers were only invited at the eleventh hour! "*Do* they know *where* and *to whom* they are going?" was the outcry of respectable men, both among French and Americans. I do not accuse or judge; I merely state facts that the public judges—*mis*-judges, perhaps. But I do repeat that, for the *fast* tendencies of the modern Parisian woman, your countrywomen are somewhat to blame. On the one hand, rich imperial democrats (who fancy themselves such), and to whom gold has come in a day, say, "Well, these seem to be the ways of the women and girls of the great nation of the future; let us copy them. They don't suit us, or in fact please us; but never mind, let us copy them." On the other hand, severer moralists and thinkers, who know the worth of America, turn aside sadly, and say, "Is this truly the feminine civilization of the transatlantic world? Whence, then, does it draw its Longfellows and Peabodys? And, in such a world, if it *be* thus, who appreciates and honors them?" The truth is that, from various causes, the education given within the last fifteen years to women in France (in all classes) is one which tends to destroy the Frenchwoman such as, with her qualities and defects, she has been for many centuries, and predominated in the vast, slow, gradual operation of the modification and expression of the national thought and character. I believe it is a moment of transition, for fast frivolity is not a natural tendency of the practical, unpoetical daughter of Gaul; and, however in a certain class she may play to perfection the *rôle* of a *cocotte*, she is too logical to be long incarnate in that of a *cocodette*.

Correspondence.

THE NEW YORK PLAN OF PERSONAL REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your article on Personal Representation, you object to the "New York Plan" on the ground that it rests upon the "theory of delegation."

Now, the whole gist of the New York plan is to give to the legislator who has received fifty thousand votes five times as much weight in the Legislature as a member who has received ten thousand votes only; and that every single elector shall have a representative in the Legislature for whom he has voted either directly or indirectly. All the other features of the plan as proposed are subsidiary and open to modification. But, taking the plan just in the shape proposed by the New York Personal Representation Society, I fail to see how it can be said to be based upon the "theory of delegation" in any peculiar sense, or in any greater degree than other systems of representation. Under any system whatever, citizens must choose their representatives in view of the political situation as it presents itself to them at the time; so that, whatever plan we may adopt, we should

not escape the difficulty you mention, that "the power of members of Congress upon the issues of to-day would be proportioned to their position upon the dead issues of two years ago."

This difficulty, which you imply to be a special objection to the New York plan, is an equal objection to our existing system, as you show by your illustration in the case of our present Congress. In fact, it is one of the necessary weaknesses of any plan of representation; but I claim that the New York plan avoids the difficulty at least as successfully as any other system, since it secures to every elector the largest liberty of choice, and thus provides a means by which those of them who are intelligent may give their votes to such persons as they may deem best adapted by general character for the office of legislators, instead of being forced (as at present) to vote for one of two men who are nominated solely with reference to the transient issues of the moment, and as between whom a non-partisan generally finds his choice governed only by the question of which is the least objectionable.

Toward the close of your article, you say that "the New York plan, if modified by confining the votes of members to the round numbers, and restricting that method of voting to questions where the ayes and noes are called, might work well." The latter feature, which you thus suggest as a modification, has always been a part of the plan as proposed. As for the former suggestion, it was considered by the Society, but they thought that it could make no practical difference (in the comparatively few cases where yeas and nays are taken) whether members voted according to the number of electoral units or according to the number of electoral hundreds which they might represent.

The Chicago *Republican* plan seems to me far worse than our present system of representation. Under our present plan, citizens have at least the poor privilege of being able to defeat the worst of the two candidates whom the politicians nominate; but the *Republican* system would ensure the election of both the caucus candidates, however objectionable. It would remove the sole remaining check upon the tyranny of the wire-pullers. The vice thus pointed out in this plan is common to all systems which aim at minority representation, as distinguished from personal representation. Even Mr. Hare's scheme possesses this fault (though in so slight a degree that to point it out may seem like hypercriticism); but even in his system personal representation is not complete unless the voter shall so give his vote that it may be counted as one of a *quota*. The New York plan is the only project ever proposed which enables every voter to cast his ballot wholly without reference to any caucus or combination whatever, and without any risk of throwing away his vote. The friends of the plan claim this as its crowning excellence; and they are puzzled to find that this distinguishing feature of their plan is so generally overlooked by the advocates of representative reform.

I will only add that the New York plan can be easily adapted to the election of a Legislature on the *quota* system, if an unvarying number of Representatives is deemed desirable; and that its essential features could be retained in the election of members of Congress, in all States choosing more than one member. In either case it would possess demonstrable advantages over any other system—even that of Mr. Hare, which (leaving out of view its alleged complexity of detail) is less thorough than the New York plan in the essential feature of securing a *real personal representation to every voter*.

One of the New York Personal Representation Society.

EQUITABLE REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I beg to protest against your dismissing Mr. Hare's scheme of representation from consideration on the ground that it is "too complicated for our community." It must be admitted that Mr. Hare's own statement of his system, encumbered as it is with special provisions to meet the special prejudices of English electors, makes it seem very complicated and difficult to understand. But the main principle is easily intelligible, and the machinery needed to carry it out simple enough. Our own community, accustomed to the detail of political work, would have not the slightest difficulty in comprehending and running the machine, if the politicians could only be induced to set it up and to lend a friendly hand to start it. The part each man would have to perform in signifying his preferences among the names on a given list, scratching such as he disapproved and adding such as he chose to add, is not above the capacity of the ordinary American elector. Those who are too stupid or careless to do it for themselves, could get their friends to do it for them; an office, however, in which political friends, who must exercise such functions under any system so long as there are careless and stupid voters, would find much fewer chances for mischief than in the enjoyment of their present opportunities. The method of counting and sorting the votes, though not so easy to explain in a single sentence, would explain and justify itself on trial. A single experiment, conducted on a scale of sufficient magnitude, would probably show that the difficulties of administration have been immensely overrated. It does not appear that, in the limited trial the principle had in Denmark ten years ago, any difficulty was found either in working the scheme or in understanding it. It would be well if the Illinois reformers would try the experiment for themselves in their own convention, and nominate some of their committees by Mr. Hare's method. It would be found that there is no practical difficulty in the problem. *Solvitur ambulando.*

Of course, the system would be harder to work on a very large scale, and there are limits beyond which it would not be practicable to extend it. It would be impossible, for instance, to choose the whole House of Representatives on a single ticket by vote of the whole United States. But there is no reason why the half-dozen members of Congress, more or less, who form the delegation from any one State, should not be chosen in this way; and a hundred good reasons why they should be. Something might be gained in convenience, and nothing lost in principle, by dividing the large States, like New York and Pennsylvania, into two or three districts, each returning eight or ten members. In the same way in State elections, which is the problem in Illinois, each county might act by itself, or two or three counties together, as might seem most convenient.

Two things about this system ought not to be forgotten. First, it embodies a scheme of nomination as well as of election, thus striking at the root of all our trouble. So long as the people outside of politics have no fair chance in naming the candidates, there is only a half reform. Secondly, while all other schemes profess to be mere palliations, ensuring, in spite of avowed imperfections, a measure of reform, Mr. Hare's plan claims to be theoretically perfect. It is in its provisions, as you say, "most complete and equitable;" and I believe this has never been contested. The only objections that have ever been urged against it with any success have been that it is impracticably complicated. The point can only be decided by experiment. It may prove upon trial that this is so; but until it has been so proved, those who believe the objection to be unfounded must protest against its being taken for granted. W.

Boston, December 31, 1869.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce as nearly ready "The Code of Health of the School of Salernum," translated from the Latin, with an historical introduction and appendix, by Prof. John Ordonaux, of the Law School of Columbia College. This poem is famous as one of the landmarks in medical history, rather than in medical science, and, having had the least possible value for the health of any generation that has risen since it was first composed, it long ago became merely a literary curiosity. Lenormant's "Student's Manual of Oriental History" will also shortly appear. Of works in press, besides two or three novels, the following are most noteworthy: "The London Friends' Meetings, being a history of the rise of the Society of Friends in London, with various accounts of the meeting-houses, burial-grounds, etc.," by Wm. Beck and T. Frederick Boll; "School History of New Jersey, from the earliest settlements to the present time," by J. R. Sypher and E. A. Apgar—that is to say, a history *for* schools and not *of* schools, but also designed for families and libraries, and, if well done, likely to raise the State in the estimation of non-residents; "A Hand-book of Reference and Quotation," an alphabetical arrangement of mottoes and aphorisms from Shakespeare, "with a copious index of words and ideas;" and, finally, the two concluding volumes of Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature."——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce "A Treatise on the Christian Doctrine of Marriage," by the late Hugh Davy Evans, LL.D., formerly lecturer on history and civil and ecclesiastical law in the College of St. James, Maryland. The recent discussions on the subject which this work passes in review, will probably secure for it attention independently of the reputation which the author has left behind him. The same publishers give notice of their intention to remove in March from the Broome Street knot of book-houses to the up-

town group, in Astor Place (No. 13) and Eighth Street—a change which, as retailers, they will undoubtedly profit by.

—The Young Men's Christian Associations of this country cannot in all things be judged as one body, since much depends on their local management and enlightenment; but the one particular social problem which they have undertaken to solve—the rescue of young men from the temptations of city life—reflects credit upon them all. The nearly seven hundred associations of the United States and Canada now meet in annual convention and provide for community of action, and they have just converted their quarterly journal into a quarto of twenty-four pages, called the *Association Monthly*, the first number of which, for January, has suggested the foregoing remarks. This periodical is naturally published in this city, where the greatest need of the associations exists, and which has an organization strong enough to erect a building of its own, the size and beauty of which are known to most of our citizens. It cost, the *Monthly* informs us, including the land, nearly half a million of dollars, and lacks but twenty thousand dollars of being paid for. This last sum, it is hoped, will be soon obtained, and the present mode of raising it is the course of four lectures to be given by Professor Doremus—on the history of creation—for which the outlay will be considerable, but likely to be more than returned into the treasury of the Association. The building on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street has, besides the usual reading-room, a gymnasium and a bowling-alley, and in its appointments offers a powerful counter-attraction to places of evil resort; but it ought to have a coffee-room also, or restaurant.

—Information has reached us which may serve as a sequel to our recent article on "Pennsylvania Dutch." As announced, the annual meeting of the German Press Association of Pennsylvania was held on the 30th of December, at Philadelphia, and it was there stated that during the last few months the German element in the State had made considerable progress. In several of the public schools instruction in German has been introduced by popular vote—for example, in all the grammar-schools of Allentown. The Association proposes to agitate the matter still further, and their proposition to make German instruction obligatory in all the public schools will be recommended by the State Superintendent, in his report to the Legislature, as an amendment to the school laws. Among the obstacles found to impede the furtherance of this project are the indifference of the German population towards the German language and literature, want of efficient German-English teachers, and insufficient use of the existing means of instruction. The prime cause of indifference is that mentioned in our previous article. The second obstacle is accounted for by the statement that of the students of the State normal schools hardly one-tenth study the German language; while the third is found in the notion, often entertained and expressed by Anglo-Americans, that one language ought to prevail in the country, and that several languages cannot exist advantageously together; thus overlooking the value of the comparative study of languages for intellectual training. A number of old German publications, printed in Pennsylvania, were laid before the meeting with interesting comments. While the first English Bible printed in the United States was not published till 1782, twelve years after an unsuccessful attempt had been made in that direction, a German bookseller, Christoph Sauer, of Philadelphia, had already published in 1743 a German Bible, followed by two other editions in 1763 and 1776 respectively. Up to the present time eleven German editions of the Bible have been manufactured in America. Sauer was, however, not the first to print German in this country. Before him, Benjamin Franklin had printed German books, but in Roman type.

—To their previous debts to Mr. Henry Morley, students may now add another of some magnitude: he has just published a set of "Tables," which will be found useful to almost all writers and readers who have to do with English literature. Consulting it, one may readily learn the titles of the works of any prominent English, Scotch, or Irish author; the time when each work of such an author was first published; the year of his birth and of his death; who were his contemporaries; what books, unacknowledged or of unknown authorship, made their appearance in Great Britain and Ireland during his life; what works of distinguished authors of other European countries were published, and what great historical events more or less nearly affecting literature occurred in his time, in Europe, Asia, and America; to what school any writer belonged; with what other writer, as a co-laborer, he was connected; what important books have been written about him since his death. In short, it is a valuable skeleton history of the literature of the British Islands, and, also, it is of me small value as a record of the foreign literature, other than American, which has exercised influence upon British authors. These tables—which may be bought separately or in a bound volume—make a book of about the size of a school atlas. As the volume lies open, we have before us a folio, ruled across both pages with some forty or fifty lines, each of which marks the end of a period of two years. At the left and right hand of the folio is a perpendicular line of figures marking the years; and just beside this line, and also perpendicular, are words telling what monarch reigned during the lives of the men whose books are mentioned on the horizontal lines. Up and down each page of the folio go black lines—a name at the top of each—beginning at the horizontal line that tells the year of an author's birth, and ending at the line that tells the year of his death. Across this black line of his life are written, at the right places, the titles of his works; and these are written in red letters. By means easily intelligible, numerous facts in the history of literature, which are not principal, but which are worth bearing in mind, are indicated in the tables. Thus, the "Lyrical Ballads," of which Wordsworth wrote a part, and Coleridge a part less important—less important so far as concerned the filling of pages, and so far as concerned their immediate influence on writers of poetry—are put down under the name of Wordsworth, but an arched red line here connects Wordsworth and Coleridge. Again, anonymous works are set down on the horizontal line marking the years when they appeared, but between the perpendicular lines representing the lives of writers—unless strong suspicion of his being the author of such a work attaches to some writer, in which case the first letters of its title are placed upon the line appropriated to him, or very near it.

—That there should be omissions and errors in tables like these was of course a thing to be expected; and that there are not a few such, most persons who have examined the volume have probably discovered. Never does any one man do such work perfectly, however well he may do it, and however much gratitude may be due to him and given to him. But whosoever holds it for true and well proved that Master Nicholas Udall was the father of English comedy and wrote *Roister Doister*, and whosoever wants to see "The Newcomes" put down among the rest of Thackeray's works; and whosoever is angered because "Foul Play" is not credited to Mr. Reade and Mr. Boucicault, may easily supply all such omissions, and make all necessary corrections. The tables are so prepared that changes and additions may be made without much trouble. Titles may be put in; there is room for new authors; remarks may be jotted down; in short, the book may be made over. For instance, any one making a special study of any period in English literary history, and who wants for reference a list of books and authors too obscure for mention in Mr. Morley's more general list, may very easily interleave with these pages pages of his own, made on the same simple plan. But the general student of our literature will find that what Mr. Morley has done for him is a very great and satisfactory help; and any student whatever will gladly acknowledge that what Mr. Morley has here done for him is much, and is well done. "Our" literature, we say, meaning, for the moment, the English literature written in the British Islands. Mr. Morley takes the pains to give us Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, and Henry Kingsley, and Mr. Gerald Massey, and Mr. F. D. Maurice, and a hundred more authors British-born who are not important, nor interesting, nor characteristic of their age; but if any one wants to know about Edwards, or Franklin, or Hawthorne, or Emerson, or Lowell, or Longfellow, he must go elsewhere than to Mr. Morley's tables. There he would not discover that now for some time our better poets—and somewhat better poems—have been produced in the American parts of our Greater Britain, and not on the other side of the water; nor that Mr. Cooper as well as Mrs. Anna Maria Hall has written novels; nor that Mr. Parkman, no less than Mr. Smollett and Tommy Moore, has done something in history; nor that Mr. Hawthorne as well as Mr. Disraeli has tried romances; nor that Mr. Marsh and Mr. Whitney have published works in linguistics which a majority of us would find it good to read. Perhaps, though, it would be fair to say that the fault which an American reader would find with Mr. Morley would be called out not so much by any deficiency in the tables as by their too great fulness. Many of the later names might, we think, have been omitted.

—The Paris correspondent of the *Publishers' Circular* was an acquaintance of Sainte-Beuve's, and has recently been relating some reminiscences of the great critic which have more or less of the interest which inheres in all gossip about distinguished men of letters, and some other interest besides. The Empress hated him, it appears; or, at all events, had no marked liking for him; and when—rather late in the day, as Sainte Beuve thought—an invitation to Compiègne was given him, he was not

once honored by being asked to Eugénie's "afternoons," which are parties of her favored guests who meet her for three or four hours before dinner. He was not "trusted" by the inner circle of Imperialists—as, indeed, no eminent man of letters is any more than these on their part trust the Empire. Here, at Compiègne, on this occasion, is said to have occurred an incident which—whether or not it makes some revelations as to his literary vanity—certainly exhibits in a favorable light Sainte-Beuve's independence and high spirit. "M. Sainte-Beuve," said the Emperor, taking him aside, "I am gratified to meet you, and to express something of the pleasure your articles in the *Moniteur* have for years given me." Sainte-Beuve had long been eager for a visit to Compiègne, whither, to his displeasure, many of his less distinguished and younger contemporaries had preceded him; but he flushed at this speech, and said in reply, "Your Majesty probably means to say that my articles in the *Moniteur had* given you pleasure." During the two years then just passed it was in the *Constitutionnel* that Sainte-Beuve had been writing, and he was too nettled at the Emperor's ignorance and pretence of knowledge to refrain from administering a rebuke. We may imagine that Napoleon made genuine efforts at retrieving a blunder disgraceful to him in his character of educated Parisian, and the commission of which was no doubt a source of peculiar regret to a man of his disposition; but the critic was not to be appeased. Indeed, for the matter of that, the *genus irritabile* was never anywhere more easily to be wounded than to-day in France, where the sensitiveness of men of letters would seem to be such as would be thought absurdly excessive by an American; and American authors are not wanting in degrees of touchiness that are almost childish. The French, too, have in operation a system of mutual compliments between authors which is a cause, as it is an effect, of their being too thin-skinned. It has long been a charge against Sainte-Beuve, for instance, that, for the sake of their "most sweet voices," he would stoop to placate all sorts of writers whom he should have despised. And akin to this fault was a fault he had of speaking very severely, when death had taken them out of the way, of people with whom he had not only been friends, but with whom, in their lifetime, he had exchanged laudations. They count up few of his friends whom he had outlived whom he did not treat with what seemed like undue harshness. But the melancholy fact is, we suppose, that critics ought to have no friends, or else better ones—friends who love faithful wounds, and otherwise put humanity to shame. The correspondent relates that he called on Sainte-Beuve a week or two before his death, and found him lamentably ill—in a room "furnished, like all the rest of the house, in execrable taste"—and reconciled to the thought of speedy death. "I have here an unforgiving enemy," he said, drawing his hand across the part of his body that was the seat of disease, "who has resolved upon my death." The two talked of American matters, and Sainte-Beuve spoke of having not long before received from this side of the water a handsome letter, accompanying a volume containing the essays of his on distinguished Frenchwomen which Miss Preston had translated. The correspondent—a little unnecessarily, though the book was not exceedingly well translated—said, "O M. Sainte-Beuve! blunted as you are to praise, you cannot receive any pleasure from such a book and such a letter." To this Sainte-Beuve replied with earnestness that it gave him very great pleasure to find that he was liked in this country, and he went on to say that he was highly gratified when Mr. Bigelow—"your minister here (a literary man of considerable merit, is he not?)"—applied to him on behalf of a gentleman whose name the critic pronounced so very badly that the correspondent could not make it out, "to contribute to their magazine"—which, we take it, was *Putnam's*. Then he went into another room, and, to prove that he was not ignorant of American literature, brought out an armful of American books, the titles of which our careless correspondent omits to detail. Were they presentation copies, we wonder? But, so far as concerns that, Sainte-Beuve's curiosity was great, and he was a very enquiring and various reader.

ART.

The Third Exhibition of the Fine Arts as applied to Industry.—"L'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'Industrie" is the awkward-seeming name of the association which has recently held, at Paris, its third annual exhibition. The chief purpose of these exhibitions is the display of modern decorative art, such as artistically designed jewelry, bronze, porcelain, glassware, paper-hangings, furniture, and the like. There were exhibited magnificent specimens of that "painted tapestry," or stuff for hangings painted in imitation of tapestry—a new, or, rather, a revived manufacture, according to a rediscovered process. Pieces of this fabric have been imported into America at different times during the past two or three years; but the demand for it is naturally small, as our wealthy householders have scarcely begun to care for richly decorated interiors. The enamelled jewelry in imitation of Japanese work, the bronze enamelled in imitation of ancient *cloisonné* enamel, the stamped and richly colored and gilded wall-paper in imitation of ancient stamped leather, and the "modern majolica," or enamelled and painted earthenware—of each of which "industries" a splendid display was made at the Exposition—are somewhat known to those persons in New York who watch the importations of Marcotte & Co., Tiffany & Co., and other houses. But, as a general thing, the most admirable specimens of any decorative work of these or other kinds are avoided by the importers into this country, and this not merely because of the high cost of the best pieces. The best pieces do not always cost the most. But it is always assumed by those who buy for this market that the best designed work will not "take" well in this country. The difference between the importers is, it is true, very great in this respect, one house offering a vastly better chosen stock than another, and this for season after season; but the "classical" bronzes of Barbadienne, and those of Mr. Guichard's painted tapestries that are copied from high-class originals, and, generally, works addressed to amateurs as distinguished from the crowd of buyers of fashionable articles, are carefully avoided by our caterers. They ought to know best; but it is certain that great success has rewarded those dealers who have ventured something on the good taste of people this side the water. It is fair to say that the largest dealers are not the most backward, and yet it is the conviction of many who watch these tendencies closely that a little more confidence in their customers here would reward them more often than it would deceive them.

—In connection with this matter, the modern Venetian glass lately imported by Tiffany & Co. deserves mention. It seems to make against our theory that the public here can be trusted a little way to like and to buy what is good, that these beautiful pieces of glassware have not been sold as fast as one would have supposed. Of course, as long as the taste for cut glass was alone in vogue, anything more rational and tasteful would be disregarded; but an active demand exists in Europe for thin moulded and blown glass of all kinds. And in this country, also, bubble-like wine-glasses and egg-shell decanters sell readily, and would sell much more readily if our over-conservative dealers would import them. The modern glass of Murano, from Dr. Salviati's factory, of course includes no cut glass whatever. Glass is a very ductile and tenacious metal when hot, and the most fantastical and the most graceful forms and the most brilliant colors can be produced in it at pleasure and at small cost: it follows that the rational thing to do is to mould it and color it while hot, and not to cut it at great expense when cold, and hard, and brittle. It is in this way that the Murano work is done. The colored, the gold-powdered, and filigree glass is as brilliant, perhaps, as the famous Venice glass of four hundred years ago. It is not equally likely that the exquisite grace of the old forms is preserved in the modern work. So far as our observation of the modern glass has gone, it is inferior to the ancient in this respect.

—In connection with the Paris Exhibition of the Fine Arts applied to Industry a superb loan collection of Oriental art was formed—perhaps the finest that has been brought together. It seems from all accounts—we have not yet received the catalogue raisonné—to have been singularly complete, doing full justice to and fully representing the great departments of porcelain, *faïence*, bronze, enamel, and glass, and the only less important ones of lacquer, carving in stone and ivory, and embroidery. Chinese, Japanese, Indian, Siamese, Persian—all Oriental styles were there. The classification was careful and accurate, made in the light of the most thorough modern criticism. One thing was done which it was well to do: the influence of the Oriental arts over Europe was shown by a special collection of such Moresque, Spanish, Byzantine, and Italian works of industrial art as reflect the Oriental style of design. To trace through these the influence of the East upon all the art of Europe is a most curious and interesting study, but possible only in a slow and tentative way except when such a collection as this is brought together. Another curious collection was that showing the reflex influence of Europe upon the East—that is to say, the Eastern treatment of subjects furnished by Europe, particularly coats of arms, crests and mottoes, and stories from European literature.

—It is a rather remarkable coincidence that efforts for the promotion of artistic education in this country, through the establishment of public art-galleries, should be simultaneously made in two of our largest cities. What is doing here in New York we have discussed on another page.

Practical results seem, however, to be promised sooner by the movement which has for some time been carried on very noiselessly in Boston. It seems that a committee of the American Social Science Association—which has had the subject earnestly in mind for upwards of a year—under the chairmanship of Mr. Charles C. Perkins, the well-known writer on Italian art, elaborated a plan for the establishment of a Museum of Art, after the model of the celebrated one at South Kensington, England. His plan was submitted to a number of prominent Bostonians, who approved of it heartily. It so happened that the trustees of the Athenæum were considering at the same time a long-cherished project of providing additional room for the numerous art-treasures of that institution, by either the extension of their present edifice or the erection of a separate one. The immediate occasion for such a step was the bequest of the late Colonel Lawrence of his magnificent collection of mediæval armor to the Athenæum, and the offer of Mrs. Lawrence to give $25,000 additional in money towards suitably providing for the exhibition of the collection. As a new extension of the Athenæum would afford at best but temporary relief from overcrowding, the trustees were seriously inclined to undertake, partly with their own means and partly with expected outside aid, the erection of a building wholly devoted to art, and capable of development into a regular museum of the fine arts. When it was found that two parties—namely, the Art Committee of the Social Science Association and the Trustees of the Athenæum—were moving in the same direction, efforts were made to unite them for a joint pursuit of the common object. And this combination has been happily achieved, with the following result: A committee, consisting of Mr. John H. Lowell, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Athenæum; President Eliot, of Harvard University; W. W. Greenough, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library; President Rogers, of the Institute of Technology; Messrs. Martin Brimmer, C. C. Perkins, B. S. Rotch, H. P. Kidder, Samuel Eliot, and other well-known gentlemen, has been chosen, for the purpose of obtaining from the State Legislature a charter for an Art Association, under whose auspices a Museum of Art is to be established in Boston with as little delay as possible. The plan is to provide an institution that will prove the means of developing a better artistic taste among our people in general, and among our artisans in special. The purpose of the gentlemen who have the enterprise in hand is to make a safe beginning with a building of modest dimensions, which may serve as a central repository for all the works of art now scattered in different public institutions in Boston and vicinity, and shall contain a full collection, such as is found in the South Kensington Museum, of reproductions, in plaster and other materials, of statues, architectural fragments, coins, gems, medals, and inscriptions, and of the best photographs of drawings by the Old Masters. With a view to the probable growth of the proposed museum into one that will in time compare favorably with its European prototypes, it is intended to construct the building so as to render it capable of extension; and we trust that the architectural opportunities which such a design both affords and suggests, will be improved in the interest of people who may never see more than the outside of the museum.

GRAY COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS.*

The Gray collection of engravings, bequeathed by the late Francis Calley Gray to Harvard College, is deposited in "Gore Hall," in an alcove of the library of the university. Mr. Louis Thies has general charge of this collection, and has added to it somewhat since its transfer to the college, as there are funds available for this purpose, which also are the bequest of Mr. Gray. The handsome square octavo volume of catalogue which Mr. Thies, assisted by Mr. Ezra Abbot, has published recently, affords a means of judging the collection as a whole. Engravings stored in portfolios need, even more than pictures hung in galleries, full and instructive catalogues. The student cannot pass freely from one to another, examining again what he saw before, and now wishes to compare with something else—even the works of one master, collected in one portfolio, are harder to refer to, backward and forward, than if they were hung on walls or arranged in cases. The catalogue of such a collection must be full enough and systematic enough to tell the student just what he will find by consulting any portfolio—just what portfolios he must consult if he wishes to study such and such works.

Let us say here, that it is very much to be regretted that the collection cannot be displayed in a different manner. Engravings in portfolios cannot be easily studied by any one, and cannot be studied at all by most persons. The precautions necessary to take are greater than those required in other cases. At the Athenæum or the Astor Library, a folio volume—even a heavy and a costly one—can be entrusted to a student of known or assumed good character and definite purpose; he must be warned against tracing from the engravings, and against using ink or color in making notes, except in rare cases. But a portfolio of loose engravings, each print fastened by one edge only to a separate sheet of stiff paper or card-board, cannot be handed to the student at all; it must be turned over for him by an attendant; those only can be entrusted with the portfolio and its contents who are intimately known to the custodian; those, that is to say, for whom he is willing to become responsible. Now, it is not necessary that every print in a collection should be exhibited; the general run of prints may remain in their portfolio limboes; but the principal works of the great masters, and something of every master at all considerable, ought to be offered to the examination of every one who can be induced to spend an hour in the rooms. It is not the only task of teachers, animate or inanimate, to teach those who at all hazards will be taught, who know, in the case before us, what engravings to ask for, and who long for them to the point of seeking them out. In a community like ours, profoundly ignorant of art, containing not hundreds nor scores, nor even dozens of people who know anything of the technical or the artistic side of engraving, but enquiring, diligent, studious, when it has a moment's respite from breadwinning, and beginning to feel that it has not been exploring all the paths to civilization—in such a community every accessible work of art of any importance should be forced upon the notice of all those who can be made to look at it. Young students of art who are in the way of thinking too highly of modern French *eaux-fortes*, good as these latter often are, should have the chance of seeing what a Rembrandt etching is. Half-a-dozen Dürer prints of fine quality would keep many a too slovenly young sketcher working more resolutely, and conscious of what thorough and unsparing but well-applied and economical work is in a work of art. Moreover, original inventions of great power and beauty, designs that rank among the noblest of nearly all kinds, are to be found in any good collection of engravings. Harvard College, Cambridge, Boston—the United States has no public collection of works of art of high rank; this, or another collection of engravings, would do something, if exhibited, to fill the void. The difficulties in the way of doing this we can imagine; that it ought to be done is not less certain.

The most important part of a collection of engravings is always the work of the *peintres-graveurs*, the "painter-engravers," the men who have both designed and engraved, or etched, or drawn on the wood-block, the works that go by their names. The preface to the catalogue before us calls attention to the fact that Mr. Gray took an especial interest in the works of these masters, and rightly names Albrecht Dürer as the chief of all original engravers, and Rembrandt of etchers. Dürer and his school, are well represented in the Gray collection, except that there are very few wood-cuts, while much even of their important designing was done in that way. Of course, a collection of engravings may leave out wood-cuts, or may include them; but, as offering facilities for the study of the works of an engraver or a school, the presence or absence of these is to be noted. We know of no reason for supposing that the series of "The Life of the Virgin," and the cut, "The Rhinoceros," were actually engraved in wood by Dürer; the catalogue gives these under his name, and does not give, in that place at least, either the "Great" or the "Little Passion," or any other wood-cuts of Dürer's designing, and does not give under Burgkmair any of the works ascribed sometimes to him and sometimes to Dürer. Considering work on copper alone, Dürer and his contemporaries are well represented; the impressions are generally fine, if not of extraordinary fineness; the choice good. The collection of Rembrandt's etchings it is hard to speak of comparatively; it seems to be ample for purposes of study. Mr. Gray was wise not to make a special point of multiplying "states" of the different etchings. The managers of some great European collections seem to us less temperate in this respect.

Marc Antonio Raimondi is very well represented. In fact, the portfolios of his works are among the strongest parts of the collection. Volpato's works are perhaps as fully displayed, in proportion to their importance. There are a great many and the finest of the works of Raphael Morghen. Müller, the engraver of the Madonna di San Sisto, seems to have secured the especial attention of the collector. Everything of importance by him is in the collection, including several copies of his most renowned work, the one named above. The Edelincks are numerous and fine. On the other

* "Catalogue of the Collection of Engravings bequeathed to Harvard College by Francis Calley Gray. By Louis Thies." Cambridge. 1869.

hand, many less important names are perhaps disproportionally neglected; thus, three works of Dietrich and three of Chodowiecki are but slight instalments of their works, and Waterloo is poorly represented.

Modern engravers it may be the fashion to disregard; certainly the time has not come yet for collecting Henriquel-Dupont's and Förster's works with the same care as Raphael Morghen's. But this preference of the old over the new arises, so far as it is rational and sound, from the natural feeling in favor of that which has borne the test of time and criticism. The buyer may feel, also, that he must buy, first of all, the engravings which are growing scarce the most rapidly; for nowadays the prices are rising so steadily and rapidly for all works of art which have been taken up by connoisseurs and collectors, that this consideration must influence every one. We are glad to see that, in spite of all these inevitable tendencies, so many works of François Förster are included in this collection. Richomme, too, can be judged by his works contained in these portfolios. Henriquel-Dupont, however—and, by the way, this name should be catalogued not under D, but under H—Louis Pierre Henriquel-Dupont is represented by only six works, and among them we do not find the great Hemicycle des Beaux Arts, after Paul Delaroche, one of the most masterly engravings, after all is said, that any copyist engraver has produced. The English engravers are neglected. If we grant that their huge mezzotints and mixed-style works, taken from modern pictures of popular subjects, are rather poor material for the collector, and beneath the dignity of any real collection which does not aim at absolute completeness, still there is no reason for the entire absence from the catalogue of the names of Armytage, Britton, William Cooke, Le Keux, John Lewis, and Wallis; and for the almost complete absence of Blake, Goodall, Miller, and Schiavonetti. It is strange to miss Jacquemart altogether; and, indeed, the modern *peintres-graveurs* are just such men as he, with Blake, Cooke, and Lewis named above, George Cruikshank, and perhaps Whistler. The independent works of these men, designed originally for rendering by etching-needle or burin, are among the most important engravings of modern times, and have something of immortality which will fix them firmly in the galleries of the future.

It is to be noticed also that nothing engraved after Turner, or for which he furnished designs, can be found in this catalogue, so far as the absence of an alphabetical list of painters allows us to judge, except one engraving by Miller. But Turner, apart from his pre-eminent rank as a designer of landscape subject, was in a sense a *peintre-graveur* himself. The prints of the "Liber Studiorum" were etched by him, and engraved partly by himself and partly by Charles Turner, under his own immediate direction. A set of the "Liber" is about the most valuable addition that any friend of the Gray collection can make to it. Of engravings after Turner enough would be found among any considerable gathering of the works of the English engravers whose names are mentioned above; there are hundreds of them, large and small.

The catalogue, while containing much information drawn from good sources and from original investigation, is uneven. Mr. Gray's wish, stated in the preface, page vii., that the book should be a guide to the student, and supply a gap which has always existed in this department, points to a completeness which we hope subsequent editions will reach. It seems to need a reference index to the portfolios, or else to have after the title of each engraving the number of the portfolio in which it is placed, or both of these aids to the student. An alphabetical list of painters and designers Mr. Thies speaks of as desirable to have in manuscript at the gallery. Added to the volume it would be still more excellent. But there remains the question of cost; and these additions would swell the size of the volume, which is already large, handsomely printed on fine paper, and with very wide margins.

Historical Sketches of the Reign of George Second. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Boston: Littell & Gay. 1869.)—By no means the worst criticism ever made upon the works of the late Lord Macaulay was made, privately, some years since, by an American young gentleman of no great learning, and of limited intellectual power—an accomplished billiard-player, however, and a skilful performer on several stringed instruments—who was just making acquaintance with the celebrated essays—the essays more celebrated once than now. He was driven into doing a reluctant perusal of them because of a necessity laid upon him of writing "an original exercise in English composition," the subject of which had been treated of, he had been led to believe, in one of his lordship's performances. "I say, he'd be the very devil to write themes for a fellow, wouldn't he?" was our young friend's first effort in criticism. His lordship's easy omniscience, and the slash of him, and the glitter, as of cast-iron gilded, of his not very complex rhetorical devices, had completely captivated the perturbed theme-writer, who had long been inured to seeing brief sentences of pity mingled with contempt pencilled down in the margins of his themes when they were returned to him by the instructor. If it were not for the impoliteness of it—the writer of them being a woman—this same criticism might very well be passed upon these "Historical Sketches." Mrs. Oliphant's trick of being philosophic and learned at second and third and fourth-hand would stand her in very good stead if only she were a writer of themes. She makes over into better than ordinary magazine articles most that has been commonly said of a dozen distinguished Englishmen and Englishwomen of a hundred and fifty years ago; writes of Caroline as the queen of George the Second's reign; of Sir Robert Walpole as the minister; of Chesterfield as the man of the world; of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as the woman of fashion; of Pope as the poet of that day; of John Wesley as "the reformer;" of Anson as "the sailor;" of Berkeley as "the philosopher;" of Hume as "the sceptic;" of Hogarth as "the painter;" of Richardson as "the novelist." Of some of these personages and their characters and works and ways, Mrs. Oliphant has something to say that is at once worth saying and not hackneyed; but usually her remarks are aged, or else they are worth but little attention. What, for example, is the good of giving us a Lord Chesterfield "sad as any prophet, stern as a Roman, patient as a Christian," and "the central actor in a life-long tragedy"? That Chesterfield was a kind and very painstaking father to a rather dull son, who never rose higher in the diplomatic service than to be a sort of a consul at Hamburg, and who was never a light in the world of fashion and of affairs, does not make of his life a deeply pathetic tragedy, in which he stands as the most imposing and most touching figure—a father with an anguished heart. But the magazine writer must do a certain quantity of philosophizing, and so much the better if this is of the "brilliant" kind—that is to say, philosophizing of the kind not done by philosophers. Still, though Mrs. Oliphant's remarks are often feeble and impertinent, and though she is not at all to be recommended as a guide, her book will be found to be worth reading. It gathers up in one volume a deal of knowledge about the men and events of a time which has a peculiar interest and well repays study, but whose history is recorded in a thousand scattered books less read than they are famous, or than they are readable. Possibly it may do more good by sending the reader to its own original sources, than it does harm by filling his mind with views either false or only very doubtfully true, and by confirming him in the notion that every smatterer may teach. No man of sense is an enemy of smattering when the smatterer gets his half-knowledge for his own pleasure. We all must be smatterers, more or less; only a very great ass indeed could nowadays hope to hold all or any large proportionate part of the Pierian spring—which of late has much increased in depth as well as in its other dimensions; and yet for a thousand reasons one may do well to get a bowing and speaking acquaintance with half a million things of which not very much more than the names is known to him. But to set up as a teacher is a different matter from indulging one's self as a learner. Yet hosts of people whose deficiency in wisdom must be greater than one likes to think, else they would make less parade of their other deficiencies, are marching in the same army with Mrs. Oliphant. And each new-comer is a probable recruiting officer. Had it not been for the lecturing of previous lecturers without any adequate knowledge of their subjects, should we to-day have Doctor John Lord organizing innocent Boston ladies into classes which listen agape to his disquisitions on history? That able expositor, whose praises we have recently been reading in some half a dozen newspapers, may very likely this winter be the progenitor of two or three authors who will please the next generation as much as Mr. Abbott or Mr. Headley pleases his.

*** Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
André (Major), The Cow Chace, swd	(Robt. Clarke & Co.)	$0 75
American Horticultural Annual, swd	(Orange Judd & Co.)	0 50
American Agricultural Annual, swd	" " "	0 50
Austen-Leigh (Rev. J. E.), Memoir of Jane Austen	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)	
Barnes (W. H.), The Fortieth U. S. Congress, 2 vols	(Geo. E. Perine)	
Comfort (Prof. G. F.), a German Course	(Harper & Bros.)	
Edwards (H. S.), Life of Rossini	(Oliver Ditson & Co.)	1 75
Edwards (M. B.), Kitty: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Fullerton (Lady G.), Mrs. Gerald's Niece: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	0 60
French (B. F.), Historical Collections of Louisiana and Florida, New Series	(J. Sabin & Sons)	
Grote (G.), History of Greece, Vols. I., II., new ed	(Little, Brown & Co.)	4 00

Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), Ernest Linwood: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	$1 75
Lewin (Rev. R. D'C), What is Judaism?	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Littell's Living Age. Vol. XV., Oct.-Dec., 1869	(Littell & Gay)	
Mackay (C.), Medora Leigh, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	
McGee (T. D'A.), Poems	(D. & J. Sadlier & Co.)	
Scott (Sir W.), Waverley	(Little, Brown & Co.)	1 75
Stayman (Prof. J. K.), Flowers and Fossils, and Other Poems	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	
Tennyson (A.), Poetical Works, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Thackeray (W. M.), Book of Snobs, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	0 50
The Workshop, No. 12, swd	(E. Steiger)	0 50

Fine Arts.

A MUSEUM OF THE FINE ARTS FOR NEW YORK.

WHETHER the right moment has arrived to establish one will depend upon the amount of real desire for it that may be found in the community. That the majority are indifferent to a good thing need not prevent its succeeding, if the minority are zealous in proportion to the smallness of their numbers. Are there persons willing to do their neighbors' work as well as their own? and if so, is their collective strength sufficient for the task? The question whether "the time has come" is to be answered by the answer to those former questions, and not by reference to any widespread popular demand, which it is notorious does not exist. Things proposed for the general good are wonderfully helped when a few persons find out that they cannot longer dispense with them. Does the community want cabs? It may keep on wanting them, until the time comes when a hundred party-going gentlemen conclude that they can't exist without them any longer, and that it will be worth some trouble to have them introduced, or until the time when another, and perhaps smaller, body may conclude that more money can be made by starting the cabs than by selling out to the hack-drivers. The Government will not establish cabs, or museums, or parks, or a free academy, or an inebriate asylum, until the majority of citizens demand it. And what the Government will not establish will remain unestablished until a certain number of people want it badly enough to pay for it, in purse and in person. The time always comes at last when some one man is found willing to do all the needed work, his neighbors' as well as his own, for his own share of the common good.

And in saying that one man must be ready to do his neighbors' work as well as his own, we mean not only that a society or body of men must labor for the community, and to advance what the community refuse to care for, but also that a few individuals must be found who will do most of the work of the society or body of men itself. And this not merely in the sense in which the officers of a society do the society's work; the few must find not only time for the work and a knowledge of routine business, but also and primarily the conception of the thing needed, and the strong sense of its necessity.

On the 23d of last November, a meeting was held in the theatre of the Union League Club to consider the question of forming a museum of fine arts. At this meeting, after speeches and resolutions, a committee of fifty gentlemen was elected to provide for carrying into effect the object of the meeting. This committee met for the first time on the 7th of December, added to their own numbers, and elected a sub-committee of thirteen to report a plan of proceedings. These facts appear from a pamphlet which has reached us entitled "A Metropolitan Art Museum." The steps next in order are, of course, the adoption of a constitution, the election of officers, and the continual enlargement of the committee or association by the election of those citizens who are supposed to be interested in the undertaking.

It seems, from the above-named pamphlet, that some members of the committee hope for the aid of the State or of the city. The cost of the first preparation should be included in the next tax-levy, say these gentlemen, and year by year a sum appropriated sufficient for what promise to be the needs of the year. If this should be done, so much of our above remarks as relate to difficulties in the way have little application. A commission will be appointed, a superintendent chosen by them, his subordinates selected by him under the direction of the commission, time will be taken for judicious consideration, plans for temporary buildings will be made and decided on, purchases will begin to be made in Europe. If this is done, all is well; there can be no doubt that it is in this way that a thoroughly civilized community proceeds, letting the whole community bear the cost of so universal a benefit; a cost, too, which would be a mere nothing to the State, and but small to the city; intelligent men can be got to sit on the commission, and the Governor's—even the present Governor's—appointment can be secured for intelligent men. It has been proved by experience that such a commission can exist, and can carry on an important labor free of jobbery and political scheming. The difficulties in the way will be not such as we have spoken of above, but only in the finding of "experts," competent executive officers, buyers, cataloguers, and custodians.

But if this action of the State cannot be brought about—and we confess that we do not expect to see it within the next twenty-five years—it is then to be considered whether the community includes such persons, who, being both interested in the cause and able to advance it, may have aggregate power enough to establish a museum of art; that is, to raise in the course of a few years some hundreds of thousands of dollars to be spent upon a collection of works of art, and a simple fire-proof building to contain them. And, first, it appears to every one who looks into the matter that very few persons in the land know even what is meant by a Museum of Art. How many in this city at this moment can give to their friends a tolerably clear account of what is contained in any first-rate or any smaller museum abroad? The travelled young lady will tell you that there are so many miles or metres of pictures in the Louvre, and that the rooms in the Pitti are the prettiest, and that she saw such lovely old jewelry in the Green Vaults, and such splendid Egyptian necklaces in the British Museum. And it is doubtful but she may be the best informed upon the subject, of all the people you may have a chance to consult in the course of an average week. It is not to be wondered at nor exclaimed at; but the fact is that the class of amateurs of the esoteric, so to speak, does not exist in America, and that few individuals are to be found who have gained any accurate knowledge upon the fine arts of the past, or even of the present, except so far as one observes the pictures of some friend of his. But, second, without some tolerably extensive knowledge of the subject diffused among this new association, there can be no very ardent desire felt to bring about the proposed result. Without knowing just what to say to the rich man whose contribution they ask for, how can they hope to inspire in him any willingness to give? Rich men give money, generally, to what they understand and have learned to believe in; the college where they were educated or where their sons are studying; to the missionary cause in some special field; to some charitable society whose objects are particularly well known to them; or, if to art at all, to buy some picture of the painter they have learned to admire; not, certainly, to buy the works of artists of whom they have never heard, or porcelain, bronze, and enamel, which they consider as mere toys. So that, if a fervent desire for this museum and a willingness to work for it be needed, as we have seen reason to believe, the first and the all-important step is to inform as thoroughly as possible as many people as possible. It is a delightful and all-absorbing task this society propose to themselves; it is notorious what extravagant enthusiasm art and art collecting are capable of inspiring, but it becomes delightful only as one grows very familiar with it. The interest of the uncritical visitor to a gallery is languid; when he turns upon his more exacting friend with the remark that "he would n't be so particular for the world—losing the enjoyment of so much that he can now enjoy," he is wholly mistaken, and has not the faintest suspicion of the enjoyment possible to an enthusiastic and discriminating love for art, when it can be amply indulged. If a hundred gentlemen talk to-night about an art museum, then separate and go to Europe to study for a year the collections of works of art, when they meet at the end of the year the new discussion will be totally different from the old one, the company will be intent upon reaching a result; humanly speaking, the success of the art museum will be assured.

As this general adjournment to Europe cannot take place, it will be necessary to adopt some other means to disseminate accurate and applicable knowledge of the subject. At the very outset the condition must be filled, that one must work for many, two or three for all. Those members of their body thought most competent must be selected by the association to collect material for, draw up, and print an exhaustive report. It will take a year, and require hard work; information must be collected from every side, the experience of every custodian and director of a museum in Europe must be sought for, the merits and shortcomings of each great gallery pointed out; the distinction must be carefully drawn between that which would instruct and delight as a work of art and that which would only charm the connoisseur of some special branch of handiwork; the questions as to how far the New York Museum should seek large collections of casts, reproductions, etc., and how far it should affect only originals of costly rarity must be carefully considered and answered in all their bearings. Indeed, the subject is very large, and to get it into two hundred pages and yet make it interesting will be a nice bit of jugglery.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1870.

The Week.

For another week Virginia has afforded Congress its main business. The debates in the House, which grew towards the last to be very animated, closed on Friday with the unexpected passage of Mr. Bingham's bill, declaring Virginia entitled to representation in Congress, for the simple reason that she had complied with the requirements of the act providing for her restoration. The Senate debated its own bill till Monday, with a good deal of personality and a great waste of words and time, and then abandoned it incontinently for that of the House, which, as we write, seems likely to pass, though not improbably saddled with an amendment of Mr. Edmunds's, expelling members from the Legislature disqualified by the Fourteenth Amendment. This may amuse or please somebody, but it would leave the essential facts of the Virginia case just as they are. A bill has been introduced looking to Congressional interference with the performances in Tennessee. If it passes, which is very unlikely a job will have beenundertaken in the line of reconstruction which none of this generation will see finished.

The Virginia case is causing no small bitterness and excitement in Congress. General Butler heads the opposition in the House, and is followed by about the same devoted band of Republicans who voted with him last session to cheat the public creditors by taxing the interest on their bonds. When the condition of the various irons he has in the fire in the lower branch will permit it, he transfers himself swiftly to the Senate Chamber, and acts as bottle-holder to Mr. Sumner, whom he sponges and supports between his rounds with the traitorous conservatives who are in that branch of Congress, indulging in their favorite amusement of betraying the good and true. A petition presented last week from loyal Virginians against the admission of the State, and which was, to say the least, peculiar in its terms, led to an encounter of unusual ferocity between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Trumbull, in which "they handled each other without gloves," Mr. Sumner relying a good deal on the argument *a gaudio infidelium*, and Mr. Trumbull making a dreadful exposure of one C. H. Porter, who, as a persecuted loyalist, has been acting of late as a kind of prompter or attorney to Mr. Sumner in his opposition to the bill. It appeared—we blush as we write it—that Porter was tried by court-martial during the war for having been drunk and disorderly, at Norfolk, for an indefinite period, and also for having while sober abused the United States Government in the grossest terms, and expressed in profane but forcible language his preference for that of Jeff. Davis. He was convicted and punished on both charges. The number of saints like this at the South whom reconstruction will force into either crime or industry, we fear is very large.

The organization of the Legislature in Georgia is proceeding under the superintendence of a military board, the two factions into which the Republican party is now divided being in the wildest state of excitement. Bullock, the provisional Governor, who made the arrangements with General Butler by which the State was put out of the Union, and a new oath concocted for the legislators, is accused of manipulating the reconstruction process with the view of securing his own election to the Senate—which, indeed, his enemies say, was the source of his objection to the old Legislature—and of fraud in so doing, and General Terry has had to call the good man to order. Bryant, another Republican, and Union soldier, and late postmaster at Augusta, heads the opposition to him, and is supported by the whites and moderate Republicans. On the opening day of the reorganization of the Legislature, the Radicals were carrying things with a high hand, and Bryant protested, whereupon he was charged with drawn pistols, his friends "rallied round him," and it seemed likely for some minutes the floor would be dyed with the commingled gore of these two schools of politicians. The Bryant party are filing protests against the whole proceeding as illegal and void, and the whole scene at Atlanta is one of the greatest confusion, from which it is impossible to see what anybody but intriguing politicians can gain anything. The leader of the colored radicals is Alpeoria Bradley, who served, we are glad to say, a tolerably long term in the State Prison.

We have several times said our say in regard to Republican political management in Tennessee during the last five years; and, as our readers know, we have been better able to give our sympathy than our respect to the managers. For years the Unionists of Tennessee were doubtless most sorely tried, and their past miseries were, when they came to legislate, their temptation and their partial excuse; but how little wise they were in their generation the event has proved. Nor does it appear as yet that they have not something more to learn. They are again demanding that Congress should put the State under Federal control, as being threatened with by-and-by having a government not "republican in form." The late Legislature, elected with Senter, was in many of its acts as wise and temperate as if all its members had been born and educated at Mr. Nasby's Confedrit Cross-Roads. Even the wildness of their predecessors was good sense and sound learning compared with much of the legislation of the new Democratic Solons. Among other things that they did was to order the election of a convention which should revise the Constitution—the end in view being to take away from the negroes certain rights which they now enjoy. The election has been held, and, of course, a vast majority of the members of the convention are gentlemen who have never at any time been troubled by any non-Scriptural views in relation to Onesimus. But it seems that in the present Constitution it is ordained that amendments are not to be made by a convention; that each amendment is to be proposed in the Legislature; that then the next Legislature is to submit it to the people; and the next Legislature in session after such submission has been made is to declare the amendment ratified—a part of the State's organic law. So Senator Brownlow is declaring the convention a revolutionary body, asserting that under the new Constitution Tennessee will have a government not republican in form, and is demanding that the United States shall interfere. There is a probability that he will have some supporters. This action that he asks for—if it were possible that Congress should decide it feasible and advisable—would have the effect of making the Tennessee Democrats wait some two or three years before they could accomplish all their desires, or, rather, before the statute-book would afford evidence that they had done so. The difficulty of the case, and of all cases like it, so far as regards the Federal Government, is this—supposing the government of Tennessee to be overturned as "not republican in form," the only government we can substitute for it will be a military government or a government of the minority. What will that be? Moreover, there is no such thing known to American jurisprudence as a "revolutionary body." A body not possessing legal power is simply a public meeting.

The Fifteenth Amendment gets on. Rhode Island, Minnesota, and Mississippi have ratified it during the week along with Kansas; and Ohio has made a beginning with its Senate. The need of it is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the Democratic proposition before the Illinois Constitutional Convention, to insert "white" in the new instrument, and submit the striking out of the word to a separate popular vote—thus, of course, greatly increasing the chance of its being retained.

Mr. Sumner has introduced a financial scheme into the Senate which proposes to issue a series of three loans of $500,000,000 each, at five,

four and a half, and four per cent., the first ten-forties, the second fifteen-fifties, and the third twenty-sixties; to enlarge the National Bank circulation to $500,000,000, but cancelling an amount of greenbacks proportionate to the increase, which increase is to be secured by a deposit of the new bonds in the usual manner, and to make greenbacks receivable at par for customs duties whenever the premium on gold shall fall to five per cent. Mr. Sumner's idea is, that the rate of interest and length of these loans would make them acceptable, and enable the Government to offer the holders of the six per cent. bonds their choice of coin or new bonds; and he thinks the proper use of the latter would bring all the United States securities to par, and enable the Government to resume specie payment without difficulty and at once. Mr. Sherman has also introduced a bill for the expansion of the currency to the tune of forty millions. There is little use in commenting on all these measures, brought in from time to time by individual members. The finances of a great nation cannot be managed in this way. Somebody has to take authorized charge of the matter, and be permitted to make the plans. Any other system breeds chaos. It ought to be the Secretary of the Treasury, and he ought to have the means of explaining and defending them before the body which is to adopt or reject them, which he now has not. Or if the work is to be done by the committees, they ought not to be made up, as they are largely, of the attorneys of particular "interests." Nay, connection with an "interest" ought to disqualify a man for a seat on them.

Mr. Commissioner Wells is catching it, but then he catches other people sometimes. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, and heavily interested in iron and coal, made a long attack on him in the House last week, teeming, as usual, with insulting personalities, and the *New York Tribune* publishes it full length, though it did not dare to publish the report to which it is a reply—one of those pieces of professional dishonesty which make the success of a certain class of newspapers as teachers and guides one of the puzzles of the Christian era. Mr. Kelley, also, we need hardly say, is fully satisfied that Mr. Wells is paid for his report by foreign manufacturers, repeats his assertion of it incessantly, which is nothing very wonderful, considering the kind of mind Mr. Kelley's is; but what is wonderful is, that he does not see the ludicrousness of such things coming from a man who, in defending protection in the legislature, is actually defending his own pocket and that of his personal friends, and makes no secret of it. We do not say that this affects his honesty, or that he does not sincerely believe that the success of his opinions would enure to the national advantage as well as his own; but then is it not surprising that an advocate who is himself in this position should not see the impropriety of impugning his opponent's motives on similar grounds?

One of Mr. Wells's peculiarities is that his explanations and defences are, on the whole, a great deal more unpleasant reading for his enemies than his reports. In the last report, he set down the cost of producing pig-iron in America at $24 to $26 a ton currency; the cost of English or Welsh pig, at $27 12, counting gold at 133, to which have to be added freight, insurance, and other expenses, before it can be delivered in this country. But the average price of American pig during the year 1869 was from $36 to $38, from which Mr. Wells deduces the not unnatural conclusion that the present duty of $9 a ton is unnecessarily high, and has taken from eight to ten dollars a ton out of the pockets of the American people during the past year without necessity, and that $3 a ton duty will give American manufacturers all the protection they need. To which Mr. Kelley replied that Mr. Wells had corruptly erred with regard to the cost of producing American iron, and presented a petition from thirteen prominent Pennsylvania iron manufacturers, begging Congress not to believe the Commissioner, and declaring that the cost of production was over $29 a ton, and calling loudly for the data on which his estimate was based. Whereupon the remorseless Wells produces, as his authorities, Mr. G. T. Lewis, of Tennessee, a "thoroughly experienced iron manufacturer," and endorsed as such by the Pottsville (Penn.) *Mining Journal;* Professor Waterhouse, of the Washington University, Missouri, reporting under the auspices of the Governor, the St. Louis Board of Trade, and Union Merchants' Exchange; and Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, of this city, another great iron manufacturer. There is one joke in the reply, but it is not a bad one. Messrs. Brown, Bonnel & Co., of Youngstown, Ohio, writing to Professor Waterhouse for his report in aid of emigration last year, as to the cost of iron, assured him that "they produced pig-iron at $25 a ton." But when the Commissioner's report appeared, a meeting of iron manufacturers was held in this same Youngstown, Dec. 31, at which it was resolved that Mr. Wells's assertion that the cost of iron "was from $24 to $26 was utterly untrue," and Mr. Joseph H. Brown, of this same firm of Brown, Bonnel & Co., was put on a deputation to go to Washington to lobby against his recommendations. A good memory is apparently as necessary in the iron manufacture as in some other callings. We should add that the Pennsylvania manufacturers refused to give the Commissioner any information whatever, so he was forced to take Mr. Hewitt's testimony that the cheapest place to produce iron in this country was the banks of the Lehigh River. The *Tribune* takes no notice of this rejoinder. How does Mr. Greeley defend this sort of editing, on grounds of morality? We should really like to know, and ask in a candid spirit.

A correspondent writes to us from Indianapolis, in reply to some of our strictures on the divorce laws of Indiana, alleging that the badness of those laws—which he admits—is not an indication of "the inherent depravity of the citizens," which we never asserted; that the origin of those laws is lost in the night of time, but is supposed to have been either a "desire to encourage immigration, or to have been mixed up with some case of special legislation." If the settlers, however, were not particular about the kind of immigration they attracted, the total abolition of marriage would, we think, have peopled the State far more rapidly than easy divorce. The discredit which, in most parts of the country, now attaches to concubinage, is a source of real discomfort to large numbers of energetic, pushing persons, and if there had been a State in which "the freedom of love" was frankly recognized by law, thirty or forty years ago, we have no doubt it would, by this time, be one of the most populous in the Union. Our correspondent adds, that the main obstacle in the way of reform has, hitherto, been the ordinary dislike of people to change the laws to which they had become accustomed on a matter so delicate as marriage; but public sentiment has been roused, he says, by recent events, and there is now a willingness, as well as determination, to make whatever modifications are necessary to prevent the State being made the sanctuary of matrimonial malefactors and malcontents. Governor Baker promises, in a correspondence with Dr. Lilienthal, the Jewish Rabbi in Cincinnati, to use his best efforts with the Legislature in the coming session in favor of reform.

We hope it will be remembered in the debates that marriage differs from other civil contracts in that it affects the rights of third parties, who are helpless and incompetent to protect themselves—children; that the manner of entering into it and dissolving it affects the family, which is the basis of civil society, and in the preservation and purity of which nearly everything that is good in civil society depends; and that, therefore, the contract of every married couple is, in a certain sense, the concern of every other man and woman in the community; and, lastly, in that, inasmuch as one of its objects is the regulation of a powerful passion, that passion is constantly at work for its dissolution, and that "incompatibility of temper" may be, and we have no doubt is, in nine cases out of ten, a euphemism for satiety and desire of change, and that easy divorce may become, in practice, a cover for the most revolting libertinage, of which women would, wherever they became plenty, be the chief victims.

There are few things of the kind more curious than the difficulty English writers have in grasping the New York *Herald*. That journal remains to this hour a complete puzzle to them, but a fascinating puzzle, over which no accounts from this side of the water of the decline of its influence prevent them from cudgelling their brains. In fact, they apparently look on it as the organ of a distinct philosophy, to which they are for ever trying to find the key. Its humor they have never comprehended, and apparently never will; indeed, it is doubtful whe-

ther, without the local atmosphere, anybody can. When it got up the Miles O'Reilly hoax, and reported the speeches made at the banquet given to that hero, it made General Dix, in discussing the St. Albans raid, claim what he called "the right of hot pursuit"—that is, of following fugitives over the border in unbroken chase—as a recognized rule of international law. The town here was in a roar over the speech, but the *Saturday Review* gravely tackled the General and made mincemeat of him. It showed that no such right ever existed, that no mention was made of it by text writers, and read him a severe lecture on his unscrupulousness in inventing it; though, considering the nation to which he belonged, one could hardly be surprised at it. The *Herald* is now engaged in the production of a batch of those profane jokes in which it has always excelled, and the fun of which consists partly in their grotesqueness, and partly in their blasphemy—in the shape of burlesque sermons, with a text taken from the Bible, in its Sunday edition. They are doubtless the composition of a young man with a talent for buffoonery and no particular belief on any subject, and their object is to make a laugh in the bar-rooms. But to our serious contemporary the London *Spectator*, they are the solemn utterances of a wild and outlandish faith. In its last number it subjects one of them, which shows that New York is to be the holy city of the future, to a careful, though of course contemptuous, examination, as something "formidable," as a "confused and sensational exaggeration of the industrial arts into mighty spiritual powers"—as, in short, a revelation of tendencies "which seem more and more likely to undermine Christianity altogether." How the concocters of the trash must enjoy their English commentators over their evening toddy!

It is not often that the newspaper accounts of a contemporaneous event are so confusing as the correspondents' letters about the Œcumenical Council. The painful truth seems to be that not one of them knows anything worth repeating of what is passing behind the scenes, and they are all consequently reduced to speculation, to which, however, they make desperate efforts to give an appearance of body. It is said that some of the bishops are leaky; but then even the leakiest Catholic bishop is as unpromising a subject as a newspaper man ever took in hand. Of what is going on outside the Council, however, we get, by putting a great many versions together, a tolerable idea, and it may be said to be in substance this: A strong opposition went to Rome, composed almost exclusively of German (including Hungarian) and French bishops—the former under the lead of Cardinal Schwartzenberg, and the latter of Bishop Dupanloup, both able, energetic, and independent men. The Cardinal is a secular as well as ecclesiastical prince, a member of a great house, and enormously wealthy; and Dupanloup is well known to our readers as a man who means what he says, and is not easily disposed of. The difficulties of organizing the opposition, though, partly owing to difference of language, partly to the skill displayed by the papal functionaries in lodging the malcontents, have been almost insurmountable. Moreover, a good many who were very brave at home seem to have been struck, when at Rome, with that awe of the Pope which is one of the most striking results of Catholic training, and have showed the white feather. The recusants, however, made sufficient show of resistance at the outset to upset the Jesuit plan of having the dogma of the infallibility adopted by a *coup de main*, as the soldiers say, and as the priests say by an *afflatus*, or blast of divinely inspired enthusiasm. Delay taking place, they set about signing a protest against the papal mode of arranging the whole proceedings, when, to their astonishment, Schwartzenberg, their foremost man, gave way, refused to sign, and is now in a state of moral collapse, an object of pity to friends and foes. The effect of this defection on the opposition is thought likely to be disastrous; but the fate of the infallibility is still in doubt. The doctors are said to be agreed now that adoption without discussion would be dangerous, and discussion, as involving time and risks of all kinds, is also dangerous. The bishops *in partibus*, two hundred strong, are curiously enough serving the Pope in good stead. They are not learned, nor permeated by "modern ideas," but are devout and devoted. The latest news speaks, however, of the opposition having been once more roused and concentrated by an attempt to get a petition for the dogma signed.

The Pope, in the meantime, follows up his advantage, and nearly every week drops a bomb into the enemy's camp, which shakes their nerves, and drives them in on their last line of defence. His last is a "Constitution," limiting and defining excommunications *latæ sententiæ*, that is, excommunications which follow certain offences, *ipso facto*, as matters of course—specially reserving whole batches of them for his own jurisdiction—that is, withdrawing from the local bishops the power of raising them. Some of these excommunications touch the relations between church and state very closely—that, for instance, which befalls anybody who compels a lay judge to summon an ecclesiastic before him, or "put forth laws or decrees against the rights or liberties of the Church." It is quite plain that, whatever else the Council may do, there is one thing it is sure to do, and that is, furnish materials for an indefinite series of broils between the clergy and Catholic governments.

Affairs in Spain become more and more complicated. Prim has been persistently urging the Duke of Genoa as a candidate for the crown, though the Duke and his mother say he will, under no circumstances, accept it; and Victor Emmanuel is apparently not particularly eager that he should. In the meantime, the suggestion apparently makes no progress either with the Cortes or the public, and Prim's support of it is attributed to his hatred of Montpensier. Señor Castelar has delivered one of his great speeches against it, in which he denounced the House of Savoy for several generations, besides paying some attention to the Bourbons, of whom he has, of course, an equally low opinion. His power of invective is wonderful, and his command of the Cortes seems to grow. He was loudly applauded. All other parties except the Prim party seem in the meanwhile to gain ground. The Carlists are again raising their heads, and there is talk of a union between them and the Christinists—if that term be still applicable to the adherents of Isabella—in support of the claims of the Duke of Madrid. Nobody gains so much by the delay as the republicans. Prim, whose main support is now in the army, is becoming an object of increasing suspicion, and there is constant talk of a *coup d'état*.

The Austrians have concluded a new treaty with China also; but, like the British, not with Mr. Burlingame, but through their own legation at Berlin. It has a most-favored-nation clause, and consequently gets for Austria all that other nations have got, but is in some ways peculiar. The Chinese refuse to allow foreign consuls to trade, so that the Austrians will have to pay their regular salaries in the minor ports or dispense with them altogether. They also made an effort to secure special privileges for Chinese converts to the Catholic faith, exempting them from native jurisdiction, but the Chinese resolutely refused to concede it, and the Austrians did not insist on it, whereat there is much indignation at Rome; but the Chinese are unquestionably right.

The relations of Great Britain to her colonies have for some time past formed the subject of anxious deliberation on the part of a body of gentlemen calling themselves "Australian colonists in England," and holding conferences in London, from which they sent deputations to the Prime Minister, and were even issuing summonses to all the other colonies to send representatives to a grand pow-pow to be held in London, to urge the consolidation of the empire by bringing the colonies into closer dependence on the parent state. The news of these performances has reached Australia, and the result is a torrent of ridicule and abuse. The Australian press says that the "colonists" are a parcel of presumptuous nobodies, not one of whom could get elected to any legislature in the colony. At Melbourne their performances formed the subject of a debate in the Assembly, where they were severely denounced, and a resolution passed, asserting the desire of the colony of Victoria to maintain its connection with England for an indefinite period, but repudiating all attempts to make that dependence anything more than a personal union through the sovereign, and declaring the readiness of the colony to take care of itself in all matters whatsoever, in peace or war.

THE CURE FOR THE SOUTH.

The question of the admission of Virginia will probably have been settled before this reaches our readers, and, if there were no other States still to apply, we might let the subject drop. But the discussion the case of Virginia has called forth, as well as the policy which is in course of execution in Georgia, has revealed a state of mind on the part of some Republicans which is pretty sure to raise again the very points which Congress is now passing upon. Nay, the very demand which we already hear for the relegation of Tennessee to a territorial condition, by way of punishing her for the conduct of her Legislature, promises to carry us into a still stranger and more difficult region than any we have yet traversed in the work of reconstruction.

It is impossible to deny most of the assertions which the advocates of the continued infliction of pains and penalties on the South make as to the temper of the people and the administration of criminal justice. We suppose it would be easy to count on one's fingers the number of "repentant rebels" south of Mason and Dixon's line—that is, of men who are not simply sorry on grounds of expediency for having revolted against the Government of the United States, but who look on their conduct with horror as sinful and immoral, and therefore needing to be expiated by some process of atonement or purification; and yet it is this latter kind of repentance that some radical Republicans are clamoring for as a condition of reconstruction. In other words, they refuse to consider an ex-Confederate a good citizen, and entitled to his political rights, unless, besides acknowledging that he has been foolish, he also acknowledges that he has been wicked.

That ninety-nine hundredths of the Southern people, however, will make no such confession, and are satisfied that the rebellion was not wicked, but holy and glorious, is quite true. We cannot gainsay it; but for the purposes of our argument we do not need to gainsay it. All we have to say about it is, that this state of affairs presents to the people of the United States a new problem of which they have hitherto only read, but with which they have never had to deal, though it is one of the familiar problems of history, over which the statesmen of the Old World have been cudgelling their brains for a thousand years. That problem is, how to deal with a disaffected population, who, whether rightly or wrongly, look on us as oppressors and themselves as victims, and hate us accordingly. We may feel satisfied that they are mistaken, but this does not help us to a solution. Their delusion is simply one of the symptoms of their disease; and dwelling on it perpetually as a reason for not going any further strikingly resembles the conduct of a doctor who should keep constantly repeating his diagnosis, but stoutly refuse to prescribe any medicine until the patient's condition became more satisfactory to him. It so happens, however, that we have by us a recipe for just such cases in which we have the utmost confidence, which we have been recommending to foreign powers ever since the foundation of the United States Government. It consists simply in conciliation; in giving the disaffected the management of their own affairs as far as possible; and in constantly presenting the sovereign force of the country to them in the attitude of a protector, or help, or agent, and not that of a schoolmaster, or taskmaster, or inquisitor. And the theory of this remedy—the theory, indeed, which underlies the whole American system—is that men in the mass on the whole incline towards good rather than towards evil, and will, if let alone, improve in morals and manners; and in support of the soundness of this theory we constantly point to the whole history of civilization. The world has progressed, not by means of government checks and stimulants, but largely in spite of them. The South affords us just now a field for the trial of the theory such as we have never had. If it will not stand this test, if we dare not try it at the South, we ought in decency to give up urging it on the attention of the Spaniards and British, and ought to be ashamed of having once urged it on the Austrians.

Besides, the plan of bringing communities to the frame of mind in which other people think they ought to be, by coercion, has been frequently tested before our eyes, and has always failed, and failed lamentably. There is hardly a government in Europe which has not resorted to it, and the great triumph of liberalism which we are now witnessing there means simply that the plan is being everywhere abandoned, and people are being left to their own devices. Since they can't be *made* good, statesmen are saying, let them *get* good in their own way. If the people of the South will not of themselves reach the conclusion that honesty is the best policy, that crimes of violence and injustice towards individuals are injuries to the community, that every man is interested in the maintenance of order and justice, then free government on this continent is a failure.

But it may be said that Southern disloyalty is peculiar in this: that it is accompanied by or results in hostility towards the freedmen—or, in other words, that the Southern problem is complicated by the existence of intense caste feeling; that, if it consisted simply in hostility towards the Government, it would be simple enough, and what we say would probably apply; but that the "unrepentant rebel" shows the hardness of his heart in oppressing his colored neighbor. The answer to this argument lies in the question, Are we prepared to protect his colored neighbor?—in other words, to provide an efficient police for the South, and maintain it there until society has become peaceable and law-abiding. Everybody acknowledges that we are not. We offer the colored man not one shred of real defence against any of the outrages or exactions to which he is exposed. We have no force for the purpose, and no one—not even General Butler or Mr. Sumner—proposes to provide one. The operations of the Ku Klux Klan are all forbidden by law already. There is not a State in the South in which robbery and murder and arson, and the taking even of colored people into the woods and flogging them, is not an indictable offence, punishable with death or imprisonment. What is wanted, therefore, is not fresh legislation, but improved means of executing the law. Now, the instruments of justice are courts and police. We have seen that we do not propose to supply police. But is the supply of improved courts part of the reconstruction policy? Not at all. The courts remain just as they are. Offences are still to be tried by jury. Moreover, there is no machinery provided for the efficient supervision of judicial proceedings at the South. Power of removing officials is indeed lodged in the hands of the commanding general; but he can only exercise it in rare cases—or, in other words, just often enough to irritate, and not often enough to improve, the administrative machinery. Moreover, even the little good he can do by his supervision is neutralized by the knowledge which everybody has that his rule is temporary. People submit to his interference with the hope of being able to make up for it after he is gone.

In fact, the reconstruction process has no social power whatever. It is purely political in its nature and effects. It sees to the form of the constitution, and to the composition of one legislature; which is all very well in its way, and, as regards the relation of the State as a whole to the Union at large, was after the war indispensable. But it contains no ingredient which reaches the relations of man to man. The maintenance of the States under "military rule," as we see it in Georgia, simply puts one political faction, for the time being, above another, and amuses the public with the spectacle of a State made "loyal" by having the representatives of the people picked and sorted and ticketed by a military officer. It, in other words, introduces into American politics, in a more offensive form, the system of "official candidates," which poor Napoleon has for the last eighteen years been trying in France, with much the same delusive hopes by which some of our Radical brethren seem to be now buoyed up. It gives a minority a short and speedy method of keeping the State offices to themselves, without the trouble of making their lives or opinions acceptable to the people whom they profess to represent; but it does not make any poor man happier or more secure in his cabin; it does not make him surer of justice when he goes into court, or surer of his wages after he has earned them, or soften the hearts of his neighbors towards him, or train him in the art, of so much importance in politics, of acting with others, or of getting others to act with him. The evils of the present social and political condition of the South are indisputable, but they are not curable by legislation. They are things which will only disappear slowly, and will never disappear except under the influence of a general improvement in Southern society, which is another way of saying that, when individual Southerners are more intelligent, industrious, and humane than they now are, the weaker members of the community will be better off.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing in the crisis through which France is passing more striking than the evidence it affords of the immense progress which the country has made in political education within the last twenty years. The Revolution of 1848 nearly every Frenchman now feels to have been an immense disaster; but then it is clearer and clearer every day that it was not the fault of the people so much as of the King. The agitation which preceded it was conducted in a perfectly legitimate manner, and it was directed against a palpable abuse —the restriction of the suffrage to 200,000 persons, out of a population of nearly 40,000,000. The rising in February, 1848, was not a natural or proper consequence of it. There was no good reason for supposing the Government would not have eventually given way to the pressure of opinion, and it was to the pressure of opinion the agitators expected it to give way. The armed rising was literally the work of a small mob, and the nation was astounded to find that the King, to whose safe-keeping the existing order of things was committed, as soon as he heard the mob was coming, instead of calling for the troops, called a hack, and left for parts unknown. He evidently had not learned the very rudiments of his trade.

The effect of his course on the Parisian population was most calamitous. It is impossible to overrate the mischief which is done when the mob of a large city find that they can, with a trifling exertion of their own strength, overpower the constituted authorities; and this lesson which the Parisian mob learnt in 1830 was more deeply impressed on them by the events of 1848. The effect on the mob, however, was not the whole of the mischief worked by those events. The middle classes, and indeed all classes which cared either for property or order, were terror-stricken at finding constitutional government so feeble. The theatre, the Chambers, the freedom of the press, were all very well; but, if a few hundred men in blouses could sweep them away by a few shots, and lay the capital for days at the mercy of the dangerous classes, they were nothing better than pernicious luxuries. These dismal feelings were confirmed by the events of the following June. The terrible conflicts of that month were the natural results of the hopes roused by what had occurred in February. Indeed, before the year was out the foundations of the Empire were laid; the indiscretions of the Assembly in 1851 only revealed the progress the work had made.

The Revolutions of 1830 and 1848 thus created an immense difficulty in the way of all regular and peaceful political agitation, by inspiring one class with the idea that it was not necessary, and another with the idea that it was hopeless. The result was that many Frenchmen resigned themselves to the conclusion that France could only find refuge from anarchy in despotism, because a government which was strong enough to resist revolution would have to be despotic. A conclusion better calculated to inflict political paralysis on a community it would be hard to think of.

What is now occurring shows that whatever mischief the Empire may have worked in other ways, it is, by its present mode of dealing with political discontent, drawing the French public slowly but steadily out of this slough of despond. The results which have attended the persistent efforts of a few brave men during the last eighteen years have shown the French public that, as long as there exists any space, however small, in which even half-a-dozen can speak out their mind, no cause is hopeless and no tyranny crushing. The few Opposition deputies who in the second year of the Imperial régime took their stand against it with the tongue alone, have afforded their countrymen a lesson such as they never had in the efficacy of peaceful discussion. Incessant talking, in season and out of season; the continual protest, day by day and year by year, of a few lawyers has at last overthrown personal government and revived public life in France. Frenchmen have never before seen as much, or, indeed, anything worth mention, in the way of political reform accomplished without fighting.

But then it must be borne in mind that this lesson could hardly have been learnt had the Government been less strong and less unscrupulous. It is one of the striking illustrations of the way in which men's misfortunes sometimes help to train them, that the enormous concentration of military force in the hands of a remorseless usurper in the Tuileries should prove the means of forcing on the French people the knowledge of the strength which lies in patience and persistence. If, last fall, the Reds had had their own way, they would have reopened the revolutionary period; and there has been no régime in France since 1789 which such an incident as the murder of Noir would not have overturned. As matters stand, however, the capital is surrounded by an overwhelming force, which makes a resort to arms appear mad even to the most hot-headed malcontent, and the popular indignation is forced to find vent in constitutional channels, and, in finding vent, widens and deepens them, and strengthens the popular confidence in their strength and capacity. It is impossible to overestimate the gain to the nation of having such a crisis pass away without disorder or tumult, and without destroying any of its existing liberties. It is really the dawning of a new era. It means the substitution, in the French agitator's head, of the idea that somebody ought to be roused or stimulated or persuaded, for the idea that somebody ought to be killed; and this is a triumph not for France simply, but for civilization; and we owe it, strange to say, in part to one of the faults of the Empire.

It is impossible to say at this distance, and with the amount of news as yet in our possession, what is the exact nature of the impression produced on the public mind by the Noir murder. Even the facts are in doubt; but appearances are all against the Prince. A man who invites another to come or send to his house for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of a duel, and receives the emissaries in his own room with a pistol in his pocket, will find difficulty in persuading people that he did not bring on the conflict for which he was so terribly prepared. Moreover, "the code" is in France too familiar to every man, and everybody in the fighting world is too conversant with its formalities, to make anything like chance medley very likely during the negotiations common in such cases. In the present case, the journalists were probably too much flattered at the prospect of an affair with a man of the Prince's position to make it very likely that they said or did anything calculated to spoil the fight, while his contempt for them, combined with the natural violence and eccentricity of his character, renders it very easy to believe that he was insolent from the first, and quite ready to use the weapon which he acknowledges he had ready in his pocket. In estimating the effect of the incident on the public mind, we must remember that he is a Bonaparte, and that Bonapartes now stand low in French estimation; that the popular belief in their unscrupulousness and treachery is deep and well-founded; and that the recent plea of Prince Murat, when judicially pursued for an assault, that as he belonged to the Imperial family he was not triable by ordinary tribunals, has made the public very sensitive about Imperial claims of exemption from the common law, and eager to have them tested in order that they may be disallowed. There is, indeed, no way of looking at the late murder in which it will not seem a misfortune of the first magnitude for the Empire. If Prince Pierre be tried and convicted, it will throw a good deal of moral opprobrium on the dynasty; if he is acquitted, nothing will convince people that he has not escaped through favor. Hardly anything could have occurred better calculated to show of what mettle the new ministry is made. If Ollivier be really a statesman—and he has given every evidence of it thus far—he will boldly apply the law at whatever cost. At the very worst, he will in so doing be simply sacrificing Prince Pierre to the Prince Imperial and his mother. It is their future which is really staked in the game which is now playing. The Emperor will, beyond doubt, hold his own as long as he lives; but it depends on how he holds it during the last years of his life whether his son will succeed him. A frank and hearty acceptance of the conditions of constitutionalism by the Government itself, accompanied by the imposition of them on all others by whatever force may be necessary, will transmit the crown to Napoleon IV. if anything can do it.

If the ministry are the men we take them to be, they will not suppress the *Marseillaise* or muzzle Rochefort. All the force his frantic vituperation possesses is drawn from the fact that such talk on the part of the press in France has always hitherto been followed by a rising. But by letting it go on, and taking care that it is not followed by a rising, it is simply made ridiculous, and Rochefort reduced to the position of a mere wind-bag. Wild threats and denunciations which

produce no action, and end in nothing, always at last raise a laugh. A ministry which had the strength of nerve enough to perform this process on Rochefort, would work a veritable disenchantment. They would break a spell which, for forty years, has been the curse of France. In trying it, too, they would have the hearty support of that large and growing class in every country which is disgusted and outraged by that phenomenon of modern civilization known as "sensational journalism." The character of the men engaged in it, the use they make of the publicity which modern science has placed within their reach, their revolting contempt for decency, for individual rights, for private character and feelings, and, still worse, for truth, and the brutal parade they make of their determination to make money and get notoriety by every means in their power, is everywhere producing a feeling of detestation which is none the less hearty for not finding much expression. Indeed, the fear which the foul tyranny of these men inspires over the best natures lends a touch of ferocity to the hatred with which civilized communities begin to regard them, and if things go on as they are, it will take a good deal of civilization and Christianity, in every country, to make the public look with disapproval on the open slaughter of them by their victims. There is no place where their behavior has been more outrageous than in Paris, and Rochefort differs from the common run of them simply in flying at higher game, and giving himself out as the champion of "a liberty" which he neither appreciates nor understands.

NOTES ON THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS AGITATION.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

I.

THE late convention at Cleveland, styling itself the National Woman Suffrage Association, in that all-embracing adjective sounded fearful warning to some female souls of us who, in the great battle over the rights and wrongs of our sex, had proposed to occupy the serene height of the lookers-on. Sweet was irresponsibility, and, to confess the whole, unspeakable our shrinking from some of the pounding on that field. Of course, we knew that all reforms must proceed at first with much random thwacking and vain uproar; but there was that in the very subjects with which this reform dealt which made the crude statement, the half-apprehension of the remedy which necessarily travesties the want, all the drearily shallow estimate of very deep things, mortally unpleasing here; and any active part in the decision of the woman question we profoundly meant to shirk.

We borrow the editorial plural for these remarks, as the present writer is confident that she represents a class of her sex more or less numerous who have watched this movement from afar, indeed with a certain interest, but with a very decided preference that it should not come too personally near—and that not altogether from the "*vis inertiæ* of women," denounced by one of the leading lady reformers as the great hindrance to the cause.

Whatever pleasing dream of neutrality, however, we once indulged has been promptly broken up by these Cleveland conspirators. Apparently every man and woman of them went home to study up maps of the United States, to hunt out little hamlets too obscure for the atlas, and lo! to the remotest village their circulars come flying, confounding us with the sight of our very names as officers, hinting of local meetings speedily to be held, and petitions to be circulated for signers; and verily the question that we were so comfortably to escape promises shortly to demand our individual yea or nay. Now neutrality is one thing, but to meet with a flat negative a movement claiming to be in the especial interests of our own sex is quite another, as the National operators were evidently well aware. And their devices have so far succeeded that we begin to rummage among our confused prejudices with some assiduity—to endeavor to set them a little in order to ourselves—to ascertain how many of them are prejudices merely, and how far our non-enthusiasm for woman suffrage has its root in real uncertainty as to the spirit of the cause itself, at least as we gather it from its most vocal interpreters. And in our sincere attitude of enquirer we take it that it is allowable for us to ask a few questions upon both sides. Between the advocates and the opponents of a new cause, the outright and the downright few, stands ever the great body of the undetermined, who, as the first step towards a more definite position, must needs deliver themselves a little of their doubts, ask for fuller explanation here, suggest objections there; and, although the partisan style be much more effective, we trust there is also hearing for this other voice.

The most cursory reader of the reports of woman's rights meetings in the newspapers must be struck with the tendency to two lines of false reasoning very prominent in the debaters, viz., the arguing from altogether special and accidental cases to universal rules; and again, the sorting out into grievances redressible by civil law life's most intimate and awful woes, the catalogue of domestic sufferings, whose baffling problem is that the very conditions which make their terror make also for the purest and best joy given to mortals, so that how to deliver from the one without jeopardizing the other is the riddle yet unsolved.

Any examination of the first order of bad logic referred to would be too enormous a business to be undertaken here. From Mrs. Livermore downwards, the popular lady speakers of the cause overflow with stories whose moral is either quite out of joint or cannot at all be stretched to the application intended. Mrs. Livermore, we doubt not, is a most excellent and estimable woman; but when she tells us, for instance, of the German butcher's wife whom she knew in Chicago who, while her drunken spouse was serving out his term in jail, carried on the business herself (sticking the pigs, let us hope, by deputy)—carried on his business with such superior efficiency as to store several hundred dollars in the bank, which money the bad man, emerging from jail, exultantly laid hands on, thinking to buy unto himself much more liquor—when Mrs. Livermore relates that on the hearing of this tale she posted immediately to the Illinois State capital, and there laying the case before the legislature then in session, the said legislature did postpone the two or three hundred other bills then before it to put through first of all a bill making it impossible ever after for any Dutch butcheress to be so plundered—when we hear this anecdote, we say, we find it a very unlucky anecdote to be selected as illustration of the need of female legislators, because male legislators are so implacable to women. Logic of this sort, not quite so suicidal, perhaps, but largely made up of the telling of "true stories" of distressed poor women, which, be they never so true, are wholly inconclusive of the point in hand—logic of this sort does, as we have said, too exceedingly abound that we should stop to consider it here. But we propose to enquire for a moment into the other favorite line of doubtful reasoning, whose theme is the family relation.

We confess ourselves continually at a loss to understand upon what new basis the reformers, as men and women sensitive to moral obligations, and at all aware of the complications of human life, seriously propose to establish domestic ties. As to the weight of mortal misery resulting from unhappy homes, no profound experience underestimates that. The point is, are these ills of a nature to be reached by statute? According to many woman's rights speeches, they certainly are. There is one creature who is at the bottom of all of them. A male creature, stout in his fists, and strong with the law behind him, who beats his wife, who ties her up, who puts her sane into insane hospitals, who stints her for money, who deserts her for ill company, who always and for ever withers her with the breath of an inward contempt because she is weak in the fists, has no law behind her, earns no wages, and is, in short, so preposterously different from himself generally. This pleasing animal has now been for some time on exhibition; we are familiar, even to the point of being bored, with all his features; let us glance, by way of variety, at his female counterpart—for we humbly suggest that he has one. As to the former, we are ready to admit that laws might perhaps be devised to regulate him, since his offences incline to be of a tangible sort; but how is it with the female tormentor? Can she also be indicted, and thrust out of the home whose scourge she is?

It may strongly be questioned whether it is in the power of any man to make home so hideous as many evil-tempered women. To begin with, men are out of the house during the largest part of every day; women are its abiding presence. In the parental relation, for instance, a good woman can save her young children in a thousand ways from a bad father's tyranny; a good man, unless he be of the very affluent classes, can never so save his children from their mother. Necessarily, she is constantly with them; all the thousand little matters pertaining to their care and conduct, which furnish so many occasions for the igniting of a passionate or exacting temper, are under her direction. Pathetic stories are told, and truly told, of the drunken father who comes home late at night to frighten or maltreat his little children; but how with the scolding, tyrannical mother, whose reign of terror begins not late at night, but with the earliest waking moment, and embitters the live-long day, wounding body and soul alike?

Again, the vices and faults of a man are almost invariably such as are patent to outsiders, so that, if he becomes unbearable at home, his family are in a true position. If a man is a drunkard or a miser, all the world knows it; if he is profligate, sooner or later that is found out too; if he has an ugly temper, ten to one he growls at his neighbors as well as at his wife and children. But a woman may be the very destroying spirit of the house, and her character not even be guessed beyond its walls. For not only her dealings with the outside world are usually not such as to bring her into that collision of others' interests with her own which reveals the stuff one is made of, but women have far more approbativeness than men; at least, that sentiment is found in them much more universally. The morose man, shutting himself up in gruff defiance of all opinions but his own, does exist; we wonder if the worst woman who ever lived on earth did not strive to make somebody believe in her. We are not striking the moral balance between the two; the woman's yearning, indeed, may be that last grain of virtue which lifts her above the male pervert, but it certainly is that element which complicates the position of her victims. The question which bears upon our case is, not who are the wickedest of human beings, but who are really the most tormenting to live with?

The beings whom nothing suits; in whose unhappy natures reigns that gigantic form of selfishness which they call sensitiveness; who are more cruel and bitter under pretence of wounded love than any other creature can be through hate; whose truth is a delirium of lies; who cover all the mortal maladies of their diseased souls with such fine names that to the world outside they may pass as gentle, misunderstood spirits, while at home they drain the life-blood of all belonging to them—better, in intimate life, the coldest heart that ever beat, which has a sense of justice, than the mingled ice and fire of souls like these. And such natures are found in their intensity only among women; or, when there are men of this type, they are men in whom the distinctive feminine qualities predominate—which is not denying that these qualities happily combined make the sweetest, noblest natures; we mean that in their abnormal blending they may become the most terrific. Exaggerated sensibilities wanting the balance-wheel of reason—there is no more dreadful being.

The above remarks merely aim to recall the fact that in this world of ours there are many beings to whom to be linked at all is a misery; that these are not always husbands, or men in any relation; that when they are women and wives, aside from the point—very intricate in their case—of the duty that may yet be owed to those who have forsworn all duty to others, we think it would take the ingenuity of several Solons to frame any laws that would bring the worst offenders to justice. And then the dilemma remains, that divorce being once granted for incompatibility, even the wildest, how shall it be restricted from including the least, and what shall hinder any loose-minded man from making himself incompatible at the shortest notice?

No, it is part of the tragedy of our mortal existence that perverse beings are often linked by ties of the closest relationship to better natures, making innocent lives a long anguish. And if it is declared that the marriage tie under such circumstances is the most galling of any, it may be replied that of all the family ties the marriage tie is the only one which is not a birth-tie—which is strictly voluntary in the beginning—and there is a deep sentiment in the human mind that one's shoulders should be strong enough to bear the consequences of one's own acts. For it is not refused that the sufferer shall lighten these consequences in any permitted way. We firmly believe in the living apart of husband and wife when, for any cause, they cannot live together without deep mutual injury. Warring households that can never be at peace should be broken up. There are such, and it should be held perfectly honorable for them to be broken up. But the manifest inconvenience to the parties in mere separation, as the expense of divided maintenance, the disposal of children, and the like, are such as to make it usually certain that the evils are real and not pretended from which they fly. Whereas, in case of real divorce—that is, divorce with free power to marry again—there immediately comes in the possible immoral motive, the desire for another husband or wife; which desire, indeed, considering the rash unwisdom in which so many unions are formed, might be a very natural one, and profitable to be carried out, if only this world were altogether other than what it is.

One might suppose, to hear the invectives nowadays hurled at them, that the supporters of strict divorce laws were so stupidly enamored of the beauty of constancy as to insist, for the sake of the mere abstract idea, that its form should be preserved when the soul is wanting. Most certainly it is not that any rational being affirms that a mate chosen at an immature age, and often most rashly, is the best possible mate, and that it is all a piece of fickleness not to regard him or her as such to the end; it is that there are tremendous interests of order which on the whole overrule these interests of freedom.

That the advocates of the new reform incline to fix their eyes on these latter, to undue forgetfulness of the former, is our impression. Also, that they cherish some notion of legislating away all sins and sorrows—that the image of a State Constitution has got into their heads as the very scroll which shall set humanity's wandering feet straight for the Celestial City. This sound as of a red-tape gospel chills us a little in their preamblings and resolvings.

For ourselves, we have still some misgivings that there is but one way to journey out of these despairs—the long old way whose end we are ever striving to attain by short cuts—the slow spiritual uplifting of all lives, which shall no longer blight each other, whose better doings shall no more require to be undone. Haply the new reform tends to this; if so, its philosophers should be most careful to commend themselves as searching out the strong bases of life, to which, if we come not first as foundation, we shall surely come at last in wreck.

ITALIAN POLITICS.

FLORENCE, December 30, 1869.

MOST people take an interest in foreign politics, as they are called, but few only care for the politics of the foreigner. Naturally, the questions of war or peace, of free trade and commercial reciprocity, must interest many, the thinker as well as the speculator, the quidnunc as well as the shareholding spinster. But to follow the internal history of another nation with sufficient perseverance to feel a genuine and permanent interest in it, requires not only a certain mental culture, but a good deal of leisure. Most men have better things to do than to read, for instance, the debates of the Italian parliament. It were sad if they had not. But, since there must be exceptional cases and exceptional times, let us ask ourselves, What is it that justifies, and what is it that commands, our interest in any foreign nation's internal affairs? A nascent nation's struggle for existence, or the struggles of a reviving nation for independence and liberty, appeal alike to our hearts and heads, and we need not apologize for our sympathy and attention. Again, when a nation thus born or revived is fairly started in life, we feel a calmer, almost scientific interest in watching her through her first troubles. It is then only that her real worth can show itself, her virtues being put to a far severer test than during the excitement of revolution and war, when there are so many elevating influences at work that even thieves and pickpockets seem transfigured into citizens for a moment. But, after having thus formed a fair estimate of a nation's capacities and vitality, we naturally bid her God-speed, and commit no sin in losing sight of her for a time, unless she succeeds in recalling and fixing our attention by some flash of light, some spark of genius, or the evolution of some new idea that might be leaven to our Old World's heavy dough.

Now, Italy cannot complain of the transalpine world in this respect. She had her fair share of sympathy and active help in the days of her struggle, and throughout the first decennium of her national existence she has received ever-increasing marks of friendship and good-will. With the exception of the priests, she has gained over almost all her enemies. Even M. Thiers now believes in Italy, and the Prussian martinets, who in 1859 had preached some ridiculous sort of doctrine about the Mincio line, came gallantly down seven years later to assist fair Italy in stepping over the stream. All this was highly interesting, seasoned as it was by the oracular reticences of Napoleon and the legendary exploits of Garibaldi. And when the sober moment came for paying the bills and for putting the new house in order, Italy faced her looming difficulties bravely, assumed at once an air of perfect respectability, and, though adding deficit to deficit every year, has hitherto staunchly refused to disown or evade her liabilities, and the world applauds once more.

But beyond this financial attitude (one can call it nothing more) and the scrupulously constitutional behavior of the King, there is not much in the present state of Italy to gratify the patriotic pride of the Italian or to excite the admiration of the foreigner.

Italian politics are becoming uninteresting. What is going on here just now, and what has been going on for a whole year, may have the outward appearance of being interesting, but is not. We see certain effects, but the alleged causes utterly fail to account for them. We see a

fierce and protracted party contest, but the combatants turn out to be no parties at all, but mere cliques, and their platforms hollow sounding-boards. And, when we look about for the real causes of all this noise and all this mischief, we find nothing but personal hatreds and incorrigible egotism, no idea, principle, or public interest having any causal connection with these contests. In fact (the Italians say it themselves), since the days of Gioberti and Cavour, Italy has had no political thinker or genius to direct her councils, and "a free church and a free state" was the last idea that grew on the rich soil of Italian politics. This soil, overstimulated with manure, has since then produced a crop of the rankest weeds that ever disgraced a garden or exhausted a field, and the Cavourian flower, half-choked and withered, has been plucked, and carefully laid *ad acta*. This was done in the spring of 1867, when Ricasoli's bill enacting a complete separation of church and state was voted down, as usual, on purely personal grounds.

Of all countries, Italy seemed most interested in the abolition of state churches. The whole Chamber agreed that disendowment was the promptest means of breaking the priest's power, and of paving the way to Rome. Rome had been proclaimed the capital of Italy, and, although this was little more than a *coup de théatre*, it seemed a pity to call the Roman grapes sour. But what of that? Ricasoli was to be ousted. "Rome will fall when it is ripe, and the Cavourian idea will keep." The bill was lost, and Italy went on with her clerical squabbles, ordering official masses, and enforcing *Te Deums* on royal birthdays, prosecuting priests, and imprisoning refractory bishops (with great loss of dignity on her part), until both parties seemed tired of the game, and sullenly agreed to disagree.

It is strange that the great question of church and state, the solution of which will mark for Europe the real end of the Middle Ages, should have been first practically broached in England. From England we have actually received the first instalment of that solution, while Cavour's country can boast of nothing better than of having "allowed" her bishops to go to Rome to join the ridiculous assembly that has met at St. Peter's. Considering that the Italians hold far more enlightened opinions on these matters than the English, we must conclude that their inactivity is not due to real conservatism. Far more plausibly, it may be accounted for by a certain *historicism* (if such a term may be used) of the Italian mind, which loves historic continuity and is loth to break with the past, and by another trait which we are bound to call practical indifference to principles and doctrines. These two traits the Italians have in common with the English (and with the Hungarians). But while England, sometimes with unbecoming cynicism, scorns ideas as something fit for German neologists only, her statesmen, on the sober plea of utility and expediency, manage, unconsciously, it seems, to realize ideas and abstract principles. The Italian politician, under the bombastic pretext of high principles and high morality, accomplishes little more than a series of petty intrigues prompted by rancor, spite, and egotism, hinging on personalities, and leading to nothing but personal changes.

Persons and personalities! That is the quintessence of Italian politics, and the terrible "Domando la parola per un fatto personale" is the burden, in more than one sense, of the Italian debates. Mazzini is an exception; but perhaps not even that, both his ideas and his singleness of purpose being eminently un-Italian. He has become a stranger among his countrymen, and neither understands them nor is understood by them. His newspaper, published in Genoa, is called *Il Dovere*, and its contents are chiefly socialistic concerning the working-classes, collective property, co-operation, and so on, and touching but slightly on the strictly political questions of the day. All this is excellent; but it betrays the effects of Mazzini's long exile. The contents, as well as the title of the paper, smell of the intellectual atmosphere of London, Brussels, and Bâle, and the party which Mazzini still calls his, and which once called him their leader, have never dreamt of recognizing "duty" as the basis of their politics, nor do they care much for the great social movement on the other side of the Alps, absorbed, as they are, in the paltry gossip that fills the dreary pages of their political papers. In a country like Italy, which, in some respects, is freer than England and Belgium, which has universal suffrage, a national guard, and municipal autonomy, and where there is no reactionary party (at least not in the political arena), the grievances and aspirations leading to the formation of parties could logically only refer to the methods of administration, to decentralization, to the modes of levying taxes, to the abolition of monopolies and state lotteries, to finance. Or they might refer to foreign affairs, to commercial policy, to national education, or to the church-and-state question. There is enough material in all this for the most restless and most pugnacious politician. Yet, on examining the names, watchwords, and platforms of the Italian parties, we can easily satisfy ourselves that these parties have not split on such grounds, even though finance and foreign affairs may furnish the technical pleas for their debates.

I do not speak here of the old Italian parties born in the throes of the revolution, of the *rossi* and *neri*, of the *codini* and *liberali*. These were real parties, and *bona-fide* names. But they have ceased to exist. The man in the black gown, who used to frighten young Italy when she was a child, has altogether ceased to be her bugbear; and the *codini*—those staunch adherents of the fallen dynasties—have retired from political life, and are all but forgotten. There was a "party of action" once—a strong and high-spirited party—headed and inspired by Garibaldi. But since the annexation of Venetia and the defeat at Mentana, he, too, has wrapt himself in silence, and his friends seem to feel that they cannot cry "Rome or death" when a third case has been proved to be possible.

At present we only hear of a *destra* and a *sinistra*, a right and a left, and of a centre, subdivided, in its turn, into a right centre and a left centre. The division is purely parliamentary; but, strange to say, the public at large do not seem to feel the want of other party names applicable to themselves. Even the terms *moderati* and the equivalent nickname *malva* (*i.e.*, marsh-mallow) are no longer heard. The uninitiated is thus left without any clue to the real import and meaning of such cosmological terms as right and left, and can only try to guess it by a reference to France, from which these terms were borrowed. In France, we know, the parliamentary benches represent a real scale of political colors, beginning with the deepest red, and passing on (through the Imperial green and the *Eugénie* blue) to the clerical purple, and there is no reason why one should not even introduce a set of Fraunhofer's lines to denote, with still greater accuracy, the subtlest shades of political color.

But all this would have no practical meaning without the presence of a considerable variety of colors; and it is no exaggeration to say that the range of the political spectrum in Italy is extremely narrow, and comprises little more than the various shades of one color; which color, it is needless to add, is neither blue nor purple.

The gentlemen of the left sometimes call themselves republicans or democrats. But these names are misnomers, the right being neither royalistic nor anti-democratic. There are few political men, if any, in Italy who care enough for royalty to be ready to fight for it or to make it their party cry. The King himself is a bad royalist, and would not fight for his throne if the nation's suffrage were against it. But the Italians say: He is the king *elect;* he had the votes even of the republicans; and when the Italian boot was all in shreds, he did the cobbler's work sufficiently well to be allowed to finish it. This is all that Italian royalism pleads. The sentiment of loyalty does not exist among the Italians, who have, therefore, no difficulty in seeing that royalty is doomed, and that its very virtues must be suicidal. They may not think fit to admit this publicly at all hours of the day. But, surely, to discuss and urge the superfluity of kings in such a country is ridiculous—at all events, a waste of labor.

If the question were, as it was in France, between personal rule and the reign of law, professional republicanism would be a necessity. But Victor Emanuel is the most scrupulous and impartial of constitutional kings. Garibaldians have been his ministers, Bixio and Medici are among his generals, and does not even Lobbia—the great Lobbia—don his uniform? Everywhere we find men of advanced ideas round the throne as well as in the democratic camp. It may be said that, with exception of the priests and the peasantry, the Italians are a nation of born liberals, and that obstructive conservatism, in the Tory's or the *Junker's* sense, does not exist in the country, and certainly not in the political arena of Italy. What, then, it may be asked, are these men of the left? What is the *raison d'être* of such a party? Between advanced liberals and radicals there may be many differences; but why should there be such implacable rancor? Surely, the wounds of Aspromonte can no longer smart; for, if they did, if the men of the left were still the avengers of Garibaldi's wounds, they could never have accepted as party leader the very man who sent Pallavicini to inflict them.* I must describe the different shades of color more particularly, however, next week.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, December 31, 1869.

I WRITE to you on the last day of the year, when it is customary for our newspapers to publish historical retrospects. I have glanced over two

* Ratazzi.

or three such productions, and have not been made more cheerful by the process. To say the truth, there is much cause for melancholy, and we cannot as yet see a distinct promise of better things. The best circumstance is, perhaps, that we are learning to look our difficulties in the face with less than our former inclination to shirk unpleasant questions, and have shaken off the easy confidence of the Palmerstonian era. But great controversies, social, political, and religious, rise more and more distinctly in the immediate future, and at times we may half doubt whether our strength is equal to the burden. In peaceable or violent fashion we have to go through a revolution, of which no man can foretell the progress or the end. We did a great act of justice in the last session of Parliament by destroying the Irish Establishment. I do not pretend to decide how much gratitude we deserve, or in what proportions our motives were compounded of real love of justice, of party animosity, of hostility to all establishments, or of other feelings; but, if any one was weak enough to hope that our good deed would bring an immediate reward, he must have been already undeceived. The Irish trouble seems to increase and grow more complex. Discontent seems to have struck its roots even deeper than we had supposed, and grows and flourishes upon the concessions it receives. The debates upon the land question, far from converging to any definite results, seem to bring out even wider contrasts of opinion. How Mr. Gladstone is to steer through the troubled waters of next session is a singularly difficult question. It will be a severer trial of his statesmanship than anything to which he has been hitherto exposed. One important matter, as I read in the *Daily News* of this morning, was decided by the act of last session—namely, that the House of Lords is in future to occupy a subordinate position, and simply to delay legislation without being able to oppose a permanent veto. I do not think that this is quite an accurate statement. Undoubtedly the authority of the House of Lords received one more blow, though the principle had been practically decided by the Reform Bill controversy of 1832. The aristocratic class has not for a long time past really enjoyed the governing influence in the country, and the body which represents it must therefore go down, after a longer or shorter struggle, before that which represents the middle and lower classes. Yet the House of Lords may have a struggle left in it still; any sweeping measure of land reform would touch it far more nearly than a church disestablishment bill. The House of Commons is composed in great part of men who would sympathize with it in such a quarrel. There are many excellent country gentlemen on the Liberal benches who fancy themselves very genuine followers of Mr. Gladstone, but who would revolt against any measure tending, even by implication, to injure the landholding interest in this country. It is possible, perhaps probable, that the next session may thus witness a contest in both Houses of Parliament, in which the landholders and their conservative allies will be ranged against radicals, democrats, and reformers on an issue of the most vital importance. The probability of such a struggle has something serious about it, and it is all the more important as coming in a time of long-continued commercial depression. The increasing misery and pauperism of large classes forms an ugly background to so grave a political agitation.

The last fortnight has seen the conclusion of a story intimately connected with some of our troubles. I need not remind you that the crash of the great house of Overend & Gurney was one of the most disastrous incidents in the commercial crisis of 1866. Last summer, as you will also remember, an indignant shareholder brought an action against the directors, who, as he alleged, had enticed him into the business on false pretences, and extraordinary revelations were made as to the method to which the ruin of the concern was owing. When the defendants were committed, a loud burst of applause shocked the propriety of the court, and expressed the general satisfaction that criminals in the high places of commerce were likely to be brought to justice. Since that time there have been many doubts as to the probability of the case ever coming up for judgment. The public did not subscribe freely; Government would not undertake the prosecution; and the aggrieved shareholder might naturally shrink from the expense involved. The trial, however, has actually taken place, but with an unsatisfactory result. The counsel for the prosecution were not men of any eminence; they only received instructions a day or two before the trial; and they do not appear to have conducted their case with much skill. The points established seem to have been these: The old firm was in a most perilous position a year before the crash; but there was still a possibility that it might be rescued from its difficulties and ultimately become solvent. Under these circumstances, the proprietors resolved to form a company to take up the business; the chief members of the firm became directors, and induced some other gentlemen of commercial eminence to join them as new directors; the public, induced by the great name of the business, subscribed abundantly, and the company started. The course of commercial affairs was much against it, and at the end of nine months it succumbed to the pressure, causing the cruellest distress amongst numbers of shareholders.

It was plain that the directors did not endeavor to get out of the trouble themselves. They were completely ruined, and sacrificed all their private property. The case was as if a captain of a ship, knowing it to be leaky, had induced other people to embark in it, and had himself gone on board with all his family, and perished in the first storm. Undoubtedly he would be less guilty than a man who, under similar circumstances, had managed to transfer his ship to others and stayed on shore himself. But he would be guilty, though not in the same degree, if he had induced other people by false representations to share his danger. Were the representations put out to the public knowingly false? or did they merely imply a sanguine view of the state of affairs? We must suppose that the public have generally taken the latter view, inasmuch as the acquittal of all the directors was hailed with an applause as hearty as that which greeted their committal. Part of this feeling was due to the fact that the new directors were foolishly prosecuted as well as the old members of the company. There could be no doubt that if any deception was used they were as much deceived as any of the shareholders. They gave every possible proof of sincerity; for it was absurd to suppose that men of established credit would voluntarily join such a business, knowing that its state was rotten, and thereby incur ruin for no cause whatever. But the applause, so far as it concerned the old directors, was certainly misdirected. It would have been wrong to convict them, for no degree of criminal deception was established; but it was plain that, to say the least of it, they had been grossly imprudent, and had induced other people, though, it might be, with innocent intentions, to join in an almost desperate undertaking, which they should have known to be almost desperate. In short, though they were not criminals in any technical sense, they were involved in a proceeding of very questionable morality. This being so, the trial was certainly unsatisfactory. There was a feeling of unreality about it throughout; and the violent invectives of the prosecuting counsel rather damaged the case by showing an absence of sober judgment. It was clear from the beginning that, as the case was managed, a conviction was impossible; but it was not clear that the whole merits of the transaction would be fairly brought out.

The unscrupulous use of joint-stock enterprises has been one great cause of the present depression, and no man can say how long it will last. The symptoms of revival are not unequivocal, though we may hope that we have passed the worst. Just now we are all grumbling the more, inasmuch as by Mr. Lowe's new system we have to pay the whole of the income tax and assessed taxes on the 1st of January. We try to console ourselves by the reflection that a great saving will be made to the revenue by the new plan, and that Government is still energetically pursuing its career of reduction. Every farthing that can possibly be pared off is being saved in all departments. It is reported, I know not with what degree of accuracy, that Mr. Lowe's next budget is to show an enormous reduction—some people talk of as much as six millions. Whether there is any truth in this I cannot say; but certainly it would be an excellent bid for popularity in our present frame of mind.

To turn to other matters for a moment: Dr. Temple has been consecrated in spite of all the windy opposition of bigots. I have heard it said that, when Dr. Temple has been a bishop for a few years, he will probably show himself to be as orthodox as his most eager antagonists could desire. This view has been not a little confirmed by his first sermon. He made in it a kind of avowal of his creed; and my powers of observation do not enable me to distinguish between its sentiments and those of the most respectable of orthodox lights. But at this I am not in the least surprised. Dr. Temple is a most excellent man; he has shown himself a good man of business, an energetic reformer, and has great powers of attracting the sympathies of those with whom he has to deal. But I don't think he will introduce any liberal theology into the high places of the church. Speaking of theology, I may venture to tell you of a phenomenon which, in some respects, is the most curious that I have lately observed. I do not violate private confidence in saying that a society was lately formed, and has now been for some time in operation, which is remarkable alike for its composition and its objects. It consists of some of the most distinguished men of all parties: bishops of the Established Church, Roman Catholic bishops, literary men of all shades of opinion, from ultramontanism to atheism, and men of science, who oppose to eccle-

siastical authority a dogmatism of a very different kind. I do not mention names; but if your readers make a list of the most eminent English representatives of opposing schools of thought, they will probably hit upon some of the leading members. These gentlemen meet at intervals for a friendly dinner, after which they discuss metaphysical questions, such, for example, as the propriety of believing in a future state. As no reporters are admitted, and I have not the honor of being a member, I cannot give you any results of the discussions. You will be glad, however, to hear that a majority of the body is said to be in favor of the existence of a Deity. It is a queer contrast to the Œcumenical Council, and it is a sign of the times that men of such various opinions can meet together and discuss the most vital questions of theology with mutual toleration. I fear they will scarcely throw much light upon the subject; but they will have some highly amusing debates.

Notes.

LITERARY.

SUBSCRIBERS are solicited by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, for the first volume, now in press, of a proposed new variorum edition of Shakespeare, beginning with "Romeo and Juliet." The price will be not above ten dollars, and other volumes will follow according as the venture is sustained by the public. The editor will be Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Secretary of the Philadelphia Shakespeare Society, and the plan of the work is as follows: (1) The text to be that of the Cambridge editors, including their notes, to which will be added the various readings of Singer, Knight, Campbell, Cornwall, Collier, Hazlitt, Hudson, Ulrici, Delius, Staunton, Dyce, White, Chambers, Halliwell, Clarke, and Keightly; (2) the commentary to consist of all the notes of the Variorum of 1821 that have been adopted by editors since that date, and of the notes of the editors just enumerated; (3) illustrations and criticisms from a great number of sources, largely Continental, and therefore as yet but little known to the English reader. On the whole, we may say that the work promises valuable aid to the study and appreciation of Shakespeare, and is likely to be a credit to American scholarship. The critical faculty of the editor will of course be chiefly employed in winnowing the endless notes of the commentators, but this will be scarcely the least of the services he may render.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, who are to remove from their present location in May, have chosen the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, corner of Twenty third Street and Fourth Avenue, for their new quarters, and will then have the farthest up-town bookstore with the exception of Carleton's. That they will be followed sooner or later by other houses, there can be but little doubt.

—When times are hard, they are apt to be hardest on the very best publications, and we observe with regret that the tardiness of the subscribers of the *American Naturalist*, published at Salem, Mass., in renewing their subscriptions, has seriously endangered the continuance of that admirable periodical. Admirable and single, at once: the only popular scientific journal in the country, and which, in diffusing a knowledge of nature and promoting a fondness for the study of natural history, sacrifices nothing but formality of style for the sake of its audience. It is conducted by a body of young and able naturalists, on whom also the burden of the Peabody Academy of Science rests, and whose work is as little prompted by mercenary considerations as most human work can be. The *Naturalist* has served to connect the labors of a large number of investigators in all parts of the country, and encourage habits of observation in all who read it. The larger part of each issue is always intelligible to boys of twelve and upwards, who could have few better gifts than the annual reading of the magazine. It is a model of clear and handsome printing, and its illustrations are often of a very expensive kind. It richly deserves to prosper, and we believe that it will.

—Mr. Beecher's return to the editorial ranks, after a long desertion, is one of the events of the new year which ought to give general satisfaction. On some accounts he has not needed an "organ" of his own, since his sermons have long been regularly published and given to thousands of readers other than his own large congregation; serving, we may remark by the way, to reconcile many to non-attendance at any church, but they have also doubtless comforted and elevated many who have been altogether debarred from hearing preaching. Most of what he is likely to say in an article in the *Christian Union*, Mr. Beecher would put without hesitation into his elastic sermons, and it is only in the domain of personalities that, as a public man, who believes that politics are a part of moral philosophy, and therefore may properly be talked about not only in the pulpit but out of it, he has heretofore been at any considerable disadvantage. Here, however, the owners of "organs" have had the whip-hand of him, and they may now take warning. For the rest, his salutatory shows a justness and liberality of view in regard to the relations of religion to modern discussion, the aims that should animate Christian sects and communities, and the principle of religious independence, that will make the *Union*, so far as he controls it, a positive and significant accession to religious journalism.

—Mr. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, said, in his recent address before the Social Science Association, of the private libraries of this country, that, taken as a whole, they "very far outrun the public ones in their aggregate of volumes, while, in respect of rare and costly books, there are multitudes of works in private hands of which no public library possesses a copy." And he added that "in no country are there found more numerous and more liberal collections of private libraries than in the United States." This peculiarly honorable and gratifying fact is rendered still more so by this other: that the "manifest destiny" of such libraries is to be bequeathed at length to the public. The Bowditch, Parker, and Ticknor collections of the Boston Public Library are instances in point which have hitherto been wanting in New York, but, we are glad to announce, will be so no longer. Last week it was made known that Mr. James Lenox, whose private library is probably the finest in America, is about to bestow it upon the city as a free gift, together with a building fit to contain it, which will be erected opposite the Central Park (would it were truly central for this purpose). We believe that less is known of Mr. Lenox's collection than of any other large private library in the country, but it has the reputation of being especially strong in Bibles, Shakespeareana, and Americana. We trust that his example secures for us a similar endowment from Mr. Lenox's rivals in book-collecting—some nearly his equals—and that the practices of the Astor Library will be carefully avoided in the new institution.

—The Boston Public Library finds itself each year more and more a place of general resort for the citizens, and now, much as it is to be desired that Mr. Winsor's and Mr. Ticknor's notion shall be the law of the library, and that it shall be its rule that the books are to be used and not saved, there is a rather undesirable pressure upon the institution in Boylston Street. It is, therefore, designed to relieve the central library, and at the same time accommodate a greater number of the citizens, by establishing branch libraries in various quarters. Manifestly, the former of these two objects will be attained, and there can hardly be a doubt that so will the latter also. Even when books are freely offered—so freely that the authorities will buy for their beneficiaries any book which is wanted which is not already in store—it is found that small inconveniences prevent many from laying hold of the good put within their easy reach, and the oil and wine, though without money or price, the giver must take to the people's doors. Thus, of the inhabitants of the city proper, 17,200 have taken out books, and that number is about one in eight and a half of all the residents. But in East Boston only one inhabitant out of twenty-six has used the books. Of the South Bostonians, who get to the city proper without being obliged to cross a ferry, and of the citizens of Roxbury, who also have close communication by land with Boston, the patrons of the library are, respectively, one in fourteen and one in sixteen of the total population. These figures show, by the way, how great a work this collection is doing, for we must suppose more than one reader to each volume taken out. It is, perhaps, read by a man to his wife, or by children to their parents and the family circle; and so the influence of good literature proceeding from this free fountain saturates the community and postpones indefinitely the day when the modern Athenian shall cease to jeer us of New York about our municipal government. The central establishment can spare many duplicates to the new branch libraries, and doubtless the city government will not be niggardly with necessary appropriations. Even if Boston should have to wait for the new park which by sea and shore is to outvie the Central or Prospect, and for the new Museum of Art which is to emulate South Kensington, it can meantime congratulate itself that it is daily multiplying within its borders people of the kind that intelligently enjoys the beauties of art and of nature.

—However else we are going to get the American literature which some of us are waiting for, we are not, we should say, going to get it by taking any of the precautions that Mr. Charles Reade so forcibly advises in his book entitled "The Eighth Commandment"—and so entitled because, he remarks, "free trade in literature is not free stealing," as has

been supposed, it appears, by many persons of the kind whom Mr. Reade calls muddleheads and other partly deserved names. Shakespeare, says Mr. Reade roundly, would not have written his plays if there had not been, as we Americans say, "money in them;" and whether we are ever to have another Shakespeare or not, we certainly are not going to have him till we make it worth his while to write plays by paying him good wages for his work. The muddleheaded people aforementioned think differently; but, they to the contrary notwithstanding, it is money that makes the literary mare go, as well as other mares. If, then, the American Congress will allow American booksellers to steal the works of English, French, and German authors, and sell them in this country, just as the man sold his brooms which he stole ready-made, the American author will be driven out of business, and American literature will not exist. Always, of course, he would add, excepting the literature of the American newspaper press. Our papers we have to make for ourselves, for news is got at home, and we have our own views and opinions in regard to our own current life. "Read the American papers," he says in the same book to which we have just referred. "You revel in a world of new truths, new fancies, and glorious romance. The production is worthy of the United States. It utters thirty-nine convictions for every one the English press delivers." This is somewhat exaggerated, no doubt; but on the whole the difference between our journalism and our performance in most other branches of literature is not unlike what Mr. Reade hints at—in fact, states. The evil of which he complains is a growing one. Every year there are more foreign authors who have to see their wares stolen and sold in this market, and have to content themselves with the fact that the stealing makes their names known to a somewhat wider circle of readers than they would have had if they had not been robbed. Then there is the further satisfaction of knowing that, by-and-by, when they have been a good deal robbed, some one among those who have been preying upon them will offer them something for the privilege of publishing forthcoming works before they become general prey. We should judge, however, from the condition into which "the courtesy of the trade" has now got, that soon Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Reade, and George Eliot, and Auerbach, and the rest of them, will be compelled to consider their additional fame the sole result of the sale of their books in America. These remarks—which have always been in order—suggest themselves as we read the prospectus of a new eclectic periodical called the *Transatlantic*, a weekly journal of popular reading, which is to be published, in Philadelphia, by Messrs. L. R. Hamersly & Co. It is to contain thirty-two octavo pages of "bright, entertaining, and instructive literature;" "the best of the stories, sketches, and essays of current foreign literature, avoiding all ponderous dissertations."

—Not many men, we suppose, are thinking that, when once the reading of the Bible in the public schools is prohibited, the Roman Catholics will be content with our American system of instruction by the State. If any one entertains that opinion, he has only to take a look at the Roman Catholic papers to learn that he is much mistaken. Says the *Freeman's Journal*, under date of December 11: "Let the public school system go to where it came from—the devil." "We do not and will not," says the *Tablet*, "accept the state as educator." "There is no possible programme of common-school instruction," says the *Freeman's Journal* of Nov. 20, "that the Catholic Church can permit her children to accept. . . . It is not that *we* declare so. It is the Catholic Church." And then the writer goes on to quote from the Syllabus to the effect that no Roman Catholic is at liberty to believe otherwise than that it is a most dangerous error to think that any school is a fit school for Roman Catholic children which is not entirely under the control of the Church. That the teaching in State schools regards only or chiefly the mere knowledge of natural things and the purposes of our social life here on earth, is wholly beside the question, says the *Journal;* the children are immortal, and the whole object of teaching them anything is to prepare them for an eternal life. The same paper says: "If the Catholic translation of the books of Holy Writ which is to be found in the homes of all our better-educated Catholics were to be dissected by the ablest Catholic theologian in the land, and merely lessons to be taken from it, such as Catholic mothers read to their children, and with all the notes and comments in the popular edition, and others added with the highest Catholic endorsement, and if these admirable Bible lessons, and these alone, were to be ruled as to be read in all the public schools, this would not diminish in any substantial degree the objection we Catholics have to letting our children attend the public schools." In short, if the Roman Catholic press does not misrepresent the Roman-Catholic feeling and opinion about our common-school system, the school must be the priest preaching, or else our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens will be advised by their clergy to refuse it support.

—As to what it is advisable to say and do by way of answer to our Romanist fellow-citizens, the friends of the common-school system as it stands appear to have come to no determination. Clearly, there is at present a decided unwillingness, more or less unthinking, to allow any of their claims whatsoever. But as yet there is some doubt if the anti-Catholic forces will soon take up the one inexpugnable line of defence against their antagonists. Just now the un-Catholic man who discusses the question of the Bible in schools is apt to be either an uneasy unbeliever, who is willing to use anybody's help in order to prevent anything like a public recognition of the existence of anything immortal, or else he is an uneasy Protestant who cannot quite bring himself to say, in so many words, that there may perhaps be times and seasons when it would be as well not to read the Scriptures in public. But the question which the Roman Catholics are now presenting for trial before the people is not going to get its settlement from the infidel, so-called, nor from the Protestant, so-called. Should a republic spend money for the educating of its citizens? Does it not need intelligent citizens if it would live? Is it not, then, justified in taxing this generation of its citizens to the end that the coming generation may be fit to carry on the Government? Roman Catholics—so far forth as they hold fast the Syllabus—so far forth as they are *good* Roman Catholics—are they not bad citizens of a Republic, of a State, which depends for existence on the intellectual freedom of each man in it? May not the State, then, give, at the very least, a colorless, unreligious education—an education of the citizen as citizen? The answers generally given to these questions will determine the immediate result of the discussion of the question whether or not we shall insist on keeping our Bible in the schools; and there are growing indications that the battle is not going to be risked in an untenable position.

—Perhaps some of our readers have read in the Sunday *World* a series of dramatic criticisms of remarkable pungency, of what seemed to us much soundness, and of an independence which may be called refreshing; for what is more vapid than most dramatic criticism; and how often is the intelligent theatre-goer pleased with what the dramatic critic says to him when he takes up the morning paper to see what is said of the performance which he witnessed over-night? Indeed, if the intelligent theatre-goer ceases to be a theatre-goer any longer, is it not partly because of his disgust with the whole tribe of critics? To read most of the newspaper comments on almost any actor or representation at a play leads one to suspect that he must have been among people who had not one opinion or feeling in regard to the drama in common with him. And this of itself operates discouragingly upon him. It was very agreeable, then, to happen upon a man who seemed to be owned by no manager, to have unjust partiality for no actor or actress, to have a body of sound views about the dramatic art, to have a forcible way of expressing them, and to express them without any fear. We have before us as we write a small book, called "The Romance of a Piano," which is very obviously by the writer of whom we speak—though we should not ask others to think so well of him as a writer as we do if they made acquaintance with him only as the writer of this pamphlet. Here he gives himself the rein, and Walt Whitmanizes and Shepardizes after the strictly sensational manner of the authoress of "Charles Auchester," and makes epigrams, and indulges in smartness and impertinence after Charles Reade's fashion; and passes criticisms that remind one that Dr. Johnson called music the most decent of the sensual pleasures—or something like that; and philosophizes and Gallicizes, and, in general, allows himself a deal more elbow-room than seems good for him. Still, some of what he says is suggestive certainly, and possibly worth attention, though our musical readers will do better than we in pronouncing on his judgments of Thalberg, Mr. H. Sanderson, Mrs. Minnie Hauck, and Hersee, and Parepa-Rosa, and Miss Kellogg, and Miss Alida Topp, and Grisi, and Malibran, and La Grange, and a hundred more of the singers and players of old days and of to-day. And we may as well, too, leave it for them to say whether or not "a piano is magic, minus empiricism," and whether or not "the piano is the newspaper of music." We confess to a barbaric inclination to hold with the Mr. Grapple on whom our author heaps shame that "what the piano lacks is supernaturality; percussion must always be fatal to that shadowy lyricism which is the breath of an emotion;" and that the universal instrument is about as well calculated to express opinions as sentiment. And now, at the risk of spoiling the effect of all we have said about our author's dramatic criticism, shall we say that the pamphlet is no less than a piece of advertising? That is precisely what it is. Long, it seems, there have been in

the field "two rival manufacturers of wheelbarrows with patent brakes;" now, at last, there has arisen a maker of true pianos. What his name is we do not say. But it is rather barefaced in him to speak loftily of his rivals being great advertisers.

—The *Harvard Advocate* for December 24 contains a good article, expressing the feelings of some one who wants to love art, and thinks he might if only it were shown him. It seems that he can't get to see the Gray collection of engravings, which, as we showed last week, are almost wholly inaccessible. The engravings should be considered as stored, temporarily, and we hope not for too long a time, but stored for safe-keeping until the day comes when they can be shown. It is impossible to exhibit them in the alcove where they are now; it is, perhaps, impossible to find room to hang on walls or display in cases any considerable number of the prints; it is evidently impossible to show them as they are, without a staff of competent custodians. While they remain in their portfolios the only way in which any one can visit them is by taking the time of the curator for just as many hours as the student himself remains. A system of appointments, as with a dentist, is the only plan that occurs to us as a possible improvement in the present state of things. But that Mr. Thies and Mr. Abbot will be ready to prepare wall-cases or frames, and to make a selection of the prints for exhibition, and thus to glorify the collection and the art of engraving, as soon as space and a little money are to be had for the purpose, there is no doubt whatever. Nobody is any better off for the seclusion of this important collection.

PARIS GARDENS.*

Mr. Robinson has given us in this book a large amount of interesting reading upon a very entertaining subject, and, although it has been partly published twice before, it is still fresh, and to most American readers it will be entirely new. Mr. Robinson does not tell us how he became so well acquainted with all the details of his subject, but his writing shows that he is possessed of a great deal of horticultural knowledge and enthusiasm, combined with a refined taste, and that he is able to express his praise and condemnation in a suitable manner. He went to Paris as horticultural correspondent of the London *Times* for the great European exhibition, and also contributed articles to the *Field* and the *Gardener's Chronicle*. Last year he printed some of his letters, with additions, in a book called "Gleanings from French Gardens;" and now he has republished the letters and gleanings with considerable new matter and a great number of plates and illustrations. Each time he has touched the subject he has improved it, and we owe him thanks for his perseverance. In this book he leads the reader through the gardens and parks of Paris and Versailles, and then takes him to the mushroom caves under the city, in the deserted stone quarries, and to the market gardens and orchards of the most successful horticulturists who supply Paris with fruits and vegetables. Whilst he points out and commends the improvements and novelties in the French methods of culture, he sees and condemns bad taste, pettiness of detail, and clumsy and old-fashioned habits and customs.

He gives many plans and sketches of the parks and gardens of the city and the royal palaces, and describes in illustrated text the popular and most desirable ferns, palms, and other sub-tropicals which are used for decoration. Whilst describing these plants, he takes us to the great green and hot-houses which supply the municipality with the materials for summer display, and shows how well and economically they are managed. These green-houses and gardens, which are sustained by the municipality for the supply of decorative plants, give a good idea of the interest which Parisians feel in horticultural beauty and effect, and the extent to which they are willing to spend money to decorate their city and give enjoyment to their citizens. As they must use an immense number of plants, which would cost a fabulous sum if purchased of nurserymen and gardeners, they have established nurseries for trees and shrubs, and the *Jardin Fleuriste* for tender plants used for decorating the parks, gardens, and squares of the city. The plants are raised here at very cheap rates; for, though many palms, ferns, and rare sub-tropicals, which are beautiful somewhat in proportion to their age and size, are costly even here, the great mass of bedding-plants cost but about one and a half cents each. But even at this price the bill is large. They send out annually 400,000 pelargoniums. Any plant worthy of notice is propagated by the thousands, "thirty thousand being the opening quantity for a new thing of promise." "During the past autumn fifty thousand cuttings of one kind of fuchsia were put in in one week. There is one winter garden, one hundred and twenty feet long by forty feet wide, stored with conservatory plants, and it is not unusual to use ten thousand plants at the Hotel de Ville in decoration for a single entertainment."

Leaving the glass-houses, Mr. Robinson describes the best kind of trees for city planting, and shows why many kinds, which in the country are most desirable, will not thrive in crowded streets and cities. When he leaves the ornamental grounds and takes up the practical culture of fruit and vegetables, he seems equally at home, and surprises the reader with the fulness and minuteness of his practical details. He seems to have seen everything worth notice, to have forgotten nothing, and freely compares the best Paris can do with the best London and its vicinity have produced. The fidelity with which he has observed, and the care with which he has collected his facts, make this the most important horticultural book which has been published, and render it valuable to every lover of rural development.

In all the arts progress depends somewhat on the accumulation of experiences; and, although men of genius are born who attain to excellence without much regard for the traditions and practices of their predecessors or contemporaries, the mass of the community progress slowly and arrive at last only to a moderate degree of superiority. In growing fruits and vegetables, America is quite as forward as France or England, and will probably surpass them, because such large numbers of our people have gardens of their own, and rival each other in producing the best fruits and vegetables in the cheapest manner. The results which follow from the combined skill and capital of European cultivators will stimulate a thousand competitors in America as soon as they get an idea of the direction in which improvement might be made; and before Mr. Robinson's book is known to a thousand American readers, his best teaching will have gone to a hundred thousand firesides through the horticultural magazines, whose editors will find in it a mine of valuable editorials, until they exhaust all that they can take without detection. But, however near we may approach Europe in kitchen gardening, we are neophytes in matters of landscape and ornamental gardening, and for that reason we ought especially to welcome Mr. Robinson's book at this time, when every respectable-sized city in the country, prompted by what New York has done, is talking about parks. There are half-a-dozen in embryo now which may possibly be some day developed into beautiful works of nature and art. If Congress could pass and enforce a law that every city thinking of a park should be obliged to buy one hundred copies of Robinson, and compel as many of its principal citizens to read and comprehend what public grounds and gardens are, and how difficult it is to make them beautiful, we should in another generation rival Europe in this respect as much as in fruit culture. But when we compare the best things we have with the common works of Paris, we see how far we have to go before we can show anything really worth asking a foreigner of taste to look at. Nor is it necessary for us to make great parks to find out our ignorance and recognize how little we know of the resources of landscape art. We have the Central Park—a very highly adorned and architectural piece of work—where nature has been compelled to submit too much to the dictates of man and the requirements of architecture. Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, is growing into beauty and finish, and seems to promise a simplicity and gracefulness of treatment that will set it far in advance of the Central. Philadelphia proposes, in her Fairmount Park, to show how twenty-seven hundred acres of land can be treated grandly and simply, and at the same time have sufficient richness of finish and variety of detail to place it amongst the greatest works of the kind. But if we name all the proposed great parks of the country, and concede to them an ultimate perfection of design and execution, we shall still be far behind Paris, for we have no small parks or squares that are anything but a disgrace to the landscape gardening of the age.

It seems to be conceded that, if anything less than twenty-five to fifty acres of land be left in a city for a square or for ventilation, it can have no other treatment than to be cut up by transverse alleys into a series of plots of poor grass, the sides of the walks to be shaded by elms, maples, or lindens, with a fountain or statue or flagstaff in the centre. This laying out, with some slight change in the arrangement of the paths and the kinds of trees used, may be seen in every large town and city of this country. No wonder that, with such objects to look at, our people develop no taste for the beauties of landscape gardening, and believe that anybody can lay out a park. Anybody would deserve pity who could not produce such a thing as the average small park of our cities; and if such places are examples of the landscape gardening of America, and of what our people are satisfied

* "Parks, Promenades, and Gardens of Paris. By W. Robinson, F.L.S." New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. London: John Murray. 1869. Pp. 640.

with, we may despair of ever creating any works which can deserve a name or place beside Parisian improvements. In Paris, besides the great parks, such as the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes, the Champs Élysées, the Luxembourg Gardens, and the Tuileries, etc., there are numerous small parks, such as the Parc de Monceaux, of twenty-two acres, which cost $220,000 for improvements; the Parc des Buttes Chaumont, on the site of old and abandoned plaster quarries, and containing about forty-five acres. This park was begun in 1864 and finished in 1868, costing about $700,000. Besides these, there are at least eleven squares, varying in size from three-fourths to three acres, costing for embellishments from $30 to $300,000. Many of these squares have been made in thickly populated parts of the city for ventilation, and to give the poor equal opportunities with the rich to enjoy beauty. In the Parc de Monceaux, the visitor is led by well-arrayed paths through woods, between flower-beds rich with gayly colored plants and picturesque with palms and ferns and other fine foliage plants, over lawns ever fresh with emerald greenness, beside artificial waters, sometimes seeing a really distant and varied landscape, at others arrested by some local object of interest. The place seems by wise management ten times as large as it is. Compare it with the Public Garden in Boston, an area of about the same size, where paths twisted into meaningless curves lead the visitor into cul-de-sacs, or confront him with common shrubs destitute of marked beauty of flower or foliage; where there are flower-beds planted without effect or meaning, and good plants ruined by bad combinations—a really fine opportunity thrown away; or compare the Square des Batignolles, three acres diversified with masses of flowers and sub-tropicals, abundantly shaded with fine trees, ornamented with vases and statues, with any of the Philadelphia squares of about the same size, for instance, the one between Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Vine Streets, or Union or Madison Square of New York, or Franklin and Blackstone Squares of Boston, or any of the squares in any of the American cities—all of them dreary wastes of poor grass, cut up by gravel walks and bestridden by ill-selected trees, whose chief merit is uniformity of badness. Lindens, elms, poplars, and soft maples give whatever variety or beauty there is of plantation; and maid-servants, trundling babies, candy pedlars, photograph vendors, lung-testers, and hand-organ grinders furnish the objects of interest.

It seems hardly to have entered into the American mind that it is worth while to study out what can be made or done with a piece of land to give it beauty and variety; nor can we hope for anything better until we can raise by some means the standard of rural and municipal improvements in the country, and stimulate some such rivalry and emulation in æsthetics as already exists in practical horticulture. It is but a short time since city officials believed that any money spent in getting advice and plans of an architect was wasted. Any builder could, after he was told what were the economical wants of a new building, build it as well as if some theoretical man should plan for it; but at last the beauty and possibilities of architecture have become sufficiently apparent to ensure that great works shall be put into the hands of competent architects to design and superintend them, and consequently our cities are beginning to exhibit a great improvement in the style and beauty of buildings.

In time, the art of landscape gardening will be understood, and men will be encouraged to give patience and thought to learning its details and theories, but hitherto the navvy and job gardener have had the work all their own way, and have compelled the landscape gardener to languish for want of work, and to see the public money and opportunities wasted in producing commonplace ugliness. A general knowledge of what Paris has done, which can be read and seen—thanks to the abundant illustrations in Mr. Robinson's book—will do more to educate the public to a conception of what it might and ought to have for its money than any amount of talking, writing, or general theorizing, and we would advise every municipality, which pretends to have even a few law-books for general references on its shelves, to add the "Park Promenades and Gardens of Paris" to the number.

FREEMAN'S NORMAN CONQUEST.*

THE third volume of Mr. Freeman's Norman Conquest—the chief and central one—will assuredly be welcomed by all who have read the earlier volumes. It possesses the merits and the defects with which Mr. Freeman's readers are already familiar. The graphic narrative; the vigorous imagination, through which the author attains a quick personal sympathy with the characters and the spirit of the age of which he writes; the careful analysis and calm judgment of authorities; the broad view which makes the history of England tell the contemporary history of Europe as well; these are qualities which warrant us in giving our author a high rank among historians. At the same time, there is a mannerism which gains upon him, far from unpleasing even now, but which might easily develop a nervously affected style; an overfondness for historical parallels; a habit of repeating again and again a favorite idea, or such a phrase as "this year of wonders;" prolixity now and then; proneness to dwell upon the thought and feelings that would be natural under such and such circumstances (see p. 416); and an occasional careless tautology, such as (p. 431) "it was perfectly in *character* that an invader who assumed the *character*," etc. These are slight criticisms, and the faults they note hardly impair one's enjoyment in the book; still, these are just the habits that will grow unpleasantly upon a writer unless he keeps upon his guard.

Apart from these trivial defects of style, we find in the present volume a sort of consciousness, which detracts a little from the freshness and earnestness of the style. It is as if the writer felt that this volume was to be his crowning work, and could never rid himself of a nervous anxiety to be worthy of himself and of his theme.

It has been Mr. Freeman's fault all along that he has loaded his pages with too many names and trivial events. Perhaps this fault is even less apparent in this volume than in the earlier ones; but we cannot help thinking that he strains a point in the account of the battle of Senlac, and tries a little too hard to make out a detailed analysis of tactical movements such as would be practicable for Blenheim or Gettysburg. Undoubtedly we should be glad of such an account, but it is impossible not to feel a little suspicious of some of Mr. Freeman's circumstantiality. For instance, p. 476: "Three generations of that great line (of Godwine) were gathered beneath the standard of its chief. There stood the aged Ælfwig (Godwine's brother), with his monk's cowl beneath his helmet. There stood young Hakon, the son of Swegen, atoning for his father's crimes. And closer still than all, the innermost centre of that glorious ring, stood the kingly three (Harold, Gyrth, and Leofwine), brothers in life and death." In a foot-note we find a quotation taken from Wace's "Roman de Rou:" "Envirun els *lor parenz* furent;" and then follows: "On the strength of this I have ventured to introduce Hakon as well as Ælfwig. The abbot undoubtedly was there, and, if Harold had brought Hakon back from Normandy, he would hardly be away." Now, much as we enjoy the picturesque details of the text, it must be confessed that Hakon's presence rests on very weak evidence.

Such an error as this is more of a pity, because the account of the battle is in general very fine, and appears to be grounded upon a better understanding of the authorities than former writers have had. It has been usual to follow Wace in placing the wounding of Harold early in the fight, and the death of Gyrth late—even after that of Harold. Mr. Freeman makes a more probable account by accepting the evidence of Guy of Amiens and the Bayeux Tapestry, so that he places the death of Gyrth and Leofwine before the feigned flight, and Harold's wound only a few moments before his death. This and other matters of detail are fully discussed in the Appendix; and we share Mr. Freeman's regret at being obliged to reject much of the romantic incidents of the battle of Stamfordbridge, which rests only on the late saga of Harold Hardrada. A decisive consideration here, and one very characteristic of Mr. Freeman, is his pointing out that the saga represents the English army "as furnished with a strong force of cavalry and archers,"—that is, as equipped in Snorro's own age, when the English had adopted Norman tactics. In the eleventh century they fought on foot and with battle-axes. We must confess that our author fails to justify his hero for delivering battle at Senlac in the manner he did. Granting—as seems to be made out—that he had all the troops he needed on the spot, it cannot but be admitted that the grave mistake was made of risking the fate of England upon the chances of one pitched battle. Seeing that William had already landed, there was no need of haste in fighting; if William would shortly receive reinforcements, Harold would receive more. By pushing directly against the invader, he did just what that invader wished him to do; and the event justified William's foresight. At any rate, it would seem that common prudence would have provided a reserve, and would have given it in charge to his best officer. We have a discussion of Gyrth's advice that the king should tarry at London, and suffer him to go to meet the invader. No doubt Harold was right in declining this advice; but why not reverse it, and leave Gyrth himself to lead the reserves? It is clear that the

* "The History of the Norman Conquest of England: Its Causes and its Results. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College." Volume III. The Reign of Harold and the Interregnum. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1869. 8vo, pp. 768.

reason England fell so easy a prey after the battle was because she had no head. Now Gyrth seems to have been the born leader she lacked—next to Harold himself, the one man in England best fitted to head her cause. Even Edgar the Atheling might have triumphed with Gyrth for his minister and general. If, then, it is true that we see at Senlac "the old Teutonic tactics carried on that day to perfection by the master skill of Harold," it must appear that the Teutonic tactics were too rude and headstrong to match the Norman—consisted too much in hard knocks. Harold was out-generalled, not out-fought, by William.

Nothing in this volume is finer or more instructive than the relation shown between the Norman conquest of England and the great schemes of the See of Rome. This event was the first grand step in the career of the papacy; once made an arbiter of thrones, it was easy for the pontiff to take new and more arrogant steps. Hildebrand's success against Harold emboldened him to assert his claims against Henry IV., and prepared the way for the astounding presumption of Innocent III. and Innocent IV. The real crime of England, Mr. Freeman says, p. 284, "her crime in the eyes of Rome, the crime to punish which the crusade of William was approved and blessed, was the independence still retained by the island church and nation. . . . It was a policy worthy of William to send to the threshold of the apostles to crave their blessing on his intended work of reducing the rebellious land. And it was a policy worthy of one greater than William himself to make even William, for once in his life, the instrument of purposes yet more daring, yet more far-sighted, than his own. . . . William was sent on an errand which none but William could perform, but of which William himself knew not the full bearing. Under his rule no man could doubt that England would be subject to none but him. With William for her king, she was as little likely to be the unresisting slave of Rome as if Harold himself should continue to guard her. But a seed was sown which was to bear fruit in other times and under weaker rulers. When Rome once took upon her to adjudge the crown of England, the path was opened for that day of shame and sorrow when a descendant of William stooped to receive tl e crown of England as a fief of Rome."

Again, we are struck with the passage (p. 549) in which William's position is compared with that of Cnut, in such a way as to explain the readiness of the English to accept his rule after the great battle: "We must bear in mind that men were living who could remember how an earlier foreign invader had been changed into an English king, into a king who had won his place among the noblest of England's native worthies. . . . William, in truth, promised better than Cnut in every way. Instead of a half-heathen sea-king, he was the model prince of Europe, the valiant soldier, the wise ruler, the pious son of the church, the prince who, among unparalleled difficulties, had raised his paternal duchy to a state of prosperity and good government which made it the wonder and the envy of Continental lands." But it was precisely because of these qualities—because William was the first prince in Europe, and felt that he had a right to despise the civilization and the institutions of the rude islanders, that he became a cruel and haughty tyrant; while Cnut possessed the teachable humility which made him recognize and gladly accept the higher culture of his new kingdom. After all, Mr. Freeman gracefully recognizes William's work in history, p. 403: "He came, a chief of Danes and Saxons who had fallen from their first love, who had cast away the laws and the speech of their forefathers, but who now came to the Teutonic island to be won into the Teutonic fold, to be washed clean from the traces of their sojourn in Roman lands, and to win for themselves, among the brethren whom they were to meet as momentary enemies, a right to an equal share in the name, the laws, and the glories of Teutonic England."

Poems by George Alfred Townsend. (Washington: Rhodes & Ralph. 1870.)—This volume is, perhaps, better than one might have expected from Mr. Townsend; yet we may see in the poems the same man displaying the same qualities that are shown in the prose which "G. A. T." or "Gath" has written for the newspapers. Impatience of thought, and what seems like fervor of feeling, expressed with a strenuousness and violence of rhetoric, generally bad, that is really fatiguing to the reader, cannot conceal the fact that this writer is a man of mental ability, of some insight and poetic capacity. Perhaps, one thinks, it might be justifiable to prophesy of him that he would one day do some good work, if one could feel sure that he would ever become so chastened in spirit, and so trained in thinking and so well informed, as that he could employ good literary methods in the working-up of a sufficient store of materials. There is, however, still the doubt, when one is disposed to think best of him, whether he is not of that class of promising beginners who, should they lose the extravagancies that seem to mar certain excellences of nature, would not, with these, lose also what power they have to do anything at all out of the common. And still, if he apparently has next to no taste, and no great knowledge of life, and less knowledge of good literature, so that his volume is full of all sorts of crudities in matter and all sorts of weakness and cheapness of manner, he nevertheless does often seem to show among his rubbish some genuine imaginative capacity, some force of honest feeling, and, what is rarer among our smaller poets, a faith apparently not consciously held, or we should call it a courageous belief, in the poetry that lies about him in the rough common things of the American life with which he is familiar. He is never puling, neither; and if anybody wishes to see "confidence in our America"—confidence reaching forward to the future, and also a confidence which makes the present glow with the light of the greatness that is to be, we advise him to stay his soul with "America the Hunter" and "Wild-cat Junction" respectively.

Wild-cat Junction is a railway station in Illinois, and it is not a nice place:

> "A woman in a calico dress, who smokes her pipe as she sits;
> A hairy man, in a slouched hat, who whittles and yawns and spits;
> A travelling Jew, asleep by the stove, with his head on a carpet-bag;
> And the wind a-cursing out of doors like a child-forsaken hag.
>
> "Two railroads chased across a moor by a ghastly lantern's gleam,
> The 'bob-tail train' gone howling away like half of a nightmare dream,
> The naked station caught between, in the Junction's iron vice,
> And one stark gin-mill over the way, with Hoosiers throwing dice."

The poet goes on thus for a few more lines, "wreaking himself on expression" at the expense of the railroads, and then he paints a dismal picture of this region and the people round about:

> "God help the brave and sallow folk who farm this Western waste!
> The young men withered with the chills; the young girls weary-faced;
> The savage children chasing down the lean, lank geese and pigs;
> The gaunt wife scolding her old man, who mopes and swears and swigs.
>
> "How lone the cracked and parched world, save when the trains go by!
> How lone the river-beds so broad, scorched up and scooped and dry!
> How lone the flat, shorn fields of stalks bestrewn with stump and chunk!
> How lone the scrubby woods that knew no satyr but the skunk!"
>
> "All year the hutted homes look down the rutted roads of slough;
> All life, the stunted, shaggy nags, dejected, munch and plough;"
>
> "Hard lines of cunning avarice the strong men's faces rift,
> And garbs and tables primitive and desperate with thrift
> Show life, like all the landscapes, stark and starveling as the scope
> Of souls immortal, by their greed, but ignorant of hope."

Yet still among these people grow up some wondrous men, who look out and see leading past their plank-built towns "the pilgrimage of Christendom from bondage to the light," and who become filled with a great-hearted spirit of freedom and a faith in humanity. Such was Lincoln—"husks filled his belly, but he saw his father's house afar"—such were Boone and Crockett; and them the poet adjures the West to follow after—

> "O West! take heed that in your wealth your leaner dreams come true.
> The hopefulness of all the poor is delegate to you"—

not far from a fine couplet, if one knew precisely what it means. But thinking things out is not Mr. Townsend's forte.

Here is one scream from the eagle, which is given in the other piece we have mentioned, and with which we must close our extracts:

> "Over the deep comes the crack of the rifle:
> The hunter, America, leans on the sun;
> Warm on his shoulder the dawn breaks in glory
> When o'er the world besides daylight is done;
> Straight as the pine-shaft, strong as the rivers,
> Trampling a forest, a peak at a stride,
> Green leap the farm-lands under his shadow,—
> A sea for his mother—a sea for his bride!"

As we have said, we do not feel like prophesying whether our author is ever going to do anything worth doing in literature. He has, perhaps, too long been taking this unthinking, gaudy sort of stuff for tolerable, and more than that, and perhaps it is too late for him to learn restraint and to cultivate his mind and taste. It is not, however, too late for some of his imitators, who have his extravagancies in their finger-ends rather than in their blood, to learn that it is intolerably bad, and to resolve to cease from being "correspondents of eccentricity and genius," and to learn to do well—at least till some impeachment trial, or capture of some new Wilkes Booth, shall release them all again from the yoke of reason.

A better piece than we have mentioned is "The Circuit Preacher," which deals dramatically with the somewhat grotesque but touching

figure of an almost broken-down Methodist preacher, whom the Conference meeting once more condemns to take his sickly family and the discourses on which he prides himself back to the aguish, sandy Eastern Shore of Maryland. This is, indeed, good—weakened, more or less, by its rhetoric, especially by the sonority of that kind of geographical eloquence which so many of our poets have practised—

"'Midst foresters of Nanticoke or heathen of Tangiers"—

but on the whole more simple, natural, and effective than anything else in the book; and absolutely as well as relatively good. "The Miracle of the Gargoyles," too, is worth looking at; and worth looking at more than once, perhaps, are the lines entitled "Mother."

*** Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

Authors.—Titles. BOOKS OF THE WEEK. *Publishers.—Prices.*

Brinton (Dr. D. G.) and Napheys (Dr. G. H.), Personal Beauty	(W. J. Holland)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 18, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	$0 50
Cusack (M. F.), Life of St. Patrick, Parts 1–4, swd	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	1 20
Galton (F.), Hereditary Genius	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Green (H.), Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers	(J. W. Bouton)	10 00
Metcalf (R.), Letter and Spirit	(Am. Unit. Assn.)	0 60
The Law Almanac for 1870	(Hurd & Houghton)	2 00

Fine Arts.

OUR AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

AMERICAN.

In a former article we spoke of our German musical clubs, their system of organization, the work they accomplished, and the pleasures they enjoyed. In the present one we will refer to the best known of those musical societies of the city composed of Americans.

And first let us say that the great want that we have in this direction is a chorus worthy of the greatness of the metropolis. So many jealousies are and always have been at work that it has seemed impossible to gather together in one body a really strong choral force. We have a sufficiency of good singers, but they have subdivided themselves into little bands, and dissipated their strength without any compensating gain.

We look forward to the time when some man with energy and brains and money for the work will collect together a society capable of performing the great works of the oratorio writers in a fitting manner, and will provide it with a suitable singing-hall. Perhaps the forthcoming Beethoven festival may stimulate the right spirit and help on this desirable end. Meantime Boston, with its noble Handel and Haydn Society, looks almost with derision on our feeble attempts at chorus singing. And we can find our only consolation in referring with pride to the glorious orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, to which no other city in the Union has one at all to compare in numbers or in excellence, and which indeed may even challenge comparison with the Gewandhaus, the Paris *Conservatoire*, and the other famous orchestras of Europe.

The oldest of our choral societies and the most numerous is the Harmonic. The old Mendelssohn Union was an offshoot from the Harmonic, and the Berge Choral Union is an offshoot from the present Mendelssohn Union—a very fair example of the way in which our clubs dilute their strength. The Harmonic Society was organized in 1852, and has been, during most of its existence, under the leadership of Bristow, Morgan, and Ritter—the last-named being at present the conductor and main-stay of the society. The best gift that this organization brings to the public is the annual performance on Christmas night of the *Messiah*, a noble task persisted in steadfastly for eighteen years. This is about the only public appearance that the society at present makes. They work diligently at the great compositions of the masters at their practice hall, which is the lecture-room of Dr. Crosby's church on Fourth Avenue. Much discouragement exists in the society: firstly, because they cannot get their members to attend rehearsals; and secondly, because the public won't interest itself in oratorio music. This discouragement has extended itself to the conductor, Mr. Ritter, who appeared the other day in the *World* in a very gloomy letter, in which he refers to the many obstacles that he and the society have to contend with. Out of some three hundred members, not more than seventy or eighty can be gathered at the rehearsals, and this is a chill upon the enthusiasm of those who do come. Heavy fines fail to meet the difficulty, for then the delinquents resign. The Mendelssohn Union languishes under much the same trouble. Last year it received a stimulus from the leadership of Theodore Thomas and the co-operation of his orchestra, and brought out under these auspices some compositions of the highest excellence; but Mr. Thomas and his orchestra having "gone a-roaming," the Union has disappeared from public notice.

The Berge Choral Union is, as we have said, composed of secessionists from the Mendelssohn Union. It is under the direction of Mr. William Berge, the well-known organist of St. Stephen's church, and though not very efficient in point of numbers is full of zeal and of faith in its leader. This society has given but one concert this season, and that took place on the 28th of December, at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. An oratorio by Gounod, entitled *Tobias*, was then brought out for the first time, so far as we are aware, in this country. The president of the association is Mr. John A. Godfrey; its affairs are administered with discretion; and the compositions that are performed are of a high standard, and mostly of a religious character.

The youngest organization devoted to the practice of ecclesiastical music is the Church Music Association. It came into existence the present winter, and gave its first concert on the 12th of January. The other societies of which we have spoken, and indeed the most of those to which we shall refer in this article, are made up of members of the different church choirs of the city; but the Church Music Association has recruited from another class—those of our amateurs of the highest social position. The enterprise was set on foot by some of our most distinguished citizens, and upon the executive committee are the names of ladies equally well known. The chorus is composed of nearly all the most famous of the amateurs of the city, such as Miss Parker, Miss Reed, the Rev. Wm. H. Cooke, Mr. Horace Barry, Mrs. Woolsey Johnson, Mrs. Geo. T. Strong, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. David Watts, and others of like character. This organization has a wide field entirely to itself, for there are hundreds of amateurs of musical cultivation in this city who have never felt willing to join any chorus that sang for money, or, in other words, to become public singers, but who are only too glad to identify themselves with a society like this, supported by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, giving private concerts, and having only invited audiences. The concerts take place at Steinway Hall. The first one, given on the 12th instant, was undoubtedly, in point at least of the character of the audience, the most brilliant ever known in this city. As the invitations intimated to the guests that they were expected to come in evening dress, the large hall was filled with an audience of unusually brilliant not to say gorgeous appearance. The chorus was even more elaborately dressed than the audience, and the honest German orchestra looked thoroughly astonished to find itself hemmed in between such unaccustomed splendors. The Duke of Wellington used to say that the dandies made, in a fight, his bravest officers; and certainly this chorus in its powdered hair and diamonds sang as valiantly as though it were dressed in homespun, and had come to the concert in an omnibus.

The expenses are defrayed by subscription. Fifty persons formed the nucleus, subscribing one hundred dollars each, and having some twenty-five tickets for each concert and rehearsal, wherewith to invite their friends. The music was Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, and the first part of *Oberon*. The conductor is Dr. James Pech, who received his musical doctorate from Oxford. There are various opinions as to his competency as a conductor, though there is but one as to his energy and good-will. At the rehearsals his frantic shouts at his chorus can be heard over the din of chorus and instruments, and his natural energy even at the concert found expression in beating time with his feet, greatly to the annoyance of his audience and the discomfiture of his orchestra. Mr. Pech has been accustomed to drill refractory choir-boys, and treats the "silken wonders" who compose his chorus much after the fashion that he has applied to the unruly urchins. A German orchestra is always restless under any but a German leader, and so there is some trouble already, and quite probably more brewing, in the would-be harmonious Church Association. Two more concerts are to be given by the society this winter, one on the 1st of March and the other on the 18th of May. At the first, Haydn's *Sixteenth Mass* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* are to be performed; at the latter, Beethoven's difficult Mass in C, which will sift the pretensions and capacities of this chorus of the elect to the uttermost, and the second part of *Oberon*.

Several of our leading teachers of music have clubs under their direction. The most conspicuous of these are those under the charge severally

of Mr. Rivarde, Mr. Abella, and Mr. Mosenthal. This last gentleman, who is the accomplished organist of Calvary church, has the direction of two clubs, one for mixed voices, the moving spirits in which are ladies, and which is to make its first public appearance at a concert to be given at the Christian Association Rooms on the 29th of this month, for some charity, and will then sing some of Mendelssohn's four-part songs and a cantata by Spohr.

The other association is composed of male voices alone, and is known as the Mendelssohn Glee Club. This society consists of about thirty singing members and seventy-five subscribers. They give four concerts during the winter to invited guests. Mr. Mosenthal has brought the club to a high point of finish, and has made them formidable rivals of the Liederkranz and the Arion, which societies they equal in the delicacy of their singing, though the superior numbers of the Germans give them otherwise a great advantage. The music performed by the Mendelssohn Glee Club consists entirely of German four-part songs, though English versions of the words are used instead of the original. The next concert of this society takes place on the 26th of this month at Lyric Hall. The club is usually assisted by some distinguished amateur vocalist and a pianist.

The Eight o'Clock Club—so called from its hour of assembling—is under the direction of Signor Abella. Its rehearsals are held at the private houses of the members. Miss Chapman is the President of the Club, Mr. Pierrepont Edwards (English Vice-Consul) is the Vice-President, Dr. Mason the Secretary, and Signor Martinez (an artist of some distinction) the Treasurer. This society confines itself mostly to the Italian school of music. They give three concerts this winter, the first of which is to take place on the 26th of this month, the other two later in the season. Some admirable soloists belong to the Eight o'Clock Club, and their concerts, to which only invited guests are admitted, are of a very select and social character, and, like those of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, have all the characteristics of private drawing-room concerts on a large scale.

The Rivarde Club is under the leadership of the well-known teacher of vocal music whose name it bears. It consists mostly of those who are, or who at one time have been, his pupils. The club has shown great enterprise, and last year organized an orchestra, partly amateur and partly professional, which accompanied the soloists and play overtures by Mozart, Auber, and other composers. The concerts are on a very extensive scale, and are given at Apollo Hall. About two thousand invitations are issued to each concert. As in the case of the Church Music Association, the Mendelssohn Glee Club, and the Eight o'Clock Club, cards of admission are obtainable only for love, not money. Many of Mr. Rivarde's pupils have shown great proficiency and talent, and have made the concerts of the club of a greater excellence than most of the public concerts given in the city. It is always a pleasure for a vocalist to sing with an orchestra: it sustains the voice so admirably and supports the singer in every way, and this advantage the members of this club have over all the others.

It remains only to say a word about our madrigal clubs. Of these, unfortunately, there are two where there should be but one. The same lack of unity and the same feelings of jealousy that have disintegrated our oratorio societies have broken the madrigal society into two parts. One half is singing under the direction of Dr. Brown, an eminent homœopathic physician, and besides the madrigals is rehearsing the fine "Antigone" music written by Mendelssohn to the Sophocles tragedy; while the other half, under the leadership of Mr. James A. Johnson, gave on Tuesday evening a concert at Steinway Hall, consisting of an admirably selected programme of these enjoyable fresh vigorous old works.

It will readily be seen from the brief account we have given of our amateur clubs that there is a great deal of musical talent in this city, and that it is crystallizing into forms that will lead to great pleasure for those who participate as well as for those who listen. It is worthy of remark that none of these clubs are led by Americans, which is another evidence of what we said in a former article that people here were simply in a state of pupilage as to music. Most of the clubs we have named have sprung up within a few years, and it is reasonable to suppose that as musical taste is fostered, encouraged, and developed more will follow. The tendency of them all is excellent. They cultivate a taste for a high class of music, they substitute a refined and rational mode of enjoyment for endless dancing parties, they bring people of similar tastes into closer social contact, strengthen the bonds of friendship, and in every way are a help to culture of every kind.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1870.

The Week.

It was Friday before the Senate reached a vote on the bill admitting Virginia, and that only over the prostrate bodies of the Hon. Mr. Porter and Gov. Walker, whom Senators Trumbull and Sumner had in turn "laid out." The bill went to the House with two amendments by Mr. Drake, and one each by Messrs. Wilson and Morton. The House took it up on Monday, and passed it without alteration after a debate, if it can be so called, in which Mr. Butler attempted to air his Republicanism at the expense of Mr. Bingham, but was put to shame by Mr. Farnsworth, speaking for the veterans of the party, and Mr. Logan, on behalf of the neophytes. Miscellaneous business before the Senate has been the census, Mr. Conkling having reported adversely to the scheme on which Mr. Garfield has expended so much labor, and in favor of the old mode of enumeration, with such variations as emancipation and other constitutional changes have made necessary. If the matter were left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, we should regard the adoption of Mr. Garfield's recommendations as morally certain. As it is, we regret the opposition of the Senate Committee, and trust it will not be sustained. On Monday, Mr. Sherman explained his financial measure, but every other speaker had a better to propose. In the House, Mr. Dawes was the subject of general assault on the part of the Pennsylvanians for his homely truths in regard to League Island; but on Monday he brought in undismayed the appropriation bills shorn of nearly three millions. The same parties, with allies from other States, were defeated by more than two to one on the vote to print Commissioner Wells's report; which looks very much as if Mr. Carey's chances of succeeding Mr. Wells were not so good as might be. Mr. Washburn obtained a victory over the Post-Office Committee by getting a special committee appointed to consider his postal-telegraph bill; and as Senator Ramsey has introduced a bill incorporating the company of which Mr. Gardiner Hubbard has been the advocate, there is a prospect of some action in favor of reduced rates and against private monopoly.

The Virginia bill was amended in the Senate by the insertion of conditions, binding members of the Legislature to swear that they had never taken an oath of allegiance to the United States, and afterwards taken part in the rebellion or given aid or comfort to rebels, and prohibiting the State from ever so amending its constitution as to deprive anybody of the right to vote who now possesses it, except as a punishment for crimes under laws equally applicable to all, or so as to deprive anybody of the right to hold office on account of the absence of qualifications not exacted of all, or of school privileges now secured under the constitution. In this shape it went back to the House, and was there passed. The new conditions are of little value, except as expressions of the will of the majority in the Senate. Of course, should the State violate them by changing its constitution, the only remedy would be the exclusion of its members from the Legislature; and whether this remedy would be applied or not would depend on the temper of the majority for the time being in Congress. If it were a Democratic majority, nothing would be done. The only *real* protection for civil rights is one which any man who feels aggrieved can invoke in a court of law; in other words, a provision of the Federal Constitution, "enforced by appropriate legislation." The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments will, therefore, be the negro charter.

The debate in the Senate on Friday was exceedingly acrimonious, Messrs. Sumner and Trumbull having a regular passage of arms before a crowded house. Mr. Trumbull made a set onslaught on the Massachusetts Senator for his whole course about the bill, denouncing him for having asserted that the House and Senate bill were different, when they were essentially, and, indeed, almost literally, the same; for having accused the Judiciary Committee of having refused to receive or hear a deputation of loyal Virginians when considering the bill, when he had the positive assurance of each member of the committee that they had never heard of any such deputation; for having assailed Governor Walker as a "traitor" in the teeth of the strongest testimony as to his loyalty during his past career, and his own disavowal of a report of a speech made in Virginia, in which Mr. Sumner detected evidence of hostility to common schools; for having misrepresented the provisions of the Virginia Constitution with regard to the school system; for having endorsed and cited as an authority a certain not very reputable character, named Porter, as a loyal man; for having absented himself from the vote on the first Reconstruction Act, conferring the suffrage on the blacks; and for having also refrained from voting on the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment. The attack was very severe, and has clearly revealed the existence of fires long pent up. "Impudence," "assurance," "effrontery," and pretence of "infallibility," were amongst the less serious of its charges.

Mr. Sumner replied by expressing regret for the condition of Mr. Trumbull's "heart;" charging him with having been, from first to last, the persistent enemy of the proposition to confer the suffrage on the colored people (Mr. Trumbull has voted for it from the very first bill conferring it); with having written an article defending the doctrine that color might be, under the Constitution of the United States, the qualification of a voter, which, he said, "hereafter every jurist will read with regret and pity" (at present, Mr. Sumner composes the entire school of jurists who doubt it—the faculty of seeing in a written instrument whatever one thinks ought to be in it being one, happily for mankind, which few jurists possess). Mr. Trumbull's course in the Georgia bill, he suggested, was due to a desire on the part of that gentleman "to see the State handed over to the Ku Klux Klan;" and he charged him with "having made himself on that floor the representative of that fiendish organization," and declared that "through him the Ku Klux Klan, with its bloody orgies, seemed about to prevail." To this calm and accurate account of Mr. Trumbull's position in that matter Mr. Sumner added an accusation, to the effect that when Andrew Johnson was "dragged to the bar" by "a just and generous House of Representatives," Mr. Trumbull "found an argument of technicality in favor of the criminal," and his vote "continued the criminal in power."

He then said, in reply to the charge of having failed to vote on the original Reconstruction Act, that it was he who had, in the committee to whom the Reconstruction question was referred, introduced the provision in the bill which conferred the suffrage on all persons, without distinction of color; that he had not claimed credit for it heretofore, but now felt driven to it by the assaults made upon him; that he was absent from the vote on the bill simply through fatigue, but well knowing that his vote was not necessary to its triumph. In support of his statement with regard to the difference between the House and Senate bills, he then quoted Mr. Conkling's language on the previous day, but, we regret to say, after examining the report in the *Globe*, misquoted it, or rather misrepresented it somewhat grossly. He rested his assertion about the treatment of the loyal Virginian deputation by the Judiciary Committee on a citation of a statement made to Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, by one of the deputation; but, while admitting that this testimony was overruled by that of the members of the Judiciary Committee, insinuated that he knew what kind of answer they would have got from Mr. Trumbull *if they had applied*. In support of his assertions about the condition of Virginia, he then read several anonymous letters—one from Hampton, another from Richmond, one from "an old farmer between sixty and seventy years of age." He also read extracts from a report of a violent speech of Governor Walker in the Shenandoah Valley, which, he said, had been supplied to him while he sat at his desk that day, and followed it by a resolution of the Virginian Republican Committee, testifying to "the spotless honor, unwavering loyalty, and unparalleled disinterestedness of Mr. C. H. Porter." As to

the trial of this gentleman before the Military Commission in 1864, "the history of it is well known to the people of Virginia," said the resolution; "but it has not caused them to withdraw their confidence from Mr. Porter."

Mr. Trumbull's argument against the insertion of conditions in the State constitutions is, in substance, that they must be in the nature of things futile, no certain remedy being provided in case of their violation; that, if not futile, they destroy the equal union of the States, by creating two classes of States, the conditioned and the unconditioned—the former inferior to the latter in power and dignity; and that, therefore, in putting an end to the equality of States before the law, a deadly blow is aimed at the national unity, and the door opened to endless attempts on the part of powerful majorities to impose their will on the minority—every word of which must commend itself to every thinking man, and to every man who sees beyond his own nose, which, in the case of an inflamed politician, means beyond the next State election. There is no safety for the nation but in the subjection of all to a common yoke, the same in Virginia as in New York. The best thing that can be said for the Virginia conditions is, that they are only to take effect on the occurrence of improbable contingencies; and that the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment will soon render them useless, even in the eyes of those who composed them. Mr. Wells, the late Governor of Virginia, and the defeated Radical candidate in the late election, who may fairly be supposed to know something about the condition of the State, has written an admirable letter on the subject, which was read by Mr. Trumbull in the debate, in one paragraph of which he says:

"We have arrived, it seems to me, at a stage in the work of Reconstruction when it is utterly idle to attempt the correction of any evil which may exist here by a longer denial of Federal representation to the State. No Conservative or Democrat will be made a Republican; no bitterness will be assuaged, no ostracism be abated, nor any spirit of amnesty be encouraged, or oblivion for the past be secured by either an exclusion of the State or individuals from any of the rights which belong to the most favored of States or citizens. Whether such desirable results were ever likely to be secured by test-oaths and disfranchisements or not, it is certain they can have no such operation from this time forward."

Mississippi, a State where hitherto, from the days when its bottom lands were first settled, down to the days of General Gillem, the negro has been of as little importance as anywhere else in the world outside of a slaver, has just sent to Washington the first colored United States Senator. He is a Mr. Revels, a mulatto, who is said to be a man of good character and fair ability. He goes to complete a term, and will stay about a year. For the term ending in 1875, General Ames is elected, and for that ending in 1877, General Alcorn. General Ames's election is the fulfilment of a Democratic prediction, which we had not been believing would come true; but it has, and we know, certainly, of no reason, so far as concerns General Ames's character, why we should not acquiesce willingly. But we confess to a sort of unwillingness that any man who has so much arbitrary power in a State as the General, who commands it as a military district, should obtain the highest prize which the State, as a civil organization, has within its gift. What is the effect of such elections on the mind of the average Southerner?

Elsewhere, the South offers no news of political interest. It is, perhaps, not necessary for us to advise our readers not to give themselves too much uneasiness about the fortunes of the Mr. Bryant of whom the Georgia telegrams have had so much to tell us recently. He belongs to a class of devoted friends of Reconstruction who are abundantly able to take excellent care of their own interests. His friends praise him as a man of probity and courage, an enlightened statesman, a disinterested friend of the negro, and as being otherwise worthy of the confidence and admiration of good Republicans. To which his enemies reply, that all this was in some previous state of existence, and that, so far as our age knows him, he is a man of very slender abilities, and not of lion-like courage, who, no doubt, will pursue politics in Georgia as long as politics in Georgia afford him a not too laborious means of subsistence. He was once, some six years ago, an officer in a Maine regiment, which he left, before it had seen much service, to recruit for a colored regiment, of which, however, he did not obtain command, and since then he has lived in Augusta, and latterly has had politics for a profession. Nothing of importance is to be expected of him—nothing, we think, at once very bad and important, and nothing important and good. His prominence speaks ill for the intellectual capacity of the Republican portion of the Georgia Legislature; but we suppose him to be morally the equal, if not the superior, of Governor Bullock, whom he is now fighting. He seems to have the aid of the moderate Democrats in this warfare, but how the negroes will finally declare themselves is not known. As interesting as any of the non-political news from the South, is the statement that, during the eight weeks ending on December 31, the number of persons passing through Memphis, from Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, and East Tennessee, on their way, most of them, to Arkansas, was no less than 3,175. Most of them have some means, and are leaving poor farms for richer land. About 400 of them go to Texas, and all speak of many more who will follow them.

The mode in which the Georgia Legislature is being organized has come up for discussion in the House, on an enquiry as to the authority under which a board of military officers appointed by General Terry were acting in determining the qualifications of the members. General Butler said that they were following the precedent set by General Meade when the first Legislature was summoned; but in this General Butler is mistaken. What General Meade did was to apply to the Judiciary and Reconstruction Committees of the House, both of which contained some of the most advanced Radicals of the present age—Mr. Boutwell, for one—for instructions on this point, and they both telegraphed to him that the Legislature was the proper judge of the qualifications of its own members; and they were right. A legislature the members of which are selected or sifted by a military board is a mockery and a delusion. The very spectacle of such an organization is more demoralizing to the people who witness it, we venture to say, than ten years of simple military government would be. However, it may safely be said that the worst is now over. The debate and vote on the Virginia bill, and Mr. Wells's letter, show clearly that the sentiment of the country has set too strongly against continued coercion as a means of restoring the Union to make longer persistence in it possible, and we shall probably, as soon as we get rid of the Georgia scrape, see no more of it.

In South Carolina, however, the white officials are reported to be throwing aside all show of respect for their negro constituents, and are ceasing to invite colored persons to their parties and receptions. An indictment has also been found against the manager of the Opera at Charleston for refusing to admit whites and blacks promiscuously to the boxes; but the trial has been postponed till May, when the opera season will be over. It is conceded that his obeying the law would ruin him, as the whites would all withdraw, and negro patronage is not sufficient to keep an opera going in Charleston. At the same time, the State Superintendent of Education has recommended the assignment of separate schools to the children of the two races—another sign, not of the revival of white prejudice, for that has never declined, but of the rising political importance of the white element in the population. We have felt all along that this was sure to come, that the political arrangements made by the Reconstruction process were too artificial to last, and that, the pressure of Federal power once removed, society and politics at the South would rearrange themselves according to the training and character of the people, and that the negroes would have in the long run to *win* social consideration and political *weight* by their own energy, and ability, and skill. This, of course, makes the reorganization of Southern society on the basis of natural right and justice a long process; but Southern society labors under no peculiar disability in this respect. All societies and all races have had or will have the same sorrowful story to tell. Caste feeling cannot be wholly destroyed by the growing enlightenment of the upper class; most of the work has to be done by the lower class; and the part of Government in the transformation is the provision of a fair field for all.

In the meantime, we trust charitable Northern people will not suppose that all necessity for caring for the blacks is now over. There is not a State in the South in which there will be for years any frank or hearty disposition on the part of the whites to assist in educating the colored population, or assisting in any way in their mental and moral development. No colleges will be provided for them, and it will be fortunate if they even get the benefit of a good common-school system. It will, therefore, be no easy matter for them to achieve social equality and that real political power which is made up of wealth and intelligence. Northern people who want to help them, therefore, would do well to give to the schools which some admirable Northern men and women are conducting for their benefit, not only the sums which go to pay for lectures on "the sin of caste," but whatever else they can afford. To one of these—an industrial school, with a farm attached, under the superintendence of General Armstrong, at Hampton, Va.—we have already called attention. It is doing excellent work, but under great difficulties, and without getting, or being likely to get, a particle of help from the State. Every intelligent colored farmer, mechanic, or teacher it turns out, we may rely on it, is worth more to the negro race than ten courses of lyceum lectures on the Rights of Man or the Jurisprudence of Utopia.

The New York Democrats, in recalling the State's ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, would seem to have given one more proof that the Democracy of the Empire State may be very sharp managers in local politics, but that they are as fit to shape the party's national policy as the Democracy of the State of Delaware. In fact, their complete ascendancy in this city and Brooklyn makes them either blind or indifferent to the interests of the party at large; or else they are getting too entirely under the control of the ignorant and vicious horde of voters whom they have used all these years, and who now choose to use them. The Amendment is on the point of adoption—and this whether or not we are to count the ratification of New York or that of Indiana. In the latter State, as our readers recollect, the Democratic members of the Legislature defeated, or tried to defeat, the Amendment through a trick. But now both those States may be dispensed with. The Democrats of Ohio, too, overreached themselves in their action in this matter, and did so twice. First, they rescinded the ratifying vote, and thus cumbered themselves with a "record" that will do them harm, and make right action in the future more difficult and success more doubtful; and, secondly, in the last election, indulging a hope of drawing off Republican votes in Cincinnati, they shared nominations with a certain small clique of disaffected Republicans. But they carried the city and county by their own proper votes, their Republican allies casting but a beggarly number; and to the three or four Cincinnati Republicans elected by Democratic ballots we owe the renewed ratification by Ohio. It is from the South, apparently, that the Democracy is to get its leaders. When secession came, the brains seem to have gone out of it—either into the Republican party or into rebellion.

The detailed account of the Noir murder and the proceedings consequent on it in the Corps Législatif, show the ministry in even a more favorable light than we last week ventured to look for. The funeral was an immense demonstration, but care was taken not to interfere with it in any way, or to make any show of force with regard to it. It was only when it was all over, and the mischievous element in the crowd formed itself into an immense and noisy procession and marched down the Champs Élysées with threatening cries, that it was confronted and dispersed by a small body of cavalry with the aid of a sharp shower of rain—Rochefort, who was at its head, being allowed to pass on quietly. The language of Rochefort in the Chamber, in his interpellation of the Minister, was that of a rather silly rowdy. He wanted to have Pierre Bonaparte "judged by the population themselves," because Noir, the murdered man, "was a child of the people;" enquired "whether they were living under Bonapartes or Borgias;" and finally "called upon all citizens to arm and administer justice themselves." M. Ollivier's reply was perfectly firm, straightforward, and sensible. He said the Prince should be tried according to the law of the land as it stood, and not according to anybody's view of what the law ought to be; that the propriety of having an exceptional tribunal for members of the Imperial family was a question for ulterior consideration; that in the meantime he, "faithful to democratic principles, would subject both great and small to the justice of the country." The "High Court," before which the Prince is to be tried, is composed of three or four of the ordinary judges, and a jury made of members of the councils-general of the different departments. The councils-general are composed of local magnates, landed proprietors, manufacturers, and other persons of means or position. The constitution of the court, indeed, is such as to render a fair trial far more likely than if the prisoner were arraigned before a Paris jury, where the excitement is at fever heat, and the whole population divided into two hostile camps.

It seems that after all Cardinal Schwartzenberg has summoned up courage to sign the protest, which it was believed at first he would decline to sign, against the Pope's method of dealing with the bishops, and that a considerable number of the German and French members of the Council are really roused so far as to be ready to go home if certain concessions are not made to them in the matter of freedom of speech and of reading. We say "it seems," because it is really impossible to trust implicitly to any account of the Council's doings. Cardinal Mathieu has gone back to Paris, it is said, in disgust, and the difficulties which are springing up around the prelates of the more advanced communities, owing to the Pope's designs against literature, science, and modern ideas, are believed to be daily increasing. The Pope appears to be quite unconscious of the appearance some of the positions announced in his Syllabus wear in the darker parts of the earth, and his pretensions as to his own position in the Church are raising the question, What is the use of the bishops, and why ever call a Council?

The latest news of the Russian plans with regard to Central Asia is both curious and interesting. The Russians are slowly, but carefully and surely, pushing forward their outposts in that direction, and unquestionably to the great advantage of civilization; but their great object now, it is announced, is to develop in that region the cultivation of cotton, so as to make Russian manufacturers independent of America. The advantage of that market would be not only that it would be cheap, but that Russia would have an absolute monopoly of it, it being over her soil only that Central Asian products would have any outlet. The first thing to be done, however, is to open easy means of communication. It is now a two months' journey from Moscow to Turkestan; longer still for caravans. It is therefore proposed, and Russian engineers are actually making surveys for the purpose, to turn the Amu Daria, which now flows into the Sea of Aral, back into the old bed, through which, in ancient times, it ran into the Caspian. This would give water communication from Moscow almost to the foot of the Himalayas. The other difficulties in the way of commerce which the Russian Government have under consideration are monetary or social. The coins used in Turkestan are unknown in Russia and inconvertible at home; and there are, of course, no banks. Then a firm at Moscow, sending out a venture, cannot expect to turn their money over in less than a year, or get news of it in less than four months, and the incessant political disturbances in those regions cause sudden and enormous fluctuations in the value of goods from week to week. The exports to Russia are almost entirely cotton, but this trade is kept down also by the trader's uncertainty, after buying at Tashkend, as to what he may find the price when he gets to Moscow. Moreover, the petty chiefs have preserved the mediæval custom of levying tolls on merchants, and the St. Petersburg *Golos* tells of one trader who, on his way home from India, through Afghanistan, was made to pay toll eighteen times between Peshawur and Karshi. The worst of it is that these potentates have no more notion that there is anything illegitimate in this than Mr. Boutwell has that there is anything discreditable in his customs receipts. The work before Russia is, it will thus be easily seen, an immense one, but a more beneficent one no nation has ever undertaken.

A POLITICAL NUISANCE.

If it is true that there comes a moment in battle when the best general, after putting his last man into the fight, can do nothing more, but must stand still and wait the event, it seems as though General Grant might, in the present condition of things, at least feel a melancholy satisfaction in tracing the analogy between the art of government and the art of war. It happened, too, more than once during the rebellion, that his most elaborate plans were upset by friends or enemies, and he was left to struggle along as he best could to the end, with only his faculty of silent endurance to rely upon. Politically, he is already in a very similar situation. He met Congress with a plan of joint action—a plan neither so bold nor so liberal as it might have been, but still his own, such as it was. The struggle of conflicting interests in Congress has already caused a scene of confusion, in the midst of which it is impossible to decide who is losing or who is gaining ground; but it is tolerably evident that the new President, whatever may be his good-will or anxiety, must sit, with his Cabinet, and look on, but is neither likely to be obeyed nor listened to should he undertake to do more.

This is the part of the Virginia transaction which is best worth comment. Every one knows the situation of Virginia. Whether as a constitutional, or social, or partisan question, the argument is, to say the least, somewhat threadbare. Most persons are probably a good deal surprised to find it again filling the press and stirring up another storm in the Senate, and it is safe to say that few persons expected such a result less than the President himself when he penned the business-like paragraph in his Message relating to the subject. He had, as he supposed, avoided his predecessor's mistake of having a policy in opposition to Congress, and he had escaped the danger of a disagreement by adopting the Congressional plan of Reconstruction, executing without favor a scheme in which every one appeared to acquiesce. The House of Representatives sustained him and agreed to follow his lead. It is true there was a struggle; but the Administration was in the end fairly and frankly sustained. No sooner, however, does the Senate take up the subject than it becomes perfectly clear that General Grant is but little better off in 1870 than Andrew Johnson in 1865. The same difficulties arise, and the old wounds bleed afresh. Any one who has labored through or over the late debates in the Senate, as published in the *Globe*, can scarcely be in a condition to form any sensible conclusion in regard to them. His mind will lose its elasticity under such a weight of bad law, bad logic, and bad temper, and such intolerable iteration of commonplace ideas. Yet, even in its most stupefied state, the reader's brain must be conscious of a glimmering spark of curiosity to know what is the secret of all the words thus wasted. One searches painfully for a clue. What was the Senate driving at? It certainly did not want to keep Virginia out of the Union. This is not urged. It is equally certain that no conditions or "understandings" will give the Government any more control over the State than it now has and always must have by virtue of the precedent it has already established in the case of Georgia. There seems in common sense to be only one alternative to letting Virginia in; which is, to keep her out. As Hallam somewhere says about the controversy of the Real Presence, in the nature of things there could be but two opinions on the subject; for what *can* be predicated concerning a body in its relation to a given space, but presence and absence? The Senate has discovered a third predicate, and the most important of all—its own predominant power, and its determination to make that power felt.

It is, no doubt, slightly immoral to make fun of individuals who believe themselves to be inspired by a great principle; but to a person who believes with equal energy that the only great principle involved in the present instance is the very mischievous principle that the Senate means to reassert and maintain at any cost its hold upon power, its initiative in every branch of administration—that it intends to gratify on every possible occasion its mania for humiliating the President, and guiding the lower House, or deluding it with the notion that it is itself the driver—there is apt to appear something very ridiculous in the reasons given by senators for showing their self-importance and their individual power. There is in some of them a degree of *naïveté*—a simple unconsciousness of their own ruling passion—an untutored awkwardness in concealing their weakness—which is an irresistible attraction, and a never-ending amusement to the spectator. The debate on Virginia has proved rich in this sort of harvest. Senators were driven to their wits' end for reasons to justify their course. They swept the gutters for arguments, and each man's reasoning seems to be an unconscious imitation and almost a burlesque of himself. In some cases this is certainly not so obvious as in others, and the reason is evident. There are characters in the world which are themselves by nature very near a burlesque, and usually ridiculous. But there are others which are not so near the ground. Mr. Sumner, for example, has a magnificent history. He has dealt with great ideas, which, so long as he sticks to them, will always hold him up, but which are dangerous and slippery when abused. Perhaps the most dramatically effective scene Mr. Sumner could have arranged would have been his rising before an astonished Senate, a month ago, and announcing that the time of violence had passed, and that he, with his grand confidence in human nature and democratic progress, was also determined to throw military government to the dogs, and trust to the slow but healthy processes of natural development in the reconstructed States. Had he then, with his usual classical research, closed with, *Hic victor cestus artemque repono*, or *Lenit albescens animos capillus*, or *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*, or some other appropriate text, taken like these from the less familiar Latin authors, he would have sat down the most popular and perhaps the most powerful man in the United States. But such a happy delivery is not in the style of great senators. With a degree of gravity worthy of old days, when he was almost alone in the assertion of great principles in the Senate, he announced to mankind that the Governor lately elected by the people of Virginia was a "pivot;" that the pivot had spoken disrespectfully of something which Mr. Sumner declared to be the New England common-school system; that the New England common-school system was the pride and glory of his constituents; and that, until the people of Virginia were taught by the Senate that their Governor must admire everything that was admired by Mr. Sumner's constituents, they must be kept under police supervision. This is no exaggeration of the character of Mr. Sumner's remarks. If they seem ridiculous, the ridicule is his own. All we can be charged with is an attempt to supply a little logic, a matter in regard to which Mr. Sumner is apt to be a trifle negligent. The whole strain of Mr. Sumner's remarks is pitched in the same falsetto—a burlesque of himself. In the effort to show a respectable reason or excuse for wielding the whole power of the Senate—for snubbing the President, the Cabinet, and the House of Representatives—for assuming the charge of administration and legislation at once—Mr. Sumner travesties himself, and turns the noble common-school system of New England into a caricature of his old appeals to the moral force of liberty.

It would be interesting to know what the President thinks of the progress of his campaign. It is best to believe that he feels flattered by the treatment he received in the person of his Attorney-General, and that he entirely coincides with the Senate in breaking down what no one in these days has yet dared to call "his policy" of Reconstruction. He is probably gratified, too, when so sober and sensible a person as Mr. Dawes is led away by the same spirit to make an attack on the Administration, which is absolutely unjustifiable unless Mr. Dawes had taken every means to verify it, and given the amplest private notice to the officials he attacked. The old spirit of nagging the Executive is still so powerful as to mislead even a man like Mr. Dawes into gratuitous attacks in a place where he knows that the Administration can only defend itself at a serious disadvantage. This spirit grows out of vanity and ostentation, just as much in the legislature as a body as in individual legislators, and is just as much of a nuisance.

THE PUBLIC CREDIT.

The reason why American securities stand lower in the money markets of the world than those of any other power, except Turkey and Egypt—two semi-barbarous Mussulman states—lower than even those of the Argentine Republic, is a very interesting topic of discussion, particularly just now, when we want to convert our debt, at a

reduced rate of interest. It is confidently believed by many persons, Mr. Sumner and the Secretary of the Treasury amongst the number, that, if we can only manage to withdraw from the market our present nominal six per cent. bonds, on which, at present prices, holders actually receive seven per cent., we can induce Englishmen and Dutchmen, who refuse to hold our present bonds at less than seven per cent., to buy from $1,200,000,000 to $1,500,000,000 of the new ones, paying from four to five per cent. On what this expectation is based, neither these gentlemen, however, nor anybody else, has ever ventured to say. Our issuing a bond and agreeing to pay four per cent. interest on it will not make it a four per cent. bond. No matter what figures it may bear on its face, buyers will estimate its value in their own way, and will only take it at a price which will make the interest sufficiently high to cover what they consider the risk of holding it. In other words, there is not the slightest reason for believing that, if we issued a four per cent. bond to-morrow, we could sell it in London or Amsterdam at any figure which would give the buyer less than seven per cent. on the investment—that is to say, we should have to submit to a discount of about forty per cent. on it. This is not pleasant, but it has to be looked in the face. It must be admitted, too, that it is puzzling, in the teeth of the fact that every Northern State is rapidly reducing its indebtedness; that the country is growing at an unparalleled rate in wealth and resources; that our national obligations have thus far been promptly met, and that there is every year a large surplus in the Treasury, and that Congress has confirmed in the most solemn manner the national obligation to pay the national debt in coin, and still more recently has emphatically rebuked all talk of repudiation. On the surface there is, indeed, no such investment in the world as United States bonds. But Europeans distrust them evidently. Why do they do so?

Sir Curtis Lampson ascribes it, in a recent letter to the London *Times*, to the history of the Erie Railroad, in which the monstrous revelation has been made that a gang of scoundrels can take possession of one of the greatest lines of communication in the country, and secure the connivance and support of the Legislature, the Governor, and the courts in cheating the creditors and stockholders of the company, and can even secure the aid of the United States Assistant Treasurer in bulling the gold market and plunging the commercial community into confusion. Unquestionably this has produced a profound impression abroad. Nothing scares money-lenders so much as the belief that the courts of justice of a country are not to be depended on; and, what is nearly as bad, that the bar is not to be depended on; and that this impression has got abroad about the bar of New York is a very disagreeable truth, and for its spread the bar itself is to blame. The total silence and apparent acquiescence and participation of New York lawyers in the recent judicial scandals, have furnished matter for astonishment and worse to their legal brethren and the general public of other countries.

But then the Erie frauds are only one of the causes which are injuring American credit abroad. Like most other phenomena of the same class, it has several. Of these others, one of the most powerful is the condition of the *Alabama* question. There is in the facts of the case nothing very alarming to a capitalist. Great Britain has, to all intents and purposes, acknowledged her liability for the damage done to American commerce by cruisers fitted out in her ports; and this damage is computable, and does not amount in the aggregate to a very large sum. But the persistent way in which the moral side of the quarrel is dwelt on by the United States opens up a field of controversy which is in its very nature immeasurable—the limits or outlets of which nobody can see. If a man claims damages for the burning of his house, it is easy to calculate what will satisfy his claim; but if he says he wants satisfaction for wounds to his honor or feelings, no looker-on has any means of judging how the quarrel will end. Moreover, there is to the European mind something alarming in the pertinacity with which the discussion about the date of the belligerency proclamation is kept up, even by Mr. Fish, who acknowledges that the issue of the proclamation was a discretionary act; and with which even he avoids saying what it is he seeks in settlement of the dispute.

This avoidance by the new Administration of a definition of the nature of the satisfaction expected, coupled with the newspaper rumors which come from Washington that the hope of a cession of the British possessions on this continent is privately cherished in political circles, naturally gives the political horizon a cloudy look, and makes European capitalists turn to other fields of investment than the United States. We have no doubt that a frank statement by Mr. Fish of the kind and degree of atonement which the United States expects for the injuries received from England during the war would have a very favorable effect on the public credit, even if it was not considered reasonable. There is nothing which creates more distrust than what appears to be a desire to keep a quarrel open; and to this imputation an offended party always exposes himself when he refuses to say what he wants. A definite claim once made, the ground is at least laid for a compromise.

Another circumstance which affects our credit unfavorably in Europe is the impression of instability of policy created by the dealings of the House with the public credit, and of the Senate with the St. Thomas treaty. The late votes of the House in support of the public credit do not produce as much effect abroad as they ought, because they are not looked on as the expressions of a fixed determination or settled conviction. It is not forgotten that the same men who voted that the public debt should be paid in coin, and repudiated Mr. Mungen's advocacy of bad faith, a few short months previously voted with General Butler to reduce the interest on the public debt, and that a very large portion of the Republican party in the House have passed almost absolutely under the leadership of that remarkable statesman, and are ready for anything he may propose, and he has taken every pains to give the world to know that he does not consider the public creditor a person deserving of much consideration.

The conduct of the Senate in the St. Thomas matter, too, is taken to indicate a decline on the part of that body of the sense of corporate obligation—and even of the sense of national continuity—and has infused into the minds of many foreigners a doubt as to where the seat of political responsibility in this community lies. There are three branches of the organized government, and behind these there is the people, and if each of the four feels itself at full liberty to stand on its rights, and repudiate regular engagements made with foreigners, simply because made by unpopular agents, foreigners ask, With whom is it safe to treat? A foolish question, perhaps, but still a fact. And then, besides all these, there is the growing suspicion throughout Europe of the state of things which Mr. C. F. Adams, jr., has described in the last number of the *North American Review*, and which may be briefly described by saying that there is a conflict going on between the great moneyed corporations and our political system, in which the political system is getting the worst of it, and that what the result will be nobody yet knows. The corporations are well organized, composed of the ablest men in the nation, have "perfect machinery of combination and perpetuity," and employ the best agents they can get, pay them highly, and stimulate their zeal in every mode that experience of human nature can suggest. Their antagonist is an unwieldy body, the personnel of which not only changes from year to year, but consists, under the caucus system and "rotation," of very ordinary men, very poorly paid, and in constant anxiety about their future, under no sort of discipline, and slenderly influenced by either habits or tradition. That they are an easy prey to their powerful foe is no wonder.

These are, of course, not pleasant things to say; but then the facts we are trying to describe are not pleasant, and they have nevertheless to be weighed by thoughtful men. For our own part, we doubt if the public mind has ever since the foundation of the Government been in healthier condition in all that concerns the public credit than it is at this moment. The people have not shown, under the most tremendous pressure, the slightest sign of flinching from their responsibilities. There is no debt in the world, we venture to say, which rests on so sound and sure a basis as the debt of this country; and we doubt if a more hopeful phenomenon has ever been witnessed in political history than the rapidity with which a true appreciation of the condition of credit, and of the value of it, has been diffused through the commu-

nity by mere discussion during the last three or four years. The difficulty now is that the organized mode of expressing the popular will on the great questions of the day is singularly imperfect, owing, as we have often said already, to the rise into power and influence, through the events of the war, of a class of statesmen whose whole political experience and ability lie in the stimulation of emotion, and who are wanting in the habits of mind, as well as the kind of knowledge, which the business of a great nation absolutely requires. There will have to be an overhauling of our legislative and administrative machinery, we may depend upon it, before we go much further; and many worthy as well as unworthy men, who have done good service in their day, will have to yield the field to others perhaps in some ways less respectable, but in most ways more useful.

EDITORIAL PERSPECTIVE.

It has sometimes been thought by persons of a reforming turn of mind that a great improvement might be made in journalism by the omission from the columns of newspapers of all editorial discussion. If newspapers, it has been said, were confined strictly to their proper function of collecting and distributing the news of the day, it is highly probable that, as newspapers, they would be greatly improved; while the loss to the public of the lucubrations of the publicists and philosophers who discuss the topics of the day, in large type, on page 4, would not be very great. The two functions, it has been urged—the editor's and the reporter's—are really incompatible, from the fact that the interest of the latter in the journal with which he is connected is strictly scientific, while that of the former is purely practical. The business of the reporter, of the correspondent, of the "commissioner," is simply the business of minute and at the same time comprehensive enquiry; while that of the editor is generally the furtherance of some practical scheme—such as the extinction of slavery, the extension of the suffrage, the acquisition of territory, the depression or the advance of shares in the capital stock of "some great national enterprise," located in the neighborhood of the editor's native town. It must be evident to the meanest intellect that the practical turn which invariably characterizes the editor is likely to work sad havoc among the facts scientifically collated and presented for his consideration by the reporter. For example, the latter, after diligent enquiry on the market-place, comes to the conclusion that Mariposa or Pacific Mail is not so likely to rise as to fall; that its liabilities far exceed its assets; that it does not declare dividends; and that the financiers who control its operations are received with the eye of suspicion by the business community. But the editor, to whom these facts are communicated, "believes in" Mariposa or Pacific Mail, as the case may be, and, accordingly, in large type, on page 4, we find the well-known article beginning, "There are always some persons in every community who are ready, on the slightest occasion, to backbite and slander; and, therefore, we have not been surprised at seeing, in late issues of some of our contemporaries, malignant allusions and misstatements, evidently designed to injure the financial reputation of a great enterprise," etc., etc., and ending, "In conclusion, we can only say that we have always believed, and shall always continue to believe, in the final success of this great undertaking, the desperate sneers of those who have *taken stock in rival projects* to the contrary notwithstanding." Of course, the tendency of the reporter, after the appearance of this editorial, is to take his cue from it, and to paint in much more glowing colors the condition and prospects of Mariposa or Pacific Mail. And so it is perpetually. The moment the facts of a case become disagreeable to an editor, from that moment the facts as they appear in his non-editorial columns undergo a metamorphosis. By some means or other, the facts and the journal's preconceptions of them must accord with each other, and in the process it is generally the facts which suffer. The reporter's nature is an exceedingly sensitive one, and the expression of editorial opinion acts upon it with a sudden and irresistible power. As the warmth of the sun in spring opens the teeming earth, so does an editorial of the right sort bring to the surface of his mind a thousand happy fancies, which sprout and bud into approved facts; while not the bitter cold of winter itself is more potent to congeal the fruitful soil than is a leading article of another kind to freeze into icy silence the sources of his information. Soon he learns instinctively what to disclose, what to hide away, when to report broadly, when to hint a doubt, where openly to deny. In short, he is no longer a reporter, but a retained attorney for the prosecution of the editor's pet schemes. Hence the complaint that newspapers are not trustworthy, and the proposed reform. Separate the editorial function from the other, and there will be no conflict. If we could only have newspapers which simply professed to give the news, we might begin to get some glimmering of truth from them.

Perhaps, some day or other, this may take place, though we very much doubt it, for man's love of power is a natural and a strong one, and the journalist is very unlikely to care to surrender his double authority of distribution of news and public exhorter so long as he can help it. All the news comes to him in the ordinary course of events, and shall he not say his say about it? Shall he yield that most delightful of all human opportunities to another? Not if he knows it, probably. But suppose he does abdicate. Does any one fondly imagine that, by the extrusion from newspapers of the editorial part, the desired result of a perfect "newspaper" would be the result? Far from it; the selection of news is as difficult as any part of the work, and for such work we not only seem to have among us few competent minds, but, worse than this, the tendency of all newspaper training seems to be to take away whatever natural fitness nature may have originally provided. What is wanted is, in one word, a sense of perspective. In order to select and arrange news, the first thing for a journalist is to be able to distinguish between what is important and what is unimportant, what is true and what is false, what ought to be given to the world and what to the fire. The popular impression is that news comes to newspapers as rain and sunshine do to the earth, without any unpleasant human exertion whatever, and all the journalist has to do when he goes down to his office is to print whatever the bountiful hand of Providence has sent to the shop. But the fact, as the professional reader will readily agree, is quite otherwise. What he really does is to survey an immense field of fact, rumor, and fancy, and to make a "composition" of it, throwing into relief what touches, or ought to touch, the public most nearly, and keeping in the shade what is doubtful, irrelevant, or in its nature private. The effect is completely in his power. The difference between brevier and bourgeois is the difference between an audience of fifty and an audience of fifty thousand. The sensational lines at the head of a column make what is printed below them the town-talk; the omission of them remits the whole matter to obscurity. Better still, the total omission of all mention of a particular topic ensures entire oblivion. The journalist's right to his title, then, depends altogether upon his sense of perspective. If he puts the unimportant news in the foreground and the important news out of sight, he has no right to exist.

And yet this distortion of perspective is what some of the gentlemen who conduct the daily press seem to consider their charter of success. To prove what we say, let us point out two or three most signal instances. There is, as most of our readers must be painfully aware, a column of telegrams from Europe in every issue of the daily papers, which editors are accustomed to refer to as furnishing the latest "foreign intelligence." One of the chief occupations of the Associated Press agent who sends these despatches, a short time since, was sending over the Cable every morning a long extract from the London *Times* leader on French affairs. The extracts were generally to the point, that, unless somebody did something pretty soon, somebody else was more than likely to do something he had not yet done. There seemed no reason for sending them; they were neither wise nor witty nor especially well written. They were ordinary *Times* editorials on foreign affairs, such as come out every morning in London, and attract no one's attention. They were not half as entertaining to us as extracts from the *Tribune's* foreign editorials would be to those on the other side; the latter would be suggestive, at all events, and in more ways than one. Yet these extracts were solemnly printed, day after day, in our leading journals, as containing news of the first importance. But, strange as all this was, how much stranger when the whole thing was one fine morning stopped! If they had ever been important, they had not ceased to be so. If they had never been important, why had the confiding public been imposed upon?

A more remarkable case was the celebrated Curtis-Churchill nose-pulling affray in Boston, last fall. Two gentlemen riding in the cars have an altercation, and one pulls the other's nose. Surely this is a strictly private affair, with which the public has no concern. Yet mark the result. The nose-puller is tried for assault and battery, and the Boston newspapers at once elevate the trial to the rank of a *cause célèbre*. A trivial encounter in a railroad-car is painted by the journalistic instructors of mankind as another episode in the long battle between tyranny and liberty, the prosecution of Curtis becomes "a manly blow struck for the right," and Churchill finds himself a martyr. The walls are rent, the graves open, and the lights burn blue. It turns out that Curtis is a "Beacon Street aristocrat," and his assault an attempt to "establish caste." One would have said, to read

the Boston papers, that New England was on the eve of a social uprising.

The other day, when Mrs. McFarland-Richardson was plunged in the deepest affliction by events of which everybody had been informed through the enterprise of the daily press, a reporter was sent to Boston to see her, and report for the journal with which he was connected her condition and feelings. In this he failed; but not to be baffled, he set about discovering whom he might interview, and his memory recalled to him the name of Fisk, Jr. Fisk, it is true, lives in New York, but Mrs. Fisk lives in Boston, and there had been stories of matrimonial difficulties between the two. The reporter straightway rings Mrs. Fisk's bell, and proceeds to take down what she may have to say on her relations with her husband. Next day, as usual, the public is regaled with full particulars of the conversation. But the most astounding illustration of the want of a sense of moral and intellectual perspective in the very class whose business it is to put the events of the day before the public in their true relations to other events, has been furnished within the past few weeks by the Cooke case. The Rev. Horace Cooke, an obscure Methodist minister, elopes with an utterly unknown school-girl, leaving behind him a wife and family. A case can hardly be imagined in which the public have as little interest as this, to say nothing of the exquisite cruelty to the families involved in publicity. Quite otherwise did it seem to the editorial eye. The story is raked out in all its disgusting details; column after column is devoted to a discussion of the crime; Cooke's history is given; the causes which led to his sin are analyzed; and the whole country is scoured for *mêmoires pour servir*. A petty scandal swells to the dimensions of a public calamity. Cooke favors the public with a card, and assaults an editor, and the reporter of the *Tribune* interviews Mrs. Cooke—no other being admitted—(private and exclusive information about *her* feelings only to be found in the columns of that great daily). What an odd condition the editorial eye must be in when metropolitan papers have come to this!

FRANCE.—THE NEW REVOLUTION.

PARIS, January 7, 1870.

THE importance of what has passed and is passing is simply incalculable. It is a revolution, and the greatest one that has been witnessed since that of July, 1830.

A few words will prove this: After the exhaustion of France by the sanguinary and tyrannical rule of the first Napoleon, she fell into a mixed state, half of anxiety for freedom, half of lethargy. Louis XVIII., had he lived, would have led France into a really liberal and safe constitutionalism of the British type. A narrow-minded, foolish, bigoted prince ascended the throne, and the real work of compression began. From 1826 to 1830 it was the same form of compression that we have suffered from for eighteen years under Louis Napoleon. It was not the active, aggressive tyranny that Italy and Hungary, for instance, writhed under while Austria reigned supreme in both Milan and Pesth—it was not cruel, it was stupefying. There was just the sort of difference which the law makes between poisoning and any more violent shape of murder. Extinction of life was the result in both cases, but it was less horrible and ghastly in one case than in the other.

Well, I repeat it, from 1826 to 1830, the attempt to extinguish the nation was actively pursued: it was pursued by religious bigotry and by civil persecution. The intelligence and the aspirations of the younger and more generous and nobler of the community were sought to be stifled: that was the object of Government. Those who governed were afraid of those whom they governed. They said daily and hourly to themselves: "If these are thoroughly free to think, speak, write, and act as they choose, we are lost."

Against this it was that the youth of France rose up in rebellion during the three days of 1830. It was in the name of its right to be and to assert itself that the nation put forth its strength, and with one effort swept all before it. On the day after the 29th of July, 1830, in France everything was changed, radically so. Then, for eighteen years, Louis Philippe went on, showing in his mode of reigning that he had but half understood the movement that had brought him to the throne. Still, as it was against no positive fact, against no despotic aggression, that the *faubourgs* rose in 1848, but only against the spirit in which the institutions of the country were applied, the insurrection of February produced no radical change. A reigning family was expelled, and there was for some days a good deal of popular agitation everywhere, but no radical change was ever produced by the Revolution of 1848. During the Republic, France went on as she had done for the last twenty years, and would have continued "going on" in that fashion, neither better nor worse; but when Louis Napoleon had been president for three years he could not subsist without a total alteration of circumstances. His positive necessity was corruption, therefore tyranny. He must have money. There was the true solution of the enigma. The choice lay between his own existence and a very monstrous political crime: he chose the latter. By the *coup d'état* of 1851 Louis Napoleon simply replaced France in the period between 1826 and 1830. After the first excesses of repression, which were brutal enough, the Emperor Napoleon III. sought to repress the country as gently as possible. "C'est un bon tyran," used to say Victor Cousin, who personally liked him. "C'est la douceur même!" said all those who approached him; and the thing is true. He is a man of peace and dreamy meditation, and all violence annoys and upsets him; but as his necessities were bound up with a system of corruption to which no free country could possibly consent, why, he was obliged to sit upon France; and so he did, deliberately and as benignly as he could. Everything the Empire gave France was falsified. It gave her universal suffrage, and adulterated it; liberty of conscience, and adulterated it—all manner of apparent gifts, but all were poisoned. The net result was, a complete return to the stupefying, brutifying state of the last years of Charles X.

Against this, little by little, sullenly (if you will, peacefully), but doggedly and unremittingly, the nation has for the last three years protested; not actually rebelled or risen, but protested in all the ways that were allowed to it. The Emperor, who had for eighteen years compressed France under the *fac-simile* of the latest Bourbon rule, has now re-enacted the July Revolution; and as France found herself on the 30th July, 1830, after the reign of Charles X., so she finds herself now in the first days of 1870, after the despotism of Napoleon III.

That this is really the case is amply proved to every one who lives in French society and is of it. Unless you go among men of the utterly unpractical, brawling, socialistic stamp, you will hear no dissentient voice. You may here and there, in an ultra-Legitimist centre, or in the intimacy of a Court functionary, meet with signs of uneasiness for the future; but in every genuinely liberal, and practical, and reasonable group, of no matter what shade—Right or Left Centre, Orleanist, Parliamentarian, or Left—you will hear but the one same word spoken with enthusiasm—"On respire." The real alarm which should be felt by those who have any political experience here is to be formulated in the old, trite expression of "It's all too good to last." There is the danger. Can it last? Can it work? Is it intended that it should endure?

These questions occupy me less, I must avow, than they seem to do those around me, because their answer is to be sought in a different quarter from that to which they are addressed. Their answer depends on the men who are now at the head of affairs; their answer depends no longer on the Emperor. If the new Ministers will determinedly act together, and allow no petty personal causes, no cleverly directed hostile efforts, to disunite them, they may afford to despise utterly any reactionary attempts on the part of the extreme dynastic party, as it is termed. They have now in their hands every instrument by which they can govern France constitutionally; whatever is not yet actually conceded it is in their power easily to obtain. If they do not obtain it, it will be wholly and solely their fault, and they may rely upon it that the blame will fall, as it ought to do, upon them.

Let us grant that the measure of Louis Napoleon's Machiavelism is full, and that he has only permitted the advent to power of the present Ministry the more surely to ruin and discredit the men who become his Ministers; let us grant that his intention is (as his wish very probably may be) to intrigue so cunningly against the new Cabinet that its next successors must be taken from his own *entourage*, and that before a year is out we shall see M. de Forcade Prime Minister, backed by Rouher and Jérome David, and all the ultras and all the military flunkeys. Granted this, what are the possible means to the end? How is Napoleon III. to set about regaining what he has lost? Even if it be supposed that Émile Ollivier can be duped and led by the nose, and made to go precisely the reverse way to that where lie his duty and his fame, why should the others do it?

Neither M. Daru, nor M. de Talhouët, nor M. Chevandier de Valdrôme are men at all likely to be duped or led astray. The two former are hard-headed, business-like, rather narrow, perhaps, but perfectly unsentimental and unidealistic; thoroughly independent and resolute; thoroughly honest, too, and accessible to no temptation. If, in a short time, the dissolution of the Chamber appears indispensable to these men, you may rest assured that the dissolution will take place. But there are two sides to

this question, and here they are: The Chamber is, in its majority, or, rather, by the support of its majority, a great working medium for the new Ministers, and there can be no doubt of the confusion and, perhaps, delay in the adoption of useful steps that would be occasioned by a general election. If, then, a working majority for liberal measures can be secured in the present Chamber by the new Ministers, it might not be unwise to try and govern a year with the present Chamber, however impure may be its origin. You may say: But an assembly of an impure origin cannot be made to furnish a working majority for liberal measures. There is the point for discussion. This identical Chamber, which validated the elections of Messrs. Duvernois, Dréolle, and many others equally corrupt (and invalidated—Heaven knows why—Isaac Péreire's election) —this same Chamber voted into the Presidency the outspoken M. Schneider, and the three Liberal members into the Vice-Presidency which has been their stepping-stone to power.

Many independent and able men think that the present Chamber will furnish any working majority the new Cabinet demands of it. Of the corrupt unavailability of the present Chamber there are doubts; of its wisdom there are none. It is a foolish Chamber, and I believe that to be its true name. But if, with this foolish assembly, a majority can be got for the reform of the laws of May, 1855 (touching the election of mayors and municipal and general councillors), and for the control over the civil list, and for the electoral law, destroying the official candidates—if this can be obtained (and many believe it can be), it would be worth while considering whether the dissolution, being superfluous, would not be detrimental.

One thing is certain: should the Chamber show signs of being an instrument of reaction, true to its vitiated source, the new Ministers would have no choice. They must dissolve ruthlessly, or lose in an hour their hold on public opinion.

ITALIAN POLITICS.

II.

FLORENCE, Jan. 6, 1870.

ONE really finds himself driven to the seemingly fanciful but unavoidable conclusion that the extraordinary warmth of Italian party feeling must be due to mere differences of temper and temperament. And, in fact, on looking attentively towards the three cardinal points of this political compass, we find on the right side of the House all those whom we would call the men of common sense; who can distinguish between essentials and non-essentials; who are moderate in their hopes and fears, ever ready for compromises, and therefore fitted for practical statesmanship; a few of them have something of Cavour's serenity, and also of his craftiness, but without his bold initiative. In the centre, we find a small band of unbending, touchy, cantankerous, elderly pessimists, who enjoy nothing and spoil everybody else's pleasure; who can neither forgive nor forget, nor learn, nor change. Like Æsculapius's daughter, they sit in polar repose, letting the world revolve around them, and praying the gods that the physicians of the body politic may mend their ways and give up killing. They are "all honorable men," but hypochondriacs by nature. We have only to add that all that is excitable, restless, ambitious, and nervous is crowded together at the left extremity of the Italian parliament. If these men are always at loggerheads without any tangible cause, we may well call it a case of incompatibility of temper. This absence of clear and well-defined programmes renders Italian politics difficult to understand. Each party accuses the other of ruining the country; but one never gets beyond these generalities. To judge by their outward demeanor and their ill-suppressed excitement, their grievances and mutual imputations must be terrible indeed; but the forms of politeness being still *de rigueur* in Italy, all personal abuse is done anonymously, so that speeches and newspapers teem with mysterious hints and allusions and insinuations. Slang, too, and nicknames abound; and in this, Italy does not stand alone. America had her Know-Nothings and her Copperheads; England had her Cave and her Adullamites. But behind these terms there were distinct and important meanings. The uninitiated foreigner had to make enquiries, but he learnt something worth knowing. But what does he gain by learning the exact meaning of terms like *Consorteria, Permanente, Coïnteressati?* Let us see.

Consorteria is a part-for-the-whole term, and referred originally to a camarilla or clique of statesmen and generals of the old Piedmontese school, which was suspected of surrounding and influencing the king. The party of action, justly jealous of French influences, held these men responsible for Italy's inactivity with regard to Rome, and especially for the treaty of September, 1864, sanctioning this inactivity by the transfer of the capital to Florence. The annexed provinces, in their turn, reproached them with having *piedmontized* all Italy, and having swept away much that was valuable in the Tuscan and Neapolitan administrations. Nor were these reproaches altogether unfounded. But the old clique no longer exists as a clique. Neither French influence nor the Piedmontese red-tape has occupied the attention of the public for some time past, but the term *Consorteria* is used as freely as ever, not only for ministries whose Tuscan and Neapolitan elements outweigh the Piedmontese, but for the whole political party which has furnished these elements; that is to say, for the Right.

La Permanente may be freely rendered the *sulkers*. The name was given up in 1868, but nothing else. They, too, were men of the old guard of the Piedmontese parliament, a set of upright but somewhat old-fashioned politicians, who would have given up their beloved Turin for Rome, but not for Florence; and having been thwarted, they went away to their tents, in Achillean wrath, vowing to oppose everything and everybody until they could leave Florence for Rome. It is clear that these men, being the victims of the September treaty, had one grievance at least in common with the Left, which had been the party of action, while in all other respects, and especially by their political antecedents, they belonged to the right side of the house, where they occupy the right centre. They are few in number, and highly respected by both sides, but seem to have some difficulty in reciprocating this feeling. They certainly dislike the men of the Left, and have behaved most shabbily toward them during the late crisis. But what on earth are the *Coïnteressati?* Shall we invoke the muses? They would tell a long and ugly tale. It is a pity that the heroes of this epic, which forms the Italian history of this year, cannot be drowned at once in oblivion. Yet a short epitome is necessary to show how fierce and unscrupulous Italian partisans can be.

In its financial distress, the Italian Government, which had always farmed out the tobacco monopoly on terms justifying the expression *amministrazione coïnteressata*, contracted a large loan with a joint-stock company, to which the whole business was to be transferred, and which was authorized to issue a certain number of shares. Four or five deputies, but especially the editor of the principal daily paper of Florence, Signor Brenna, and his brother-in-law, Signor Fambri, both belonging to the Right, were suspected of having taken advantage of their position and of having bespoken a few shares at a time when they could feel sure of the passing of the bill, but when the subscription was not yet officially opened to the public. The supposed investments were very small, and it seems strange that the peace of a nation should have been disturbed for a whole year on account of such trifles. Still, morality knows of no trifles, and if there was foul play, the gentlemen of the Left were right in urging the point either privately or publicly, in either case, straightforwardly. But they preferred raising the *venticello della calunnia*, like Don Basilio, feeling sure that the whirlwind and the hurricane would follow without their bidding. In a very short time the whole atmosphere seemed haunted with suspicions, and the papers were filled with such mysterious allusions as to become well-nigh unintelligible. The *Gazzettino Rosa*, of Milan, a little paper whose appearance and smell belie its name most emphatically, outdid all others in slanderous and abusive language, until at last an action for libel was brought against it, which ended in a verdict of guilty. It was a real *cause célèbre* for Italy, the chief witnesses for the defence being Signor Crispi and Major Lobbia, both republicans of the Left.

But while this action was pending, a theft was committed in Florence. A parcel of letters disappeared from Sig. Fambri's desk. After a cautious delay, these letters were allowed to circulate clandestinely among the *élite* of the Left. One after the other of these gentlemen had a peep at them; they all knew these papers had been stolen, but not one of these Puritans cried "shame," or expressed in the faintest manner his disapprobation. They read and whispered, and then went on, louder than ever, to launch their accusations against "certain people." No names were mentioned, and this masquerade gave them still greater freedom in the choice and use of their cowardly weapons. At last this state of things was found to be intolerable, and the insulted Chamber, having vainly invited Sig. Crispi to specify his complaints, ordered a parliamentary enquiry. All Italy was on tip-toe. The excitement was intense. Shoals of witnesses were called, and Sig. Crispi had "mounted his engine" (to quote his own ill-chosen metaphor), quite ready for the charge. Major Lobbia, too, had handed over to the president a mysterious parcel thrice sealed, which everybody knew to contain poor Fambri's stolen letters, and which on the day of its solemn opening was to reveal to the world a monstrous tissue of iniquities committed by the leading men of the *Consorteria*. The end is known.

The mouse was born at last. The awful parcel was found to contain nothing even remotely compromising for Fambri and his friends, who were proved to have committed nothing either illegal or dishonorable. Lobbia naturally became the laughing-stock of Florence, even before the end of the enquiry. He seems to have felt most keenly what a sorry figure he had cut, and, in his impotent despair, resorted to a stratagem. He was found, one evening, wounded and bleeding, in a lonely street. The wound was a mere scratch, and nobody had witnessed its infliction. The scenic effect was, however, a success. Lobbia riots took place all over Italy, and the republican papers, which had been desponding on account of the enquiry, cried out once more, triumphantly, that this cowardly attack showed not only the guilt of the accused deputies, but the corruption and depravity of the whole *Consorteria*. Other people, however, failed to see this, and a subsequent action brought against Major Lobbia proved, beyond all doubt, that his wound had been inflicted by himself. A third law-suit, just brought to a conclusion, was instituted against the stealers of Fambri's correspondence, who were found guilty and condemned to sixteen months' imprisonment. And here endeth the Lobbiad.

The Italian legislators had become utterly unfit for anything except gossip, and were wisely sent home for the dog-days. When they met again in October, it was hoped that they had recovered, and their heads were cool enough for the voting of the estimates. But the men of the Left were still smarting and writhing. Their many defeats and exposures had been too humiliating to be forgotten so soon, and, seeing that they alone could do nothing against the majority, they had, during the recess, conspired with the old gentlemen of the Centre, who, too, were tired perhaps of shivering so long in the cold, and who on account of their paucity and their mental rigidity, were worse off than the Left. The result was the election of Sig. Lanza, of the Right Centre, for the speaker's chair. Lanza, in return, made a croaking speech on finance, and the Menabrea cabinet, with truly Italian touchiness, resigned on the 19th November. For twenty-six days no new cabinet could be formed. And who can wonder? Sig. Lanza, who undertook the task, instead of applying to the Left, with whose aid he had obtained the unexpected majority of votes, applied to his own clique, which, however, was too small to contain the necessary elements, and, rather than coalesce with his new friends, he withdrew. After many vain attempts, Sig. Sella, of the same central party, succeeded on the 15th of December in putting together a cabinet, in which the Left is even less represented than it had been in the Menabrea cabinet, and which is, with the exception of Sella and Lanza, who are central men, entirely composed of the political friends of the ousted Ministers. Nor did the country want any change either of names or principles, being justly satisfied with the Menabrea-Digny administration. But the country is ill represented by its parliament, and should dismiss its servants with scorn who waste their time in idle gossip and petty iniquities while honest and urgent work is to be done.

Correspondence.

MASSACHUSETTS CREDIT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: So many rumors have been privately circulated of late with regard to the credit of Massachusetts, and so little was said by the Governor of the State on the subject in his late message, that your readers may be glad to know what the facts really are, so far as it is possible to arrive at them. The subject is an important one not alone to Massachusetts, but to the whole country, and it is greatly to be regretted that the Boston papers have deemed it advisable to scout all discussion of it.

The market upon which Massachusetts has hitherto relied when in need of money has been a small one. All her loans have been raised through a few bankers who have had confidence in the management of her finances; to the general market she has not been in the habit of applying. Last year, however, Mr. Walker, of Springfield, was sent abroad to negotiate a loan, and he found that the usual market was not open to him; not, it is said, on account of any want of faith in the credit of the State, but from other causes of a special and temporary character. As the usual lenders would not make advantageous proposals, the only resource was the general market. And here it was that the fact first came out that the credit of the State had been impaired by the mismanagement of the last year or two. Here it was that Mr. Walker was reminded that the State had loaned $7,000,000 ($5,000,000 in gold) to the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad, and advanced many more to aid in the completion of the Hoosac Tunnel. But this was not all. Bankers said to Mr. Walker, "The difficulty with your State is that we never know where she is going to be six months hence. If she would raise a round sum, and then not pass any more loan acts, we should be easily able to arrange the matter; but the trouble is that her loans come along, a few millions now, a few more next year, a few more the year after, and the result is that no man in 1869 can say what may be the indebtedness of the State in 1870."

If these facts are correct, there is every reason to say that Massachusetts' credit is impaired, and that two of the most powerful agencies at work in impairing it have been the Hoosac Tunnel and the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad. The facts become still more significant when it is recollected that the latter is again before the Legislature asking for more aid; it is six months since two millions was voted them. Very few people seem to be aware either of the application or of the intimate connection between it and the difficulty Mr. Walker found in negotiating a foreign loan. The bonds of the corporation have been distributed in every direction; the most "conservative" people in Boston are interested in the success of the road; they have never received any interest yet, and they fear that if any public disturbance is made they never will. Capital is proverbially timid. Nevertheless, it would be well for these bondholders to consider whether additional loans from the State will help matters, or whether it would be better for them to have the road managed as other roads are managed—honestly. A most amusing attempt has been made within the last few weeks to give the road a better look than it has under the presidency of Eldridge, by inviting some well-known gentlemen to take places in the direction. The story is that Judge Wm. A. Richardson, late Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Dawes, of the House of Representatives, were both asked in turn to take the presidency. A third gentleman, whose name is well known on State Street, was asked to become a director. Judge Richardson and Mr. Dawes were too wise; the third gentleman looked over the books of the company—and fled. The great reform movement having thus ignominiously failed, re-enter Eldridge, smiling, from his temporary retreat, who reassumes the curule chair, and marshals his forces for a new invasion of the treasury. Meanwhile, there are some few people who, in the Legislature and out of it, are determined to make a vigorous stand this winter against the ring. Orders have been introduced and passed in at least one branch, requiring the Attorney-General to appear in all applications for money and represent the interests of the State; another order has been passed requiring the old commissioners who were ejected last year at Eldridge's instance to appear and state what they know about the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad. They will have strange stories to tell. Something they will, perhaps, have to say of a certain bond on file in the treasury, in which some of the principal men in the road bind themselves to produce the sum of $2,000,000 *whenever it may be necessary for the completion of the road.* The public would gladly know why, instead of fulfilling the condition of this bond, they come begging the State for more money.

If a vigorous resistance is made, it seems almost impossible that the road should come off victorious. Yet they have the prestige of two victories on their side, and no one knows how the Governor stands, while in the distance rises an awful shape, ominous of, no one knows how much, horror, terrible with memories of the past, big with portents of the future—the spectre of the State House—the skeleton in the closet of the Governor—the South Boston Flats. A. P. M.

Boston, January 24.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce that they will republish here Freeman's "Old English History for Children;" and we will add for them that a better choice for reprint they have never made.——Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. continue, with unfailing productiveness, their novel-mill, and have in press "The Maiden Widow," by Mrs. Southworth; "Why did he Marry her?" by Miss Eliza A. Dupuy; "A Marriage in High Life," by Mrs. Grey; and "The Countess of Monte Cristo."

—Among the books soon to be issued by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., we mention these: "Society and Solitude" is the title of Mr. Emerson's forthcoming volume of essays, which will be about a dozen in number, and of which about half will be new. One, reprinted from the *Dial*, will be, we believe, the essay on art which made such a stir once on a time. But even the old essays will be not altogether old, for Mr. Emerson has a

way of adding and changing when he rewrites. Mr. William Mountford, whose name is better known to the reading public than the two or three volumes that he has written, is to publish a volume entitled "Miracles, Past and Present," the contents of which have already seen the light in a religious periodical. Next month we are to get the first, and next May the second, volume of Mr. Bryant's rendering of the Iliad. The Mr. Murray whose book on the Adirondack region last summer made so much noise among people who are fond of the mountains, and so much noise of a less subdued kind among people who listened to the author's advice and went up into the woods for a vacation, is about to put forth a volume of his sermons—"Music Hall Sermons," they are called. Miss E. S. Phelps, who has some luck in titles, calls her new book "Hedged In." It is a novel, we believe. Very good news for admirers of the *Overland Monthly* and Mr. Bret Harte, is the announcement that "The Luck of Roaring Camp," with other such sketches, is to be made up into a volume which will shortly appear. This will be its author's most important venture; for, though there is very good reading of its kind in his "Condensed Novels," and his other comic pieces in verse and prose, the pathos and humor and raciness of his later Californian sketches give him a sure foothold in the walks of the better literature. "Men and Mysteries of Wall Street" is by Mr. J. K. Medbery, whom some of our readers may perhaps recollect as the author of a *North American Review* article on the Jersey railroad monopolies, which was instructive and entertaining. If he has only made his new book sufficiently libellous, not only the greater will be its truth, but the more the public will be interested in a subject now perhaps growing a little stale. Mr. Lowell's volume, all prose, has, by way of dedication, this verse:

> "Love comes and goes with music in his feet,
> And tunes young pulses to his roundelays:
> Love brings thee this: Will it persuade thee, Sweet,
> That he turns proser when he comes and stays?"

There are six essays in the volume, of which all have already appeared in the *North American*—most of them written a couple of years or so. "Dryden" is the opening essay, and then follow "Witchcraft," "Shakespeare Once More," "New England Two Centuries Ago," "Lessing," and "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists"—a body of instructive and most satisfying criticism and talk.

—A friend of Mrs. Stowe writes, complaining that we have done her injustice in not having made any mention, in our recent article on her "Vindication of Lady Byron," of the reasons she herself gives for making her revelation, viz., that she loved and admired Lady Byron, and was provoked by a ferocious and slanderous attack on her in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1869, to which attack Lady Byron's friends in England made no reply. We did not notice this, because we considered it covered completely by what we said as to the confidential nature of the communication made by Lady Byron. Clearly, nothing could be communicated confidentially to anybody, if it was exposed to extraction from the recipient of the confidence by a ruffianly attack on the person making it in a magazine or newspaper. Moreover, the silence of Lady Byron's blood relations and trustees ought, it seems to us, to have made Mrs. Stowe hesitate, or, at all events, have prevented her acting, without first ascertaining the reason of their silence or the state of their feelings. They are the natural guardians of her memory; and it appears they are also, by Lady Byron's will, its legal guardians. She does not appear, however warmly she may have felt towards Mrs. Stowe, to have looked at mutual relations in the light in which Mrs. Stowe seems to look at them. And then, we confess, we felt that we could not say what was in our mind about the *Blackwood* article without seeming to treat Mrs. Stowe's feelings about it with levity. *Blackwood*, though it has long enjoyed a high literary reputation, has been also, and is now, famous for its billingsgate. It has preserved in its treatment of opponents a considerable portion of the ruffianism for which the *Quarterly Review* was noted in Croker's day, and in these soberer and more decent times its abuse carries with it its own refutation. The very extravagance of its comparison of a woman so well known and so much respected as Lady Byron to a convicted French poisoner, made it harmless, ridiculous, and unworthy of notice. The world would be in a dreadful state if a slang-whanging magazine or newspaper writer had only to call persons whom we all honor and admire Borgias, or Faustinas, or Judas Iscariots, or Traupmanns, to make it necessary to meet and overwhelm him by the revelation of the most awful secrets of family life, even if in doing so we covered with opprobrium the memory of innocent third parties. We doubt if any human being thought the worse of Lady Byron for anything *Blackwood* said. We have never meant, of course, to throw any doubt whatever on the purity of Mrs. Stowe's motives. In one thing we cordially agree with our correspondent, and that is, that Lady Byron, whatever her faults or mistakes, had to do with a very disgusting set of people, whose performances were enough to have addled even stronger brains than hers.

—We think Mr. Samuel Austen, secretary and general agent of the Rhode Island Educational Union, would have made his recent first annual report more profitable if he had named and catalogued the towns which have opened free libraries and evening schools for adult classes, instead of referring to each anonymously and with small regard to precision. He appears to excuse himself on the ground of inability to compute the good which so much as one school or library may have accomplished; but then, nobody expects figures to tell the whole truth, but only as far as they go; and as for the good achieved by example, the more concrete the statement of what has been done, assuredly the better. As it is, we can merely repeat in a general way that a year's work on the part of the Union has resulted in establishing some twenty educational centres in different parts of the State, with a view to instructing and improving the foreign element which enters so largely into the Rhode Island population. The manufacturers, who have attracted this ignorant class from without, have of course been appealed to for sympathy and aid, and have not stood aloof; but again, we could wish to see lists of their contributions printed in full. And as there are not so many mills, why should we not have statistics of the number of hands employed —of *analfabeti*—of those won over to the schools, etc., etc.? One good result has been the adoption of evening schools by the municipal authorities of Providence—a practice which has for some time prevailed in this city, but which we have not hitherto observed in New England. As auxiliary to State education, and reaching those who are too old for the day-school, for its bearing on social and industrial problems, the Rhode Island movement deserves attention and success.

—An old Rugbeian has been writing to the London *Times* about the dreadfully bad handwriting of most of the liberally educated men in England; and apparently his letter affords a specimen of the sort of chirography of which he complains; for even the long-inured proof-reader seems to have let "clients" pass for "clerks." Indeed, the writer confesses that his hand is abominable, and he surely gives a sufficient reason. In Rugby, in his day, which was the time of the mastership of Dr. Tait, it was the fashion, as it was, and, we believe, is, in most other English schools, to punish the boys for bad behavior by requiring them to write out so many lines of Latin or Greek poetry. The correspondent says that when this requisition was made in his case, he used to tie together in a bundle some four or five pens, and write with them all at once. Why this was done, unless out of "Pure Cussedness," which builds her nest and makes her natural seat in the bosom of The Boy, we do not know. Perhaps at that period of his life this particular treasure did write the excellent and beautiful hand which he says he did, and tied his pens together so as to produce the illegibility which should serve as a cloak of his ignorance and carelessness. When he had produced on the paper a sufficient number of black lines, he used to go over the page, he says, and make "tops and tails," and carefully put in at the beginning of each line a capital letter well enough formed; say, the letters of the first ten lines of Virgil, which he knew by heart. Then, when the master asked him to read off any given line, he, knowing it by the first letter, glibly read the line which happened so to begin in the poet. As we may readily believe, this Crichton did not leave school until after he had written out, or pretended to write out, a good many thousand lines of Latin; and it is to the infliction of that particular penalty for his crimes that he attributes the destruction of his handwriting. He might safely add that some part of his ruin he owes to the carelessness with which his natural enemies examined his work.

—But the fact is that most handwriting is bad both in this country and in England, and we suspect that the prospect of its growing better is not flattering. Perhaps caligraphy is going the road that correspondence has gone. Now that one can always write to one's friends by the next mail, one does not write at all except on matters of business, and the art of correspondence is almost a lost art. What may be done at any time is never done. The telegraph, and the frequency of communication by post, and the fact that the printer is getting to be everybody's amanuensis—in short, the decreasing importance of manuscripts as things to go from hand to hand, and the tendency to brevity in such as do pass from hand to hand, must, one would imagine, do the writing-master much harm. Then, too, this latter personage is not without blame. Usually he is a person who cannot be praised as a man of philosophic mind and of

sagacious method. Most of the people who teach children to write succeed in disgusting the learner at the outset. The position he is told to take is an unnatural one, or seems such to the child, who has never studied the uses of postures; and the way in which the pen is to be held is a way that no little boy or girl would ever have devised. But these obstacles to success, great as they may be, are not those which make learning to write the occupation which of all others causes most wear and tear of the childish brain, and most anguish and disgust to the childish spirit. The teacher, says an ingenious thinker upon this subject, will come to that clear understanding of the difficulty of his task which is essential to a proper performance of it, if he will just sit down and himself try to write with his left hand. He will then have put himself in his young friend's place, and if, as a result of this, he does not go on with his teaching in a mood of more patience and gentleness, and with a truer conception of the misery of his pupil, and so with a greater likelihood of making things easier for the small unfortunate, his heart and his head alike must be worse than a writing-master's need to be. This same philosopher, we may add—whose educational works are not published—strongly recommends teachers who are instructing children learning to read to get themselves into a state of due appreciation of the trials and difficulties of the learner, and of proper abasement of their own pride of intellect, by trying to read any ordinary primer with the page turned upside down. Thenceforth they will find themselves not so willing to pull the ears and knuckle the heads and rap the hands of poor young gentlemen who know their letters, indeed, but who boggle over whole words. On the upside-down page the teacher himself will be able to distinguish and name each letter perfectly well; but not if he were Solomon himself could he read off a paragraph without exposing himself to the danger of corporal punishment at the hands of a hasty judge.

—"The current derivation and meaning of the words Holy Grail are contradicted by Sir George Bowyer in a London paper. He says that 'the true interpretation of the word Sangreal in the original legend is not Holy Grail, but *sang réal*, that is to say, *real blood*, meaning the Real Blood in the Sacrament of the Altar.'" We find the foregoing paragraph in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of January 17. Sir George would seem to belong to that school of popular etymologists who derive Bacchanals from Bag o' nails and Bellerophon from Bully Ruffin. Nothing is better settled than the derivation of Grail, Gréal, and Graal, from the Low Latin *gradalis* (or *gradale*), meaning a cup or dish. Other forms are *graletus* and *grasala*. The Provençal forms of the word, *grazal* and *grasal*, point back to *gradalis*. The origin of *gradalis* is uncertain. Diez adopts Roquefort's suggestion of *crater*, though without giving him credit for it. Moreover, *sang réal* means *royal blood*, as Sir George Bowyer might have learned from Borel, who propagated, if he did not originate, the *hysteron-proteron* derivation, whose ghost, it seems, still walks.

—In Maine, at the end of 1868 there were forty Universalist clergymen; at the end of 1869 there were thirty-two. In Massachusetts, at the former time there were 112 ministers of this denomination; at the latter time there were 106. In all the New England States except New Hampshire there has been, during the year just passed, a decrease in the number of Universalist clergymen, and the same thing is true of New York and New Jersey. There is now, as before, one such clergyman in Delaware; in Virginia there is one; so there is in West Virginia, in Mississippi, in Louisiana, and in Maryland, while South Carolina and Alabama have now, as in 1868, two apiece. Some man more witty than reverent, and perhaps as wise as witty, who lived in a fever-and-ague district in Virginia, is reported to have told a Unitarian preacher that it was of no use for him to preach his mild doctrines in any county where the people were compelled to use quantities of blue pills. They wanted doctrines as drastic as their medicines, he said. The measure of success which the Unitarians have had in the South would seem to give confirmation to this evidence, and the same thing may be said of Universalist progress in the same part of the country. It may, however, be said to hold its own there; and, speaking generally, we may say that while Universalism falls off a little in New England and the North-east, and holds its own in the South, it makes in the West some slight gains. These, however, barely balance its losses, if we may judge by the figures given in the *Universalist*, for the net gain in the total number of members is but sixteen. As the *Christian Union* remarks, so slight an increase as this is to be called a decline if compared with the growth of other denominations. Some months ago we thought we had reason enough for saying that Universalism was of far less importance than it was thirty years ago; and that we believed it could be shown that there were perhaps at the moment absolutely fewer Universalist societies in the North and East than there had ever been before, and certainly were fewer relatively to the societies of other bodies of Christians. Here, now, we have the figures which it was thought by some of our contemporaries we should do wisely not to invoke. It is, however, to be freely admitted that, if Universalism as criticism of the harsher Calvinistic dogmas has lost much of its old weight, that is in good part because it has been of efficient service in ameliorating Calvinism—Universalizing it. A consideration is suggested that Universalist New England loses her young men to the West. But, then, Congregationalist, and Baptist, and Methodist New England do that too; and the West is not giving disproportionate gains to the Universalists, nor even proportionate.

—Perhaps for one reason or another the readers of Tennyson's new volume may wish to go back to Sir Thomas Malory, whose book of "The Historie of King Arthur" will be found easy and pleasant reading by many who do and a great many who do not care for the "Idyls of the King." It is a book which deserves, very much more than the books for which he made it, Charles Lamb's ingenious defence of the comic stage of the Restoration; for it introduces the reader to a world far enough removed from the worky-day world of the present times, and yet not a world in which there is a perilous lack of all morality. It has a morality of its own, not the less useful perhaps for being peculiar, and the very worst that can be said of it is that it charms the mind to indolence and withdraws it from the realities of life; and this worst is not so very bad; a bold man might say that it is even a good thing that can be said about it that it takes the imagination millions of miles away from the life immediately surrounding us and gives the mind a play-day. This it does so well that, if any heretic who knows it should be pleased to resent Mr. Tennyson's preaching from Sir Thomas's heroes and texts, we, for our part, should not feel bound to quarrel with him. Not all the romances used by Sir Thomas in making his delightful compilation have been saved from destruction, and one "Sir Balin le Savage" has been hunted for high and low by the students of Arthurian legendary lore. We learn that it has just been found in Paris, and has been secured for England by a wealthy collector.

—We have spoken before of the great results obtained by the English commission which has it in charge to collect from all quarters manuscripts relating to English history. The story goes now that the archives of the city of London are rich in documents which, if they can be brought to the sun, will be of great help to the future historian of the Wars of the Roses—a bloody and troublous period of English history more interesting than well known. It is hardly to be hoped that the authorities of the city will yield to the commission their power in the premises, and we may therefore wish all the more heartily that the ancient corporation may remember the days when it used to indulge itself in keeping a poet, and may be as liberal and public-spirited in the search for the supposed treasures as its tradition shows that it often has been in other good causes.

—Ellendt's "Lexicon Sophocleum" has passed a second edition in Germany at one-half (six thalers and two-thirds) the former price, though the present editor, Dr. Genthe (son of the novelist), has almost doubled its size by availing himself of the scholia discovered since the former publication in 1834, as also of the important grammatical labors of Dr. Curtius; thus making the work so complete that the new dictionary announced by Dindorf may scarcely be expected to advance much the study of the author. In the department of Greek metre are to be mentioned a revised edition of the lyrical part of Bernhardy's "Geschichte der griechischen Literatur" (History of Grecian Literature), and a novel, if not new, attempt made by Moritz Schmidt, in explaining the chorals of Sophocles, to harmonize the poet's rhythm with the modern system of notes. "Eine philosophisch-historische Grammatik der deutschen Sprache" (A Philosophical and Historical Grammar of the German Language), by Westphal, contains the investigations of the Grimms, so well reduced in a brief compass as to be a sort of supplement to, and even substitute for, the bulky original. The new edition of Grimm's Grammar is thus far a reprint of that known as the second edition, with slight alterations. Grimm himself collected all the matter relating to particles together, and thus probably intended to abandon the historical method pursued in the former editions. Dr. W. Scherer, under whose care the reissue is conducted, seems unable to work in the new materials. Weigand, who, with Hildebrand, undertook the continuation of Grimm's Dictionary, has furnished the first part of his share, of which it is as necessary to admit the value as that Hildebrand works quite as well and much more rapidly. In the department of comparative philology a new (third) edition of Bopp's "Vergleichende Grammatik" (Comparative Grammar), with unimportant addi-

tions, is to be noticed. Dietz's "Grammatik der romanischen Sprachen" (Grammar of the Romanic Languages) has been considerably increased, particularly the part relating to old Italian. Professor Weber, of Berlin, has dedicated to Ernest Renan a collection of review articles written during the last twenty years, and now published as "Streifen auf dem Gebiete der indischen Philologie" (Excursions in the Domain of Indian Philology). Very worthy of mention is S. Nagel's "Französisch-englisches etymologisches Wörterbuch innerhalb des Lateinischen"—perhaps the first attempt to gather together the French and English words derived from the Latin, to contrast them with the primitive words, and thus render perspicuous the laws governing the transition from the Latin to French or English, as also from French to English. Dr. Ebel, the director of a gymnasium in a small city in Posen, has elaborated Zeus's "Grammatica Celtica" in a manner and with a fulness of detail that astonish the French critics. The publisher received the prize of the Paris Academy, and Ebel has been elected an honorary member of the Dublin Academy. "Das Buch der Familie Froschauer" (Book of the Froschauer Family), containing a register of all the books printed by the house of Froschauer, in Zürich, is of interest to English readers, as it is now beyond a doubt that Coverdale's Bible was printed by Froschauer in 1529. It is no small fault of the editor, E. Camillo Rudolphi, that the titles are given abbreviated, so that one is frequently in doubt concerning the identity of a book in question. Brockhaus is to undertake for Dr. Carl Bruhns, director of the Leipzig Observatory, a two-volume Life of Humboldt on a novel plan. "A scientific biography" is to be the title of it, and it will consist of two parts—one general, describing Humboldt's outward life and the course of his development, by many writers, including Dr. Avé-Lallemant, of Lübeck, Prof. Foerster, director of the Berlin Observatory, and the editor himself; the second showing Humboldt's activity in various sciences in detail—viz., meteorology and hydrography, by Dr. Dove, of Berlin; physiology, by Dr. E. du Bois-Reymond, of Berlin; zoölogy, by Dr. Carus, of Leipzig; distribution of plants and botany, by Dr. Grisebach, of Göttingen; geology and mineralogy, by Dr. Ewald, of Berlin; geography, by Dr. O. Peschel, of Augsburg; astronomy and mathematical geography, by Dr. Bruhns; physics and magnetism, by Dr. Wiedemann, of Carlsruhe. Several original portraits of Humboldt, as yet never reproduced, will adorn this unique publication. Anything that relates to the subject and not likely to be accessible to his biographers will be gladly received by the editor.

—If we could suppose some one to have collected and published lately the private correspondence of Governor Andrew, containing opinions of General Butler's rule at New Orleans of such a nature as to lead the latter to prosecute the editor for defamation, we should have a pretty close analogy to a case just decided in the Milan courts—or, rather, decided in the first instance, for an appeal is to be taken. The particulars of this suit were given, when it was first threatened, in the *Nation* of February 18, 1869 (p. 132). Prof. Franchi had edited the *Epistolario* of the late Giuseppe La Farina, and the public conduct of Deputy Crispi, while a member of the Sicilian government after the revolution in 1860, having been severely censured in some of the letters, Crispi demanded of Franchi an early apology, which failing, he would, he declared, resort to legal proceedings. The editor, however, declined to adopt and excuse, as if his own, the sentiments of La Farina, and asserted for himself the simple performance of a duty he owed to history. The result is that he has been condemned to five days' imprisonment and a fine of thirty dollars, and to insert his sentence in every unsold copy of the Correspondence, under pain of confiscation. The case was judged solely with reference to the Italian press laws, which are very liberal, and whose application in this instance the counsel of Franchi deny to have been warranted. The more interesting and universal question, as to the limits of historical fidelity when the character of the living is involved, was excluded by the court. It therefore practically decided that the adequate study or presentation of the men, parties, ideas, and events of any given period of contemporaneous history is subordinate to the reputation of survivors who may have fallen under censure—a ruling which bears particularly hard on Italy, where politics are so intensely personal, but which would be found embarrassing elsewhere; and it possibly overrates the injury which, in a country where the press is free, can be inflicted by posthumous publications.

LOWELL'S "CATHEDRAL."*

THE opinions expressed by the critics who, so far, have spoken of Mr. Lowell's new poem seem to be, substantially, three in number. One is held by a solitary gentleman, of "the metropolitan press," "compact of thankless earth," who thinks that "The Cathedral" is a fair specimen of the sort of thing that the New England writers have now for a long time been successfully palming off on the rest of mankind as poetry, whereas, in reality, it is so and so. Another opinion is that this latest of his poems is by far Mr. Lowell's best, and that it is sure of a long immortality; and a third is that "The Cathedral" is a fine poem, but that the poet does hardly so well in it as in the old anti-slavery poetry. Perhaps if we assent to that part of the second of these three judgments which predicts for "The Cathedral" a long immortality, we shall have done all that is necessary—so far as concerns picking and choosing between them.

"Far through the memory shines a happy day,"

says the poet, beginning far off, like his own "musing organist." He can remember, he says—

. . . . . "Nay, they are present still,
Parts of myself, the perfume of my mind"—

some few such happy days, when, recluse from playmates, he was compelled to seek

"Companionship in things that not denied
Nor granted wholly; as is Nature's wont,
Who, safe in uncontaminate reserve,
Lets us mistake our longing for her love."

And some such he proceeds to recall. He speaks of them not in a certain mood with which his poetry has made readers of it familiar, though it may be doubted if it is so much his favorite one as he seems to say—that mood in which all the shows of nature affect the beholder who remembers old times with a joy, or else with

"A pathos, from the years and graves between."

Nor yet does he speak of them in the mood, of frequent recurrence with him, in which he looks, baffled, on the imperturbable face of enduring, constant Nature, self-sufficing, unintelligible, immovable, the open secret. Both of these moods are discoverable in the poem. But of late the latter seems to be tempered by a religious trust which forbids overmuch questioning; or even dismisses the problem. And the former was always held in check by the poet's mere delight in the sights and sounds of nature, and by the high enjoyment, almost animal in its character, which these stirred in him. Then, again, this sentimental way of making nature tributary and subservient to our own joys and woes of spirit has almost always been well held in check by still another power in Mr. Lowell—by his gift of objective perception and presentation of what passes around him. It is, for instance, winter pure and simple—that is, winter plus no more of the poet's self than there is of realistic artist in the poet—that we see in the admirable scene in Quompegan Street.

And it is interesting to see, as we think we do, that these four memorable days of which "The Cathedral" tells, days stamped upon the child's mind, "as never any since," were stamped there by the combined action of those two powers of his nature to the action of which may be attributed his best work. We quote the winter-day piece:

"And once I learned how marvellous winter was,
When past the fence-rails, downy-gray with rime,
I creaked adventurous o'er the spangled crust
That made familiar fields seem far and strange
As those stark wastes that whiten endlessly
In ghastly solitude about the pole,
And gleam relentless to the unsetting sun:
Instant the candid chambers of my brain
Were painted with these sovran images;
And later visions seem but copies pale
From those unfading frescoes of the past,
Which I, young savage, in my age of flint,
Gazed at and dimly felt a power in me
Parted from nature by the joy in her
That doubtfully revealed me to myself."

Who that can paint the world after that fashion needs, or is very likely, to let it trouble him too much? The descriptions of the other three days are less realistic than this; they painted themselves less instant and less vivid on the brain of the beholder. But his delicate susceptibility to the influences surrounding him they show quite as plainly; and more plainly they show his capacity of being moved by things vaguer and more impalpable to the mind than mental influences. In short, we see made evident in these four happy days the two things which are made manifest in what we have been accustomed to consider our author's very best and most enduring work, whether in verse or prose—namely, his wonderful power of sympathy, and his power as an objective painter of things conceived or observed objectively. And it would not be fanciful to say that we may see in the boy, affected as he here sets forth, the maker of the "Biglow Papers," so far as that work is sharp delineations of typical characters which are everywhere about us; and so far, also, as it is truthful pictures of individual men. The sympathetic diviner of other

* "The Cathedral. By James Russell Lowell." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

personalities whom we respect in the maturer critic and painter of character, and the observer who sees the thing as it is, seem to us clearly visible in the first half-dozen of these pages before us, which relate the boy's impressions.

We may say here that a jarring expression in the last three or four of the verses just quoted is an indication of a fault in our author which, while it has never detracted from what is called the interest of his works, rather, indeed, has added to it, has yet almost always more or less injured their beauty and final satisfactoriness. That "young savage in his age of flint" is a young savage, sure enough; if only for his barbarous intrusion. The mind goes off at a tangent from the matter in hand, the poet once letting go his hold upon it in that abrupt manner, and there is no reason why it should come back till after the age of "lake dwellings" and then all the metallic ages have had a little attention. Mr. Lowell says himself, as he is going away from the cathedral at which he had planned to spend happy hours of abandonment:

> "I, who to Chartres came to feed my eye,
> And give to Fancy one clear holiday,
> *Scarce saw the minster for the thoughts it stirred.*"

And so it often happens with him. The self-pleasing activity of a mind remarkably quick and remarkably open to suggestion, wide-reaching and subtle, and which has at command numberless treasures with which to play, often prevents him from keeping himself steadily to the artistic elaboration of the piece of workmanship in hand. Thus we get many jewels, but not often the perfect jewel. And even if he gives us all that we should have had, he is apt to be unwisely prodigal and give us more—much that it would have been better for him, and better in the end for us, had he withheld. What is more exquisite of its kind than the little gem in "Under the Willows," called "Auf Wiedersehen"? But it has a palinode; which, however, as it graciously happens, does it no harm. And which, after all—let it be said in rebuke of our ingratitude—is at the worst no worse than some brilliants given us with our diamond. Nevertheless, there still stands, and always will stand, always to be regarded, the rule of "Naught in overplus"—to use the words of our author to himself; for no one finds any fault with Mr. Lowell that he has not already found with himself.

"O more than half-way turn that Grecian front," he says to the muse—

> "O more than half-way turn that Grecian front
> Upon me, while with self-rebuke I spell,
> On the plain fillet that confines thy hair,
> In conscious bounds of seeming unconstraint,
> The *Naught in overplus*, thy race's badge."

Listening to her advice, we doubt if Mr. Lowell would not have retrenched the amusing meeting with the three Englishmen in the town and here and there one or two other passages—too brief almost to be called passages—which also seem out of keeping, or else are such as distract the attention.

The poet decides, as we have said, that he will give his muse a feast which he had long secretly designed her—a day something like the days that stand out so bright and complete in his boyhood, and, to that end, he goes to visit the cathedral. He meets the British foe above-mentioned; then, escaping, and musing as he goes on various matters, he strolls through the town:

> "With outward senses furloughed and head bowed
> I followed some fine instinct in my feet,
> Till, to unbend me from the loom of thought,
> Looking up suddenly,"

the Cathedral stands before him. He sees himself

> "Confronted with the minster's vast repose.
> Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff
> Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat,
> That hears afar the breeze-borne rote, and longs,
> Remembering shocks of surf that clomb and fell
> Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman,
> It rose before me patiently remote
> From the great tides of life it breasted once,
> Hearing the noise of men as in a dream."

Then he falls into meditations, which constitute the poem, and his muse's holiday is but a somewhat sad one. We have not space to follow the line of thought, but we indicate it generally when we say that the difference, in point of faith, between the men of to-day and the cathedral-builders first engages the poet, and both come in for some praise and some blame. Their likeness in essential qualities, even those affecting religion, seems to be asserted, and the hope and belief is expressed, though not without some misgivings, that we are again to have what will answer to the pervading faith, and the worship of ideals above ourselves, which distinguished the Middle Ages. Even the Western man, the new Goth, the son of Democracy—

> "Of earth's anarchic children latest born"—

"this backwoods Charlemagne of empires new," this "brown-fisted rough,"

> "Who, meeting Cæsar's self, would slap his back,
> Call him 'Old Horse,' and challenge to a drink,"—

even he is, by-and-by, to have a faith and worship, and it is to be not unlike some form of Christianity:

> "Doubtless his church will be no hospital
> For superannuate forms and mumping shams,
> No parlor where men issue policies
> Of life-assurance on the eternal mind;
> Nor his religion but an ambulance
> To fetch life's wounded and malingerers in,
> Scorned by the strong; yet he, unconscious heir
> To the influence sweet of Athens and of Rome,
> And old Judea's gift of secret fire,
> Spite of himself shall surely learn to know
> And worship some ideal of himself,
> Some divine thing, large-hearted, brotherly,
> Not nice in trifles, a soft creditor,
> Pleased with his world, and hating only cant,
> And if his Church be doubtful, it is sure
> That in a world, made for whatever else,
> Not made for mere enjoyment—in a world
> Of toil but half requited, or, at best,
> Paid in some futile currency of breath—
> A world of incompleteness, sorrow swift,
> And consolation laggard, whatsoe'er
> The form of building or the creed professed,
> The Cross, bold type of shame to homage turned,
> Of an unfinished life that sways the world,
> Shall tower as sovereign emblem over all."

There are a great many happinesses of thought and expression to which we should be glad to call attention—some of them only wit; some of them better than wit, as, for example, the last line of this:

> "Such wine as Dante poured, or he who blew
> Roland's vain blast, or sang the Campeador
> In verse that clanks like armor in the charge,
> Homeric juice, if brimmed in Odin's horn;"

or this, of Gothic architecture:

> "And they could build, if not the columned fane
> That from the height gleamed seaward many-hued,
> Something more friendly with their ruder skies:
> The gray spire molten now in driving mist,
> Now lulled with the incommunicable blue,
> The carvings touched to meanings new with snow,
> Or commented with fleeting grace of shade.
> . . . . . .
> The painted windows, frecking gloom with glow,
> Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,
> Meet emblem of the senses and the soul;
> And the whole pile grim with the Northman's thought
> Of life, and death, and doom, life's equal fee;"

or, thinking of the Parthenon, take this picture, in itself and in contrast with the last:

> "The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
> Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
> The one thing finished in this hasty world,
> For ever finished."

But the poet confesses himself a Gothic soul; a believer in "the architects of dream," the "builders of aspiration incomplete:"

> "I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth."

And perhaps "the lofty rhyme" also may be so builded. Perhaps even it must be, if builded by men of our blood and time. However that may be, we can advise all our readers to spend "a day at Chartres"—so the poem was to have been called, they say—and having spent one they will find themselves ready to spend more, for the poem is all profitable, and much of it is beautiful, and it will endure studious acquaintance.

ECCE FEMINA.*

THE author of the work before us deftly exposes the weakness of the suffrage movement, but has not always armed himself to grapple with its strength. Though the book has a general tone of thoughtfulness and courtesy, it is yet likely to mislead in the respect that the positions which it charges upon the whole body of "innovators" can be justly affirmed only of its radical wing. With this reservation, we sympathize with its complaints of the free and independent logic which characterizes the suffrage advocates—their unreasonable presumptions against their respectable forefathers, their venturesome leap from certain evils to an uncertain cure, and, above all, their determination of woman's destiny, without even an oblique glance at her marriage relations. Mr. White insists upon those physical and mental distinctions which, adapting the sexes to different uses, are yet compatible with their equality. This equality he states to be one of usefulness (a sense in which a scavenger is equal to a statesman); whether it is also one of dignity he leaves to conjecture. He is right in his conclusion that a distinction of sphere is the corollary of a distinction of nature; but this admission merely opens the enquiry into the character

* "Ecce Femina. An Attempt to Solve the Woman Question. By Carlos White." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1870.

of that sphere—an enquiry which admits of no dogmatism, for it involves much of political economy, and nearly the whole of social science. It is probable that the great body of disputants upon this subject are not as widely opposed as they imagine. Both parties will concede that the nature of the sexes is not so diverse but that each should be interested in, and exercise some influence upon, the pursuits of the other. According to Mr. White, the quiet suasion which women now exert is salutary to political life, and the dispute between him and his antagonists narrows, therefore, to the question, Should this political influence (admitted beneficial in society) be potentially expressed at the polls? Our author argues against the polls, asserting that the beneficence of woman's power is owing to her moral superiority; that this last is solely the effect of her situation, and would be lost by contact with the political world.

In his chapter on the family, he answers that question which is really the fundamentality of this whole enquiry, viz., Is society an aggregation of families or of individuals? Upon this head, he reasons that government is made for the masses, and not the exceptions; that in almost all cases men do represent their wives as well as their children; therefore, to save expense, disorder, and corruption, the law judiciously regards every head of a family as its representative. In illustrating the danger of a different course, he points to those statutes which imply that a man and his wife are twain, by enabling the latter to hold property in her own right. As, however, the interests of married people are really identical, counterfeit bankruptcy is everywhere the result. This is an argument of great weight to those who agree with the author that the political disability of women is for the general good, and that the exceptions to its beneficence should therefore be disregarded. Those, however, whom he especially addresses might maintain that, if nature is the ground for considering the family a unit, it should be remembered that suffrage, or property laws, which merely recognize a distinction between the husband and wife, do not *force* an alienation of their interests, but leave the parties free to combine them, according to the dictates of affection and mutual advantage. They would further urge that the "innovators" are as hostile to contradictions of natural law as the conservators, but that the former insist that a jurisprudence which supplements nature (by forcing community of interest) is as false in principle as one that opposes it. With respect to the illustration cited, they might war as Greek against Greek, and maintain that a legislation generally benign must involve exceptional inconvenience; but that in the case referred to, special provisions might be framed to prevent fraudulent conveyances.

Mr. White successfully proves that the elective franchise is not a natural right, but a civil gift, grounded on expediency; and, by way of showing the inexpedience of female suffrage, asserts that women themselves decline it. He should remember, however, that none but extremists expect or even wish women to vote until they desire it; and that the present agitation is for the purpose of creating the desire. He refers their indifference or opposition to a natural aversion to politics; an explanation which we will supplement by the suggestion that a class raised to mental apathy might be expected to shrink from a privilege which involves a demand upon time and thought. In his opposition to female suffrage, Mr. White cites the Bible from Moses to St. Paul; but those who recollect that the same authority was quoted forward and back to prove that Ham should for ever remain a servant to his brethren, will be likely to trust that the exegetical skill which was equal to the one difficulty will suffice for the other.

In the ablest portion of his book, the author considers the question of woman's labor, showing that the existing inferiority of her wages is not only inevitable, but to be desired. As a fruit of the insane ravings about household drudgery, many of the industries for women are oversupplied, while the lack of female domestics has become a national evil. Even in those fields which they do not consider beneath them, women will not work ambitiously nor form permanent engagements, because of the "coming man." These causes, of course, lower the wages of the class, and the exceptions suffer with the rule. But even if it were possible to average the wages of men and women, and to give both the same remuneration for the same labor, the most disastrous effects would ensue; for the husband would then be unable to support his family, and the wife would be obliged to abandon her proper cares to assist him. Marriage, as a consequence, would lose half its attractions and usefulness, and fall into comparative neglect.

In conclusion, we will venture to predict that "Ecce Femina" will be welcomed by the opponents of female suffrage as a forcible presentation of their views, while those *conservative* innovators who have long been groaning "the Lord deliver us from our friends, and we will take care of our enemies," will regard it as the providence they invoked.

Tales of Old Travel Re-narrated. By Henry Kingsley. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.)—We trust there are some parents whose care for their children's reading continues after the season of gifts is past. To such we may say that Mr. Henry Kingsley, whose later novels have been so far inferior to his early promise, has partly redeemed his reputation by writing a really capital book for boys, and for men too, called "Tales of Old Travel Re-narrated." The tales are sixteen in number, stretching in space from Spitzbergen to the Southern Pacific, and all round the world, and extending in time from Marco Polo to "The Foundation of an Empire," which bids fair to be as great as any that Marco Polo told of—Australia. They form a small library of travels, an epitome of the narratives of sixteen adventurous rovers. Mr. Kingsley is well fitted to write such a book. His experience as a novelist and his experience as a traveller combine to render his accounts vivid and sensational.

His style is simple, straightforward, almost careless, tinged perhaps with a little conceit, but not the less enjoyable on that account, since he does not offend one's own; his subject is so full of matter that he has no need of padding. He says many bright things himself, and has the knack, while giving the pith of the stories in very small compass, to retain the most interesting details, and quote enough of the language to impart a life-like coloring. Those who cannot read the original narratives at leisure and in full—which, of course, is the best thing to do—will find it the next best to let Mr. Kingsley "skip" for them. He does not leave out all the plums, and he is not afraid to stop now and then to digress a little or explain an obscure phrase or fact; and in doing this he gives proof of a good memory and considerable reading—as where, in "The Sufferings of Robert Everard," he adduces in support of Everard's credibility the account of Captain Alexander Hamilton, who was at Bassorah shortly after Everard was there in 1692; and further illustrates the matter by an amusing story about the city from Franklin's voyage from Bengal to Persia (1787), besides quoting from Darwin, Palgrave, and Rabbi Benjamin; and all this without any offensive parade of learning, but rather as a bright boy will recall the parts of his reading that have made an impression on him. And so the book is a good example to put before boys of the right way to read.

Under Lock and Key. A Story. By T. W. Speight, author of "Brought to Light," "Foolish Margaret," etc. (Philadelphia: Turner Brothers & Co. 1869.)—Mr. Speight is fairly entitled to whatever amount of glory ought rightfully to belong to a successful imitator of a model so little worth imitating as Mr. Wilkie Collins. His preface to this novel informs the reader that he denied himself the pleasure of reading "The Moonstone" until after the completion of his own work, and that, therefore, the resemblances that exist between the two must be counted as accidental. They are very many and very strong; but we see no particular reason why each writer might not have evolved his plot unassisted. It was not, we suppose, by an act of the higher imagination that Mr. Collins conceived the idea of a yellow diamond worth thirty thousands pounds sterling, which, being stolen from the forehead of an Indian idol, should give rise to an ingenious game of hide-and-seek for its recovery; and there seems no reason why both he and Mr. Speight should not at about the same time have hit upon the plan of putting precious stones to so very appropriate a use as making them the hinges upon which should turn the plot of a novel. There is not only a diamond in each book, but in each an Indian idol, with a cavity in its forehead for accommodating the gem. As for Mr. Speight, he does not so much imitate Mr. Collins generally as travesty his details—he is contented with getting general outlines and ideas from other writers; for, though he is in the mass a disciple of Mr. Collins, he is not in particulars above accepting a hint here and there from Mr. Dickens. We suppose, for instance, that Lady Pollexfen owes her existence to Miss Havisham, and that her husband's coffin, which she keeps in an upper room of her house for twenty years, promenading nightly around it, is only a ghastly copy of her prototype's worm-eaten and spider-covered wedding-cake. Still, Mr. Speight's story is readable, and will be enjoyed by people who delight in the kind of novels of which it is a fairly good specimen. In some respects we are not sure that it is not preferable to Mr. Collins's own handwork. For example, Mr. Speight's theatrical pro-

perties are throughout of a cheaper kind than Mr. Collins's—a circumstance which we find greatly in his favor. To our taste, one of the least agreeable things about Mr. Collins's novels is the solemn clap-trap with which they abound, and with which their author seems trying to persuade himself, as well as his readers, that there is something intrinsically valuable and worth doing about his work. Mr. Speight, on the contrary, seems to have a lurking suspicion that it is not a branch of high art that he is pursuing. Such as it is, his work is done well enough to ensure him plenty of readers, however, and so give him all the encouragement he needs.

**** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

Authors.—Titles. BOOKS OF THE WEEK. *Publishers.—Prices.*

Appleton's Journal, Vol. II.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Brown (S. G.), Life of Rufus Choate, 2d ed.	(Little, Brown & Co.)	
Broome (F. N.), The Stranger of Scriphos: a Poem	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 19, swd.	(T. Ellwood Zell)	$0 50
Froude (J. A.), History of England, Vols. V., VI.	(C. Scribner & Co.)	2 50
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), Eoline: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Harper (Mrs. M. J.), Practical Composition	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
McBride (J.), Pioneer Biography, Butler County, Ohio.	(Robt. Clarke & Co.)	3 50
Mommsen (T.), History of Rome, Vol. II.	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Martin (Mrs. C. B.), The Story of Muff: a Tale, swd.	(Short & Harmon)	
The Little Nortons: a Tale	" "	
Maverick (A.), Henry J. Raymond and the New York Press.	(A. S. Hale & Co.)	
Mrs. Jernigham's Journal: a Poem	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Smith (Julie P.), Widow Goldsmith's Daughter: a Tale.	(Brown & Gross)	
Smith (Dr. Wm.), Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., Part XXIII., swd.	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 75
The True Story of Mrs. Shakespeare's Life, swd.	(Loring)	0 10

Fine Arts.

A MUSEUM OF THE FINE ARTS FOR BOSTON.

We have spoken recently* of the simultaneous undertaking in New York and in Boston of similar projects for museums of the Fine Arts. The two plans are similar only in their general purpose, however; it would be difficult to arrange the two more dissimilarly than they find themselves arranged by circumstances over which nobody can be said to have any control. Here, in New York, everything is vague, undetermined, undefined. A few persons may know what they would have the Museum be, what collections are of the first importance, and which are the most practicable and within reach; but these few persons have hardly compared notes, and as yet they hold no power in the premises, no power over funds already raised, and no visible power of raising funds. The greatest things are possible; total failure and a speedy abandonment of the whole project is possible. Two months hence there may be a sufficient and intelligent scheme in full working order, money in hand and more coming in, collections forming and preparations making for the proper commencing of others; and two months hence we may be settled in the old despair, founded on a conviction that there is not social life enough in New York for the success of any undertaking of the kind. As yet it has not been announced in any way what the New York Art Museum is to be, nor has it been hinted at how any art museum is to be brought into being. Now, in Boston, at the same time, a tangible and comprehensible scheme is on foot, in the hands of persons who know what they mean to have, and who control funds enough to ensure at least a partial success. As there is every reason to believe that the first step well taken will be the only difficult one, and that the path will be easy, once entered on, we think that Boston must be admitted to be well ahead of New York. One building of the right sort, built and stocked intelligently—a hundred thousand dollars so expended—will explain to all the meaning of the words, "Museum of the Fine Arts," and will interest in the project those who are capable of being interested.

There exists in Boston, on the "Back Bay" made lands, a large lot of ground, pretty well known, as regards location and size, from having held the Coliseum last June. By the forethought of a few gentlemen who fortunately held influence at the right time, this lot was reserved, from its first laying-out and filling-up, for the buildings of a future museum or institution of the Fine Arts, to be used for no other purpose, but to remain a park for ever, unless put to the use above-named. The first enterprise which can promise and give bonds for vigorous action would seem, therefore, to have its land provided for it. So much assured, the question of money to build with comes next, and with it the question of works of art to put into the building, or money to buy them with. It is probable that the Lawrence collection of armor, spoken of in our former issue, can be had. It is probable also that the Gray collection of engravings can be released from its place of safe-keeping in Harvard College Library, and exhibited in any good and safe building in Boston; and we have tried to show, in two recent articles, how important it is that that noble collection should be accessible to all. The works of art in the possession of the Athenæum, such as they are, can also be counted on for the new building. And of money for building we hear of fifty thousand dollars as secure; the best possible ground for believing as much more to be procurable.

Fifty thousand dollars, however, will suffice to build a plain, fire-proof, substantial building, two stories high; the lower story lighted by windows looking toward the north, the upper story lighted by skylights; the lower story large enough for the engravings and the armor, the upper story more than large enough for all the desirable paintings now within reach. What is proposed for the contents of the larger building, if the additional sum is raised? A collection, systematic, select, historically arranged, of casts of Grecian and Græco-Roman sculpture.

Too many persons, and not in this country only, have allowed themselves to consider casts from sculpture as proper to a drawing-school, but unworthy of a place in a museum of art. Too many persons, impressed by the sight of the very original statue or group, so renowned, so quoted and praised, so ancient and curious, would forget, in the presence of even a perfect cast, that all the original was in it except the associations and the romance, and generally greater beauty of material. There is a danger that these feelings may influence too much the action of those who will control these projected museums, and that there will be too decided a preference of original works of art of less artistic value and of vastly greater cost to these inexpensive and invaluable reproductions.

Let it be remembered, always, that certain fragments of Greek sculpture approach perfection more nearly than any or all other works of art, and show us the profoundest knowledge of nature in its highest forms, and the most consummate artistic ability that man has been found capable of. Let it be remembered, also, that, while the only less perfect and more varied art—central Italian painting—cannot be in any way well reproduced, and can be imperfectly reproduced only at great cost, the art of Grecian sculpture can be studied as well in a cast costing fifty dollars as in the original—the pride of a great national museum. Twenty thousand dollars would buy and bring to our shores the best pieces of the central time of Greek art. Fifty thousand dollars would make the collection of the best period fairly complete, giving small pieces as well as large, bas-reliefs as well as statues, engraved stones as well as colossal groups, terra-cottas as well as marbles. Or fifty thousand dollars will give us the best pieces of all times, beginning with archaism and bringing the student to the cold formalities of Roman Greek sculptures under the later empire. But these sums will be small when we shall begin to contend with the galleries of Europe for those precious bronzes, marbles, paintings, vases, and manuscripts, which are at once the artist's and the collector's delight. We may hope to have those too; we can afford it; we may grow wise enough to spend millions on works of art; and we shall insist on originals at any price where the artist's touch and the purity of his conception cannot be preserved in a copy. But let us get first the very best things of all, which also are the cheapest.

In this respect, then, Boston is wise. And indeed the general plan, which consists in first accepting what is offered and housing it well, and, second, getting low-priced art of the best quality and most powerful educational influence, has a good look. We hope to be able to record equally wise action and intentions on the part of the New York Museum Association, whenever it shall have got as far as the Boston Committee has.

* The *Nation*, No. 237, for Jan. 13, 1870, pages 29 and 32.

MUSIC.

THE ARIONS IN OPERA.

In the article on Our Amateurs published in a former issue we referred to a long-standing rivalry that had existed between the Liederkranz and the Arion clubs. This has been fostered by the Saengerfests held from time to time in different cities, at which prizes are offered for the best singing. It is the misfortune of the Arions to have been defeated at certain of these battles of harmony, indeed we believe they have taken no prize in ten years. Last summer they ventured to enter the lists, but were not only not "first in the hearts of their countrymen," but not even second. The Liederkranz returned with a grand piano—the first prize; the Junger-Männerchor went home to Philadelphia bearing a square piano—the second prize; but the poor Arions came back with nothing but a heart-ache and bitter rue. However, with German pluck they set to

work to retrieve their damaged reputations, they bestirred themselves to add new members, and they put their heads together to devise some grand undertaking that should bring them prominently into public notice. An opera was finally resolved upon—one that should be performed by their own members, and should make their names renowned. The thing had been tried by the Liederkranz at the old Astor Place Opera House in 1851, when Lortzing's "Czar and Zimmermann" had been performed with great success. What the Liederkranz had done then there was no reason that the Arions might not accomplish now. So *Der Freyschütz*—that opera so dear to the soul of every German—charming the ear with its melody and kindling the imagination with its romanticism, was fixed upon. Candidus, the pride of the club, was to sing *Max;* Remmertz, a new member, and one from whom great things were looked for, would sing *Caspar;* the orchestra should be increased to sixty; the New York Sing-Academie would furnish the female voices necessary to the chorus; new costumes would be provided; and the famous Wolf Glen scene, in which the devil is invoked and the magic bullets are cast, should be made terrible with the weird phantasmagory of another world. The society itself would be the chorus, and would crowd the stage with impressive numbers, and sing the Jäger-chor as it was never sung before.

This programme was an excellent one, but it had its difficulties. In the first place, opera is high art, and it is not for any man or any body of men suddenly to bethink them that they will crown themselves forthwith with its laurels, and to accomplish that result in a perfectly easy and satisfactory way. The business of the stage is a laborious thing to learn—a trade that requires an apprenticeship. The vocalism of the concert-room is one thing, that of the theatre another.

Then, again, the Arions must make their mark, if at all, by means of their chorus, that being the only point in which they could hope to improve on previous representations of the opera. But, unfortunately, *Der Freyschütz* does not lend itself readily to the plan, for it offers but little field for the chorus to display itself. The choral parts are only incidental, and are not made a prominent feature in the work. The 'Hunters' Chorus—for men's voices only—in which, if anywhere, the society might hope to make a success, is, after all, a poor composition for the purpose, lacking light and shade, and sentiment and expression, and all the elements that male voice quartettes rely on for their effects. During most of the opera no chorus is upon the stage, and so it happened that everybody thought that the society had played an inconsiderable part, wondered, in fact, what had become of the Arion, and there was consequently a feeling of disappointment in this direction. Nor did the soloists help the difficulty. As might have been expected, Mr. Candidus proved inadequate to the undertaking. Every one knew that he had a pretty parlor voice, but the Academy swallowed it all up. He sang in a feeble way, as though all the spirit had been taken out of him; and as for his acting, nothing could have been more hopelessly tame. If the man had been drugged for the occasion, it could not have been worse. An occasional ineffectual lifting of the arm was the final result of Mr. Candidus's studies in this direction. Madame Rotter and Madame Frederici, both well used to the stage, endeavored to instil a little fervor into him in the trio, and each took one of his hands. Candidus looked helplessly at them, as though anxious only to be let alone. He fixed his eyes upon the stage, as is the habit with novices, instead of upon the audience, and quite had the air of one vainly hoping that some friendly trap-door might open and let him suddenly out of his perplexities. The *Caspar* of Mr. Remmertz was really an excellent performance, especially so far as the singing was concerned; and Madame Frederici and Madame Rotter were tolerably good, in spite of a tendency of the former to sing flat, which is always a matter of regret, since she has so beautiful a voice. As to the Wolf Glen scene, which was to have been made so effective, there was nothing to impress the spectator but the splutter of gunpowder, the wriggling across the stage of impossible monsters spitting fire, the habitual owl with the flapping wings and glowing eyes, some poor painted figures, and an unpleasant smell of brimstone. To children the scene must have been one of magical terror; to the maturer mind it was foolish and unimaginative to the last degree. It is hopeless to appeal to the eye with these silly effects; if the audience is to be impressed, it must be by something addressed to their imaginations, and not by such noisy, vulgar, matter-of-fact displays as this old traditional stage trickery. On the whole the performance was rather a disappointment, though the orchestra was fine, and the chorus really did the little that fell to their share in an excellent manner. Mr. Carl Bergmann, the director of the society, conducted.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1870.

The Week.

NOTHING can be said to have been settled by the week's work in Congress, except the League Island Bill, which was tabled in the House on Wednesday, the 26th, and for this we ought to feel thankful to Mr. Dawes in particular. We must also do him the justice to say that he did not criticise the estimates of the Administration until he or others of the Ways and Means Committee had applied at headquarters for information. Mr. Butler's reply to his argument for retrenchment appears to have consisted in procuring slightly reduced or corrected estimates from the Departments, and thus, of course, altering somewhat Mr. Dawes's standard of comparison; but the difference was not great, and the latter's rejoinder served rather to strengthen his original position. We observe, too, that Mr. Dawes's appeal to the people of Massachusetts to judge between his political career and that of his colleague, has not resulted in Gen. Butler's favor. Under the lead of Mr. Hill, of New Jersey, the House on Thursday abolished, so far as its action could, the franking privilege, in a much shorter time than is usually needed for so advanced and (to Congressmen) self-sacrificing a measure, and by a handsome majority. The Senate is likely to amend but not to resist it. Until new provisions are made for the payment of postage on newspapers and periodicals, the reform, like other hastily considered measures, may be productive of trouble between publishers and their subscribers, as well as between exchanges. The law as it passed the House is to take effect July 1. The Virginia members have been admitted to the House—Fernando Wood, in the case of Mr. Porter, paying homage to the memory of President Lincoln and his war government—and to the Senate. The Senate has done little else than discuss finance.

The discussion in the Senate during the week has been mainly over Mr. Sherman's Currency Bill, proposing to issue $45,000,000 more National Bank currency, withdrawing the same amount of three per cent. certificates, and compelling the banks to keep on hand twenty-five per cent. of their circulation in gold. The main object of the bill is to "equalize" the circulation, as it is called, by giving the Western and Southern States, which have fewer national banks than the Eastern, their "fair share" of the paper money of the country. We discussed this subject at full length in April last year (No. 197), when similar measures were under discussion, taking the ground that no matter how you "distribute the circulation," it will flow where it is wanted in the transaction of business, and will only stay where people can *afford* to keep it; that if the West or South want more currency, they can always have it by coming to the East and buying it with their products; and that there is no way of getting it except by purchase, unless the Government should present it to them for nothing, which, we believe, Mr. Sherman does not propose it should do. He requires each new bank organized under his bill to deposit 90 per cent. of its circulation in Government bonds; but if the West or South have bonds to deposit in setting up banks, they can go and sell them, or borrow money on them, in Wall Street, and thus get nearly the same amount of money; but if they have not the bonds, or the means of buying them, they cannot set up the banks. Of course, banking under the National system is profitable, and plenty of men will be ready to go into it under Mr. Sherman's bill; but that anybody will be able, by means of the bill, to keep currency in any particular section of the country in which business does not require it, and in which it would not stay of itself without an act of Congress, we look on as a curious and interesting delusion. Currency is plenty at the East because capital is mainly owned at the East, which is another way of saying that rich men have a great deal of money and poor men very little; and Congressional devices for equalizing the distribution of the currency are like plans for equalizing fortunes, or making Venice as prosperous as London, or making water run up hill. The debates of the week, therefore, will carry everybody who takes this view of the matter back a good way into the past.

While the franking privilege still remains in force, it could scarcely be used to better purpose than in distributing copies of Mr. Blake's report concerning the Indians of British America, submitted to the House on Thursday. Mr. Blake is United States Consul at Hamilton, Canada, and he was instructed to examine into the condition of the various tribes living under the rule of the Dominion, with a view to getting light on their progress in civilization, and the measures adopted to remove the distinctions between them and the French and English population. His observations showed that during the last fifty years there has been no difficulty with the Indians or among themselves; that the Government has given them reservations, without ceasing to care for and protect them, especially by extending medical attendance and enforcing vaccination; that they take kindly to schools and education, because it puts them on an equality with white men; that some of them are, in fact, indistinguishable from the whites in manners and cultivation; that as a whole they are increasing in numbers—apparent decrease in some cases being attributable to emigration or to intermarriage and social fusion with the whites; in short, that they "have passed through the most critical era of transition from barbarism to civilization." This is true, while it is also true that many of the Indians are still addicted to the pagan worship of their forefathers; but the wise conduct of the Government has made it morally certain that these last will eventually be brought up to the level of the others in customs and intelligence. There is a lesson in this spectacle which even the inhabitants of Minnesota might receive if they would, and our border population generally; and we hope that even before this country undertakes to annex Canada, it will annex its Indian policy. For this no reciprocity treaty is needed.

Apropos of the public debt, there is one curious thing in connection with the Democratic policy about it which we would thank our ingenious contemporary, the *World*, to explain. The Democratic party, we are constantly told, are in favor of the punctual and loyal payment of the debt, which is all very well; but then, how does it happen that all, or nearly all, Democrats are in favor of paying it in greenbacks? Republicans differ occasionally about the "meaning of the contract," but how is it that Democrats are always of one mind about the meaning of the contract, and never, by any chance, fall into the error of supposing that the bondholder is entitled to gold? Surely one might expect some of them to go astray now and then on so knotty a question. When Mr. McNeely, of Kentucky, proposed to declare the five-twenties payable in greenbacks in the House on Monday, his resolution was only laid on the table by a strict party vote.

A negro, Mr. Revels, has been elected senator from Mississippi, and is awaiting the admission of the State to take his seat; and in the interval, some of the newspapers have been entertaining themselves with the discussion of his eligibility under the Dred Scott decision—some holding that he only became a citizen at the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment, and, therefore, cannot sit in the Senate till the lapse of nine years from that date. Even if, however, the majority in either House were likely to accept the Dred Scott decision, as including not only slaves but free blacks, in the teeth of the historical evidence as to the recognition of negro citizenships in the earlier days of the Republic, they would be delivered from all difficulty in the matter by the practice of the Government, even under Democratic auspices, in the annexation of foreign territory. The Texans became citizens forthwith on the

annexation of the Republic to the United States; the people of St. Thomas and the Dominicans will do the same—a proposition to keep them waiting nine years would be laughed at; and the argument of expediency is still stronger in the case of our native blacks than in their case. There is a touch of the comic in Mr. Revels's being the successor of Jefferson Davis.

General Butler seems to meet with no favor in any quarter in his new rôle of a defender of the Administration. The Republican press, as far as our observation goes, abuse or reprove him, partly, apparently, owing to a general want of confidence in him, and partly owing to his attack on Mr. Dawes, which, being in the nature of an attempt to "read him out" of the Republican party, was, coming from the General, absurd as well as unseemly, as Mr. Dawes had no difficulty in pointing out. Mr. Dawes's onslaught on the Administration we thought, as we said a week ago, ill-judged, because it is a kind of attack against which it is impossible to defend one's self without notice, and against which, even with notice, it is very difficult for the Government to defend itself at all. The difficulties of its position could hardly be better illustrated than by its having to let General Butler appear for it. The real weight of Mr. Dawes's character and services of course rendered his assault all the more serious. As far as he is concerned, however, he has every reason to congratulate himself, as it has been the means of calling forth in every direction the strongest tributes to his worth, in which we cordially concur. It has had, too, the good effect of revealing in a very marked way the decline of General Butler, even in the estimation of the noisy and unscrupulous band of worshippers who rallied round him two years ago. A few months more, and he will have once more adjusted himself to a peaceful state of society and the normal calm of the public mind, and will count for no more now than he did before the war, to the great gain of political morality and of the public credit.

The Tennessee Constitutional Convention, which began its sessions with an apparent intention to abrogate everything which the Radicals had enacted, seems to improve with length of days. The question of the franchise has been thoroughly debated during the week, and the opponents of negro suffrage have been signally defeated in an attempt to get the franchise clause, which makes no distinction of color, submitted separately to the popular vote. This saves it, since a majority of the people would undoubtedly vote it down, unless by so doing they risked the Amended Constitution at the same time. The Memphis *Post* thinks the Convention's liberality is due to a wholesome fear inspired by the Georgia precedent; but the tone of the arguments used by prominent ex-Confederates is against the supposition. There is, in fact, no reason why a former secessionist in Tennessee should not be prompter to recognize existing facts than a Democrat in Illinois, both being engaged in adjusting Constitutions to altered times. In the South Carolina Legislature a colored senator has been chosen Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, with the aid of the entire Democratic vote.

Mr. Wells was accused by the *Tribune* (Jan. 13) of untruthfulness in his estimate of the wool-clip of the United States in 1868, in having asserted that the wool-clip was only four and three-quarters pounds per head of sheep, and that the total clip of that year was 177,000,000 pounds; and it styled him "a Special Munchausen who thus figured up the statement that it is a waste of capital to invest more money in woollen spindles." To which Mr. Wells replied that he never estimated the clip per head of sheep at four and three-quarters pounds or any other figure, and that his estimate of the total was taken from the Bulletin of the Woollen Manufacturers' Association, and had been adopted by Mr. E. B. Bigelow, the well-known protectionist, in his address before the American Institute (Mr. Horace Greeley, president), Oct. 5, 1869. Of this the *Tribune* took no notice till Monday last—an interval of a fortnight—when, being goaded by the Detroit *Free Press*, it announced that Mr. Wells had not contradicted its charge (of being a "Special Munchausen"), but had simply said that his estimate was taken from "recent essays by Messrs. Bigelow and Hayes," and that, had "he mentioned in his report that his estimates had been borrowed, it would not have held him responsible for their accuracy." Here we see a man is accused of lying, partly by imputing to him a statement he never made, and partly by denying the correctness of one he did make. He denies that he made the first statement, and shows that he adopted the second from a trusted friend and colleague of his accuser; but his accuser takes no notice of the defence, and, more than that, uses the special and peculiar means at his disposal to prevent the public from hearing of it. What does Mr. Greeley think of the morality of this kind of editing? We should really like to know, not for the purpose of harassing him hereafter, but as an interesting contribution to the sociology of the day.

When he is in the way of explaining, we wish he would also define the *Tribune's* position about capital punishment. It frequently contains wild articles, strongly denunciatory of the death penalty, and in so doing without suggesting any substitute, has done much to throw the public mind into great confusion on a very important question. The death penalty is disappearing, like some better things, before a kind of mushy and unthinking doubt of its morality and expediency; but hardly anybody is giving any sober attention to the provision of a certain mode of removing manslayers from human society,—a thing which no civilized community can dispense with, if it means to preserve any sentiment of respect for human life. The *Tribune*, however, not only renders no help in this matter, but, when it gets into hysterics over a murder like the McFarland or the Townsend case, seems to forget all about its views on capital punishment, and not only calls for the death of the criminal, but his death without trial. Apropos of the Townsend murder on Sunday last, it exclaimed on Monday morning: "If a few of these criminals could be made to suffer the extreme penalty of their acts before the burial of their victims, we might hope to awe their fellows into something like regard for their necks, if not for the laws of the State." Here is actually a suggestion that murderers should be hanged within two days from the death of their victims—that is, substantially without trial—emanating from a paper which maintains about one hundred times a year that all legal killing is wicked and unnecessary.

The *Sun* accuses us of indicating, by our remarks last week on "Editorial Perspective," our belief that the daily papers should have passed over the Cooke scandal in total silence. That was not our idea. What we meant to say, and we hoped had succeeded in saying, was that an editor's duty was not only to lay the facts of the day before the public, but to indicate, by the greater or less prominence he gives them, the relations of each fact to other facts. The space and prominence given to the Cooke abduction would have been justified if it were in any way a symptomatic fact, or if it were likely to be followed by serious consequences to the community—if, for instance, it was a sign of the state of morals in Methodist churches or in public schools, or if the probable result of it would be that other ministers would follow Cooke's example, or if Cooke had been in any way a prominent or widely known or influential man. But none of these things was true. The incident was nothing more than the elopement of an apparently half-cracked minister with a silly girl. It was right to give an account of it; but to give up whole columns to it day after day; to send out reporters right and left to scour the country for "items" about Cooke's life; to speculate about him, and his motives and whereabouts, as if his crime was unprecedented; to pester his unfortunate wife to let the public know how *she* felt, the unfortunate school-girl's father to know how *he* felt; and, in short, expend as much time, money, and nervous force on the working of it up as if it were a revolution or a tremendous public calamity, or the revelation of a great social sore, was to give the public a totally false impression of the real value and true place of the incident, and what is worse, was to foster and encourage one of the most depraved of human tastes—the appetite for *dirty* scandal. This is as well as we can state in a few lines our position about it. The *Sun* will hardly maintain that an editor has no right to exercise his own judgment as to the importance of what he publishes, or that he is bound to think *only* of the number of people who will be likely to want to know a thing, in deciding what space he will give to it; because this would fill every paper with simple obscenity.

The news from France continues to be peaceful, and shows that the new ministry grows in strength and confidence. M. Ollivier has addressed the Senate in explanation and defence of his policy, and received, in return, a strong vote of confidence. The press, generally, treats the issue of the struggles of the last year as proof positive that Frenchmen are vastly better politicians than they were forty years ago; that they want liberty, but not revolution; and that they have come to understand that revolution means the destruction of popular confidence in free government, and the increase of the tendency to take refuge in dictatorships; and that the pretence of the Parisian Reds, that they are competent to form a republic which people who have to earn their bread and provide for their children by other means than public spouting will consent to live under, is simply farcical. Their latest advice to the Republicans is, not to pay rent or taxes; and Rochefort's remedy for the anomaly known as the "High Court," which is to try Prince Pierre, is to have "the people take arms and administer justice for themselves." The additional details which have appeared about the murder show that, as far as regards the dirty abuse which led to it, the prince and the journalist were about on a level. The former had, in a Corsican paper, delicately expressed a wish to have the "tripes cut out" of the Republicans of that island, and used as manure. This the statesmen of the *Marseillaise*, whose own language is only one degree better, could not endure, and, accordingly, the Corsican member of the staff, M. Paul Grousset, sent to demand satisfaction for it, and everybody knows the rest. The melancholy feature of the affair is that it should be possible, in this age, for a great nation, one of the foremost, if not the foremost, in civilization—the country of Royer-Collard, Constant, Guizot, De Broglie, and Montalembert—to be convulsed, and its peaceful progress absolutely impeded, by the quarrels of men of this sort, without mind or manners or morals, using their pens mainly to fling garbage at their enemies, and wearing pistols and daggers to supplement their mutual vituperation.

The only apparently positive and reliable news from Rome is, that the hope of getting the Pope made infallible "by acclamation" (the ecclesiastical equivalent of the "previous question"), has been definitively abandoned. This has been reported for some weeks, but there now seems to be no doubt of it. The Council has then got down to the ordinary human means of having it declared through discussion; or, if it be irreverent to speak of the process as "human," of getting it divinely declared, *after* a certain amount of discussion. About the debates the Pope feels very much as Thaddeus Stevens used to feel about the debates over his Reconstruction bills; he *knows* he is right, but, in consideration of the weakness of the brethren, he lets them talk a little over his propositions. The inconveniences of this concession are, however, numerous. As soon as it was evident that the plan of an "afflatus" was given up, the opponents of the dogma began to seek each other out and organize—headed, as we said a fortnight ago, by Cardinal Schwartzenberg and Bishop Dupanloup. A paper either protesting against or in some way indicating hostility to the dogma was then passed about. We have already mentioned the rumor—and we believed it—that Cardinal Schwartzenberg had at the last moment refused to sign it, and then collapsed into obedience to the Pontifical will, and left Rome an object of pity to his friends and enemies. It is now alleged, however—as indeed it has been alleged by somebody of nearly everything anybody else has ever said about the Council from the beginning—that this is "a wicked lie," and that the Cardinal has signed the paper, and is still in Rome. The movement against the dogma has, however, as might have been expected, produced a counter movement in its favor, its supporters, who are far more numerous than its opponents, also signing a paper, begging for its submission to the Council. It is in its very nature something which it would be dangerous to pass over the heads of a recalcitrant minority. The latest talk is of a compromise in the shape of a declaration, in which the Pope's infallibility will be spoken of as a desirable thing, though not as an ascertained fact, but then this would appear to leave it still in the ranks of a "pious opinion" simply, where it would do the world little or no good. It is right to say that nearly all the correspondents agree in accusing members of the Council and their ecclesiastical followers of telling falsehoods, both about what has happened and is going to happen concerning the Council, basing their charges on the frequency with which the fathers contradict each other. The ecclesiastics in their turn describe the newsmongers in terms which leave little room for doubt that they are emissaries of Satan. We have described elsewhere the consequences of the latest Papal decree, which the bishops consider a direct infringement of their prerogative, as it almost completely deprives them of their power of damnation, and, combined with the secrecy of the debates in the Council and the arbitrary restrictions on freedom of speech, has done much to foster discontent and division.

Two or three months ago, when a rumor was spread by one of our daily contemporaries that an alliance between Austria, France, and Russia, against Prussia, was on foot, we threw discredit on it. Everything which has since occurred goes to confirm our conclusions about it. The internal condition of Austria, which we gave as one of the reasons for refusing credence to the report, is still one of great confusion and perplexity, rendering all talk of an offensive foreign policy on her part almost ridiculous. She has had since then an insurrection in Dalmatia, which she suppressed with considerable difficulty; a ministerial crisis, not yet over; and the Czech question—that is, the question of the share the Bohemians and Galicians are to have in the government, which is alone serious enough to tear the empire to pieces—is still unsettled. Along with this comes up the question of reforming the Military Frontier along the Turkish border—a wide strip of territory occupied since the beginning of the sixteenth century by the Gränzer, soldier colonists, living in regiments governed by martial law, and supposed to be constantly ready to repulse the raids which for nearly two hundred years were the pastime of the Turkish beys. These Gränzer furnished regularly 60,000 men to the Austrian army. On a pinch, they could furnish 100,000. They were at the absolute disposition of the Crown, down to the last boy, and, since they ceased to be needed against the Turks, have been used in all the Imperial campaigns. The Military Frontier was, therefore, as might have been expected, one of the pet institutions of the old régime; but it was utterly incompatible with constitutional government, and kept a million of people in a state of barbarism, and it has to go down. Two of the regiments have been dissolved, the rest are soon to follow, and thus the last trace of the old relations of Turkey to Christendom will have disappeared.

It appears, however, that not only has Austria never thought of threatening Prussia, but Russia thinks of it just as little. About a month ago, the Emperor of Russia sent the King of Prussia the decoration of the military order of St. George, and the King in his turn sent the Emperor the Prussian order of Military Merit, and the Emperor took occasion in doing so to recall to the King remembrance of the grand days when their armies were fighting together for a "sacred cause;" and the Russian Minister at Berlin, in investing the King with the order of St. George, said it must be looked on as "a new pledge of the ties which bind together the two peoples and two armies." France was the enemy against which the two armies fought in the "sacred cause." This ostentatious revival of the memories of 1813 is looked on as intimation on the part of both sovereigns that the Fleury mission to St. Petersburg means nothing, and least of all a drawing together of France and Russia as against Prussia.

Salnave, after a checkered career, has been caught and shot, after the Dominican manner; but his army survives him, and, having joined Cabral, the foe of Baez, the combined force talks of attacking the Dominican territory, apparently disputing Baez's right to sell it to us, and being evidently likely to interfere with the proper taking of a popular vote on the annexation. If, as is not at all improbable, we have to make good our title by force of arms, it might be well to calculate beforehand what the island will stand us in, cost of subjugation included, and what the expense of police will be after we have subdued it. A fighting population, such as the Dominicans are, are not likely to be kept very quiet by sheriffs of their own choosing.

THE ST. DOMINGO BARGAIN.

We hope sincerely the Senate will now act on the St. Thomas matter, and deliver the country from the somewhat discreditable position in which it stands with regard to the bargain made by the late Administration with Denmark for the purchase of that island. Whatever the hostility of the Republican majority to Messrs. Johnson and Seward may be, they would do well to consider the effect, both on our foreign relations and our domestic politics, of treating a change of Administration as a kind of break in the Government, over which no moral responsibility could be transmitted. Moreover, while it is acknowledged on all hands that we want St. Thomas as a naval station, and that it will answer all the purposes of a naval station, it has also the immense advantage of possessing a population in our own stage of civilization, and comparatively easy of assimilation, who may, in fact, be trusted to govern themselves and make a respectable and useful contribution to our public opinion.

The case of St. Domingo is different in many ways—so different that it is difficult, supposing St. Thomas to be ours already, to see what use it can be to us, except to supply custom-houses and post-offices to politicians. Were its population in any sense of the word a civilized population, or had we a civil service so officered and managed as to furnish a civilizing agency, we should have little to say against the acquisition. But we absolutely have no civil officers whom we can trust even to distribute Government charity amongst the Indians; for this small and simple duty towards a handful of barbarians we have had to call for volunteers amongst the religious denominations. What the state of things will be when we take in hand the regeneration of the Dominican "Republic" may be guessed from a very cursory survey of the facts of the case.

The coast-line of the island, embracing the two republics of St. Domingo and Hayti, is about twelve hundred miles long, and, striking off, say, four hundred of these as Hayti's share, we have eight hundred left for St. Domingo. But in all these eight hundred we have been only able to discover one solitary custom-house. How many post-offices there are in the country it is impossible to say, as it is also to discover what the precise nature of the postal service is; but the probability is, judging from the general character of the inhabitants, that there is no great necessity for postal "facilities." The staple products of the country consist of gold, silver, iron, cattle, wood, tobacco, and hides. The area of the island is 22,000 square miles, and the population consists of 150,000 persons, of whom about one-tenth claim to be whites. What their color really is we have no means of knowing. The inhabitants have not, however, developed any great industrial capacity, their energies having been chiefly consumed, ever since the landing of Columbus in 1492, in perpetual wars. As a military community they have no equal on the surface of the globe, always excepting the inhabitants of the neighboring republic of Hayti, which is considered by some historians to surpass them. With such historians we are not inclined to agree. To go no further back than the present century, we find that in 1808 the "tyranny of Dessalines drove the Dominicans back" (from the kind protection of France) "into the arms of Spain." The next year they declared their independence, and for the succeeding thirteen years were in an "unsettled" state, till in 1822 the whole island was united under a republican form of government, and Boyer chosen President for life. Before the end of his life, however, Hayti, in 1844, cut adrift and became an independent negro state, after the celebrated battle of Santiago. After that Soulouque formed the habit of attacking St. Domingo every other year or so, and when he did not do it alone he did it in conjunction with a certain Jimenes, who appears to have been made a duke by Soulouque in consideration of his distinguished services. At length Buenaventura Baez, the gentleman who has just been negotiating with General Babcock, became "constitutional President," and immediately on his accession Soulouque began again. This cat-and-dog state of affairs has continued down to the present time; and the rôles of Usurper, Dictator, Invader, and Tyrant have always been readily filled upon the Dominican boards. The constitutional form of government as administered in St. Domingo affords great opportunities for this. It is moulded upon our own, with a President elected for four years, five senators and fifteen representatives, a Supreme Court and various inferior courts. "Rotation in office" is with the Dominicans carried much further than with us, as, whenever an official is considered by a majority of the people to have held office for a long enough period, the latter rise *en masse*, slay him, and distribute "the spoils" among themselves. These risings, combined with the natural effect of the frequently recurring constitutional elections, make St. Domingo the office-seeker's paradise. Every Dominican expects some day or other to be President, and most of them succeed, unless they have the misfortune to be cut off in their prime by some one or other of their compatriots. It is difficult, indeed, to understand, in view of all these circumstances, why Baez should be so desirous of annexation. He has been President, off and on, for twenty years, and when he comes into the United States he only comes in as citizen of the least civilized State in the Union. But it is said by a correspondent of the *Tribune* (and this may explain the difficulty) that Baez expects on the annexation of his country to be elected to represent her in the Senate of the United States. But if Gregorio Luperon and Josè Maria Cabral don't press him hard for that office, to say nothing of the chances of his throat being cut between now and his election, we are much mistaken. Luperon and Cabral have just united in a card to the American public, in which they conclusively show that Baez had no right to sell the island, because the constitution expressly forbids the cession of any territory to foreign powers.

This description of the condition of the island must show clearly enough what a splendid field will be thrown open by the purchase to all unemployed collectors, assessors, appraisers, postmasters, consuls, and district attorneys. The moment the treaty is ratified we shall witness an invasion of St. Domingo which will cast into the shade the worst filibustering of Soulouque. From every Northern State, from every Republican and Democratic headquarters throughout this broad land, we seem, with our prophetic eye, to see a stream of disappointed office-seekers pouring down upon the virgin soil of Dominica. Thither, with his carpet-bag in his hand, will go every would-be consul who has been denied a place by Fish, every would-be marshal spurned by Hoar, every Treasury clerk dismissed by Boutwell. Then will they acclimatize themselves, acquire rights of citizenship, and begin to speculate in real estate. Some will acquire an interest in the coal mines; others in the lumber districts; still others in the tobacco crops; not a few will start a hotel; not a few will organize "staunch journals;" while it may be that here and there will appear the prospectus of a railroad, a national bank, and a line of steamers from the ancient port of Santo Domingo to New York, or perhaps to Pekin. And then will come the second act in the drama. The curtain rises and discloses Washington. Here is that faithful friend of freedom, Jabez Tucker, sometime of Downieville, Maine, now of Samana, S. D., U. S., who seeks at the hands of a generous Government the reward of his faithful service in the late war in the shape of a small Dominican post-office. And here is our old friend Silas Jones, born in Denver City, and late editor of the Kunkapot *Pioneer*, who asks for a small assessorship in the district of Santa Cruz del Seybo; and another applicant who comes for a steamship subsidy, and a thousand or two more who desire a consulship. But the thought which pleases us most is that of gentlemen who will apply for some of the internal revenue offices in the up-country. The interior of the country consists of mountain ranges, rising to an elevation of six thousand to eight thousand feet. What a place these tropical forests would be for the combination office of assessor and whiskey-distiller! There may the just man distil whiskey and assess his own tax till the end of time, transmitting the secret of his art to his children on his death-bed; and, if he goes out of office by rotation before that time, as he probably will, making an equitable arrangement with his successor whereby neither shall lose anything in the fair way of business. Clearly the internal revenue offices in the interior will be the best; but we should by no means recommend any one to refuse the positions on the coast. The custom-house of the port of St. Domingo, or of Samana, for instance; how pleasant a place for retirement after a long political life!

MODES OF PERSONAL REPRESENTATION.

We are gratified at the interest in the subject of personal representation called out by our recent article upon that subject, and glad to have the objections which we made to the different schemes met by the friends of these schemes. The question is, at any rate, a difficult one; it is much easier to point out defects in a plan than to propose a better one, and we shall be abundantly satisfied if either Mr. Hare's plan, the New York plan, or Mr. Buckalew's plan receives a fair trial in the State of Illinois. We are glad to see that the Chicago *Republican* plan, which, as a correspondent well says, "would remove the sole remaining check upon the tyranny of the wire-pullers," appears to meet little favor in the Illinois Convention. Mr. Medill's proposition, which will probably be adopted, if any, embodies the leading principle of Mr. Buckalew's plan, by giving every elector a number of votes equal to that of the senators or representatives to be chosen by the same constituency, and allowing him to "cumulate" them. It very properly leaves it for the Legislature to determine the details in the practical application of the plan; and here we will say that its success will depend very much upon the skill with which this is done. If the State should be divided exclusively into "three-cornered" constituencies—as is very probable—it would still be hard for any candidates but regular nominees of the two great parties to be elected; the most efficient working of the plan demands that the election districts should be large enough to give wide scope to the individual choice. While we ourselves incline to regard Mr. Buckalew's plan as the best which has any chance of being adopted, we wish that the Convention were to have all three distinctly before it, and we should be glad—seeing that the whole thing is an experiment—if all of them could have a fair trial, each in a separate field.

In answer to "W.," we will remind him that we did not say that Mr. Hare's plan was too complicated, but that it is tacitly assumed to be so, and stands therefore no chance of adoption for the present. We agree with him that the work of the elector is as simple as possible, and that the clerical work, in which alone the real complication consists, would be done by hired experts, and need not be at all formidable. But a system, to be accepted, must not only be simple, but must be shown to be so to the average voter. And it is a fact that the average voter will not take the trouble to examine a scheme which certainly is complicated, for it requires lengthened explanation; and that until the voters understand it and urge it, it is idle to expect the politicians to take it up. We wish with all our heart that the Illinois Convention would try it among themselves as he suggests; but we must wait to see whether the Harvard Alumni will try it, as was proposed last summer. When they have tried it, and it works well, perhaps we can get politicians to look at it. Meanwhile, it is, as we said, tacitly set aside, on the ground—whether correctly or not—that it is too complicated for our community.

In regard to the New York plan, we are glad to learn from our correspondent that its application is intended to be confined to votes where the ayes and noes are called. Our former understanding was derived from the memorial of the Personal Representation Society to the Constitutional Convention of New York, which reads: "Each of the members would vote *on all divisions* according to the number of votes which he had received." It is true, the accompanying "report" says "upon every measure or act coming to a vote;" but we supposed that the formal "memorial," especially as it made use of italics, would contain the plan in its authentic form. But even now the plan is not free from objection. Its essential idea is, that it does not matter how many members there are in all, or of any given party; even a minority of members might efficiently represent a large majority of voters. That is very true, on the final votes. But on the preliminary votes the numerical majority of members, representing, perhaps, a minority of votes, would have it all their own way; so that, after all, on the New York plan we must choose between having this cumbersome method of voting applied to all divisions, and the chance that a minority of voters may have a majority of members to control legislative preliminaries.

But we are surprised that our correspondent should take exception to our identifying this plan with the theory of delegation. We had supposed that this was the peculiar merit claimed for it and possessed by it; why else should one member of a legislative body have double the voting power of another, if not because he is supposed to reflect the wills and opinions of double the number of votes? It is no advantage to a man—and here is a frequent fallacy of the advocates of minority representation—to have a person in Congress whom he voted for, unless that person continues to hold the same views with him. The New York plan and Mr. Hare's plan both, it is true, propose to have every citizen equally represented, and thus the voting power precisely proportioned to the constituency; but it appears to us that a scheme which accomplishes this by cumulating the voting power in the hands of individual members in this proportion, may be fairly said to recognize the principle of delegation more distinctly than a plan which provides equal constituencies and then gives the representatives equal power. In the one case, every call of the ayes and noes forces attention to the fact that these men are the agents of such and such constituents, and are naturally expected to vote as those constituents desire; in the other case, there is no such preponderance of power possessed by one member or another as to lead to any exaggerated sense of dependence. By the theory of delegation we mean the theory that the representative is only the agent of his constituents, and is bound, whenever he knows their will, to act in conformity with it. Opposed to this view is that which considers the legislative body as trusted with discretionary powers, which it is bound to exercise for the public good, whether it may fall in with the wishes of any portion or proportion of the community or not. We held, in our former article, that the theory of delegation is correct when applied to issues which are distinctly before the community at the time of the election, but that for new issues it must fail. Now the New York plan would be perfect for the first class of issues; to the second it is unfitted, for the reason that it gives disproportionate powers to different members, based upon issues which now no longer exist. Of course, as our correspondent says, "under any system whatever, citizens must choose their representatives in view of the political situation as it presents itself to them at the time." But this, which is a difficulty under any system, will be aggravated by the one under discussion, for the very reason that it does provide so perfect a representation for the questions immediately at issue. To take an example: General Butler, who was chosen purely on the question of Reconstruction, probably misrepresents his constituents on the greenback question; but under the plan under discussion this misrepresentation would be enhanced in the ratio of the extra votes that were cast for him in a bitter personal canvass.

For the matter of that, as between this plan and Mr. Hare's, we do not hesitate to say that a more equitable and efficient representation will be attained by having the legislative body made up of men representing nearly the same number of voters and equal to each other in power, than in having the members vary in their voting power. It would be found, we feel sure, a better organized legislature for practical work. Both these plans lay more stress than Mr. Buckalew's upon absolute equality of representation, and in so far are superior to his; but, as we remarked above, this equality, after all, is of less importance than is often supposed; the present glaring inequalities in representation are among the smallest of the objections to the present system. Mr. Buckalew's plan has certainly the merit of simplicity, and will give good opportunity for an improved representation, while it avoids the difficulties of the New York plan. But all the plans proposed have objections on the score of expediency or fairness, and it may be that some plan will yet be devised superior to any of them.

But, after all, the most serious obstacle in the way of reform is not the inability or unwillingness of the community to understand a complicated scheme, but its inability to comprehend what is meant and intended by the reform. The public has become so habituated to our present methods, the majority is so accustomed to consider only itself, parties are so wedded to the belief that they are the nation, the district system is so universally accepted as a finality, that the first thing to be aimed at is that the community should understand the real meaning and aim of personal or minority representation. As our correspondent intimates, there is a great deal of misapprehension arising from this expression, "minority" representation—a misapprehension which lies

at the bottom of the Chicago *Republican* plan. There are two parties—just these and no more—and it is fancied that our end is reached when these two parties are proportionately represented. But it is not *the* minority, but *minorities*, that we wish represented. The only objection that we have seen telegraphed as being made to the principle in the Illinois Convention is, that it would enable the railroad interest, or what not, to combine and run in a member. Well, that is just what we want. What we desire is that every interest, every phase of opinion, every section should have its representative. Be sure any rich interest, like that of the railroads, will have enough representatives under any system; what we want is a system under which poor and scattered interests may do the same.

"THE NEW EDUCATION" AT YALE.

YALE COLLEGE has thus far shown, at least as regards its Academical Department, a strong determination to walk in the ancient ways, and, as far as its curriculum is concerned, to yield little if anything to what is called the "spirit of the age." Its Scientific School, however—to which President Eliot, of Harvard, in the remarkable series of papers on the "New Education" contributed by him in the *Atlantic Monthly* before his elevation to his present post, assigned the highest rank among institutions of its kind in this country—may be looked on as an attempt on the part of the University to compromise with the radical reformers. The foundation of it was laid by the gift of a building from Mr. Sheffield, of New Haven, in 1860, from whom, if we are not mistaken, it has also received an endowment in money. What with this and donations from other sources, including the Connecticut share of the Congressional land grant in aid of education, it is now in the enjoyment of an income of about $25,000 a year. It has nine regular professors, nine other instructors, and about one hundred and forty students. But it needs at least three more professors, and those it has already need to be paid decent salaries; they have during the nine or ten years the college has been in existence been working literally for love. In other words, it needs an income of $50,000 a year to enable it to do comfortably and efficiently the task which it has undertaken. Its difficulties have been aggravated, oddly enough, by the fact that its professors are men of unusual merit in their respective fields, and have consequently been exposed to solicitations from other colleges which the state of their funds made it exceedingly difficult to resist, and which nothing but a very strong *esprit de corps* and great enthusiasm for their work would have enabled them to resist. It was hardly to be expected, however, that serious breaches would not eventually be made in their ranks, if they were not armed against these temptations from the outside by the provision of adequate salaries by their own institution; and, accordingly, when President Eliot made a descent on the School last fall, and tried to carry off two of its leading members, Professors Whitney and Brush, although the immediate object of his attacks made a vigorous and successful defence, the attempt seriously alarmed the whole neighborhood, and made it plain to the Faculty that something would have to be done to prevent the recurrence of similar raids.

Accordingly, an active movement in aid of the funds of the institution has been set on foot within the last month, in which all the professors, but more particularly Messrs. Gilman and Brush, are taking a part. Forty or fifty thousand dollars were almost immediately raised in New Haven, and a meeting was held in this city last week at the house of a gentleman strongly interested in the institution, preparatory to a personal appeal to such of the solid men of New York as are interested in the higher education. It was addressed by Professors Gilman, Brush, and Lyman on behalf of the School—the first, however, doing most of the work of exposition and explanation.

He evidently addressed himself mainly to the friends of what is called "practical education," of whom his audience was in large part composed, and to them he was able to say, what nobody could deny, that the waste which goes on in this country every year in its mining, manufacturing, and agricultural industry, through the ignorance and incompetency of persons charged with the solution of the various scientific problems which all the arts present, was incalculable. Bad mining and mechanical engineers and assayers, for instance, cause immense waste of labor and capital in the mines; ignorance of the quality and constituents of soils and food, and inability to detect the frauds perpetrated in the manufacture of artificial manures, cause great loss of labor and capital among farmers; while ignorance of chemistry and mechanism works similar waste in nearly every branch of manufacture. What is worse is, that the large class who get their living by cheating the industrious and saving portion of the community are able to command the services of a force of scientific quacks, who supply assays, analyses, and reports to order, and lure hundreds and thousands to their ruin by devices against which no amount of ordinary business experience or sagacity is a sufficient protection.

Now the scientific schools endeavor to supply men thoroughly trained to superintend the industrial operations of which this continent is the scene; and the Yale School is able to boast of having contributed a large number of the very best of them. Its graduates are almost immediately bought up for positions of great responsibility, and they have, almost without exception, filled them with extraordinary success. They are found all over the Union, in mines, mills, factories, and workshops, from Maine to California; and their course has been such as to give the diploma of the School a real value in dollars and cents, which business men have begun to recognize. This training, however, it must be said—and on this point Professor Gilman rightly laid great emphasis—derives more of its value from its moral than from its scientific ingredients. The students are taught, above all things, to be honest—to bear in mind that all pretence of knowing what they do not know, all hesitation in confessing ignorance where ignorance exists, is fatal to the scientific character, and converts the philosopher at one stroke into the humbug. To capitalists and investors—and their name is legion—who are suffering from the performances of pretenders and charlatans, this is, of course, a powerful recommendation in any institution which professes to train men for practical pursuits. We ought not to omit saying, too, that the School has made a beginning in the work of medical reform, by offering to young men who wish to qualify themselves for the honest practice of medicine a place where they may pursue those preliminary studies in botany and chemistry which are absolutely necessary to every doctor, but of which not one doctor in ten has even a tincture.

There was one point on which Professor Gilman touched slightly, if at all, at the meeting we have mentioned, owing, we are sure, rather to doubts of his audience than any want of appreciation of it on his own part, and that is the extent to which the new education, as he and his colleagues profess to impart it, is competent to do the work which the old professes to do. That portion of the community to which the higher education, whether it be scientific or classical, is valuable and important, will, we feel certain, never be fully satisfied with any training for young men which has no better claims to respect than its success in fitting them for "practical" pursuits. The test of any education to the community must eventually be, if it is not now, not the kind of engineers or chemists, but the kind of *men*, it produces. Of knowledge proper, the best of schools and universities can only supply a small amount; their main value to society depends, after all, on the kind of character they help to form, and the kind of quality they give to the mind. The great end of scientific training, as President Eliot said in his inaugural address, is to "develop and discipline those powers of mind by which science has been created and is daily nourished, the powers of observation, the inductive faculty, the sober imagination, the sincere and proportionate judgment." Greater things than this no education can do for any man. Less than this no education should set itself to do. If the new education does not do it, its effect on the profits of capital is a matter of small moment; no nation can live by profits any more than a man can live by bread alone. If it does do it, it cannot be proclaimed too loudly and too often, or dwelt on too strongly, as of all its doings the most important. Underneath the struggle for material good which is so marked a feature of American life, there is among all classes and conditions a strong and abiding dissatisfaction with it—a consciousness that there are things better worth striving for, pleasures which dividends cannot give and bad investments cannot take away; that even if our wildest dreams of material prosperity were realized, we should still be far from our ideal life. This noble discontent shows itself in many ways that seem impotent and mean. Swarms of quacks and pretenders in literature and science and art and politics live and grow fat by pretending to be able to satisfy it. It produces many of the oddities of the stump and reformatory convention, and finds vent in most of the impulsive outcries and wild schemes which are the terror and surprise of conservatives. But it furnishes to those who rightly appreciate the function of universities in this age, and in our society, their strongest incentive to exertion and their surest ground of hope. No college which means to do the work the times call for will ever overlook or underrate it, or place it anywhere but amongst the most prominent and most imperious of the wants it has to meet. Colleges, it must be remembered, however, are corps of instructors. It is the professors who make the

atmosphere in which the student has to live. All else is bricks and mortar and chairs and tables; and it is because we believe no institution in the country can boast a body of men more thoroughly imbued with the university spirit, the desire to live by truth and for truth, than the Yale Scientific School, that we think they can never go wrong in placing what they are doing for the American *man*, as something better than and distinct from the American engineer or chemist, foremost amongst their claims to the support and gratitude of the community.

DAMNATION DISTRIBUTED.

We cannot imagine more cheerful reading for an orthodox Catholic than the recent Papal Bull of Excommunication, which, though dated October 12, has only just been published. In the preamble, his Holiness recites how, for good and sufficient reasons, numerous proclamations of *ipso facto* excommunication have been issued by the church from time to time, some of which have grown obsolete and useless in the changes of society and manners, giving rise to great anguish of conscience among the faithful. To relieve them from this unnecessary torture, he therefore proceeds to define now and for evermore the offences for which the aforesaid *ipso facto* excommunication is positively incurred, assuring them that these and no others are subject to that dreadful penalty.

This is really a work of benevolence, when we consider that by the ancient canons, in force up to the 12th of October last, there were several hundred offences so heinous as to be properly punishable only by this last resort of spiritual power—a penalty which separates from the church militant on earth and the church triumphant in heaven, without trial, sentence, or appeal, the unlucky sinner who either knowingly or ignorantly incurs it. In reducing these hideous transgressions, therefore, to the comparatively trival number of three dozen, Pius IX. has earned a new title to the gratitude of his flock—though it must be confessed that some of them are drawn up in terms so general that a single one embraces matter which the older custodians of heaven and hell divided into twenty or thirty.

Having thus resolved to be more liberal than his predecessors with the treasures of salvation entrusted to his charge, his Holiness proceeds to announce that all apostates and heretics, and all who refuse obedience to the Roman Pontiff, are excommunicated by the mere fact of their disobedience, and can only be reconciled by special application to himself. Geographers, we believe, estimate the population of the world at about a thousand millions, of which the Catholic Church boasts of possessing two hundred millions, including the Indians of Arizona and Paraguay. Thus, as the mouthpiece of Omnipotent mercy, Pius IX. at one word cuts off from all rational hope of salvation eight hundred millions of human beings, with their innumerable posterity, and it is no wonder that the official organ of his court declares this act of crowning mercy to be "une des plus belles pages du généreux pontifical de Pie IX."

Even this, however, does not exhaust the resources of his benignity, for he proceeds to include in the same curse all those who, without special authority from the Holy See, knowingly possess or read any books condemned by the Papal court. Thus, of the two hundred millions of faithful and obedient sons of the church, a very large proportion of the educated and cultivated are at once cut off. We tremble to think of the innumerable Catholic libraries which are condemning their possessors to eternal punishment by sinfully including on their shelves volumes which have been prohibited by the infallible judgment of the Congregation of the Index. Think of the Englishmen who have ignorantly indulged themselves by possessing Bacon's "De Augmentiis Scientiarum," Gibbon's "Rome," Swift's "Tale of a Tub," Robertson's "Charles V.," Roscoe's "Leo X.," or even Combe's "Phrenology"! Pity the Frenchman whose historical researches have led him to peep into De Thou's "Historia Universalis" or Sismondi's "Républiques Italiennes," or whose literary tastes may have seduced him into the forbidden ground of Rabelais, or Montaigne's "Essays," or La Fontaine's "Contes et Nouvelles," or who, if scientifically disposed, has studied Raspail's "Chimie Organique"! One would have thought, indeed, that the perusal of Raynal's "Indies" or Vertot's "Knights of Malta" was in itself sufficient punishment, but the infallible judgment of Rome has decreed otherwise, and the weariness of reading those interminable books is but the foretaste of the endless torments in store for their luckless students, nor will the owner of Montesquieu's "Esprit des Loix" be allowed to plead ignorance to avert condemnation. So the Italian is hopelessly lost whose rash curiosity has tempted him to look into Botta's "Storia d'Italia," or Giannone's "Istoria Civile di Napoli," or Ginguené's "Storia della Letteratura Italiana," or Dante's treatise "De Monarchia." Not many Italians, we presume, have incurred the penalty by wading through Rolli's translation of "Paradise Lost"—but as the condemnation of the translation doubtless includes the original, we tremble to think of the number of Englishmen and Americans who may now be expiating their indiscretion in eternal torment. It is to be hoped that the proportion of educated and accomplished Catholics is not very large, for we fear that this manifestation of Papal benignity may go hard with them.

Then the number of the saved is still further reduced by the condemnation of all who impede directly or indirectly the external or internal jurisdiction of the church. As Englishmen and Americans are lost by the previous clauses on heresy and disobedience and literary culture, this cannot do much harm to them, but as France and Italy and Austria have resolutely set bounds to the external jurisdiction of the church, and as the States of Central America have been somewhat recalcitrant on the same subject, we fear that some hundred or more additional millions are thus swept into perdition—especially as the succeeding clause specifically includes those who directly or indirectly subject ecclesiastics to secular tribunals—a crime of which all those states are guilty.

Then Spain and Mexico are likewise brought within the circle of condemnation by a clause which includes in the common curse all who invade or retain the revenues of the church or of her ministers, thus striking off at a blow some thirty millions more from the rapidly narrowing group of the elect.

All these being particularly heinous offences, Pius then proceeds to withdraw any powers which may have been previously conferred on any one to pardon them, and to include in the common excommunication any dignitary or prelate who may dare to grant absolution for them, except *in articulo mortis*—and then only with a reservation in case the dying man recovers.

Ireland we looked upon as a favored spot, exempt from this contagious perdition, until we came upon a special clause, apparently designed to bring the Green Isle under the ban. This includes all members of secret societies engaged in open or secret machinations against legitimate governments, as well as all who favor or give aid to such societies. Remembering Ribbonism and Fenianism, we felt that the doom of Ireland was sealed, and we grieved to think how few of the Patricks and Bridgets of America, who contributed their stamps to the "Sunburst," could escape.

Having thus weeded out the faithful until few are left, except the clergy and the inhabitants of the Roman Territory, who are known to be enthusiastically attached to their paternal clerical government, his Holiness proceeds to decimate the scanty remnants of his flock by pronouncing the same terrible anathema against a number of less wide-spread offences, such as holding converse with excommunicants, farming out masses, simony, and a number of other peccadilloes, mostly of a clerical character.

As we said before, there must be something particularly cheerful to a devout and obedient son of the church in contemplating the care with which his spiritual father separates the black sheep from the white. Knowing that his faithful obedience secures him a place in heaven, he has the satisfaction of feeling that there is little danger of being crowded there so long as the vigilant custodian of the keys uses the power entrusted to him with an eye single to keeping out and not to letting in the countless millions of souls whose fate depends upon his will. On the other hand, as our comments are based on an official copy of the original document, no person who reads this need flatter himself with the hope that we have made a mistake, and that if he possesses any of the works we have mentioned, there is any excuse for him.

ENGLAND.

January 14, 1870.

Ministers have been unusually silent during the recess. They are conscious, I presume, that they have a heavy task before them, which will absorb the attention of the country in an unusual degree For obvious reasons, they cannot talk about that, and they do not wish to incur any minor responsibilities. Moreover, we are at a period in which active agitation from outside is not specially desirable. The ministerial majority is quite sufficient to force a comprehensive measure through the House of Commons and to send it up to the Lords with an impetus which they would find it difficult to oppose. The problem is to secure a measure which will give tolerable satisfaction to the Irish, and which yet will not be too strong for the digestion of weak-minded Liberals. The ministry are of course applying their intellects to the excogitation of such a measure, and do not wish so delicate an operation to be disturbed by external clamor.

However, Mr. Bright has lately addressed his constituents at Birmingham in a speech which deserves notice in several ways. It does not, indeed, tend to clear up the question—What are we to expect? In a general way, he states that he adheres to his opinions, and that when the curtain is drawn, we shall be thoroughly satisfied with the spectacle. A minister could not well say more. It also appears that we are to have a decided measure upon education. For this we may thank mainly the new Education League, which is receiving great support and is fairly forcing the subject upon public notice. The battle between secular and denominational partisans is beginning to wax hot, and there is every chance of a very lively contest before the session is far advanced. So far, however, there is little news. I have more than once expressed my hope that these two questions would be in the foreground during the next Parliamentary campaign; and, to say the truth, it has been plain for some time past that that would be the case. But is anything more to be done? Upon this question, I am sorry to say that Mr. Bright took up a very doubtful position. He enlarged at great length upon the difficulties of the ministry; he said that it was impossible to "drive six omnibuses abreast through Temple Bar"—a fact of which Londoners are painfully aware both in the literal and the metaphorical sense. Indeed, I might say that the omnibus difficulty is owing in great part to the same cause as the legislative difficulty. Why does Temple Bar still obstruct locomotion in London? In America, I fancy you would have put it upon wheels and marched it down to some open space years ago, if you had not preferred the more radical remedy of simply levelling it with the ground. We do not move it, partly because we love everything old, even if it is ugly into the bargain, but even more because London has no single and vigorous municipal authority. It is a collection of parishes, governed by a whole wilderness of boards, whose various rights and duties are beyond the power of mortal man accurately to divide and describe. Consequently, when any improvement is seriously required—the embankment, for example, or the formation of a new street—we generally have to apply to the omnipotence of Parliament to come and cut the knot for us. Now Parliament, being choked with all kinds of more important interests, is very slow in coming to the rescue. And, consequently, old abuses are left standing which would be abolished at once by any vigorous local authority. This explains one great defect of our legislative machinery, which led Mr. Bright very fairly to describe it as a "clumsy instrument." It undertakes to be omniscient and omnipresent; to be about our paths and about our beds and to spy out all our ways. Nothing is too great or too little to occupy its attention. It talks about some big subject till it is bored, and meanwhile the members are exhausted by attending to what is called "private business" in committee meetings all the morning. They have absolutely no time to spare for the affairs of the nation whilst they are occupied in deciding about new railways and settling petty details about the rights of town corporations. Add to this the latitude which is very properly allowed to the minority of opposing measures by all kinds of motions meant merely for delay, and the freedom granted to individuals of talking indefinitely about any grievance which happens to strike them, and the wonder is rather that Parliament is not absolutely choked with the business which it undertakes than that it does not manage to transact more. However, a strong government can do a great deal; and if Mr. Gladstone chose to express his determination that almost any measure should pass, he might force it through in spite of any possible opposition. It is rather unsatisfactory, therefore, to find that Mr. Bright brings up these excuses as against the measure of abolishing university tests. There are few points upon which the Liberal party is so thoroughly united, and on which there is so little chance of compromise or useful opposition. If it is to be thrown overboard till a better time, there is little chance indeed of getting any wider measures through the troublesome defiles of Parliamentary discussion.

There is one other matter on which Mr. Bright spoke, which deserves a short notice. As you probably know, Mr. Odger, an artisan, is at the present moment contesting the borough of Southwark. It is a large constituency, and there, if anywhere, a workingman candidate ought to have a fair chance of success. Moreover, Mr. Odger is in some sense a pattern workingman. He is really the ablest of those who came forward during the reform agitation, and seems to possess altogether a more educated and generally cultivated intellect than is common in his class. Mr. Bright, however, spoke rather unfavorably of the principle. He said that the House of Commons required men who had really studied political questions, and were capable of forcibly expressing them. So long as they voted generally in favor of the sense of their constituents, they did all that could be wanted; and, as a general rule, class representation was a mistake, and calculated to produce many evils. The members of the House of Commons still belonged to the same class as formerly, but their action has been most materially affected by the very different constituents behind them.

Without following out the argument, I will only say that it was rather a bold one for Mr. Bright, and appears to have given considerable dissatisfaction to workingmen. It suggests the remark, which is worth making on other accounts, that Mr. Bright, though known as a radical, is by no means a man of thoroughly democratic tendencies. On the contrary, his sympathies are, and always have been, very strongly with the middle classes. He is a man of genius, but not a man quite in sympathy with the advanced school of the time. He opposed the legislation for limiting the hours of employment in factories and insisting upon the education of children employed in them. He believes thoroughly in the *laissez-faire* doctrines, which, I take it, are radically opposed to the views of the more revolutionary school. And it is curious to observe that, popular as Mr. Bright is amongst a large party, his popularity among the artisans proper is by no means equal to that of Mr. Gladstone, who, though more imbued with certain antiquated prejudices, is also on many sides more susceptible to the influence of new ideas. I should not be surprised to see Mr. Bright earn a good deal of unpopularity by opposing certain democratic theories, after having won his place in public esteem by supporting others.

This at least is the view which many people will take of his action in this case. I must add that to me he seems to be substantially right. I do not believe that workingmen will do much, as things are at present—if they will ever do anything—by sending representatives of their own class to Parliament. It is curious to see that Mr. Odger is very generally supported by Conservatives. The reason, however, is very simple. In the first place, they are coquetting to a certain extent with the working-classes everywhere, and trying to make capital out of their prejudices against free-trade. The plan is not very deep-sighted or sagacious; for they may be pretty sure that their new allies would in the long run get the lion's share of the bargain. But there is such a tendency, and Mr. Odger so far falls in with it that, although a free-trader, he promises to ask for an enquiry into the working of the French Treaty. An enquiry, be it observed, is a way either of satisfying your constituents without injury to your principles, or, in some cases, of finding a pretext for evading your principles. I do not, of course, mean to deny that Mr. Odger is perfectly honest; but he is to a certain degree in a difficulty. Secondly, the Conservatives are far too sure of their power in the House to be in the least degree anxious as to the effect of admitting a workingman. It has a good appearance, and will not lead to any possible results. Mr. Odger will make a few speeches, and be very kindly received. If he is a man of real ability, he will, of course, do good service, as men of ability in other classes would do it. But he will certainly be in a very difficult position. On the one hand, he will be in danger of being put down as a simple demagogue, and of merely giving excuse for a little more ridicule against the political party to which he belongs. On the other, he will be petted and caressed by a number of interested people, both genuine Conservatives and professed friends of the workingman; and he will require a very independent spirit to resist their delicate addresses. But in any event, one workingman amongst 658 country gentlemen, merchants, railway owners, and prosperous lawyers will make little difference. The Reform Bill of 1867 has certainly made a change in the political atmosphere, though it is difficult to pronounce confidently on the final results. This, however, is plain enough, that, so far, it has not tended to diminish the power of wealth in the House. A long purse is as useful as ever towards getting into Parliament and attracting respect within its walls; and even if a few men in fustian coats should be mixed with an audience so little homogeneous, they would have little chance of really changing the spirit of its discussions.

I should, however, be glad to see Mr. Odger elected—not because I am very sanguine as to the effect he would produce, or believe that the workingmen would have made a specially good use of their power. But I should be glad to see that they do really possess power and are not afraid to use it; for we must, I suspect, look very much to their influence to force Parliament to set seriously about the much-needed task of social reforms. However, I am coming too near the borders of a discussion on democracy at large. I refrain from going further, and will end by stating that Prince Napoleon's little feat has just now put most other matters out of English as well as out of French heads. Unless the Duke of Cambridge shoots the editor of the *Times*, we shall hear of little else for the next few days.

Correspondence.

THE ALABAMA QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: All disputed questions must ultimately be settled by fact. No respectable person or nation would wish to have them settled otherwise. The British Government is accused of being over-hasty in recognizing the belligerency of the rebel States, in furnishing ships and opening ports to the belligerents to wage war on our commerce, by which means our commercial marine has become very much reduced. And many other ruinous effects growing out of the prolongation of the war are attributed to Great Britain.

With respect to the early recognition of the belligerency of the rebel States, it would have been much wiser in ourselves if we had perceived and acted on the real belligerent spirit of those States, earlier even than did the Government of Great Britain. That spirit had been manifested long before open hostilities commenced; but if when they had once broken out, we had resorted immediately to the use of such resources as were at our disposal for their suppression, among which were the colored militia of the nation, the war would probably have been shortened by two years, and its expenses lessened by at least one-half, if not more. By this means our sailors' and shipbuilders' wages would not have run so high, our commercial marine would not have been so much reduced, and our losses of ships would have been comparatively few; and above all, we should not now be paying some one hundred millions of dollars' tribute every year, by way of interest on our immense debt, to Western Europe.

The laboring millions of Great Britain and the Continent were as much interested to have cheap cotton as were ours; the poor men of both countries were, and still are, paying an enormous price for cotton, owing in a great measure to our failure to make a timely and vigorous use of our resources for the prosecution of the war; and the responsibility of this want of decision and vigor rests entirely with the war administration, and largely with the late Secretary of War.

If the prolongation of the war is due to a mistaken deference for the Democracy, out of fear that the nation might not be sustained in its struggles for existence unless the said Democracy should be conciliated to that degree that the principle for which we fought and the national life both should be endangered, then it is wrong either to attribute so much blame to Great Britain on the one hand, or such extraordinary laudation of individuals as the country has recently witnessed on the other. It behooves us, as a free, self-governing people, to see if the faults of which we complain did not originate with ourselves: if they did, it is revolting to true manhood, and exceedingly demoralizing to the community, to attempt to hide our eyes and those of the world from them by political demonstration and stunning eulogies over the dead. Nothing could more thoroughly or quickly demoralize a nation than an indiscriminate bestowal of office and honor, for imaginary political effect, upon unmistakable inefficiency.

The object of war is to make peace. The nation has furnished almost unlimited means in men and money for the purpose of securing peace, and yet, now nearly five years after hostilities have ceased, four of the ten original rebel States are still out of the Union, and under the rule of martial law, and still the country is resounding with praises for those who have left us in this condition!

No Christian nation has any excuse for prolonging war when it holds in its hands legitimate means, as we did, for its speedy termination, any more than it could have for carrying on war after its resources are so much exhausted that it resorts to inhuman means like those of prison-pens for its continuance.

The futile yet constant efforts of our late Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, as unwise as they were persistent, to pacify our disturbance at home by oily diplomatic appliances abroad, has resulted in the transference of our unfinished domestic quarrel to the arbitration of England, which is to have the lion's share and control in the decision, while we, against the maxims of our traditional policy, are thus drawn into an entangling alliance, of uncertain issue, in which our national independence is sure to be abridged so long as it continues, and our debt remains unpaid. J. W. Phelps.

Brattleboro, Vermont, Dec. 29, 1869.

MILTON'S GREEK IMITATIONS AND IDIOMS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It is much to be desired that the Congress of that "republic of letters" of which we hear so often, should pass a law forbidding all persons to write about Milton, and especially to criticise his verbal expressions, without some knowledge of the ancient Greek language and literature. Some years ago, a magazine writer charged Milton with plagiarism because an obscure versifier had anticipated him in—imitating a passage from Theocritus. A discovery almost equal to that wonderful mare's nest of Theodore Tilton's, who impugned Miss Barrett's originality because her translation of an idyll of Theocritus resembled in some points Shelley's poem—which was an imitation of the same idyll. Theocritus, you will observe, is a frequent sufferer in these transactions, owing to the average American *littérateur's* utter ignorance of him; but we must do Mr. Tilton the justice to say that he corroborated his charge by showing that a certain line of Miss Barrett's resembled one of Poe's—written about a year later. But to return to Milton. A writer in *Appleton* has recently accused him of making a bull because he calls our first parents

> "The loveliest pair
> That ever since in love's embraces met."

Now this was not an involuntary Hibernicism on the poet's part, but a voluntary Hellenism. Milton uses it elsewhere, *e.g.*, he styles Adam "the goodliest man of men since born," and Eve "the fairest of her daughters." The idiom, as you are aware, is very common in Greek. An instance of it occurs in the very first sentence of Thucydides, who designates the Peloponnesian war as *the most important of those that had occurred previously*. The expression may be absurd *logically*, but so are many idioms in all languages. Carl Benson.

Notes.

LITERARY.

We have received a printed circular from the "National Publishing Co.," of Cincinnati, informing us that they "*have in press, and will soon issue,*" a "full and plain treatise, called 'The Medical Adviser,' by Rezin Thompson, M.D., Permanent Member of the National Medical Association," and "author of 'Thompson on Fever.'" The circular says, with a show of professional testimony, that some of the ablest members of the medical profession have examined it, and highly approve of it—in fact, allege that it is "the best" work of the kind ever published—and adds other praise of the publisher's own. It closes by promising that on receipt of a copy of the *Nation* "containing commendatory notice of the work," the publisher will send us, "at his expense, a copy of the work as soon as issued." In other words, he invites us to join him in practising a fraud on the public, by commending a book we have never seen, and which is not yet issued, and of which we know nothing except what the persons interested in selling it say about it. As it is hardly likely that this dodge was resorted to without the author's knowledge, we beg to call the attention of the "National Medical Association"—if there be such a body—to the performance, and should like to hear what provision the "Code of Ethics" makes for such cases. The public will understand that all "commendatory notices" of the book which they may see about this time are simply mendacious puffs.

—The first feeling with which we laid down the new *Woman's Journal*, published in Boston, was that, while differing wholly from the *Revolution* in those qualities which have made the latter discreditably notorious, and done so much to injure the cause it seeks to further, it resembled it in not rising much above platform discussion; and that consequently it brings no new method to the discussion of women's rights. Undoubtedly we should do wrong to generalize concerning a paper barely a month old, and we should be gratified beyond measure if the conductors of the enterprise succeed in winning contributions from the thoughtful, cultivated, and withal modest women whom the *Revolution* has thus far succeeded only in repelling and silencing. There are topics enough, after the right to vote is conceded, to engage the attention of women whether as actual or merely prospective citizens, and which it will be well to argue before the responsibilities which they court are laid upon them. True, so long as women have not actually gained the right they assert, the chief business of any organ of theirs will naturally be to combat opponents. But as the readers of a paper are not in general opposed to it in principle, this warfare has for them its limits of interest and profit. We should therefore like to see a department given over exclusively to instructing those already convinced on the main question, and containing something besides the constant assurance to women of their present fitness for citizenship. That a woman is as well qualified to cast a vote as an ignorant foreigner, is an argument so common as to be in danger of being unconsciously

adopted as a standard, with the evil effects of all low standards. The proper enquiry is, whether she can attain a fitness equal to that of the best men; and that every untried woman citizen may put to herself. The *Woman's Journal* has Mrs. Mary A. Livermore for managing editor, and Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Higginson for associates. Each editorial article has initials appended, but contributors may be as anonymous as they please. As to the editing, we may be allowed to say that we think it shows signs of the want of steady supervision from a single eye, and that it is a great mistake to make a paper, which is intended to influence the public opinion of the whole country on an important social question, even seem to be the organ of a body so fearfully and wonderfully speculative and local as the Boston "Radical Club." But, after all, we are, as we have said, only criticising the early numbers of a journal which is, after all deductions have been made, really the best effort yet made in a new and difficult field, and to which, though we are pretty sure to differ from it on a variety of points, we heartily wish success. The *tone* is excellent, and one paper—that of Colonel Higginson in No. 4—touches the kernel of the woman question. We trust his line will be followed up.

—The month just gone has made two or three contributions to the list of the distinguished dead of 1870. Salnave, the Haytian political chief, has just died what may be called the natural death of noted Spanish-American politicians, whether of mixed blood, or of white, or black, for he was shot the other day by a file of soldiers. It was a fate rather too hard for him, perhaps, he being a man of sense and good manners; but politics in Hayti consists in conspiring and shooting others, or conspiring and being shot; and Salnave had tried the former in his day, as well as the latter. In this country we have to chronicle the death of Mr. George D. Prentice, who not long since was perhaps the most influential, and was certainly the best known, of Southern journalists. Like a good many of the men who were serviceable, and who have become more or less famous, by working in literature for the Southern side of the slavery question, Mr. Prentice was a New Englander by birth; but going into Kentucky, as a young man not far past his majority, he soon became almost completely imbued with the Southern spirit. Up to the day of the breaking out of the rebellion, he might very well have been taken as a type of the regular semi-educated politico-literary Southerner who had no claims to be considered aristocratic in blood. He knew the Resolutions of '98 and English literature between Addison and Thomas Moore; he was always ready to take his chance under "the code" of his adopted State; he became a free liver after the extremely unpuritanical fashion of Kentucky; he could talk of chivalry as one to the manner born; and slavery had in him as willing a defender as if his father had been a planter, and he had not first seen the light on a Yankee "sidehill." Many are the stories told of the duels and the rough-and-ready fights in which he was engaged, as were most of the editors of that day and country; of the newspaper wars, peculiarly Southern in character, which preceded them; and of the orgies which accompanied them, and which were, indeed, part of the warp and woof of the life of the Southern and Border States a few decades ago. It is a characteristic anecdote that they tell of him and Mr. Reuben Darrett, once editor of the Louisville *Courier*, which was the local rival of Prentice's *Journal*. For several consecutive days in 1858, the *Courier* printed a paragraph—doubtless true enough—stating that Mr. Prentice, while "under a cloud," had fallen from the gangway plank of a steamboat, and been nearly drowned. "Probably," says our authority, "he felt that even *his* great command of language would not permit him to do justice to the subject;" so he announced that, in case the *Courier* should print the statement one time more, he should hold the editor responsible. Of course, Mr. Darrett gave his personal attention to the matter, and next morning the paragraph appeared in a conspicuous place. "Mr. Prentice," says our chronicler, "waited upon Mr. Darrett, and fired twice at him." His "brother of the quill," as the phrase used to go, was not behindhand in the use of firearms, and when satisfaction had been given, "each editor had a ball extracted from his hide." But, thoroughly as he seemed to have adopted Southern manners and opinions, there appears to have been something of New England left in him; for when the war broke out he took strong ground in favor of coercion. He hated an abolitionist; but his Whiggism, his dislike of Democratic secessionists, the sort of fetish-worship of the Constitution, and ardent love of the Union—the pride in America as the home of the eagle—which was so powerful a sentiment in the breasts of many men of the generation to which he belonged, kept Mr. Prentice, pro-slavery as he was, from going into rebellion. He was a fearless Unionist, and for a while in the beginning of the war he was very popular in the North, and got many subscribers in this part of the country, who took the place of the many he lost in the South. But soon the war became what he called "a nigger war;" his sons went into the Confederate army; he was grown old and was sick, and his zeal for the Union as it was to be was a very different thing from his zeal for the Union as it was. Still, he did good service of its kind, and this should not be forgotten, although we find it impossible to think of him as a man of enlarged views, and although we know he was so far from being alive to the real issues before him that he never in the least comprehended them. He spent his best strength in the politics of Henry Clay's time, and was at one with Mr. Greeley in thinking that politician a man of vast ability and eminently worthy of the name of statesman. After the war was over, Mr. Prentice, of course, took sides with Mr. Johnson, and "even *his* great command of language" hardly sufficed to enable him to give expression to all the scurrility and bad temper and bad logic and forcible-feeble invective which he heaped on his antagonists. But, as we have said, he had grown old; his life had been in many ways exhausting; he was poor, and not his own master; his *Journal* had gone out of his hands and been swallowed by its old rival the *Courier*, and there is no saying for how much of what has been bad and weak in the *Courier-Journal* he is to be held responsible. Probably for little. Yet it is not denied that in his days of strength his paper was almost as noticeable for its malice and unscrupulous personalities as for its inexhaustible flood of cheap, coarse pleasantry. The editor always wrote as if the pistol was to make good what the pen said, and as if the community in which he lived would tolerate and applaud all brutality that had a pistol behind it. In this he was not mistaken. Even when he defended the notorious Matt. Ward for shooting a schoolmaster who had punished a younger Ward, it was easy for him by a little buffoonery to win over to his side the public opinion which at one time appeared to be setting against him. His ready wit, unscrupulously used, and his "appreciation of the value of short spicy paragraphs"—for circulation among an uneducated people, with a stock of prejudices which could do duty for ideas, and entirely unpractised in thinking—these qualities of his are those by which he made his mark on his own generation of his countrymen and those by which he will be remembered so long as he is remembered at all. Like many men of his stamp—men of quick feelings and no moral strength, who have lost many opportunities and thrown away much time and some power of mind, and who know and feel that they have done so—Mr. Prentice wrote some sentimental poetry, all of a pensive cast. None of it, however, caught the popular taste, for its author had little poetic capacity. A life of Henry Clay—published for partisan purposes—is Mr. Prentice's principal work, and it is now not known.

—It was in the last days of last year that the death occurred of "the Nestor of German Philology;" but the news was not received here till after the new year began, and the name of Wilhelm Wackernagel goes into the necrology of 1870. He died at Basle on the morning of December 21, in the seventieth year of his age. He had not made for himself a world-wide reputation, and many who knew of the renown of Jacob Grimm were ignorant that Wackernagel was, as a "Germanist," next in rank to that famous scholar. He was but twenty-one years old when he began to publish, and by the time he was twenty-seven he had secured a chair in the university at Basle, had published his work on the history of the German hexameter and pentameter since Klopstock, and was active as a politician, and ready for the municipal offices which he soon afterwards obtained. He was, indeed, a man of very active mind, always with many irons in the fire, as the titles of his works sufficiently show, and as would be more fully shown if to the titles of his elaborate works were added those of the innumerable articles which he wrote for magazines. He wrote elaborate treatises on philology, comparative mythology, the history of literature, the history of manners and customs, the history of art, the philosophy of art, and jurisprudence. He was an editor also, and a poet of no mean order, and his character, as well as his abilities and labors, will cause his death in the midst of his usefulness to be much and sincerely regretted.

—The importance of the wide-spread movement for getting German taught as of course in our common schools, makes it desirable to keep sight of its progress. At the West such a movement was natural, and so too in Pennsylvania. In New England, one would least have expected to meet with it. But it appears that in New Haven the German population is massed in a single district, and on their representations a German teacher was engaged for the Brown school. The private German-English school which he had till then superintended was given up, the pupils following him to the public school, and resuming there their instruction under him. The study of German for the rest of the scholars was made optional, but

the American children soon asked leave to join the class in which the language was taught, and did so without any urging from their parents. The examinations just passed showed a remarkable proficiency in grammar and in speaking, and it seems altogether likely that other New England cities will be led by this successful experiment to make similar provision in their schools for the study of German.

—In alluding again to the Seventeenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library—the most valuable yet issued, and containing, besides statistics pertaining to the library itself, lists of the libraries in Massachusetts, in the rest of the United States and British America, and some of England and Continental Europe, with comparative tables—we wish to add a suggestion to one made by the Examining Committee, as follows:

"The Committee are inclined to think that it would be judicious to make the bulletins of new books, and the catalogues of the works of fiction, the vehicles of conveying some information regarding the relative value and interest of the different classes of novels, and of the position their authors occupy in the sliding scale of merit. This is a kind of knowledge which a great many of the applicants for books in the Lower Hall evidently need, and for which they would doubtless be thankful. As it is, they are often determined in their selection by mere accident; and whether they stumble on a work of tragic genius, or a bald recital of coarse horrors, the result is in either case due to chance or caprice."

The truth of this last remark will be generally conceded, nor could any one doubt the usefulness of an *index expurgatorius* such as is proposed. That, after all, is the proper name for an attempted discrimination between good and bad literature. In the present case it might lead to the enquiry why the bad was admitted to a library whose space is precious; but the answer to that is easy. Another mode of enlightening readers has been adopted by the new public library of Milan. The directors have arranged with public-spirited and learned men to make known in short lectures "the moral worth of the most important works of the human intellect," both new and old. On occasion of the first of these, an account was given of what was most notable in D'Adda's new version of Mignet's "Life of Franklin," and in one of Michelet's "Nos Fils." Of course not very much ground can be got over in speaking, even if the object were to present a classified summary of books of the day, or of works in certain branches of knowledge; but the instruction could be solid and lasting as far as it went, and the popular judgment educated in the best manner. We believe this sort of lecture to have in it greater capacity for good than all the lyceum talk we have had in the past fifteen years.

—There have been published during the last year in Great Britain and Ireland 4,164 volumes, of which number 1,319 were volumes that have been published before. That so large a proportion as nearly one-third of all the books published were books republished, speaks well for the sagacity of publishers, and may, perhaps, properly be taken as speaking to some extent in favor of the authors of our day, who of course supply the greater number of the reprints, although, too, there is just now a very intelligent interest in the good literature of earlier periods. As in previous years, theological and religious books make up a quarter of the publications of the year, numbering 1,047. Second come "juveniles," which reach the number of 500, the children being better—or worse—provided for each year. Fiction does not even come third in order, and the decay of the novel seems to be certain. Books classed under the head of educational and philological take the third place, there being 478 of them to 461 novels and romances. Fifth in the list is the class of books relating to the various fine arts. These number 341; and the believers in a millennium in the future rather than a millennium in the past will be glad to learn that works treating of political and social economy number 324, and are sixth in numerical importance. Poetry shows well with 274 volumes, and perhaps we may plead in its behalf what we no doubt must take into consideration in the case of novels, that each book gets many readers; but the ratio of readers to owners or purchasers is doubtless greater in the case of novels than of any other class of books.

—Forty-one hundred, more or less, being the number of books published in Great Britain during 1869, it is a little surprising to be told that Germany published 12,000, or nearly three times as many; that France published about 9,000, or more than twice as many; and that America published only some 2,000. But nothing lies like figures, if we put into their mouths our inferences; and anybody would make a mistake who should argue from these statistics that there is twice as much reading and writing in France as in England, and that there is twice as much reading and writing in England as there is in the United States. Other considerations must be taken into account. The surveillance of the police in France is strict; and then, too, the French talent for systematizing is like other talents, and works its proper evil as well as its proper good. Publications are well registered in France; but the registry includes every trivial broadside and pamphlet. In Germany, also, there is a formal registration of insignificant performances which in England would escape official notice. And in America we are not only so notoriously lax, and free, and easy-going in our management of such matters that our formal records of works published give no accurate indication of the amount of reading and writing done, but also an immense deal of our reading and writing we do as a nation of newspaper makers and newspaper consumers. Most Americans, we may say, do not read books and do read newspapers. It is to be noted, however, that the number of American works reprinted in England in 1869 is about one-fifth of the total number which we produced in that year. They reprinted four hundred, lacking three, of our books. So anybody who has been "kept awake nights" by that impudent question of the unprophetic Canon of Saint Paul's may now sleep in peace. We, for our part, please ourselves with the thought that the day is coming when the name of Sydney Smith shall be far better known as that of the man who actually made that singular enquiry, than as that of the most jovial of English wits and one of the very cleverest of English unprofessional authors.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* lately gave some account of a little work on "The Theory and Practice of Creole Grammar," by J. J. Thomas (Port of Spain, Trinidad, 1869), and we have found it interesting to compare some of the examples cited with corresponding Creole idioms in Louisiana and Hayti—where, as well as in Trinidad, the French patois has been exposed to Spanish influence. The Creole of Trinidad, with the African repugnance to the sound of *r*, makes *w* of it, as in *bouave* (brave); or changes it into *l*, as in *callefoû* (carrefour); or drops it, as in the last instance, and in *paler* (parler), etc. In like manner, our Southern negroes generally say *mo'* for more, *do'* for door—

("O Deat', he is a little man,
And he goes from *do'* to *do'*")—

and shorten brother into *bro'*; while the Louisiana creole says *pou* (pour) *naig* (nègre)—

("Li fait *naig* payé *pou* sauté inpé")—

maite (maître), etc. The Haytian, too, when asked how he is, replies—"as master pleases:" "à la volonté *maite*;" and uses *conte* (contre), *frê* (frère), *agent* (argent; Louis. *arzan*), *jounée* (journée), *joudi* (aujourd'hui), etc. "Ba nou *joudi* la nourriture"—"Give us this day our [daily] bread," is his prayer; and the form for give is matched in Trinidad; "*Bâ* (baille, Old French) moèn boèr"—"Give me to drink [spoken to the woman of Samaria]." In the latter island the indefinite article is *yon* (un); in Louisiana this article is much neglected, but we have *aine* (un, *one*), and *inpê* (un peu). In Trinidad, the definite article follows the noun, and is *la* (là) for all genders: *mam'selle la, chouval la.* We find a kindred form for horse in Louisiana, in a song describing a plantation ball in the stables:

"Dans lequirie la yavé gran gala,
Mo cré *choual* la yé té bien étonné"

Here, too, the article follows, but it may also precede. Both modes possibly occur in these lines:

"Mo pancor ouar [je n'ai pas encore vu] griffonne *la*
Qua mo gout comme *la* belle Layotte."

La is likewise used for both genders, and so is *li*. In Trinidad, *matante* is simply aunt, *lapôte* (porte) simply door, *nômme* (*yon ômme*) simply man. From Louisiana we have already quoted *inpê, pancor, lequirie* (l'écurie); and may add *ya, yavé* (il y a, il y avait), as amalgamated words. Pronouns may be thus contrasted:

Tr. *moen* (je),	L. *mo* (je, me, mon), *mouin* (moi),	H. *mon, m'* (je), *I;*
ous (tu, vous),	*ti* (tu, toi?),	*thou;*
li (il, elle),	*li* (il, elle, lui),	*he, she;*
nous (nous),		*nou* (nous), *we;*
zôtes (vous autres)	*vous* (vous),	*ou* (vous), *you;*
yeaux (ils, elles, eux),	*yê* (ils, elles, leur),	*yo* (eux), *they.*

The Trinidad infinitive ends generally in *er*, but after a nasal letter, in *en;* and it plays the principal part in conjugation, as *moèn aimèn*, I love, *ous aimèn*, thou lovest, etc. So, in Louisiana,

"Michié (Monsieur) Préval li *donnin* gran bal,"

on which occasion

"So cocher Louis *té* maite cérémonie."

Té (était). And in Trinidad: *moèn té aimèn*, I was loving. Here the continued present is *moèn ca manger*, I am eating, *ca* being probably for the form "va." The Haytians have a different corruption: *m' a pê fait*, I am doing; *m' t'a pê fait*, I was doing; *m' té fait*, I did—*t'* and *té* being, of course, "était," or "été," and *fait* the infinitive, throughout. The follow-

ing line in Louisiana Creole combines examples of article, pronoun, conjugation, and order:

"Cadeau la li té promi mouin."

That is to say: "Gift the to her had promised I."

MR. LEA'S "STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY."*

THE themes which Mr. Lea handles are not of a popular cast; they relate mostly to obscure parts of mediæval history. Yet his book, strange to say, is timely, being rendered so by the Latin Council and the widespread interest kindled by it in the dogmas and polity and policy of the Roman Catholic Church. The volume is made up of somewhat fragmentary but well-considered and learned essays on a variety of special topics, which, however, are grouped together under the general titles: "The Rise of the Imperial Power," "Benefit of Clergy," "Excommunication." As in the case of his former works, Mr. Lea has prosecuted his researches, in a truly scholarly spirit, among the documentary sources of church history, and he has thereby given a character of freshness and thoroughness to his discussions. But, as heretofore, he has purposely omitted to examine to any great extent the productions of other laborers in the same field. This course is attended with obvious disadvantages. The true method is that adopted by the Germans, of combining personal investigation of the sources of knowledge with careful attention to the other writers in the same province. The plain principle is that a party of explorers can bring to light more than any one individual. Hasty generalizations, as well as incorrect observations, are rectified, and imperfect studies are filled out by the concurrent exertions of many minds. At the same time, when there is so little thorough work in historical study done, we are little inclined to make a too exclusive reliance on isolated researches a ground of complaint. We are more disposed to be instructed by our author than to criticise him.

Mr. Lea adopts for the motto of his work the well-known lines of Dante in the "Inferno" (xix.):

"Ahi Costantin, di quanto mal fu matre,
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote,
Che da te prese il primo ricco patre!"—

which are thus rendered by Cary:

"Ah Constantine! to how much ill gave birth,
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower
Which the first wealthy father gain'd from thee."

As Mr. Lea dwells on the numerous forgeries of which the pretended gift of Constantine to Pope Sylvester was one of the most conspicuous, it is not quite clear with what intent he has placed these lines on his title-page. However, Dante himself elsewhere implies a doubt of the reality of the famous donation; and Mr. Lea's idea probably is to give prominence to the fact that the fictitious story of the gift, and especially the temporal power for the furtherance of which the story was invented, have been prolific of disasters. It is the text for the dissertations that follow.

As we are adverting to this subject, we may notice a statement of the author on a controverted point of much interest. When Pepin made the gift to the Pope which laid the foundation of the temporal kingdom, and when the Pope became Patricius of the Exarchate, while Pepin was made through the act of the Pope, representing the Roman people, Patricius of Rome, what was the real import of this transaction? "Two Italian expeditions," writes Mr. Lea, "brought Aistulph the Lombard to reason, restored to the Holy See—or rather to the Roman Republic—the territory of which it had been despoiled," etc. If we understand him aright, he agrees with Savigny that the Pope and Pepin had in mind the restored Western Empire, as an unrealized idea; and that to this empire—then, as it were, in a state of suspended animation—sovereignty was reserved or subordination acknowledged. This is probably the true view. Gieseler, one of the most accurate of historians, affirms that in the act of both the parties in that memorable transaction, there was a tacit recognition still of the supremacy of the Eastern Empire. This must be considered, to say the least, doubtful. The coronation of Charlemagne in the Basilica of St. Peter sealed and proclaimed the consummated revival of the Empire of the West.

Mr. Lea observes in the preface that in depicting the crimes and abuses of the Church, he is actuated by no want of appreciation of its merits and its services to civilization. But, he adds, "in summing up the benefits which man has derived through the church, we may also not unreasonably enquire how much greater would have been our advance in all that renders us worthy of the precepts of the Gospel had that church always been true to its momentous trust." No one can reasonably object to the author's line of discussion, although this explanation is a proper one to give. The Papacy in the Middle Ages conferred vast benefits on European society—indispensable benefits—which could have been obtained, as far as we can judge, in the condition of things that existed then, in no other way. It is enough for the Protestant to claim that mankind have outgrown the Papacy, and that the day when the paternal oversight and spiritual domination of the Roman bishop brought more good than evil to the nations of the European family, is past. It seems remarkable, we may add, that if Janus, the "Great Unknown," be really a Roman Catholic, he should wholly omit to set forth, even to save himself from misunderstanding, the unquestionable good that flowed from the Papacy, sometimes when the office was held by unworthy men. If the author of "The Pope and the Council" be a Roman Catholic, he is a "liberal" one indeed.

There are many subjects considered in this collection of essays by Mr. Lea which invite comment and, in some cases, challenge criticism; but we recommend the book, without further remark, as a highly instructive discussion of matters which are always of interest to scholars, and which are just now clothed with a special importance.

* "Studies in Church History. By Henry C. Lea." Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1869.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES.*

THIS work has been in the hands of the public for twenty-eight years, passing through twelve English and a number of American editions. It is needless now to expatiate on its general usefulness. Planned on a comprehensive scale, but very poorly executed by its author, it has been gradually improved in its later editions by the correcting and completing hand of Mr. Vincent, who, in 1855, undertook its revision and continuation, "in order to render the book more worthy of its established reputation."

Unfortunately, however, the defects of the original publication, to be radically removed, required much more than the amount of labor and care which even conscientious revisers are inclined to bestow upon the work of others. And so the "Dictionary" remains highly imperfect, in spite of continued completing and correcting, and many articles will still have to be "rewritten, and new ones inserted, and much geographical, biographical, literary, and scientific information supplied," and numberless inaccuracies in dates and names eliminated, before it becomes, what it is intended to be made, "a digested summary of every department of human history brought down to the very eve of publication." To make it worse, Mr. Vincent's own additions are not always made and revised with the necessary care. Thus, for instance, in the "Table of Contemporary European Sovereigns," which he has placed at the head of the last (twelfth) English edition, we find a number of errors and omissions. The accession of Christina of Sweden is dated "1633," instead of 1632; that of Charles II. of England, "1650," instead of 1660; that of Czar Nicholas "1828," instead of 1825; that of King William of Prussia "1860," instead of 1861. Napoleon's second reign, in 1815, is forgotten. Ferdinand I. of Hungary (1526) and Ferdinand I. of Austria (1835) are both entered as Ferdinand II. The Empress Maria Theresa is to be found neither under "Germany," nor under "Hungary," nor under "Austria," being crowded out by her husband, Francis I., though he was only German Emperor, and never reigned in his wife's hereditary dominions.

The American edition before us is based upon the last English (of 1866). It professes to have brought down "this Dictionary of Dates, which is at the same time a *chronicle* and a *chronology* of the world's progress . . . to the present year;" even to the time when "the work has been passing through the press." This is, however, far from being an entirely correct statement, as a mere glance over the tables and chronologies will show. The "Population and Governments of the World," at the very opening of the book, are given "according to the Almanach de Gotha for 1866," though at least three later editions of the "Almanach," containing considerably modified tables, were at the American publishers' disposal. The history of the "United States" ends with "Dec. 29, 1865," where Mr. Vincent left it; and the trial of Andrew Johnson, for instance, is as little mentioned in it as the opening of the Pacific Railroad; the list of "Presidents," etc., alone receiving an additional line. The latest date in Russian chronology is "Sept. 13, 1865," such events as the two attempts at the life of Czar Alexander II., or the conquest of Samarkand, being ignored. The latest under "Cuba" is a Spanish ministerial declaration of

* "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, relating to all Ages and Nations, for universal reference. Edited by Benjamin Vincent, Assistant Secretary and Keeper of the Library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; and revised for the use of American readers." New York: Harper and Brothers. 1869.

"Dec. 19, 1854," in reference to the Ostend manifesto of "Messrs. Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé." Nor is there an allusion to anything more recent concerning that island in the brief addition to the chronology of "Spain" about the "revolution in Madrid (*sic*), headed by Prim, Serrano, and Topete," which is one of the few and entirely exceptional insertions on which the American editor bases his pretence of having brought down the work to the date of publication. The assertion that "the events of the Revolution, of the war of 1812, of the Mexican and of the Indian wars, were incorporated into the work by Mr. Benson J. Lossing," seems to rest on a similarly slender foundation; for parts of the chronology of those wars are disfigured by inaccuracies of which that writer would hardly have made himself guilty.

No portion of the work, however, is more poorly done than the events of the Civil War, of which the American editor assures us that they were compiled "by a separate editor, who had made those events the study of several years," and "carefully arranged and revised." According to article "Battles" (sub-title, "American Civil War"), Fort Sumter was captured "April 14, 1861," not April 13, as correctly stated under "United States." The same article makes the battle of Wilson's Creek a "Confederate defeat," though, under the special head, we read that of the Union commanders Lyon was killed, Sigel was routed, and Sturgis retreated. Under "United States" we read of "severe conflicts at South Mountain Gap, Sept. 14–16," but the special notice on "South Mountain" justly knows only of fighting on "Sept. 14, 1862, three days before the drawn battle at Antietam." The latter is designated "a drawn battle" also under its own head, but under "Battles" we read: "Antietam . . . . Lee defeated by McClellan." "Antietam Creek" contains the correct statements that "on the 16th Lee was joined by Jackson," and that "on the night of the 18th he recrossed the Potomac," but according to "United States" both these events took place "Sept. 17." None of the three articles has an allusion to the opening of the conflict on the 16th. The second battle of Bull Run and the second battle of Corinth (Oct. 1862) are also entered under "Battles" as one day's conflicts. According to the last-named article, the battle of Stone River or Murfreesborough began Dec. 31, 1862, and ended Jan. 3, 1863, but according to "United States" it began on the 29th, and Bragg retreated on the 2d—neither of which statements is correct. "Chancellorsville" correctly speaks of "conflicts on May 2, 3, and 4," but the corresponding date under "Battles" is "May 1–4." The latter article calls the battle of Chancellorsville "indecisive," but declares Lee "defeated" at Gettysburg; "United States" declares Hooker "defeated" at Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg "indecisive." "Battles" adds the 4th of July to the three days of the last-named struggle. According to "United States," "Grant defeats Bragg at Chattanooga Nov. 23–24," while "Chattanooga" and "Battles" more correctly mention the 24th and 25th. "Battles" prolongs Longstreet's siege of Knoxville to so late a date as "Dec. 4, 1863," while "United States" justly makes him retreat on the 1st. According to the latter article, "Lee [and not Early] invades Maryland, . . defeats Wallace, . . threatens Baltimore and Washington, and retreats" in July, 1864. The battle of Five Forks is, under "Battles," twice given, once in its place, and once out of it. This list of blunders is far from embracing all we have discovered in the "special editor's" work.

THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

The *Atlantic* for this month is better worth reading for its book notices than for anything else in it, though more than one of the articles in the body of the magazine are good. For instance, of all that has been written about the California Chinese, there is little that is so instructive and readable as Mr. Sidney Andrews's "Wo Lee, and his Kinsfolk;" and the sketch of the strange life in the Isles of Shoals is, like its predecessors, admirable in many respects. In fact, all things considered, there is not, we should say, any other American female writer who gives at once so much satisfaction, and so little dissatisfaction, as Mrs. Thaxter. Better than negative praise can be given her, for she is always interesting in her matter, and in manner she is superior to most. Perhaps the honesty and the absence of all pretension—barring a controlled tendency to word-painting—which the reader notes in her writing prejudices him in her favor, but it will be found that what she does bears examination. The reviews, however, are remarkably good—especially those of Jarves's "Art Thoughts," "The Holy Grail," Thackeray's "Miscellanies," and Konewka's "Midsummer-Night's Dream." The notice of Mr. Jarves's book is even a thing to be thankful for. Most of the art criticism helps nobody, being either so much mere brutal expression of the writer's feeling at sight of such and such a painting—or such and such a painter's painting—or else being so much mere technical talk, which may or may not be of service to the artist or artisan, but for which the world outside the studios cares nothing, and need care nothing. This writer in the *Atlantic* seems to be better fitted than almost any other critic in this country to stand as an interpreter between the public and the men who try to talk to it with brush and chisel; and it is to be hoped that he may be regularly heard from. Indeed, it is to be wished, in general, that the critical department of the *Atlantic* should have more space allowed it, for it is seldom that it is not the most profitable part of the magazine.

Mr. Parton, in his account of the "Pressure upon Congress," is more tolerable and more to be endured than is usual with him; Mr. Shanly's "Street Cries of New York" is padding certainly, but of a good quality; the same thing might be said of "The Value of Accident," if the subject had not such possibilities of vastness and mystery that any easy treatment of it seems impertinence; Mr. Wilson's "Edwin M. Stanton" has interest, if not merit; and "Life in the Brick Moon" and "Father Mériel's Bell" are fairly good magazine stories. The former is at an end, we believe. Mr. Taylor's "Joseph and his Friends" seems to us neither better nor worse than his other novels, none of which, we admit, do we know too well, for none of them have we found readable. The very carefulness with which they are done offends, abstractly praiseworthy as no doubt it is.

Of the *Atlantic's* verses, those by the best known author are those entitled "Rhyme Slayeth Shame," by Mr. William Morris; but the best are those entitled "Risk," which are by an anonymous author, who need not fear to put her name to her works. The Brownings, both of them, had a hand in giving form to the poem, but, evidently, the poem existed independently of them. "Rhyme Slayeth Shame" is a poem of a sort which it is permitted to our favorite poets to make, but which Mr. Morris would do best for himself, we should think, to indulge in sparingly. "The Way to Sing," by H. H., nobody will quarrel with.

The portion of Charles Reade's story that we get in this month's *Galaxy* is better as evidence that the best novels cannot be written for monthly magazines than it is as anything else. It would be hard to find a more manifest case of the dyer's hand subdued to what it works in than this descent of talent almost, if not quite, amounting to genius into the region where clap-trap is generally tyrant and always is almost supreme. But though admirers of Mr. Reade will feel regret that the writer of "Peg Woffington" should transform an architect into a stage-carpenter, they will not deny that "Put Yourself in his Place" is a story that commands attention and gives great pleasure. Rose Terry contributes a sketch of a New England tailoress, which is pleasanter by much than most of the New Englandism that gets into contemporary literature. It is straightforward portraiture, and the portrait given is that of an individual. Usually, the Yankee of the books is a patronized creature, put on the canvas for the purpose of showing how inferior the typical Puritan was to his "cultured" descendant. He, therefore, is generally offensive, as being a revelation of pretentious weakness. But for any one who chooses to look at the men and women who surround him in a Yankee community and who has skill to say what he sees, New England is as full of material useful to the portrayer of "characters" and character as ever Scotland was; and how prolific Scotland is in picturesque humanity everybody knows. The Scotch believe in their ancestors, though; and Lowell Institutes, and exhibitions of pictures, and organs of great size might be established in every town of North Britain without setting Scotch writers to patting their forebears on the back and stating that of course they were badly off as regards æsthetics, but still they were estimable people for persons who were ignorant of Williams and Everett. One of Miss Terry's personages, let us not forget to say, remarks that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and she's glad she ain't one of 'em."

We continue to praise the "Current French Literature" and "Current German Literature" departments of the *Galaxy* as containing information of value pleasantly conveyed. Good, too, is the "Drift-wood"—the article on "Byron as Man and Poet" being noticeably clever as an exhibition of "journalistic talent," and as criticism, also, it is sound. To say anything new about the Byron controversy was not an easy thing, but "Philip Quilibet" has contrived to do it acceptably. Has anybody yet noticed, by the way, what a strong family likeness there is between Byron and all of the heroes of Mrs. Stowe's novels? Aaron Burr, as he is conceived of in "The Minister's Wooing;" Ellery Davenport, in "Old Town Folk;" Saint Clair, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," are all Byrons, more or less embryonic, to be sure, but still Byronic in essence. This is something not merely curious, but really worth consideration by any one who

cares to discuss exhaustively the remarkable chapter in literary history which Mrs. Stowe has offered us for perusal.

The other miscellaneous departments of the *Galaxy* will not be much praised. But as yet the series of articles on "Things of To-Day" is only in its beginning, and the probability is that it will gain in freshness and value, "Carl Benson" generally having something to say—more, a good deal, than almost any other writer of equal readiness to speak. Nobody, however, would call these four articles good ones. For the rest of its contents, the *Galaxy* has another of Mr. Anthony Trollope's wooden "Editor's Tales;" some sensible talk by Mr. Justin McCarthy on Salt Lake City and Brigham Young—which, however, has the irritating "spirit-of-fairness" tone that most of Mr. McCarthy's writing has; the first chapters of a clever story—as we suppose it to be—called "Letters from Havana;" a love story, perhaps by Mrs. Jane Austin, with the title of "The Over-soul of Manse Roseburgh;" and half-a-dozen other pieces in prose and verse. Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, Mr. Henry Abbey, and Miss M. J. Preston are among the poets—Miss Preston showing to great advantage beside the others.

The opening article in *Hours at Home* is some readable abuse of Sunday-school libraries, written by the Rev. George B. Bacon, who expresses, in his customary lively way, his opinion of the literature which the Sunday-schools give to the children. But the question which he discusses is really involved in another larger one. The libraries in the Sunday-schools are, like the schools themselves, means of inculcating certain dogmas, and as the results produced by schools are good or bad, so are the results which follow upon the reading of the libraries. The distinctively literary influences of the Sunday-school books it can hardly be worth while to estimate. At the last, is it not that we must make our choice not between Sunday-schools with good libraries and Sunday-schools with bad libraries, but between Sunday-schools and no Sunday-schools? Certainly, it would seem to be so in this country; for, whatever Sunday-schools may have been when they were first established, and whatever it is that they ought to be, the fact is that in the United States the Sunday-school is the servitor of the converting church, and is thought to do best when it makes children church members. It is among the Unitarians, then, who may be described as Christians without dogma, and with little of positive Christianity to teach, that we might reasonably expect to find Sunday-school books which secular readers would admit to be good, and that this expectation is answered by the fact, Mr. Bacon plainly says. He gives high praise to the "Ladies' Commission" of the Boston Unitarians, which has selected the libraries used by most of the schools of their denomination. That these ladies deserve at least some praise may be guessed from the fact which he states, that the six hundred titles which appear in their first catalogue represent all that were approved out of nineteen hundred books offered for acceptance.

Other papers in *Hours at Home* that will be found interesting are Professor Burt Wilder's "Something on Bats;" Dr. Gillette's "Yale," and Professor Porter's discourse on novel-reading. The attack on novels as mere collections of delusive lies was so loud and persistent, and so easily well answered, that the main objection to the habit of reading them gets little attention from anybody nowadays. But, undoubtedly, no novels have been written the reading of which was not, to anybody except writers of novels, mental relaxation, and novels are temptations to play, and consequently, as means of unfitting people for hard work, they no doubt deserve a good deal of the hostility that has been expended upon them.

Harper's has for the most important or most interesting article in its table of contents, Lord Lytton's rhymed comedy of "Walpole." It is as readable for once, and as little readable for more than once, as all of its author's later writings. His earlier and worse works one can read over with willingness and a sort of pleasure, for, at least, they help one to reproduce certain states of youthful opinion and feeling; but the books which resulted from our author's throwing himself on his brains and reading, bear one perusal a great deal better than two. The first books had feeling in them, if nothing else, but the later ones are no more than other books saturated with Bulwer to a greater or less degree, and surely they are none the better for that. Probably there is no writer who has been so widely read whose death would cause so little regret among the people whom he has attempted to benefit and please.

Mr. M. D. Conway's "South Coast Saunterings in England" lead him this month through a part of the Isle of Wight, and what he has to tell is very agreeable reading of the chatty, gossipy kind. Possibly it is some of the old leaven of the fighting, reforming spirit in him which leads Mr. Conway to speak so civilly as he does of John Wilkes. How any one is justified in speaking at any length of the "Essay on Woman"—even had it been the ex-officio works of all the presidents and secretaries of all the existing societies for the abolition of all existing evils—without saying that it is a piece of unadulterated, unredeemed dirtiness, we do not understand.

"Anteros" is by Mr. Lawrence, the author of "Guy Livingstone," and has much of that author's peculiar charms. We do not yet see much of the regular Lawrence hero, but already we have a heroine, who efficiently pleads with us not to attack the author for breach of the implied contract between him and us. She is going to be more indecent, too. And then, the author we have with us always. Every now and then he in "Anteros" takes us aside, and gives us of his worldly wisdom in a way of which we shall never tire. "How otherwise, now, do you suppose that Lady Hernscliffe had contrived to dispose of daughter after daughter, neither richly dowered nor passing fair, not only creditably, but so brilliantly as to move to hatred and malice all save the most charitable of her peers?" How, indeed? The question is one that but few would be equal to answering—or asking either, for that matter. Lawrence, though, can dispose of such problems—one down and another come on—by the hour together; and he does it so satisfyingly, that the greediest schoolgirl who ever pined for slate-pencil and chalk will contentedly wait as long as he chooses for the advent of Guy or Carryl.

The "Editor's Easy Chair," in this month's *Harper's*, is particularly good. Even the reference to Brook Farm, which Arcadia we are so unfortunate as to despise with a great contempt, does not, we find, hinder our enjoying the fine tribute to the power of Theodore Parker as a speaker which Mr. Curtis pays in his talk about the Boston Music Hall; and the little essay on Jenkins's Ear is very felicitously done. The length of Jenkins's ear, however, is almost precisely the length of the ears of the gentlemen and ladies who make use of him; and to hold them responsible for Jenkins's performances would be a better way of decreasing the great curse of the journalism of the moment than attacking Jenkins himself, who, for one thing, is not so very much to blame, and, for another, would not care a morsel if he were.

Putnam's is, on the whole, uninteresting, though "Sketches in Color" is pleasant; and "The Story of Crazy Martha," translated from the French of Jasmin, the barber-poet, is touching. This magazine seems to need editorial care. Much of what it has is passably good, and there appears to be independence in the management; at all events, many of the writers in it are unknown, and certainly were not admitted on the strength of their names, whether or not it was their merit that admitted them; but altogether *Putnam's* is dull.

The *Catholic World* for February will be found worth attention by the reader who takes any interest in the fight of the churches, and also by him who wishes to understand the intentions of the Romanists as regards our political system. This latter reader will need the gift of reading between the lines; for the *Catholic World* has some skill in preparing the way of its lord, and making his paths straighter than most Americans would think them if seen in the original plot. Still, there is a sufficiently plain assertion of extreme Ultramontanism in more than one of this month's essays, and throughout the magazine there is not only preaching, but preaching to presumed believers, in a creed which it is expressly said is above and beyond reason. Mere human beings will find the essay on "Church Music" instructive and pleasing; and the article about Mr. Ffoulkes's recent letter—in which a famous "pervert" from Anglicanism returns from Rome, and declares the Anglican a better church than the Roman—seems to put Mr. Ffoulkes in the wrong. However, inasmuch as the *World*—the questions involved being historical ones—is particular to wish for Mr. Ffoulkes "the grace of a genuine conversion," and is anxious that he may make large gains in "humility and obedience," we do not feel assured that there may not be something to be said on Mr. Ffoulkes's side. Meantime, happily, his book has been put upon the *Index*, and, whether it is wretchedly false or miserably true, nothing more is to be feared from it.

History of Athens County, Ohio, and incidentally of the Ohio Land Company and the First Settlement of the State at Marietta, etc., etc. By Charles M. Walker. (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1869.)—Most of our readers have probably never heard of the region concerning which Mr. Walker has filled six hundred octavo pages, in a manner deserving hearty acknowledgment, not only from the people whose history he records with so much industry and research, but from less partial critics. Obscure as it is, however, in the transactions of the present day, the county of Athens has played a highly important part in the development of the country. To it belongs the distinction of having been the first white settlement northwest of the Ohio, under the first territorial government, and of hav-

MALDEN PUBLIC LIBRARY

ing had the first university and the first public library in the same limits. It was, moreover, the scene of the first act of New England emigration, which was to transform the West, though not without altering the East. Its foremost surveyor, Gen. Rufus Putnam, of Massachusetts, suggested the six-mile township which has become the standard of national surveys; and he first recommended setting apart certain portions of townships for the benefit of schools. Dr. Manasseh Cutler, another of the fathers of the infant colony, obtained of Congress, in the Company's contract of purchase, an appropriation of land for the endowment of a university, which was subsequently established. He was a Yale man, and to him the county owes its name. Marietta he had dubbed *Adelphia*, its public squares *Quadranion* and *Capitolium*, its chief road *Sacra via*, and its fort *Campus Martius*. But before condemning this misapplied classicism, or concluding that New England is responsible for all that the West has since been saddled with, we should remember that Jefferson signed in 1784 a Congressional Committee report, for dividing the Northwestern Territory into ten States, whose names, "beginning at the northwest, and proceeding southwardly, were to be: Sylvania, Michigania, Chersonasus, Assonisipia, Metropotamia, Illinoia, Saratoga, Washington, Polypotamia, and Pelisipia."

Judge Ephraim Cutler, son of the divine, set up other landmarks worthy of his father's best. He was a member of the convention which framed the Ohio constitution, and he drafted the clauses relating to the judiciary, had a prominent share in carrying those which instituted a common-school system, and almost single-handed saved the State from slavery by resisting a proposed annulment of the ordinance of '87. Considering what effect this had upon the destiny of the entire West and of the Republic itself, it is difficult, merely upon this score, to estimate the weight which one small farming district has had in national affairs. The county has been far outstripped in productiveness by those for whose cultivation it opened the way; its university, bearing the name of the State, but reduced to four professors, three tutors, and fifty-two students, is behind all the State universities which were born of it; but its imprint on civilization, both west and east of the Alleghanies, remains, and will always remain. It has actually produced no great men, and has bred none so great as the founders. Mr. Stanbery, the late Attorney-General, and the Hon. Lewis Cass made here their professional début; and Thomas Ewing was the first A.B. of the State and of the university. The common stock, nevertheless, recalls its New England origin. Out of a population of but 21,364, the county furnished 2,610 men to the army; yet could send, when Morgan made his raid into Ohio, 1,967 minute-men to oppose him—a remarkable illustration of the power of the North to resist invasion, while sustaining enormous forces in the field.

Mr. Walker has interspersed his narrative of the county and its several townships with many interesting scraps of personal reminiscence, extracts from private journals, and the like, and offers agreeable reading to any one fond of studying character, and ready to contrast our nation's present with its past. The names and dates which occur, the biographies of leading men, and the statistics studiously collected and arranged, will enhance the worth of Mr. Walker's labors from year to year, and be indispensable to the genealogist. We do not know how common town-histories may be in the West, but the county may pride itself on this, even if not the first; and the Ohio Valley Historical Series is certainly well continued by it.

The Gabled House; or, Self-Sacrifice. By the author of "The Climbers," "Paul Fenner," "Purpose," etc. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.)—This is a badly written story, yet we suppose it could hardly be bettered without making it, in some respects, even worse than it is at present. Taking it from the reader's point of view that is; for, as it stands, if there is not much pleasure to be found in considering the thought of the work, nor its character-drawing, nor yet the way in which its story is told, there is undoubtedly a sort of melancholy amusement to be got from its highly ornamental word-painting, and from its frequent lapses into a semi-rhythmic construction of its sentences, as if the author had put great restraints upon herself in the matter of capital letters, but otherwise had hardly been prevented from blank-verse. Her theory of the essentials required by an author would probably be found to be a neat paraphrase of what she states with respect to those of a teacher: "Scholarship is needful, and should be sought in a teacher," she says; "but affable manners and a firm Christian principle should be the foundation." And if we may judge from reading this one book of an author who has written at least three others, we should say that she thinks that a knowledge of English grammar is needful, and should be sought for by a person proposing to write novels; but that an abundance of party-colored adjectives, and a facility in the construction of sentences without verbs, might after all prove to be her "best holt." But if she wishes to make books which, like the imaginary one written by the heroine of her present story, shall be more commended than blamed by "the critics," and "live after the foam and fermentation have passed away;" or even if that be, as we fear, somewhat too daring an ambition, to write such as shall commend themselves as well by the simplicity of their style as by the excellence of their moral, it would be well for her to revise her present opinions, and give herself to the serious study of better models than those on which she has apparently formed her present style. There is an affectation about it, and that ought to go far towards neutralizing any good sought to be conveyed by means of it.

The Elements of Tachygraphy. Illustrating the first principles of the Art, with their adaptation to the wants of literary, professional, and business men. By David Philip Lindsley. (Boston: Otis Clapp. 1869.)—We have before this spoken favorably of the improvements which Mr. Lindsley has sought to introduce in phonography. In this little book the common style of tachygraphy is explained and illustrated, the briefer styles, intended for the use of verbatim reporters only, being left for future publication. The main advantages claimed for tachygraphy over the systems of short-hand now in use are these: (1) The skilful arrangement of the consonantal signs, by which those sounds which occur most frequently are represented by oblique and horizontal characters, avoiding as far as possible those stiff, perpendicular strokes which delay and tire the hand so much in phonography. (2) In the vowel signs, which are small semi-circles, dashes, dots, and diamond points, written in connection with the consonants, and in their proper order, so that the whole word can be written out without taking the pen from the paper. By this means the writer not only saves time, but, what is perhaps more important, secures far greater legibility than in those systems where the value of the vowel signs depends upon the position in which they are written. (3) The rejection of arbitrary signs and contractions, whose multiplicity has so complicated phonography as to render its acquisition extremely difficult. For the use of clergymen, editors, lawyers, students, and, in fact, all except verbatim reporters, tachygraphy seems to be preferable to the systems of phonography now in use. Those who have learned it have in a very short time attained a speed of from eighty to ninety words a minute—about three times as fast as they would write the common long-hand. Professional reporters, however, need still greater speed, as the average rate of public speaking is about one hundred and twenty words a minute, some speakers occasionally reaching as high as one hundred and eighty. But for this class Munson's "Complete Phonographer," prepared expressly for reporters, has left little to be desired.

Mr. Lindsley indulges the extravagant hope that tachygraphy will soon entirely supersede the common writing of the English speaking peoples; but men have grown old listening to similar anticipations from the phonetic reformers. It would have been better if the pages which are used in the introduction, in expressing a rather lofty conception of the influence which short-hand has exercised upon the progress of Christianity and civilization, had been devoted to still further illustrating and explaining the subject-matter of the book.

A Compendious Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis. By Charles W. Eliot, Professor of Analytical Chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Frank H. Storer, Professor of General and Industrial Chemistry in the same institution. (New York: Van Nostrand. 1869.)—Chemistry is not one of the sciences which most exercises the powers of observation; but qualitative analysis cannot be mastered unless the necessity for a strictly systematic and analytical method in the pursuit of any enquiry is learned at the same time. It is therefore probable that this branch of chemistry is the most useful as part of a general curriculum. In a class somewhat indiscriminately gathered there will naturally be found some who have a decided inaptitude for the subject, but it will not be found beyond the powers of any sound mind, provided the explanations in reference to manipulations are made so minute as to bring the subject to the level of the meanest capacity. This Messrs. Storer and Eliot seem to have succeeded in doing; and consequently their book will probably be found the best for students without a teacher, as well as for all classes which are to pursue a very elementary course. All mention of the spectroscope is omitted. This demonstrates that nothing has been inserted for

the mere purpose of making the book sell. But in this instance we should incline to think that the principle of giving the pupil not what he wishes but what he wants had been carried a little too far. It is certainly less against the interests of intellectual life to err upon the side of letting students follow their own bent too much than to err upon the side of too minute control.

A Treatise on the Law of Negligence. By Thomas G. Shearman and Amasa A. Redfield. (New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co. 1869.)—This treatise, as its preface claims, may fairly be considered a pioneer in its peculiar field. Its purpose was single and fixed. It intended to include all the law relating to negligence considered as a wrong, independent of contract, and nothing else, but, like many another pioneer, it found that it must here and there change its direction to include this or that object, which, though not in the direct line aimed at, was still in such close and parallel relation, or heretofore so neglected by other treatises, that it must be examined and reported on.

Here and there, in treatises devoted to master and servant, to bills and notes, to common carriers, a few chapters have been written to show what negligence, in the exercise of the particular acts therein treated of, would entail liability for injuries caused thereby; but these chapters were not complete in themselves, and by no means, even when taken together, mapped out the whole subject, which now Messrs. Shearman and Redfield have given us in this volume of seven hundred pages. The authors, then, have labored with no guide, the digests have been their mine, and the nearly four thousand cases which they have cited show how thoroughly they have worked it and how richly it has yielded.

In their preface, they modestly state that they could have done better if they had had several preceding works upon the same subject as a foundation; but we doubt it. As to certain subjects, such preceding works might be of great value to suggest order and arrangement, and especially would it have saved work in hunting authorities; but with regard to the subject of this treatise such precedents were not necessary, and they have adopted the arrangement which is natural and simple. To define the various degrees of care and negligence was the authors' first work, and this has been well done in the first two chapters on "The General Subject of Negligence" and "The Degrees of Negligence." Then follows a chapter on "Contributory Negligence" and another on "Parties to Action for Negligence."

Their next task was to relate clearly and concisely and accurately what care relieved from liability, and what negligence rendered liable, in certain entirely distinct relations. They have finished their definitions, and the table of contents hereafter shows everywhere the words "liability of," as of masters to servants, of servants to third parties, and so on.

The book is clearly and concisely written, and all the more so because the authors have been obliged to go over the ground for themselves. In the text, we have the law as decided by the courts, with no particular discussion of the cases, but with references to the notes where a discussion of the particular authority is frequently given—which method we consider preferable to that which discusses the cases at length in the text. A very useful and convenient index is added, and no law-book has been printed in better style.

Authors.—Titles. BOOKS OF THE WEEK. *Publishers.—Prices.*

Ante-Nicene Christian Library: Writings of Methodius, Alexander of Lycopolis, Peter of Alexandria, etc.	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)	$3 50
Writings of Cyprian, Vol. II. " " "		3 50
Cox (S. S.), Search for Winter Sunbeams in the Riviera, Corsica, Algiers, and Spain	(D. Appleton & Co.)	3 00
Lenormant (F.) and Chevallier (E.), Students' Manual of Oriental History, Vol. I.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
L'Estrange (Rev. A. G. K.), Life of Mary Russell Mitford, 2 vols.	(Harper & Bros.)	
Philpotts (M. C.), The Manor Farm: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Thomas (Annie), Only Herself: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
The Bible in the Public Schools: Legal Arguments, swd	(Robt. Clarke & Co.)	
Trowbridge (Mrs. L.), Excelsior Cook-book	(Oakley, Mason & Co.)	
The Army Reunion, Dec. 15-16, 1868	(S. C. Griggs & Co.)	

Fine Arts.

THE THOMPSON COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.

AN immense collection of pictures, of which much has been said and written, in and out of the daily papers, is to be sold in a few days at a Broadway salesroom. This gathering was made during the years 1845 to 1860 by a late citizen of Boston. It seems that the pictures have never been exhibited, nor even hung in any permanent place, private or public, and that, since 1860, they have been stored in Boston, almost wholly out of sight and out of reach. Many stories, not now to our purpose, are in circulation regarding the eccentricities of the collector and the reasons for this seclusion of his pictures.

Now that they are brought to light, offered for public examination and sale, and catalogued, the collection is found to be enormous in size, and exceedingly poor in quality; containing eighteen hundred works or thereabouts, but very few of any peculiar merit. There are, first, thirteen hundred numbers of miscellaneous oil paintings, some very large, of all sorts of mythological, historical, and ideal subjects. After this, and although many portraits appear in the above-named list, comes a new list of portraits only, containing three hundred and thirty numbers. About a hundred and fifty drawings of one kind and another, and a separate lot of studies of the nude, make up this enormous pile of "works of art;" the largest gathering of pictures, we think, that has ever been shown in New York. There are more than twice as many numbers in the catalogue as in the fullest catalogue ever issued by the Academy of Design.

The pictures fill three galleries; and all three have been well filled by the curious who have visited the collection. The sale of catalogues, alone, must have been remunerative.

Pictures "attributed to" great painters may be very poor, in almost every way, while one can see in them, at the same time, some ground, or at least some excuse, for their having been so attributed. Thus, a picture may be a copy by a painstaking pupil, and may show some hints and echoes of the master, while hopelessly inferior in all important qualities. This is a rather favorable case. Such pictures are set down as the work of the master so commonly, that hardly a gallery in Europe has a catalogue above suspicion. If such a picture is uninjured and unrestored, it may have a certain historical value. A worse case is that of the repainted picture, which may be by a pupil or an imitator; or may be even by the master himself, in the first place, but is now the work of no one so much as of the skill-less and remorseless "restorer." Pictures once completely repainted are destroyed—there is no other word for it—and can only be renewed, as if from the dead, by removing carefully every vestige of newly applied paint, and getting back the old work. This, which is a slow and expensive process, can only be resorted to for the purpose of saving pictures of considerable original value. The Thompson Collection contains very many pictures which are thus repainted to their ruin.

There are pictures among those attributed to distinguished painters, long ago dead, which seem to have had merit—which belong to the latter class mentioned above, and have lost whatever claim they may have had to be attributed as they are, since the brush of some irresponsible "restorer" has had its way with them. These pictures may be somewhat striking in treatment of the subject, in disposition of the masses, and the like, while they are otherwise valueless. After these come the herd of pictures, which are either "unknown"—and there are four or five hundred of these—or ascribed to this painter or to that, in reckless fashion, regardless of internal evidence. And in one or other of these two classes, nearly every canvas will find a place. The number of paintings worth any one's attention, even for a moment, is exceedingly small.

One mischief that such exhibitions as this one do is in the prejudice they excite, among those who have little knowledge of the history of painting, against every and all pictures that seem archaic or antiquated in subject, or treatment, or technical qualities. A really fine old picture, even if painted four hundred years ago, on a gold background, by an unknown workman, ought to please every one—has that in it which is capable of giving pleasure to all men—will give pleasure to every one who will give a little pains to the necessary preliminary study of the manner of treatment—the language, so to speak. Ancient styles of painting are to us like bygone states of our English tongue—we must become familiar with these before we can enjoy the poetry or the prose written in them. But such a collection as this one, recommended in advance to the admiration of the public as containing many fine works by old masters, and proving on examination very uninteresting to all beholders and very poor in the opinion of students of art, helps to discourage people from looking further into the matter of old painting.

This is the more to be regretted now that much talk and some preliminary action are going on about a Museum of Art. The difficulty of getting proper attention for the schools of art of the past, not made artificially popular by the imitation of them by modern schools, will be increased by every such discouragement. The first impediment in the way of our Art Museum here is, as we have said in former articles, the ignorance of most people in this country of what a Museum of Art may be and can be. To talk to these people about old pictures, and of the Demidoff sale which begins in February, while the Thompson Collection on exhibition here is also of "old pictures," is to talk in vain, and, more than that, to ensure yourself against being listened to at another time.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1870.

The Week.

On Wednesday week there was reported from the Senate Judiciary Committee a bill amendatory of the Civil Rights Act of 1866, and specially designed for the protection of the Chinese. Though not yet acted upon, we refer to it in order to point out that the prohibition—"No tax or charge shall be imposed or enforced by any State upon any person emigrating thereto"—would seem to cut off the fund which now sustains our admirable Board of Commissioners of Emigration, and not only sustains them, but is the safeguard and insurance of the emigrants who contribute to it according to law. The point should at least be looked to. On Thursday, the Senate passed the Currency Bill of Mr. Sherman, on which we comment elsewhere, by a vote of 39 to 23. On Friday, the same senator introduced a Funding Bill, which provides for the issue of three series of bonds—ten-twenties, fifteen-thirties, and twenty-forties, at five, four and a half, and four per cent. respectively—to the amount of twelve hundred millions altogether, coupons payable abroad, in London and on the Continent; and after October 1, the national banks must make their deposits of these issues in the National Treasury. The same day, in the House, Mississippi was admitted, and a bill was reported back by Mr. Cullom to make Mormon polygamy a penal offence. The House on Monday voted by 89 to 77, and again, on reconsideration, by 91 to 80, that it was not yet ready to declare the tariff an instrument of revenue simply, and not also of protection.

Mr. Hoar has been finally rejected. Anybody who cherishes the belief that this action was taken from any very lofty motives would do well to look at the vote before putting this impression away as a settled thing. It is, we believe, certain, however, that Mr. Hoar will still remain in the Cabinet—General Grant, at least, being confident of his worth to the country. We trust, too, he will sharpen his tongue—sharp though it be already—and furbish up all his honest prejudices, and give the politicians the benefit of whatever bitterness there may be in him every time they "wait upon him" with "views." The lash of such a man on their sorry hides is what they need of all things, and what the country loves to see. We are informed that it was in contemplation to urge Mr. Durant, of New Orleans, for the judgeship which Mr. Hoar did not get. Mr. Durant is, and was before the war, a leading member of the Louisiana bar, was a staunch Union man during the war, and a man of the highest character, both professional and personal. His appointment would supply what is greatly needed, a Civilian on the Supreme bench. The want of any judge versed in Civil Law is often severely felt in appeals from Louisiana, Texas, and California. The President's nominees are Judge William Strong, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Joseph P. Bradley, of New Jersey, and both are good.

Mr. Sumner, it is said, is making very remarkable discoveries about General Sickles's ability, and as that person's nomination will shortly come up for confirmation, he is preparing himself to back him up through thick and thin. It used to be said that adversity made men acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but in Mr. Sumner's case it seems as if the richer he grew in years and honors, the less particular he grew about the company he kept. He canvassed stoutly in the Senate to secure the appointment of righteous Ashley; he procured the defeat of General Gordon, a brave and honorable soldier, under the inspiration of the worthy Butler; and during the late Virginia debates he seems to have been surrounded and inspired by some very queer fishes. We shall be curious now to see by what arguments he will exalt the distinguished Sickles. Thus far he relies, we are told, on the ability of his despatches. If it makes no difference who writes the despatches of a great nation, we can find Mr. Sumner disreputable persons in this city who will fill Sickles's place for half the money, and indite State papers that will make his hair stand on end with envy—or, if he be not capable of that passion, with admiration. Is it not time to stop treating the war, full as it is of ennobling memories, as a general jail delivery? Is it pleasant to think of posterity asking whether the men of untarnished fame and great ability who bled in it were so scarce that, when it was all over, we had to look among the moral dregs of the army for candidates for the few honors we had to bestow?

The new tariff has been brought to light since our last issue. On reading it, one feels more than ever impressed with the ability, energy, and resources of the American people. If they were not a wonderful people, they could not stand a new tariff every year, for a new tariff means the depreciation of some kinds of property, the appreciation of others, the plunging of all contracts and plans for the future into uncertainty, and a sort of semi-paralysis of business between the first rumors of the impression the lobby is making on the Committee of Ways and Means and the last disagreement between the Senate and House over the matured bill. The embryo of the bill is hatched in the committee, under the superintendence of persons who ought never to get access to it except when summoned as witnesses—that is, the representatives of the various "interests" which the tariff is likely to affect. In fact, a new tariff once a year is an instrument of speculation, just like a gold combination. When a man has a large stock on hand that does not go off easily, or has had a bad year in business, there is no so ready way of recovering himself as going to Washington, or teasing the Committee into raising the duty on the article he produces. This peculiarity of all protectionist tariffs has made them in every country one of the disgraces of civilization. Free trade, whatever faults it may have, offers absolutely no field to jobbers.

There are some humorous features in the tariff, as proposed, which show that some members of the Committee are wags in their way. The duty on anthracite coal is completely taken off, and the country would now be flooded with foreign anthracite if there was any in existence. The market has also been thrown open to foreign flour—consumers will be delighted to hear—and the duty on tea and coffee is reduced from twenty-five to twenty cents on the one, and from five to four cents on the other; but the duty on refined sugar is raised for the benefit of the refiners (last year the duty on copper ore was raised, to the ruin of the native smelters, whose position was almost exactly analogous, showing the utter absence of principle in the matter). The duties on women's and children's clothing are nearly doubled. The duty on pig-iron goes down from nine to seven dollars, and that on brandy from three to two dollars a gallon, and on cigars from three dollars a pound and fifty per cent. *ad valorem*, to two dollars a pound and twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem*, which will undoubtedly increase the revenue from this source. These are the most important changes, but there is little use in discussing them now at much length, as the report of the Committee is generally but a slight indication of the shape in which the bill will pass.

The Supreme Court has at last pronounced judgment in the legal tender case, the Chief-Justice rendering an opinion for himself and the majority of the Court, confirming the decision of the Supreme Court of Kentucky, that the Legal Tender Act was unconstitutional, in so far as it applied to contracts in existence at the time of its passage and made payment in greenbacks a valid satisfaction of debts, of which the parties to the contract, at the time of making it, plainly contemplated the payment in coin. The result was foreshadowed more than a year ago in the *Nation*, and though it called forth angry denunciation from some of our contemporaries at the time, they seem to have gradually reconciled themselves to the idea, and are now taking it quite calmly. Nevertheless, it is not so unimportant as it may seem at first sight. Even supposing that persons who have accepted payment in depreciated greenbacks of debts contracted in gold before the war are now debarred from questioning the sufficiency of such payment, it is certain that railroad companies and States which have got into the bad habit of paying in paper the interest on their bonds made before the war,

will now have to come back to the ancient ways. Some other interesting points are suggested by the decision which we have not time to discuss now. There is little question, whatever be the objections to the decision on general grounds, that it will accelerate the return of specie payments, and give a useful fillip to the moral sense of the country, and especially of the knavish portion of the public.

The Chief-Justice holds, for the majority of the Court, that, although it is quite certain that Congress intended the Legal Tender Act to be applicable to the satisfaction of debts contracted before their issue, nevertheless it was unconstitutional in so far as regarded such debts, because the power to make anything but coin a legal tender is a different power from that expressly granted by the Constitution, to "coin money," etc., and is not in any reasonable or satisfactory sense necessary to the exercise of that power. The power to issue bills, in short, is one thing; the power to make them a legal tender, another; and the latter is not necessary to the proper exercise of the control of Congress over the currency. But is it necessary to the proper exercise of the war-power, or incidental to it? The Chief-Justice holds not; that, though Congress has a certain latitude in the choice of the means necessary to the performance of its constitutional duties, it must choose amongst means "appropriate, plainly adapted, and really calculated," and no others; and whether any particular means employed answer to this description, the Supreme Court, he holds, must judge. As to the legal tenders, they were not in the prescribed category, as the war might have been carried on without them, though, perhaps, at greater cost and inconvenience. This is, undoubtedly, the weakest point in the judgment, and the one which will excite most dissatisfaction. The other objections to the act are, that it is opposed to the general principles of justice on which the Government is based, and the firm establishment of which was the great object of its foundation; and that the sacredness of contracts occupied one of the highest places in the minds of the founders, he infers from the insertion in the famous ordinance for the government of the Northwestern Territory, of a solemn and perpetual prohibition "of the passage of any law in that territory which should in any manner interfere with or affect private contracts or engagements *bonâ fide* and without fraud previously formed." He holds, moreover, that the act, in touching contracts in existence, took away private property out due process of law, and this not incidentally and contingently, as when a corporation, by undertaking new works or liabilities, lowers the value of its stock in the markets, but "directly and inevitably;" and that it was as plainly conducive to fraud as if it had authorized a man who had agreed to convey an acre of land to convey only two-thirds of an acre.

Judge Miller, for himself and Judges Swayne and Davis, dissenting, held that the Constitution, in prohibiting the States from making anything but coin a legal tender in payment of debts, and not prohibiting Congress, left it by implication in the power of Congress to make securities of the United States a lawful tender in the payment of debts, if necessary to the proper exercise of its other powers; that this view is strengthened if not confirmed by the fact that Congress has been expressly empowered to abrogate contracts in passing bankruptcy laws, and by the decision of the Court on the power of Congress to charter the United States Bank; that the power of the legislature in the choice of means must be construed in a large and liberal way; in other words, it must be "left free to avail itself of experience, to exercise its reason, and to adapt itself to circumstances;" that the improvements in the science of war, the magnitude of the forces engaged and of the interests involved in the late struggle, made it expensive beyond example, and its conduct by the aid of ordinary financial expedients impossible; that, when the legal tenders were issued, the credit of the Government was exhausted; that its paper would speedily have become worthless, if not endowed with the property of discharging existing debts; and that the issue of the legal tenders was therefore a necessary and proper means of exercising the war power; that it was no doubt an interference with the obligation of contracts, but so is the bankrupt act; that no doubt it involved a lowering of the value of property without direct compensation to the owners, but so do many other great public measures, such as a change in the tariff or a declaration of war, for both of which nobody doubts the competency of Congress. Finally, he declared that the effect of the decision of the Court, in lowering the value of debts contracted in greenbacks, and undoubtedly payable in greenbacks, would be as mischievous in its effects on the business of the community, as the original passage of the Legal Tender Act.

The strong point of Judge Miller's argument is, as might be expected, what is the Chief-Justice's weakest — the impropriety of taking from Congress and committing to a court of justice a task so plainly legislative in its nature as the decision what means are and what are not necessary and proper to the performance of a duty so complex, so delicate, and so full of unforeseen contingencies and puzzling situations as the government of a great nation, during a great war, even within the limited sphere prescribed by our written Constitution. To bring fairly into play all the tremendous moral and physical forces which lie sleeping under the peaceful exterior of a modern commercial community, is a work of increasing difficulty, in which no statesman of our time can be said to be skilled; and to take out of the statesman's hands all power of trying experiments, and leave to judges the power of tracing the limits within which he ought to act, might, undoubtedly, paralyze the state at a most critical moment. And yet, if the interpretation of a written constitution is not committed to judges, what is the use of it? If the majority can do whatever they choose to declare constitutional, what better is it than the revocable charters which absolute sovereigns in Europe amused themselves by granting for some years after 1815? The question seems, like so many other questions of government, to be one of those insoluble problems which wise nations shirk, and on which the foolish ones break themselves to pieces.

The week's news from the South is of more interest than usual, there being a good deal of strictly party activity, and there being, also, in more than one Southern State, some political movement of a kind not strictly partisan, and very well worth watching. Those economizing people, whom Mr. Dawes so happily characterized the other day as economists who went about seeking for a dollar that hadn't any cents in it on which to make savings, and neglecting the dollar with a hundred important pennies, have, for five or six years past, had numerous counterparts in the world of politics; and under the great principle of "soundness on the main question," we have made strenuous attempts to take bad and stupid men and make stable, honest communities and political organizations out of them. Perhaps we could do no better; but, at least, we can remember this, that all our action in this reconstruction business has been abnormal—a necessary evil—and is not to be made the rule. We need not begin to cry, with the "advanced thinkers," "manhood suffrage," and disregard education and character because, as fate would have it, we were at a certain juncture compelled to use the ignorant black and the adventuring white as the materials for making States. In Louisiana, things are as bad as they can be. The Legislature is notoriously corrupt. The State Auditor, the Governor says in a published speech, has robbed the treasury of half a million; one of the judges is to be tried for incompetency and for illegal decisions; the Governor admits that he has, on several occasions, been approached by persons who proposed that he should sell his official signature, and he adds that one of these persons was the Mayor of New Orleans. We do not discover, we may remark, that the Governor has instituted proceedings against these gentlemen. Matters have come to such a pass that a mass-meeting has been held in New Orleans to protest against legislative rascality.

In Georgia, Captain J. E. Bryant has been beaten by Bullock—who has had the advantage of having behind him, in the person of General Terry, not only a soldier but a lawyer—and Bryant has transferred himself to Washington, where he is going to fight against the admission of the State; and it would not be wonderful if he should have some success. Meantime, he writes to somebody in Boston to "assure our Republican friends that I shall remain true to the teach-

ings of my boyhood;" and he adds, "My object is to save the Republican party of Georgia from ruin." As we have said before, in substance, what the teachings of Mr. Bryant's boyhood were is a matter doubtless of importance to himself, but it is not of importance to the country at large, unless his teachings are going to help him to induce Congressmen to keep Georgia in her present condition. We hope the House may choose to listen to General Terry, who is neither uneducated, unintelligent, nor untrustworthy. The State Legislature has ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments; proposes to elect senators, and will doubtless provide for a new delegation of representatives. The trifling inconsistency of declaring that the present representatives from Georgia have never really been members of the Congress they have been voting in will not trouble the logical minds of the majority. It has not been troubled by any of the possible inferences from its doctrine that the old Georgia Legislature was not a legislature at all after it had decided some of its own members ineligible. People married, divorced, inheriting, working, owing, paying, doing anything, under enactments made by this imaginary body, must look out for their own peace of mind.

In South Carolina, as we mentioned last week, a negro, a Pennsylvanian by birth, goes into the Supreme Court of the State as Associate Judge. We do not see it denied that he is a man of some ability, and we hear nothing against his character. Nor, on the other hand, do we see it seriously claimed for him that he has the requisite knowledge of law, or that his abilities are sufficient for his place. A noticeable thing is that Democrats elected him. But this has been too much insisted on, the fact being that the only other candidate, with any chance of success was also a negro—and not so good a one as some others, either, unless he has enemies of extraordinary unscrupulousness.

Florida, ever since it was fastened upon by the little swarm of greedy politicians who are always engaged in unseemly wrangling, has afforded almost the worst imaginable spectacle that could afflict the eyes of anybody who wants the Southern wing of the Republican party to be respectable. Mr. Harrison Reed, the Governor, is a Northwestern politician of no weight at home, whom Judge Chase—we think it was—sent out to the old Department of the South as a commissioner to sell confiscated lands. The lands were sold, and the commissioner stayed and went into politics, which, in Florida in that time, consisted in being loyal to the Republican party, "manipulating" a handful of negro voters, and giving just as small a share of spoils as possible to Mr. Billings, Mr. Gleason, Mr. Potter, Mr. Dickey, and the other gentlemen who also were being loyal, in that region, to the Republican party, and were "manipulating" certain numbers of negro voters. So we have had attempts at revolutionizing the State Government; many public charges that the Governor had misappropriated the State money and sold offices; counter-charges of the Lieutenant-Governor's corruption; a former effort to impeach Reed, and now, again, news comes of another. It will be a good day for Florida when the driftwood that the war washed thither shall leave her for good.

The Fifteenth Amendment—which provides that "the right of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," and that "Congress shall have power to enforce this prohibition by appropriate legislation"—has received the ratification of the requisite number of States, and its adoption will, doubtless, shortly be proclaimed. We have given elsewhere some reasons for considering the theory that any State can recall its ratification before the proclamation of adoption to be without foundation. The reconstruction process may now be considered closed for all practical purposes, all excuses for inserting fresh "conditions" in the Constitutions of the two States still remaining "out in the cold" being removed. Moreover, the agitation against slavery has reached an appropriate and triumphant conclusion, and the negro, from being the subject of the strangest struggle in the history of civilization, sinks into the rank of an ordinary and somewhat heavily weighted wayfarer on the dusty and rugged highway of competition. We can understand a thoughtful Southerner feeling awe-stricken as he looks at what has come to pass. The very feelings which he most carefully fostered, and made his boast and glory, have been converted into instruments of torture, under which he daily writhes. His pride of race, for instance, makes black equality tenfold the humiliation it would be to any other men. His contempt for the North, which he taught his children in their cradle, has made his subjugation bitter beyond the bitterness of any other recorded conquest. Every reproach he has ever heaped on the Yankee has given the Yankee sword a keener point, and the Yankee order-book a deadlier sting. Even his hostility to "isms" has given the people who love "isms," and live by them, an influence and weight in politics and society which, but for his hatred, they would never have had. He has the consolation of knowing that free love, communism, rationalism, woman's rights, "agrarianism," free schools, and everything else of the kind that he most hated, owe a great deal of whatever success they have achieved to his dislike of them. We class them together, simply because this was a way he had himself. Now that it is all over, and he sees the negro on the bench (and the South Carolina bench, too) and in the Senate Chamber, he may sit down with the comfortable reflection that, considered from his own point of view, he has shown himself the greatest blunderer of the modern world. He ought to have the Fifteenth Amendment engraved on his tomb. No other epitaph would do him justice.

We commented last week on the singularity of the *New York Tribune's* suggesting the execution of murderers before the burial of their victims, beginning with the murderer of Townsend, as a good mode of striking terror, seeing that this paper is one of the most energetic opponents of capital punishment. A correspondent, writing to it on the 5th inst., expressed some of the surprise which we too felt, and received for answer that "it called for the extreme penalty of their acts," and "should consistently express the same hope when capital punishment had gone the way of other barbarisms." Now, the only substitute for capital punishment, in murder cases, we have ever heard of in late days is imprisonment for life or for a long term. The question, therefore, arises, In what way would the *Tribune* inflict on a murderer "the extreme penalty of his act" (supposing capital punishment abolished) "before the burial of his victim"? There is only one way that would not render the punishment a mere farce, and that is, embalming and preserving the body of the victim above ground till the criminal himself died, or was pardoned, or had got his due. We need, however, hardly call the *Tribune's* attention to the objections to this plan on the score of decency, and public health, and expense. If our lucid contemporary ever seriously entertained it, however, it speedily abandoned it, for five days after it had called for summary execution without trial, it came out as strongly as ever against all hanging, and called the persons who advocated any hanging at all, a "frantic chorus," "alarmed and excited thousands," and other bad names, and began to display the old inflammatory symptoms which the discussion of the gallows invariably produces on its brain. A good many of its trusting subscribers must be by this time in a nice clear state of mind on the subject of repressing crime.

The only foreign news of importance is the news from France, which, but for the singular good sense which the Ministry continues to display, would have been serious news. The arrest of Rochefort led to a riot, with the usual Parisian accompaniment of barricades; but the police alone seem to have been used for its suppression, troops being present in force, but, if used at all, only used to make a moral impression on the mob. The latter characteristically enough was led by M. Gustave Flourens, an excitable young man, who served in the Cretan revolt as a volunteer, and, after his return, fought a duel with Paul de Cassagnac, whom he dragged from a sick-bed by jeering imputations on his courage, but who, in return, ran him through the body, and left him at death's door. The Government owes much of its strength, doubtless, to the paltry character of the leader of the Reds, the community not being quite ready for a provisional government composed of the Rocheforts and Flourens; and it appears to us hardly doubtful that the prosecution of Rochefort is a mistake. But, under all the circumstances, Ollivier is doing better than any of his predecessors has ever done.

MR. DAWES—PRESIDENT GRANT—GENERAL BUTLER.

Some remarks of ours, in the number of January 27, where Mr. Dawes's attack on the Administration was incidentally mentioned as an example of the old passion which Congressmen feel for nagging the executive, have seemed to run counter to the popular current, as indicated by the press, and have caused some unfavorable comment. It would be pleasanter not to touch the subject again, since Mr. Dawes is a person whom every one esteems and would like to follow. But, unluckily, the question is of vital importance. It involves the future fate and usefulness of the Administration; it involves, what is more, a point of simple justice. As the matter stands, the public has a right to the truth, whatever it may be; and, if we were wrong in our point of view, we are bound to confess the mistake. But we think we were not wrong, and that we did not speak without due knowledge and caution.

There is no healthier or more encouraging symptom in politics than when honest public men denounce party corruption or extravagance. For any and all such rebellions we have always felt a sympathetic weakness, even when the rebellious leaders were less wise than one might have wished. But it is one thing to support a tendency which in the main is excellent, and quite another thing to allow one's self to be drawn into every attack upon everything, without a clear understanding of what one is aiming at. The reason why we for once are obliged to decline Mr. Dawes's lead is simple enough. Mr. Dawes stated his reasons for attacking the Administration, and his reasons were based on a mistake in figures. The whole case rested on a single question of fact: was Mr. Dawes right or wrong in asserting that last year's estimates were $303,000,000, and that this year's estimates are $331,000,000? He was certainly wrong. The corresponding estimates of this year are $291,000,000. As the premise was incorrect, all the conclusions drawn from it were more or less affected by the error. We have no intention of showing how exaggeration or misunderstanding swelled the list of errors. To bore others as we ourselves have been bored by these disputed accounts, would be unkind to our conscientious readers, and little profitable to any one. We hope it will be enough if we state the result of many hours employed in the peculiarly tedious occupation of reading or hearing both sides of the controversy, a result which, in very few words, may be given as a conviction that Mr. Dawes for once was misled; that the Administration has not been extravagant at all to the extent he alleged; that it has not even proposed the extravagances he alleged; that it seems, on the whole, to be very nearly what the public expected—honest, economical, and fairly efficient; and that though, as our readers are aware, the President's ideas on many great subjects have neither been large nor liberal enough to suit us, yet, so far as candle-ends are concerned, these seem to have been collected with reasonable care and safely laid aside.

There were, however, two elements in the attack made by Mr. Dawes. Even if the figures he read had been more correct than they were, the temper in which Mr. Dawes spoke would still have justified the comment of the *Nation*. Speakers are so often—one might almost say, so regularly—led on by their topic or their audience to say more than they actually meant to say at the outset, that a wide latitude is usually allowed them, and in this instance Mr. Dawes has repeatedly denied any intention of treating the President with disrespect. This is probably the most curious evidence yet given of the Congressional mania for worrying the executive. Mr. Dawes did not mean to treat General Grant with disrespect, and yet his tone was to the last degree contemptuous and patronizing, both towards the President and towards his Cabinet. Is it possible that a President should not feel personally hurt when his friend, the chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, tells the country that no aid is to be expected from the executive in the direction of economy; that two members of the Cabinet talk absurdities, and another seems to be a bit of a knave? Even "the poor, unpopular Attorney-General" may not be quite so poor or so unpopular as to enjoy such contemptuous patronage as was offered him by Mr. Dawes. To dissemble one's love is proper enough, but members of Congress should learn also to dissemble a little their kicks. The President, with all his regard for Mr. Dawes, may think it hard that Congress should not only steal and appropriate the credit of all his efforts at economy and honesty of administration, but should openly call him a fool into the bargain. Whether the President and his Cabinet are so incompetent as Congress seems to think, is a point we will not now discuss. Like Horace Walpole, we wonder whether, after all, there may not be a vast deal of cleverness in getting along at all without brains. But, whatever may be the capacity of the present executive officers, it is quite certain that the House of Representatives is not so overstocked with genius as to be able to look down from any lofty height upon them.

As the matter thus stood, there were two points involved: one a question of fact and figures, the other a question of confidence in the Administration. But, as ill-luck would have it, a third issue was destined to be raised: General Butler, having an old grudge against his colleague and a peculiar genius for gratifying his love for revenge, saw an occasion for his interference. There were other members, even in the Massachusetts delegation—members among the most honest and true in the whole House—who would have gladly defended the President and his Cabinet, but, as usual, they were too slow, and Mr. Butler, who has the eye of a vulture for a victim, lighted upon his colleague with a scream of gratified revenge, and proceeded to tear and rend him as a carrion-bird would do. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the spectator happens to think, there is one thing more formidable than General Butler's enmity, and this is his friendship. The Administration, knocked down as it had been by an unexpected blow from its friend Mr. Dawes, was dragged through the mire by General Butler, and it was obliged to accept this worst wrong of all in silence. Against Mr. Dawes the President had some chance of obtaining redress, if only from his own sense of justice, but against the touch of General Butler there was no means of protection whatever. Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, in a very sensible speech easily showed where Mr. Dawes had been unjust to the Administration, but he could not wipe away the marks left on it by General Butler's embrace. Even the public, which might have doubted so long as the question of personal weight lay between Mr. Dawes and General Grant, would not hesitate a moment when it saw Mr. Dawes threatened by the beak and claw of General Butler. In place of a very simple question of fact which involved the entire confidence of the country in President Grant, was substituted a still simpler issue of personal respect for Mr. Dawes as against his colleague. In sustaining Mr. Dawes on the latter point, it ought, however, to be understood that no one is obliged to join in undeserved censure on the President. All that is beyond doubt is the fact that the machinery of government works clumsily when no responsibility, or subordination, or harmonious action can be enforced between executive and legislature.

FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT—REVOCATION OF RATIFICATIONS.

The action of two States in relation to the Fourteenth Amendment, and the action of one or more in regard to the Fifteenth, present the very important question: Can a State withdraw or repeal a ratification, once duly made, of any pending amendment of the National Constitution? For the following reasons, it is believed and submitted that it cannot. The Constitution of the United States, in providing for its own amendment, declares that, when a proposed amendment is ratified by three-fourths of the States, it shall be a part of the Constitution. In ascertaining the fact of ratification by three-fourths, only ratifications are at all noticed; States that remain silent remain unnoticed; and States that reject are not counted as adverse, for rejection is no more than non-action. Neither is an attempted repeal or withdrawal of a ratification any more than rejection, and therefore is no more than silence.

If States may withdraw their ratifications, once ordained, *when* may they do it? If before proclamation of full ratification, made by the Secretary of State, as provided by law, why not afterwards? Is it the Secretary's proclamation that binds the State, or is it the action of the State itself? And if it is the action of the State, can it bind and loose itself at pleasure? Does not the proposition resolve itself into, and rest upon, the same theory and reasoning by which secession was sustained? The seceding States simply repealed and rescinded their acts of ratification of the original Constitution, ranging from 1787 to

1789. The Constitution does not say, "Whenever there may be valid, subsisting, and continuing ratifications, by three-fourths of the States at the date of proclamation," but simply, "When ratified by three-fourths;" that is, when three-fourths *have* ratified; that is, *acted in the affirmative.*

The original instrument provided that, when nine States had ratified, it should be valid and binding between the States so ratifying. It is well known that the question of a conditional ratification was raised, and decided in the negative. It was suggested by Mr. Madison, in relation to Virginia; thoroughly considered by Mr. Hamilton, and finally rejected or abandoned by all parties. If an original ratification could not have been conditional, could it have been repealed or withdrawn? The power to repeal is a power, a condition, reserved, and, if such a course was not competent in relation to the original, neither is it in relation to any subsequent amendment.

It is said to be an engagement which the State may enter into or not, at its pleasure. So may a man promise or guarantee a debt or not, as he pleases; but having done so, he cannot withdraw the promise or revoke the obligation at his pleasure. But it is said there is no engagement, no enactment, no amendment, or additional article of constitutional law, until a *certain number have acted;* that until then it is a mere pending proposition, and prior to that time any State may act as it will. But who is appointed to determine *when* a sufficient number have acted? And who decides upon the sufficiency of given ratifications? Evidently not the State governments or officials. The analogies to be drawn from partnerships, contracts, and commercial paper, some of which might be in favor of the power claimed, and some against it, may be dismissed with the observation that this is not a legal question of that sort. It is partly a question of constitutional law, and partly a question of paramount political law—the rules that must guide the sovereign power of the people in the exercise of the faculty of constitutional, as distinguished from statutory, legislation.

The power claimed would be unjust, impracticable, and dangerous. Unjust, because certain of the States may well and reasonably be influenced in such a political question by the previous action of other States, owing to the interests affected. Yet a State having been thus influenced, and acting on such faith, finds the very States which had thus given the influence of their ratification withdrawing at the last moment. It is impracticable, because it does not at all comport with the nature of the transaction. It is dangerous, because it might involve the whole country in frightful uncertainty and strife. Suppose exactly the required number of ratifications have reached the State Department, and then proclamation is made of full ratification; but before it is made, some of the States had withdrawn their ordinances of ratification, the proclamation not having reached them before withdrawal, nor the withdrawals having reached the Department before proclamation made—does, or does not, the amendment go into effect? Such a question might well lead to civil war.

May a State which has rejected afterwards ratify? Certainly it may, though some opponents of recent amendments have said not. It may, because its previous rejection was legally no more than silence and non-action; but if rejection may be followed by adoption, why may not adoption be followed by rejection? Because rejection, or non-action, which is the same thing, is a negative voice, not provided for in the process of constitutional amendment; a negative, of which no notice is taken in the Constitution, or by the political department of the government, in ascertaining the fact of ratification. Only affirmations are empowered and provided for, and only affirmations are counted. Such an amendment may be pending for years. A State which has rejected or not acted may undergo a change of public opinion, and then ratify. A State which has solemnly ratified may also undergo a similar change of public opinion, and then attempt to reject. But its ratification had already become not a mere statutory enactment, but a vital political fact; a fact officially noted; an additional letter stamped on a new leaf or page; a fact that vitally attaches to the amendment and clings to it until it is ascertained if three-fourths ratify—if enough new letters have been stamped to spell the proposed amendment. It is a fact that gives a vested political and constitutional interest to the nation at large, and to every other State which has either ratified or concerns itself to consider the matter.

The advocates of the right or power of withdrawal and repeal generally belong to the League, Treaty, Power of Attorney, State Sovereignty, and Voluntary Compact school of lawyers and statesmen. Viewing it in this light, when a treaty is pending between two or more sovereign powers, can one of them, which has ratified, withdraw its ratification, within the term prescribed for exchange of ratifications, before the other has acted, any more than it can after the other has ratified, without provision in the treaty to that effect? In the case of the amendment there is no term prescribed. The term is WHEN, and therefore the ratification is a continuing and subsisting obligation until the result is finally ascertained and announced.

The right is placed upon the ground that whatever the Legislature, the Convention, or the people of a State can do, the same power can undo or repeal. Ordinarily this is true. But there are cases in which the rule does not apply, outside the domain of mere brute force, *or* the forces of revolution. A State may contract a debt or vest an interest, but cannot at pleasure revoke or impair the obligation, or divest the interest or estate vested. But we still see that, however clearly a State may repeal any law which it can enact, acting in the *exercise of original and underived political power*, yet the rule does not apply to the *execution of a specific power* conferred. In ratifying, the States do not act or initiate upon their own motion. A clause or amendment would not become a part of the Constitution when only proposed, put forward, ordained, and ratified as such by the States of original motion. It must go through the forms prescribed by the national Constitution: proposal and submission by Congress, or the call of a Convention on the demand of a sufficient number of States. Then the power of the States to ratify is not exercised in any right of free and original sovereignty. The *power*, as well as the *form and manner* of proceeding, is distinctly derived from the national Constitution and from that only. In this respect it is an enabling act to Congress and the States. What is the power thus conferred? Specific. Congress may propose; and the States may ratify, but they cannot rescind, because the power is not conferred. But, it may be said, the power to do a thing, where it is left at discretion and is not a command, implies the power not to do it or to refuse to do it. Certainly; but not to annul it after it has been done. If Congress enable a Territorial Legislature to call a convention to form a State Constitution, can the Legislature first call the Convention, then repeal the law and disperse the Convention? Can a State Legislature, acting under its own Constitution, call a Constitutional Convention, and in the midst of its proceedings, or even after it has submitted its work to the people, repeal the law and wholly defeat the work of the Convention? No. Because the only power conferred is to call together a convention after a prescribed mode. This done, the power is exhausted in the execution. There is no power to repeal, and the sovereignty of the people attaches to and moves with the Convention, either unconditionally or subject to a popular vote. So is the power over ratification of an amendment exhausted in the act of ratification; and so does the sovereignty, or the voice and the will of that section of the whole people, attach and continuously adhere to the ratification.

If a State can withdraw its ratification, who is to ascertain the fact of withdrawal or determine the disputed right? The several States? Then we go straight back to 1798–9, 1832–3, and 1860–1. Shall the President and Secretary determine? Suppose they differ with Congress, which has proposed. Shall Congress determine? Suppose they differ with the Executive Department, which has proclaimed or refused to proclaim. Shall the Courts determine? They must take judicial notice of what is the *form* of the Constitution, as ascertained by the political department of the Government, *interpreting* the instrument as cases come before them. But can they go behind the official proclamation, and enquire into the truth, legality, or sufficiency of the facts stated, upon which full ratification has been proclaimed? And if so, must they take judicial notice of withdrawals, or have proof of the facts? Are we to have the spectacle of courts swearing and listening to witnesses, reading formally attested certificates of legislative proceedings, and quoting State statutes to prove that a given clause is

no part of the Constitution of the United States? An amendment may readily be such as most materially to affect our foreign relations, and the rights of other governments; as in the treaty-making power, in acquiring or disposing of domain, regulating commerce, etc. Foreign governments may very properly consult usage, commentators, and judicial exposition to arrive at the construction and meaning of the Constitution, but they can only look to the political department of the national Government for an authoritative expression or statement of the form and language of the instrument.

Is there, then, no way by which a State can avoid the force of its ratification once given? If the required number of States do not ratify, nothing is accomplished, and there is no need of repeal. If they do, the amendment can be vacated just as it was adopted, by another amendment, proposed and adopted in the same way. If there is any other regular mode, we are unable to discover it.

We have omitted from this discussion the resolution of Congress declaring such withdrawals incompetent; deeming that to be doubtful, if not dangerous, ground to occupy. Congress can do in this matter precisely what they are empowered by the Constitution to do—that is, formulate, propose, and submit the amendment. If Congress can go further and *prohibit* States from withdrawing, could they not, on the other hand, *permit* States to withdraw?

THE CURRENCY BILL AND THE THREE PER CENT. CERTIFICATES.

The Senate of the United States has provided a financial scheme consisting, in reality, of four different measures, the first of which would be wise and proper, if any means were ever so remotely suggested for carrying it into execution; the second of which would not be objectionable, if it were capable of contributing the smallest possible aid towards accomplishing the object for which it is designed; while the third is an incoherent attempt to crowd the essential measure of specie-payment resumption into a few lines; and the fourth is simply a piece of pandering to ignorance and sectional prejudice. In order to show that the foregoing characterization of the most important financial measure of the session is not too severe, we propose to examine some of its features in detail.

The first measure proposed is the withdrawal of the three per cent. certificates, a measure which, for non-professional readers, may require some explanation. One of the means of raising money, adopted during the war pressure, was the issue of a large amount of what were called compound-interest notes, or legal-tender greenbacks bearing interest. When, a year or two after the peace, these compound-interest notes were, with many other similar make-shift contrivances, gradually redeemed by the Treasury or funded into long bonds, it was found that a large amount of them were in the hands of the national banks, as part of the amount which the law compels them to hold as a greenback reserve. It was the time when Mr. McCulloch's contraction policy was exciting much opposition, and was thought to endanger the position of the national banks and of the whole business interests of the country. The withdrawal of these compound-interest notes was contraction of the worst kind, and yet was necessary for the healthy reorganization of the finances. In order to counteract this contraction, it was decided, in the summer of 1867, to allow the Secretary to issue, for the use of the national banks only, certain certificates bearing three per cent. interest, and hence called three per cent. certificates, which the banks might hold instead of the compound-interest notes, as part of their reserve. These certificates, in reality, simply represent money borrowed by the Government of the banks, *on call*, that is, money that the Treasury might be called upon to repay at a moment's notice. The amount of these certificates, at one time much larger, has, by various changes, been reduced to forty-five millions. But even this amount is altogether too large for any prudent Government to owe, subject to sudden call, especially as the Treasury has not, for a long time past, had even one-fourth part of this amount on hand, in currency, to meet a sudden call for its repayment. It is, therefore, evidently desirable and necessary that so dangerous an element should be promptly eliminated from our financial position. It is very true that this grave danger seems, for the moment, remote, and that by prudent management it may even be averted for a sufficient length of time to enable the Treasury to meet it successfully, or to evade it entirely. But it is also true that the danger might, at almost any moment, be precipitated upon us by events entirely beyond our control, and that the Treasury would then find itself in a position where its only escape from bankruptcy would be found in a forced and disastrous expansion of the currency. It is this danger that the new Currency Bill was designed to remove, and it is on this account that it was everywhere hailed with the utmost satisfaction. What, then, must be the surprise of all thinking men to find that, instead of removing the threatened complication, the bill actually proposes to precipitate it upon us, unnecessarily, suddenly, forcibly, and without remedy or escape?

The main features of the bill are ostensibly based upon the urgent necessity of providing circulating notes, or currency, for those States and Territories which have less than they are supposed to be entitled to. The whole discussion of the bill hinged upon the urgent need in the Southern and South-western and North-western States of more currency and banking facilities to transact the growing business of that section. Pathetic pictures were drawn by senators of the ruin inflicted upon their constituents by the enforced absence of banks and currency, and the consequent scarcity of money accommodation. It is one of the principal objects of the bill to furnish these banks and this currency. Its most important section, that from which it derives its name, provides that, by complying with certain simple and equitable conditions, persons in those States and Territories may at once establish new national banks, and issue fresh national bank currency, to the full extent of forty-five millions of dollars and more. Now, it must be evident to every one that, if the need of these States and Territories be as urgent as represented, they will rush with breathless haste to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the bill, and will at once issue every dollar of the forty-five millions that the law allows. Suppose they do, what then?

Section 2 of this well-digested bill provides that, as soon as these new banks issue any part of their new currency, the Secretary of the Treasury shall at once pay off an equal amount of the outstanding three per cent. certificates; that is to say, *he shall*, in addition to his ordinary monthly expenses, provide the means of suddenly paying off ten, twenty, thirty, or forty millions of the national debt. Of course, the bill tells him clearly and distinctly how to obtain this money? Not a bit of it. There is not so much as a reference to it, not even a remote hint that any money is required to pay the nation's debts! Do the senators suppose that the Secretary can shake ten or twenty millions a month out of his sleeve? Or do they suppose that the banks will give up their certificates from sheer love of Mr. Boutwell, or without other reward than the approval of their consciences or of the United States Senate? Or do they imagine that, when a bank issues new currency, it necessarily presents the whole of it to the Government Treasury as a free gift? Either the States referred to do *not* want the currency or they do want it. If they do not want it, the whole bill is a farce. If they do want it, they want it at once, and will get it just as quickly as the practical difficulties of execution can be overcome. If they, in accordance with the law, demand and obtain these forty-five millions of new currency within two, three, or four months—a long time, if they really need it—the Secretary will be obliged to furnish, during the same time, forty-five millions of surplus funds to redeem the certificates with. It is entirely needless to say that nobody expects the Secretary to have any such surplus. He will be obliged either to disobey the law in its most essential particular, or else declare the Treasury bankrupt.

We repeat, however, that not only is the object of this measure laudable, but that such a measure is most imperatively required to prevent serious financial disaster. To the minds of all thoughtful financiers, this enormous call-loan, these forty-five millions of three per cent. certificates, are an avalanche suspended by a thread that will some fine day come down upon Mr. Boutwell, and crush him and his sinking-fund and funding schemes into impalpable powder. It may, nevertheless, be well to call the attention of both Secretary and Senate to one or two facts. The weekly statements of the New York banks show a most satisfactory condition of their reserves—on

the surface. In reality, their position is absolutely precarious. They are transacting business on a basis of 250 millions of indebtedness, with certainly not much over 25 millions of greenbacks in reserve. Of all the 356 millions of greenbacks in circulation, our banks hold only about 25 millions. It is well known to well-informed persons in Wall Street that there is scarcely a sufficient supply of greenbacks for the practical convenience of the banks; and to such an extent is this the case that banks will frequently lend their own notes, free of interest, for a week or ten days, on condition of receiving greenbacks in exchange. The great proportion of the greenbacks—at least 300 millions—are held by the people, and a large part of them by the people of the South. Should any pressing demand for money arise in any section of the country; should the South require only a very slight additional amount of greenbacks to pay for the remaining portion of its cotton crop, a greenback panic might be witnessed that would cause the three per cent. certificates to be presented to Mr. Boutwell for payment in a manner that he little dreams of. Nothing is more likely to occur than this very thing, even without the aid of the new currency bill, and, when it does happen, is Mr. Boutwell prepared to choose between the two alternatives: Treasury suspension or compulsory inflation? Is there anything "inside politics" that can suggest any other alternative?

To talk of sinking-funds and funding-bills, while such a call-loan as this hangs over our heads, is mere folly or wilful blindness. Innocent people may naturally ask, Why has not the whole or a portion of the yearly surplus been employed in paying off these certificates, this call-loan, instead of buying up bonds long before they are due and paying a premium on them? There are three reasons: one good, and two bad. The first of the bad reasons is that Mr. Boutwell has the ambition to fund the whole of our debt at a lower rate of interest, and needed all his surplus funds to buy bonds in the open market, hoping to put the price above par in gold, and thus induce funding at a lower rate. He has exhausted his surplus, and has not as yet succeeded. The second bad reason is that the banks do not want the certificates paid off if they can possibly get along without the money, and, therefore, very readily chimed in with Mr. Boutwell, and rather encouraged him to use his surplus as he did. The banks are obliged, both by law and by prudence, to hold a certain amount of greenbacks as reserve. On the amount of money thus held unemployed, of course they cannot earn interest. In the very nature of things it has to lie idle. But by the law of 1867, intended to facilitate the funding of the compound-interest notes, the banks are allowed to hold the certificates as a reserve, and are thus enabled, at the public expense, to earn interest on a fictitious reserve, which they are, indeed, obliged to hold by law, but which their own safety would compel them to hold with even greater force. If the certificates were paid off, the banks could no longer draw interest from the public treasury on the very money which they hold in their vaults for their own safety. The banks have made money enough out of the people, and it is high time that their interests should be subordinated to the public welfare. The only good reason for not sooner redeeming the certificates is, that in the hands of the banks they were equivalent to greenbacks, and that their withdrawal would compel the banks to substitute real greenbacks in their place. These latter could only be obtained by drawing them out of the pockets of the people; in other words, by a process of contraction to which the whole country is opposed.

From the foregoing it is evident that the most important, indeed the only important, measure for Senate and Secretary to consider is: How to redeem the three per cent. certificates without contraction or expansion? There is only one method possible. The banks must substitute specie for the three per cent. certificates in their reserve. They are, indeed, *allowed* to do so now, but as long as the certificates exist they will not avail themselves of the privilege. On the contrary, even if the certificates are withdrawn, they will use every effort in their power to extract the greenbacks from the pockets of the people and substitute them for the certificates. It is a simple question whether the people will allow the banks to force this contraction upon them, or whether they will require from the banks, as a simple act of justice, that they should hold a portion of their reserve in coin. It is impossible to devise a law more just and equitable than this would be, or one more directly and practically preparing the way to resumption. Let it be made imperative on all national banks to hold a certain and regularly increasing proportion of their reserve in coin, and let this proportion of reserve approximate as nearly as possible to the amount of three per cent. certificates that the Secretary may be able to redeem from his surplus funds. The redemption of the certificates can then be proceeded with without seriously affecting the circulating medium in the hands of the people, unless the banks should nevertheless determine to increase their greenback reserve, which they cannot under any circumstances be prevented from doing if they choose.

If the people of the United States propose ever to resume specie payments, they have got first of all to decide who is to be entrusted with the task. It has to be done either by the Government or the national banks. Whoever does it will necessarily have to hold a certain amount of coin to do it with. It seems to be settled by common consent that the banks are to be charged with the duty; for, otherwise, how could the Secretary's course in dispersing his hoards of coin meet with such general approval? But this decision, if once taken, should be recognized and established by law, and not merely accepted in silence as the valid verdict of one man. It is doubly and trebly necessary to have it fully understood, so as to settle upon whom is to fall the responsibility of making the necessary provision. As matters are now conducted, the one struggle between the banks and the Treasury seems to be, not who shall do most towards resumption, but who shall succeed in throwing upon the other the burden of taking care of the coin with which resumption is to be accomplished. This care of the coin is burdensome and costly, and may some day become an inducement to the export of coin when coin export would be least desirable. It must be made a *duty* for some one to hold and keep it. Practically, it is decided that it is to be done by the national banks. This decision must, however, be invested with the force of law, and now is the time to do it. The three per cent. certificates furnish the best opportunity. It is absolutely necessary that the three per cent. certificates should be redeemed. It is highly desirable that their redemption should not be attended with a contraction of the currency. The only way to avoid contraction is to compel the national banks to hold a portion of their reserve in specie.

If the correctness of this position is acknowledged—and we do not well see how it can be controverted—the next step is to establish the precise relations of the Treasury to the banks in regard to the redemption of the certificates. The present position of the Treasury coin reserve is as follows: The Secretary holds enough to pay at once every dollar of interest on the public debt, accrued up to date. He also holds dollar for dollar of all coin certificates issued by the Government and of all overdue debt payable in coin and not yet presented. Over and above these items, he holds eighteen millions against which there are no claims or obligations, and his receipts, judging by last year's experience, exceed his requirements at the rate of about four millions a month. Now the proper course for the Secretary to pursue is obvious, and should at once be established by law. He should at all times hold, as he does now, coin enough to pay all interest as it accrues, to pay all overdue debts, and the whole amount of his coin deposits. Then, out of his monthly receipts he must continue to set aside the interest accruing during each month, and the amount which he is required by law to invest in the purchase of bonds for the sinking-fund. Every dollar of his receipts over and above these requirements he should be instructed by law to sell month by month. He has now a surplus of eighteen millions. Let him spread the sale of these eighteen millions over six months, selling three millions a month in addition to each previous month's surplus. This will, at a very low estimate, and calculating on a large decline in imports, give four millions a month of Treasury coin sales during the next ten months, or very nearly (in currency) the amount of the outstanding certificates. Taking the average liabilities of all the national banks at eight hundred millions of dollars, the sales of four millions a month would furnish one-half of one per cent. per month of reserve to the national banks. Surely it is not too much to require of these institutions, which have so largely benefited by the operations of the Government, that they should

henceforth be required to substitute coin for greenbacks in their reserve to the very, very small extent of one-half of one per cent. a month. If the banks are required to do this, the Treasury can, within ten months, redeem the whole of the three per cent. certificates with the proceeds of its gold sales, without the forced contraction of one dollar, without interfering to any material extent with the natural course of the money market, and can, in addition, take the first substantial practical step towards that resumption of specie payments which every one pretends to be so anxious to bring about, but towards which no one seems willing or able to take the first step. One thing ought, above all, to be clearly understood by every one, and that is that every day's delay in redeeming the three per cent. certificates increases the danger of worse Treasury complications than any we have witnessed since the war.

NOTES ON THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS AGITATION.

NO. II.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

WE cannot believe there is any woman who does not hold Mr. John Stuart Mill in a very grateful place in her heart. It is such a relief to be taken out of the floral world; from the first to the last leaf of his book, to be nowhere imaged as a blossom, or even as the inevitable vine; to be spared all those vegetable comparisons which have made us come out of most men's books about women with a shuddering fear lest we should some day be boiled for greens by mistake. Actually to be likened not unto flutes or viols, to wind or stringed instruments of high or low degree, to be bidden neither up nor down in the attuned orchestra, which, we are assured, this globe of land and water is—it is more than could have been hoped for. We don't care—(be it understood, we like Mr. James)—we don't much care whether we are "the female man, or a term of the great creative allegory," we are in such a flow of spirits at being reckoned neither as nymphs or seraphs, nor any other goblinry, but as solid pieces of the dear old human nature, and fit to be dealt with accordingly in solid fashion.

This reasonable champion, to be sure, is of the chivalric order. From childhood up we have shut our eyes, and tried to see that fascinating figure of the knight, spurring on with his lady's favor flying, to pound to atoms whosoever should not acknowledge her unknown face to be the fairest below the sun; we have dreamed that old-time hero, but we don't think we ever saw him clear till this Englishman of the nineteenth century set lance in rest to rout the depreciators of woman. In one especial portion of his book, where he takes up the charge brought against women of having yet failed to produce any great original work in the fields of creative thought already open to them—our champion makes defence on this point to all admiration. He clearly showeth that, on that blessed old vantage-ground of the past, where Homer, for instance, stood, when genius alone sufficed without culture, women made no attempts in poetic or artistic fields, while, now that they have begun to enter these, originality is no longer possible to any genius without that profound training which no woman gets; that is, we were kept out of doing great things, when the world was fresh, by being kept out of the field entirely; and now, in the present used-up world, we again miss our chance by missing the education which can alone grind the brightest genius of to-day into sufficient sharpness to discover anything new under the old, old sun. We folded this comfortable doctrine to our souls in much peace, and when, reading on to some comments on the special department of Music, we found a beautiful arrangement of averages, demonstrating that only one great female composer could be looked for to fifty among men, and that the fifty men were not yet made up—we began at that moment, and do still continue, to dote on the very name of John Stuart Mill—(the shade of the adored and departed Mrs. Mill permitting).

But as, alas! the general world is prone to lag somewhat behind the chevaliers, it may consider the case as not quite proved yet. There is ample evidence, indeed, that such is the fact, in the frequent remarks of the Anti-Woman Suffrage press to the effect that among men many of the greatest never had a day of collegiate education, have often won their successes in spite of every external obstacle—that the whole world of achievement in books, and the works of masters in music and art, is as open to women as to men—that, in short, women have been denied nothing which a sufficient male genius has not always been able to dispense with. In which declaration we may acknowledge a rather depressing weight of truth, and feel, surely, that after Mr. Mill there remains not much for us to say in answer thereto; nevertheless, as even that writer inclines to the theory that women are mysterious beings, about whom not much can with certainty be known, except what they tell themselves, we determine to divulge our sentiments on this subject.

It seems to us that there have been some influences, subtle but most real, to prevent women from achieving first-class work in any realm of creative art—influences far more potent than those external obstacles on which the chief stress is usually laid, and whose parallel existence in the career of many great men is cited with at least a show of reason in proof of the lack of ability of the sex. Human beings, both men and women, tend to develop according to the manly or womanly ideal of their time. Especially is this true of the gifted; "with all the passion of youth toward greatness in its elder" do natures of the finest strain seek to mould themselves in life's formative period after the master spirits of whatever art or profession their own tastes incline them to. It is not necessarily implying that all women are typified in Fielding's pet heroine, who held in such respectful awe "the understandings of men," to say that gifted women would naturally be profoundly loyal to the opinions of eminent men. This sentiment, as we have suggested, belongs to the neophyte of either sex, and it certainly would not lose in strength in the case of female genius. Now, all literature, from the novelist quoted above to purer and nobler writers, abounds in ideals of womanhood more or less resembling that same pattern young lady of Mr. Allworthy's panegyric, "who never made the least pretence to wit, much less to that kind of wisdom which is the result only of learning or experience, the affectation of which in a young woman is as absurd as any of the affectations of an ape."

And if, in the slow discoveries of the race, it has been discovered that a bright mind is rather a good thing even in women—that (Mr. Allworthy to the contrary) a witty young lady, other things being equal, is a more charming companion than a silly one; nevertheless, even this progressive recognition has inclined to value intellectual gifts in women for their social, suggestive, tributary (to man) worth, rather than as the promise and foundation for original achievement. To be the bellows to blow up the coal of the masculine intelligence—this do poet, philosopher, and essayist perpetually hint to be the office and limit of whatever inspired breath may be in female souls, and seriously this doctrine is not without much effect on the order of women that we are at present discussing.

For the service of the Muses is so baffling a service, self-distrust can never be far from any of its votaries. Mysteries of our mortal and immortal existence, infinite depths of Nature and of Man—who with his best endeavor so sounds the least of these secrets as not to feel in many and many an hour that his vision is blindness, and all his interpretation vanity? And to this misgiving, inseparable from the artist, is there not some added depression for women? The new poet, masculine, may be written down by the critics as an exceeding ass, but at least he is not informed that there is any fatality in his sex to make his untuneful braying for ever hopeless. To look no longer upon life with the delineator's passion, to breathe whatever suggestions it has for them in the mirth and sadness of daily speech, to illumine, perchance, the little circle of personal acquaintance, therein perchance, alas! to be only isolated by keener experiences than others knew—what manifold influences tend to bring swiftly to this renunciation women, in whose gifts of nature may have been the best young promise!

The simple truth is, that the seeing faculty is only the first requisite for any work of ideal creation. Power of will must supplement all the gift of vision with persistent effort for any high accomplishment. This power may be inherently inferior in women, but with the conditions of the past we think it can by no means be yet settled to what extent this is so. We conceive on this point a large application of Mr. Mill's remark, that "only an analytic study of the laws of the influence of circumstances on character can give even a partial insight into the question of what are the natural differences between the two sexes." And this power of will strikes us as being a faculty eminently susceptible of cultivation, while that of poetic insight is emphatically a born gift. So that, if appearances went to show that the latter was radically deficient in women, here indeed would be a fatal doubt; whereas, if the weakness were in the former, altered influences might be relied on to work almost unlimited improvement. Now, it is the spontaneous, the untaught felicity, the gift of nature, in short, which notably abounds in women's writings. Mrs. Browning, we can see, is far enough from being a great artist, but what affluence of poetic thought and suggestion; from what cloudy page of hers is the angel of vision ever so far distant that we do not hear the strong beating of his wings?

Women's books, in general, supremely need bracing up. Solid edu-

cation is a help to this, the sense of being welcomed to try thorough work, the overfaint heart steadied by the promise of what good hope *may* be, and not shaken by too much reminding of the hindrances that *must* be. The things that must be, human beings who are not fools are usually even too well aware of. The things that may be are for courage. And courage, in women, for these pursuits has, as we think in ages past, waited on seasons too unfavorable for its possible strength to be yet fairly judged, while in the broader opportunity and recognition which, in the present day, are given to female intellect, and which have surely been followed by a very genuine growth in its productions, is there not still much wanting?

We recall, just here, a remark in an old number of the *Nation*, which we read with an almost personal feeling of gratitude for the truth therein uttered. We have no accurate memory of the words, but its substance was, that, "in judging the authoress of a work like 'Romola,' there should be taken into account not only the energy that went to the creation of the book, but that expended in struggling against the depressing feeling that, being a woman, nothing very good was expected of her."

We have spoken chiefly of literature, as in that field women's efforts have been most numerous, but in the other arts would not the same causes be found equally at work? Mendelssohn can write to his most beloved and gifted sister Fanny such blessedly solid praise as this: "So far as your music and composition are concerned, they quite suit my taste; *the young lady's cloven foot* nowhere peeps forth; and if I knew any *Kapellmeister* capable of writing such music, I would give him a place at my court;" and yet to this same sister of his soul, he too must elsewhere make his little speech on woman's sphere, in praise rather arrogant for the gentle Mendelssohn.

There is another point which we hope is not too weak to be glanced at here, viz., that the unhappy private life which has so proverbially often been the doom of genius, must needs weigh more fatally upon localized, home-keeping women than upon men, freer to escape the accidents of place and birth. And by the way, concerning this so frequent alliance of genius with strange grief, instead of explaining it alone by the peculiar temperament of the gifted, or as a direct ordering of Providence that those who are to teach humanity must first suffer all things—still less by the notion that sorrows create the poet—might not a truer explanation than all these be found in tracing how often the strong inherited traits which culminate in genius in one member of a family are present in broken, abnormal confusion in others, to rule like a ghastly fate the shuddering, sensitive, artistic spirit? The near approach, the convertibility even of the qualities which make the angel or the demon in human character, is one of the most awful mysteries that hide with God, and women, in such bonds, are more darkly held than any man can be, not only by the conditions of their lives, but by their very bias of nature. There is a profound sense in which one must escape out of the personal, before the personal insight, for the world, can be truly spoken. The experience must not rule, but be ruled. Under the waters no voice cries save with the soul's inarticulate sobbing, breaking only on the ear of God.

It has been the fashion to speak of Charlotte Brontë's novels as if their power was due to the calamities of her life. The power was in the woman, and not in her griefs. The excess of these disordered her strength. We should like to have seen Charlotte Brontë out of her endless life of school teaching, out of her other life in that graveyard parsonage, with the father stuffing the hearth-rugs up the chimney, and sitting in the burning stench to evaporate his flaming tempers—away from the life with the dying sisters; with the sinful, drunken, ruined brother, dying too—we should like to have seen her neck out of the yoke to which it was bowed to earn her daily bread, and her heart healed of some of its draining sorrows, and her studies in life and in books widened, and her days, alas! lengthened out; and better creations than Rochester would have lived in her pages.

No, there is no great soul that has not been developed through a measure of suffering, but we believe it possible to place a strained emphasis on the worth of pain. Only one form has walked this earth, crowned as the Man of Sorrows, and even for His agony the angel appeared, strengthening Him. Frail mortals, frail women, surely have no less need.

Woes must be, and the daughters of Time must walk their appointed paths, but there is a staff in books and acquirements, and in the habit of looking away, and not always into the sky either, but out upon the wide struggling world, losing in the sense of its large movements the dizzying pain of the heart circling for ever round its own personal enigmas—bringing back to the private life and duties the clearer vision, the deeper faith that comes from knowing the things beyond them.

Wisdom *is* justified of her children, be they sons or daughters. The daughters would like to have more of the maternal attention. Not to rival the sons—we have talked away here about those personages, because they are a convenient standard to refer to, but we don't care a straw whether we can write or paint, or compose like men; on the contrary, we have a profound conviction (opposed to Mr. Mill) that we shall do those things, and all other things, when we do them best, in a distinctive manner. We don't care where that manner comes in the scale, only that it be a true manner of its own—of the gods themselves we would ask no more. We read in Comte with unshaken serenity, that "women, as intellectually compared with men, are in a state of perpetual infancy." Even so, O Philosopher! who metest infinity with a span? We should like, then, to study the tops of our cradles with a little more method than heretofore. Might it please you, these perpetual babies would still wish to be rocked to the tune of the nineteenth century, that so they may come to what best pattern babies may.

Correspondence.

WHAT IS SOCIAL SCIENCE?

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I have seen a good deal in the papers lately about "Social Science," but nothing as yet which has been, to my mind, entirely satisfactory; so I take the liberty of asking from you a little information.

What *is* social science? What are its specific ends? How does it propose to accomplish them? And what success, if any, has thus far attended its operation?

There is something in the name that rather takes my fancy. *Science*, in these days of abounding empiricism, has a pleasant sound; but names are easily assumed and are often deceitful.

As I understand it, social science proposes to treat, remedially, certain maladies of our body public. Some of these maladies are deep-seated, and most of them chronic. How, exactly, it proposes to deal with them is what I—and others as well—want to know.

If its plan of cure is anything like that of giving political power to a new party, or of changing State and Municipal Executives, please say so at once, and don't trouble yourself to go any further. I have seen that sort of remedy tried too often to have any faith in it.

Or if it is to make large use of popular agitation, or platform eloquence, or "star" speakers, it will be sufficient to merely indicate the fact without going into detail. These are medicines which, from excessive use, have lost their efficacy, and just now do not lie well on the public stomach.

I belong to a profession which has suffered greatly from humbug. I am a practitioner of medicine of the Old School; but I believe in progress. I despise with equal contempt the routine remedies of old fogyism and the new-fangled specifics of modern charlatanry. I believe in treating the diseases of the human system on principles of common sense, guided by the light of experience and the teachings of science. My reading and observation forbid any trust in short methods with chronic complaints, or in palliatives with any.

Now, there is sufficient analogy between the political body corporate and the individual physical body to make it probable that the diseases which afflict both should be treated on essentially the same principles; and as we know that alcoholic stimulation and anodyne palliation are not to be relied upon in dealing with the one, it is fair to infer that popular agitation, newspaper sensation, and political demonstration are not to be trusted in treating the other. These resorts may, at times, have been of use, but, as remedies, they are at present utterly valueless. The cures, so called, which such treatment effects are cures which, in their turn, need themselves be cured.

This much I know. But what I do not know, and what I desire to be informed upon, is, what the remedies are which *science* would prescribe for the evils afflicting our social and political systems?

I am aware that you published an article on this subject some time ago, but as the question was not then a practical one, outside of a comparatively small circle, it was not read with the interest which it would now command. At any rate, some of your most intelligent readers are as ignorant as myself on the subject, and I am quite sure that a little iteration would oblige others as well as, yours truly,

A Pennsylvania Doctor.

February 5.

[Social science is the knowledge of the laws which regulate the

condition of men as members of human society. For instance, one of those laws is that, if people live together in dense masses in a filthy manner or a small area, the result will be a predisposition to take cholera. The existence of this law has been discovered partly by observation and partly by experiment; the use of knowing it is to induce the community to pass acts and provide funds and employ experts to prevent people living together in dense masses on small areas; or, if they do, to see that they keep their premises clean. One of the consequences of our knowledge of it is that cholera is now a comparatively harmless disease. Before we knew of it we thought cholera was contagious and irresistible, and abandoned the sick to their fate, and roasted or hanged a few Jews as the only prophylactic we could think of. We might multiply indefinitely similar examples drawn from other fields. In general terms, the object of social science may be stated to be (1) the discovery of the tendencies towards evil of any kind, moral or physical, which are the result or accompaniment of that conglomeration of men in large bodies known as civilized society, and the consideration of the artificial means, if any, by which these tendencies may be checked—whether, for instance, they can be checked directly by legislation or only indirectly by culture or education, and, if the latter, what kind of education is likely to be most effective; and (2) the discovery of the hindrances opposed by custom or positive law to that tendency to improvement which is found in most human societies, and to which, by whatever name we call it, all social progress has been due. For instance, intemperance and prostitution are the two great blots on civilization; are they removable or diminishable by legislation, or only by increased moral culture? Anybody who is engaged in this enquiry is occupying himself with one of the problems of social science. Or (to illustrate the second branch of the work) it has been proved—though at one time it was not believed—that the more education is diffused through a community, the happier, more prosperous, and *more easily governed it is.* But *how* should education be diffused? Should the State do it, or the family, or the church? In trying to answer this question, we are considering the best means of removing the hindrances which stand in the way of the good tendencies of society. Or again, the interest on money has in all countries and all ages been an object of serious human concern. Laws have nearly everywhere been passed to keep it down. One school of social philosophers says that these laws, instead of keeping it down, raised it, and were thus injurious to civilization. Are they right or are they wrong? Anybody who, by observation or experiment, is endeavoring to answer this question is working at social science.

Of course, as everybody knows, in talking of social science we do not mean to say that it is an *exact* science—that is, that its problems are capable of mathematical solution; that we ever have before us all the data in a given case, or can depend with absolute certainty on any of its conclusions, or ever make anything which a chemist would call an experiment. But this reproach it shares with physiology, medicine, geology, political economy, and history and metaphysics. By its aid we have got very near the truth in a vast number of cases—sufficiently near for the regulation of our conduct in practical affairs—and the more we observe, collect, and compare, the greater the number of truths to which we approximate. The belief that there is a science of society, in short, is based on the theory that society is not an artificial arrangement regulated by contract like a business partnership, but an organism which grows in accordance with certain laws, the nature and operation of which are obscured by the difficulty of finding out what part human will and what part circumstances play in this growth. Some people ascribe nearly all to will, others nearly all to fate; when we have found out which is right, or in what proportion each is right, we shall have solved the last great social problem, and life will no longer have any secrets for us. We shall probably never solve it; but there is an immense deal for us to do on this side of its solution.

It will probably seem to the "Pennsylvania Doctor," on reading this statement, that social science is almost, if not quite, the same thing as politics; or, in other words, that it is simply a new name for an old and well-known thing. There is a distinction, however. Politics may be called the art by which the teachings of social science are put into practice. By the one we do what the other tells we ought to do. To recur to the cholera illustration: the gentlemen interested in the public health were cultivating social science when finding out what caused so much disease in Cherry Street; and, when they went up to Albany to persuade the sages of the Legislature to pass a good health law, they engaged in politics. So, also, those who showed that slavery was "a moral, social, and political evil" were, while so doing, students of social science; when they engaged in the organization of a party and the conduct of an agitation to prevent its spread to the Territories, they were politicians. The provision of machinery for the execution of the sovereign will is, in fact, the business of the politician; the enlightening of the will, that of the social philosopher.

As regards the cultivation of the science, there is of course the usual reason, with which everybody is familiar, for pursuing it through organizations. There is still another, however, and more powerful one in the difficulty which "the average man" experiences in believing that, by means of observations extended over a large field, light, of which he has little idea, may be thrown on the very problems of his own condition or calling with which he is every day occupied—the education of his children, the care of his health, the tightness of the money market, or the price of goods; that, in other words, there is a philosophy of society, and that the man who has cultivated it by the collection, classification, or comparison of facts, and by making inductions from them, is better worth listening to than the man who has not done so; that there is in the conduct of life, as well as in the arts, a theory as well as a practice, and that one is as necessary as the other to social well-being. Social science does not support the accession of any particular party to power; but it seeks to convince people of the wrong of giving power to ignorant men of any party, by showing from human experience what woes the ignorance of legislators has wrought. It does not recommend any particular plan as sure to put an end to human misery, but seeks to convince people that in sociology, as in medicine, all vendors of panaceas are quacks; that anybody who goes about saying that either equality, or freedom, or female suffrage, or prohibition, or common schools, or the ballot will make the world what it ought to be, should no more be listened to than the patent pill-man who, with one and the same bolus, cures rheumatism, consumption, and cancer, reduces fractures, extract balls, removes cataracts, and stimulates the appetite and raises the spirits. Nor, on the other hand, is there in sociology, any more than in medicine, a "Doctrine of Signatures." The fox's lungs won't cure asthma, nor turmeric jaundice, nor eye-bright ophthalmia, nor bloodstone stop bleeding, in the one any more than in the other. The influences which improve human society are as numerous and various as those which form character or preserve or restore health. Each one does something—precisely how much only Omniscience knows. But still, in the case of any one of them, we ourselves can discover whether it does a great deal or only a little; and to enable us to find out this—to settle the usefulness of any one of them for our purposes—we have been endowed with an instrument, the human understanding, the right use of which, in this particular work, it is the object of social science to teach.—Ed. Nation.]

OUR PUBLIC CREDIT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your issue of the 27th inst. there is an article entitled "The Public Credit," in which it appears to me that you have omitted to notice one of the principal causes which depreciate the public credit.

However true it may be "that every Northern State is rapidly reducing its indebtedness," it is not less true that the State of New York has paid and does pay its interest on debt contracted before the war, on a gold basis, in depreciated paper. This dishonest action cost the foreign holder of the bonds of New York at one time half his income, and to-day cheats him of one-fifth. Why should the foreigner expect greater honesty from American lawmakers at Washington than has been shown by American lawmakers at Albany? Is it supposed that the combined action of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Mississippi, and New York will be more honest than the action of each State separately has proved?

In brief, sir, the credit of the United States is low, because the States composing the Union have in so many instances defrauded their creditors.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

Devon.

Savannah, Ga., Jan. 31, 1870.

RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF GERMAN-AMERICANS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Some time since you asked for information respecting the state of religious thought among the Germans in this country. Not having seen any answer in your columns, I venture to contribute something that has fallen in my way which throws some light upon the subject. In Steiger's *Literarischer Monatsschrift*, published in your city, have appeared several very interesting letters on the Germans of the West; and in the December number I find this given as the result of the writer's investigations. After giving an account of a conversation held with a number of Germans in Minneapolis, and the novelty, to their minds, of the proposition that the best way to enlighten the people was to give them positive knowledge rather than to unsettle them as to the belief they already held, he adds: "Und das waren nicht die einzigen Orte, in denen gewisse mehr oder weniger maassgebende Leute es für eine ausgemachte Thatsache zu halten schienen, dass 'Freie Gemeinde' und 'Aufklärung,' 'Vernichtung jeglicher religiös-dogmatischer Ueberzeugung' und 'Fortschritt' identische Begriffe seien." ("Nor was that the only place where certain more or less moderate people seemed to regard it as a settled fact that 'Free Congregation' and 'enlightenment' and 'annihilation of every dogmatic religious conviction' were ideas synonymous with 'progress.'") And, later, he more than intimates that the general notion of religious teaching was to convince the people "dass Dasjenige, was es zu wissen meine, nur Phantasie, resp. Trug sei" ("that what they think they know is only an illusion, or lie.") Another letter in the same number informs us that "der Deutsche in jedem Pfaffen einen Feind, und im Sonntag eine schändliche Erfindung zur Unterdruckung der Gewissensfreiheit erblickt" ("the German sees in every priest an enemy, and in Sunday an infamous invention for suppressing freedom of conscience.")

R. Francis Colton.

Philadelphia, Feb. 1, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce a number of novels: "Ralph the Heir," by Anthony Trollope; "Red as a Rose," by the author of "Cometh up as a Flower;" "The Woman of Business," by M. Savage; "The Three Brothers," by Mrs. Oliphant; and "Queen Hortense," by Louisa Mühlbach. Also, a new edition of Grace Aguilar's "Home Influence," and Dr. Smith's "Smaller Specimens of English Literature," and "Smaller History of English Literature."——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press the third series of reprints from their magazine, called "Short Stories for Spare Moments," and, by itself, Mr. Robert Dale Owen's "Beyond the Breakers;" "The Christian Rule of Marriage," by Dr. Howard Malcom, which the Oneida communists will doubtless be pleased to confute as soon as it is laid down in the forthcoming book; "A Handbook of Medical Microscopy," by Joseph G. Richardson, M.D., Microscopist to the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia; and "The Student's Hand-book of Logic," an abstract of John Stuart Mill's system, by Rev. Alfred H. Killick, M.A., Fellow of the University of Durham.——It is announced that *Putnam's Magazine* is hereafter to be edited by Mr. Parke Godwin, for many years a principal editor of the New York *Evening Post*, and long ago, when *Putnam's Monthly* was first begun, a valued contributor to the magazine. Hitherto, as we now learn, Mr. George P. Putnam, the publisher, has himself been the editor; but, as might have been expected, the pressure of other work has prevented his doing all that he could have wished in the way of editorial labor.——Mr. Carleton is to publish immediately "a polished and powerful weapon for the hand of the fighting believer in the righteousness of the woman's suffrage cause." "Up Broadway, and its Sequel," is the title of the work, and Mrs. Eleanor Kirk is its author. The same house will issue the fifth and last volume of Mr. Walter Barrett's "Old Merchants of New York City;" a book of poems by Mr. Irving Van Wart, Jr.; and a sort of a record of civilian appointments in the United States Army during the rebellion, by Colonel Guy V. Henry. It is to be hoped that he may have given us his views as to the relative efficiency of regular and army officers—a mooted question. Even if he were to be illiberal, volunteers, remembering General Butler's and General Logan's attacks on the regulars, need hardly grumble. But we hope for better things, Colonel Henry being a man of ability and character, though it would not be strange if he had West Point prejudices. This volume is to be "the largest record of military names ever printed," unless Mr. Carleton is mistaken.

—It was but the other day that we announced the appointment of a State Board of Health in Massachusetts, and already there comes from it a "First Annual Report," in conformity with the law under which it was created. The limited term which it has had for action has been well improved, and for immediate results we have two admirable reports on the subject of slaughtering and on the sale of poisons; while by circular the Board has given the widest possible information of sanitary powers and penalties already prescribed by statute, and has inaugurated a weekly public report from twenty cities and towns, containing about half the population of the State, of the number of deaths which have proceeded from preventable, including epidemic, diseases, with a specification of the causes. The economy of abattoirs is discussed with great clearness and from accurate knowledge, and the incidental account of the sources of the albumen so much in request for numerous branches of manufacture should be read by all persons interested. It is really an essay on protection—the protection which comes by exchanging wastefulness for thrift, and excludes the foreign product simply by increasing the native. How much saving may result from co-operation is well illustrated in the case of an abattoir in this city, cited by the Board, which has twenty-nine compartments leased to as many butchering firms, in return for just the feet and legs of the cattle from the knee down, with the skins on—a royalty equal to forty-four cents per set of four. In regard to the sale of poisons the report says:

"People do not take as many drugs as formerly. Physicians do not prescribe such variously compounded mixtures. Twenty years ago a druggist was more exclusively devoted to his legitimate business, while now, in our large towns, he is rather a dealer in soda-water, cigars, perfumery, and fancy goods."

Hence the tendency to employ incompetent assistants, and the consequent fatal mistakes; a remedy for which the Board seeks not in additional penal legislation, but in stringent requirements of capacity and training from all who are admitted to deal out drugs. A paper by the secretary, Dr. George Derby, on the prevention of disease, completes the Report, and, like what precedes, is to be strongly commended to everybody's perusal, and especially to all legislative bodies.

—Some of the things which are done by the collective body of "gentlemen connected with the press" would seem to be explicable only on the supposition that at times there is an epidemic of fatuity among them, once in so often they seem to become, all with one accord, imbecile. It is, of course, constantly happening that one or another of them is suffering under vacuity of mind; but what we speak of is that now and again they all in a mass become a prey to temporary idiocy in respect to some particular matter. They rage, and imagine a vain thing, and do so by the thousand at a time. For example, everybody will remember how, when the late President was "swinging round the circle," Mr. Seward enquired of the electors of some Northern city whether "they would have Andrew Johnson for President or for King;" and everybody may easily recollect how for more than two months the entire Republican press told the people, with damnable iteration, that in putting this question "Seward had betrayed his master's guilty secret;" while the Democratic papers kept silence, and not one of them came to the rescue or ventured to explain that Mr. Seward meant no more than to say that Congress, in the vetoed Civil Rights Bill, had attempted to clothe the Executive with such powers as would have made the President an absolute king—powers which the patriot President would not accept, though all the Radicals in the world were determined that he should, and that the States should be utterly swallowed up in him. We have no doubt—judging from what was at that time said in scores of papers which we were in the way of seeing, that Mr. Seward's careless question did more than a little to carry the elections of 1866 in favor of Congress. Many a farmer, moved by the able editors, cast a ballot against "the monarchical system which Andy Johnson was scheming to introduce;" and we saw no reason to doubt that the able editors themselves were much of the farmer's mind, and really believed what they said. This winter has given us another proof that almost all the brains of the newspaper world may suddenly be given over to an all but incredible superfluity of foolishness. We are reminded of it by an explanation which Mr. Dickens recently, when he was distributing prizes at some school examination or commencement in Birmingham, thought it necessary to make. In the same city, on a similar occasion last year, confessing his political faith, he said that "he had but very little confidence in the people governing, but that he had all confidence in the people governed." How anybody should misunderstand this language, in the mouth of this speaker, is a question completely puzzling; yet there is the fact: for some weeks the press of England, the United States, and the

Colonies made the remark the subject of enquiring comment; and, indeed, enquiry was not all; some of those newspaper friends of freedom by whom we all profit so much—who have so keen a scent for rascality, who unearth the "traitor to liberty," and unmask him in advance of any of their contemporaries—told us that Dickens had always been more or less of a snob, and that now he had come out in his true colors, and shown himself to the world as being all that the discerning had long since perceived him to be. Some of the less stern and uncompromising friends of the people—old Whigs, perhaps—thought that while some excuse for Mr. Dickens suggested itself when we took into consideration the condition of the majority of his own countrymen, still, the character of "the masses" which he had seen over here should have made him a believer in "the people governing." Still others were more grieved than angry; and there were a few who clung to the belief that Dickens's heart was all right, but that he had carelessly used language capable of receiving two interpretations. To all these classes of persons, and to the malignant class who wilfully misunderstood him, Mr. Dickens has made the explanation above referred to; and to anybody who cares to know, we may report that, all the time, if he is to be believed, the meaning of the words on which so much discussion has been expended was—just their natural meaning.

—Just now there are going the rounds of the papers two or three paragraphs which perhaps may safely be said to relate to the earliest and the latest history of scientific advertising. In the last week of last year died Mr. Doudney, a Lombard Street tailor and woollen-draper, who was among the very earliest men of our time to advertise systematically and on a very large and costly scale—to advertise, not so as to direct the man already anxious to purchase to a place where he might find what he had decided on purchasing; but to advertise so as to induce the purchasing frame of mind in the indifferent man, and so as to print it on the memory of every person who, in the future, might probably become a purchaser, that such and such a place was *the* place where such and such things should be bought. Mr. Doudney began to use the magazines and papers in 1830, or thereabouts, and taking advantage of the old Reform Bill excitement, he invariably headed his advertisements with the words, "Reform Your Tailor's Bills." By this stroke of invention, and by the expenditure of great sums of money in calling people's attention to himself and his shop, he rapidly acquired a fortune and early retired from active business. Of the other paragraphs of which we speak, one was to the effect that "a certain very clever American lady"—who is, however, as American as Queen Victoria, and no more so—had for a partner of hers in the management of one of the London theatres the late Mr. George Peabody. The other of them, which has made its appearance since Mr. Peabody's death, stated that the lady in question would be found to be down in Mr. Peabody's will for a legacy of ten thousand pounds. Neither story had the least foundation in fact, and both may be put to the credit of the "very clever" lady herself or her business agent. She has got herself mentioned in all the papers, even the most dignified. Had it not been for that, though, a certain Parisian actor would have fairly beaten her at the very moment of her success. The middle-aged Frenchman who used to play one of the two gendarmes in "Geneviève de Brabant" jumped into the Seine the other day for the alleged reason that his name in the bills was not printed in letters large enough to please him, since when much of Paris goes nightly to witness the performances of this exquisitely sensitive spirit—a fact in which may be discovered the unalleged reason for the "rash act" of our artist.

—We laugh more or less at the child of freedom, with his home in the setting sun, who so freely belabors dusty monarchies; but it is as well to remind ourselves now and then that as often as not he had the right on his side in his statement of facts, and that however much he may want sweetness and light, and however deficient he may be in the grace of modesty, there are very solid reasons for satisfaction with his lot at the bottom of the most screaming of the Fourth-of-July glorifications in which the American citizen indulges. Perhaps we should say, in which he used to indulge; for latterly he talks more soberly than to give unalloyed pleasure to his friends of the *London Quarterly* and the *Saturday Review*. He will doubtless get some solid comfort from a report which has just been made by a Parisian society called the "Société des Gens de Lettres," a report asked for by a Government commission appointed to examine into the laws regulating the relations of printers and publishers with the outside world. The writer of the society's answer is understood to be M. Henri Cellier, an influential member of the sort of literary trades-union whose title we have just mentioned. Senator Chandler himself, or Mr. John A. Logan, would admit that there is a presumption that M. Cellier "comprehends American institutions," for he certainly speaks with sufficient plainness of the burdens imposed upon men of letters and publishers by the Imperial Government. We may remark that the weight of what he says is not in the least diminished by the comparatively quiet way in which he says it, for he has learned the lesson—not so well known in Illinois and Michigan as in France—that plain facts have as much weight by themselves as when a heated gentleman flings his own weight on top of them in the wish to make them weigh more. We have only space to mention some of the evils which M. Cellier desires to see abolished. He asks that licenses for exercising the trade of printer or that of publisher be no longer demanded; that, while publishers' names be declared, there shall no longer be required a deposit of caution-money or the recognizance of sureties; that a trader in any other wares be permitted to sell books if so minded; that hawkers of books—who practically are the sole sources of supply to the rural districts—be left unrestricted; that, in short, the police be called off, and publishing and bookselling be entirely free—or at least as free as other branches of industry. For, says M. Cellier, the man of letters is in this century neither an eccentric being beyond the pale of ordinary life, nor the dependant of a Mæcenas; he is not the property of a Cæsar, nor a beggar at the doors of a patron, nor an unhuman, supernatural, or subternatural, being who lives in mystery. He is fashioned like the rest of us; he lives as we do, requiring so many meals in the course of the year; he wears raiment as the rest of us do, and must pay for it like the rest of us; and he is not ill pleased to have a balance in his favor at the bank. He is, in fact, a trader, as we all are in this age; and wants an open market, with leave to buy and sell as a grocer or a tailor does.

—Did the Emperor of China, in framing the Burlingame credentials, purposely insert an offensive assumption of China's superiority over all other nations? This question, as late as November last, was considered worthy of discussion in the Anglo-Chinese newspapers. It turned upon the proper meaning to be assigned the word *Pang* (*Yu-pang*) in the phrase: "We regard with affection friendly *States*, and the promotion of lasting amity therewith." A learned correspondent of the *North China Herald* successfully discredits the rendering of *Pang* as a "tributary state," and proves that it is synonymous with *Kuo*, each being at times used for a smaller state or province, but also frequently for the empire, and again as a neutral word for country, kingdom, etc. Its use in the credentials he attributes to its occurrence in the Shukung, in the speeches of King Wu, which has caused it to become a stock expression among lettered Chinamen. The *Herald*, while yielding to this explanation, says that at least Mr. Burlingame's office is not ranked in terms above that of the two Chinese ambassadors, Chih-kiang and Sun-chia-ku; and as their position among the Chinese officials "must be regarded as insignificant," Mr. Burlingame's is inferentially not otherwise.

—When, in December last, after a year and a half's summons, the Œcumenical Council assembled at Rome, half a century had just elapsed since Joseph de Maistre, in his work arguing for Papal infallibility—"Du Pape"—published the following opinion:

"In the first centuries of Christianity, Councils were much more easy to convene, because the Church was much less numerous; and, nevertheless, what trouble and embarrassment it caused to bring them together! But in modern times, when the civilized world is cut up into so many sovereignties, and has been so enlarged by our bold discoverers, an Œcumenical Council has become a chimera. Merely to bring all the bishops together, and take formal cognizance of their presence, five or six years would not suffice."

Such wonders, however, have steam and electricity wrought since 1819, that the time is near at hand when a Council might be gathered from the most distant parts of the earth in a space of from three to four months from the date of convocation—or no more than is now allowed for political conventions in a country like ours, and far less than the Council will now require for mere discussion. And if the Pope's authority abroad were in direct proportion to the ease with which he communicates with the extremities of his spiritual domain, we should all be disposed to lay restrictions upon Cable messages, or even to prohibit Cables altogether. Happily, there is no more harmless article than damnation dealt out by telegraph.

ENGLISH LIVES OF ALBERT DÜRER.*

In the English language there was no book treating of Albert Dürer's life and works until last autumn, when there appeared, nearly together,

* "History of the Life of Albert Dürer. By Mrs. C. Heaton." New York: Macmillan & Co.
"Albert Dürer, his Life and Works. By William Bell Scott." London: Longmans, Green & Co.

the two whose names we give below. Each of these has value, and the two taken together are capable of giving a very nearly complete idea of that great designer's peculiar work. The publication of such books is about the best thing that is done for art nowadays, and is one thing at least that never could have been done before. If the age is incapable of producing original works of art of great merit, as is often asserted and not satisfactorily denied, it is at least capable of other artistic achievements never even seriously attempted at any former time. Thus it can produce approximately complete criticism of the Fine Arts, considered historically, and criticism that at least aims at completeness and perfection. That is, the best criticism of the day (need it be said that by criticism we do not mean merely finding fault with pictures on exhibition?)—the best criticism of the day is based upon an absolutely boundless curiosity about the facts and an entire willingness to take them as they prove to be, or seem to be, and account for them afterwards; and, going on from this, it seeks to place the fine arts aright in their relation to the whole of human life and knowledge, and to conceive of their proper influence over the world of the future. The material for the true history of art increases rapidly through researches conducted in this spirit, and, at the same time, it is being put into shape and catalogued nearly as fast as it accumulates. The result is seen in the almost complete rewriting of the whole library of books on art.

The newly acquired sense of the value of accuracy in copying works of art is one of the most striking signs of the times. Never before the present quarter-century was there any serious attempt to copy old works of art exactly as they are, that they might be studied by those who cannot see the originals. In the seventeenth century a classical statue, found mutilated, was at once restored and the missing limbs replaced by new ones, the attitude and gesture of the lost parts being conjecturally arrived at by some process of manufacturing artistic inspiration; a drawing then made of a building or a gem, an engraving from a fresco or a mosaic, would give, not the original, but some modification of it suggested by the copyist's consciousness of superior knowledge. The recognition of the fact that a work of art can only be rightly estimated and enjoyed when seen as it was left by its author, though seemingly simple, was very slow to come. We do not always observe how far down toward our own time this sort of thing extended. Do not our architects still possess and, perhaps, study Gally Knight's "Churches of Italy," and Chapuy's "Moyen Age Monumentale," and Cicognara's "Venice"? It is true that there is sometimes excessive difficulty in copying truthfully an old work of art. In all attempts at copying somewhat archaic art, "when once the true forms of nature are departed from, it is by no means easy to express *exactly* the error, and *no more than* the error, of the original. . . . It requires the utmost courage and skill in a copyist to trace faithfully the failures of an imperfect master. And let him do the best he can, he will still find that the grace and life of his original are continually flying off like a vapor, while the faults he has diligently copied sit staring him in the face."* And it is on this account that such work as is sometimes done nowadays becomes wonderful to those who see how new, how unexampled it is. As a good instance, we may consider the etchings of Jules Jacquemart, of the rarities of the Louvre collection, and, still more, those in the "History of Porcelain." Jules Jacquemart's own work is not remarkable; working independently, he appears an average Parisian *aquafortiste*, and no more. But in copying a Chinese porcelain plate he gives with perfect accuracy the exact character of the human figures and the flowers and landscapes upon it; they are represented just as conventional, just as unscientifically drawn as they really are, and no more so. And with this new gift of insight into a thing hitherto shut from man's vision—the arts of other times than his—are given also new mechanical means of copying works of art never before approached in the power of accurate representation and reproduction. Chromo-lithography has been invented and improved, and great things are possible to it in its limited sphere. Sculptures can be copied in a diminished scale with mathematical accuracy of proportion, and both in this way and of full size the copies are wonderfully cheap; photography goes on to daily greater triumphs, and of it have come photo-lithography, not very efficient so far, but promising much, and the last and greatest of our mechanical achievements, autotypy, or "the carbon process."

Mrs. Heaton's book upon Albert Dürer is adorned by thirty illustrations, of which ten are carbon photographs (autotypes), and nearly all are of the full size of the page. Among these are given some of the most important of Dürer's immortal designs—the "Saint Eustache," the "Knight and Death," the "Melencholia," the "St. Jerome in his Study;" these, reproduced in autotype, and about two-thirds as high and as wide as the originals, are really excellent pictures. There is a certain slight blurring of the lines, and a certain tendency of the shadows to lose themselves in blackness—shortcomings which alone prevent these pictures from being very perfect as copies on a smaller scale; these shortcomings, moreover, are slight, and with a little willingness to disregard them one may fully enjoy the sincerity and strength of design, the subtle significance, and the unerring workmanship of these masterpieces of the greatest of original engravers. Besides these, a number of the designs from the Greater Passion, the Life of the Virgin, etc., are copied, either in woodcut or in photo-lithography, with fair success. There are differences of merit among them, however, and some of them have all the look of late and poor impressions from wood-blocks, so rough and broken are the lines—a fault never yet avoided, so far as we know, in photo-lithographic copies of line work.

The illustrations to the other book are very different. Mr. Scott, a painter of eminence, a student of natural form, and a practical etcher, has given us six etchings on *steel*—one from the beautiful drawing of himself made by Dürer in his boyhood, and now in the Museum of Vienna; one from the lower part of the "Greater Fortune," in which is a village asserted to be the home of Dürer's father; one of Dürer's head from the well-known painting at Munich; one from the later portrait at Antwerp, and two from scenes in Nürnberg. These are exceedingly brilliant, and have a certain advantage in their freshness and spirit over the mechanical reproductions of the other book, which are, however, in many respects more important. It is fortunate that these books do not repeat each other at all in the way of illustrations. The two together offer to the student a great deal of practical information about Dürer, such as he could not have hoped to get before in this country except at the cost of many hundred dollars. Indeed, the value to Americans of accurate reproduction of such works of art can hardly be overestimated. We have no British Museum Print Room to which we may resort for study.

A large part of the value of such books as these must always be found in illustration, because the greatest merit possible to such monographs is that they shall give a thorough idea of the subject. The only standard of comparison and judgment which one would set up for such works is simply the requirement that each shall tell us as much as possible about the subject. Apart from the pictures, then, what we want of these books is that they shall report that is known about Dürer's way of working, about his life, about the dates of his different works, his failures and successes, his travels, his own opinions and feelings on all subjects. Dürer, fortunately, has left some writings behind him as well as works of graphic art. The translating of some of this is an obvious duty of the book makers. Accordingly we find in each of the Lives the letters from Venice and the journal of his travels in the Netherlands, translated, in Mrs. Heaton's case, with great liberalness, and every now and then a phrase or word left untranslated because not rightly understood in the obsolete German—in Mr. Scott's case with what seems more freedom, but with the sense found in most of Mrs. Heaton's difficulties. The lady has interspersed the letters with rather long comments, which after all teach nothing and suggest little. Her book is rather too large, or at least too much space in it is given to the mere analysis of pictures, and to a chatty, letter-writing sort of talk about them and their author. Mr. Scott's book, on the other hand, is very brief. Less than two hundred pages, not large and in large type, contain the whole life, including the journal and letters. This is followed by a catalogue—of the pictures, copper prints, wood-cuts, and doubtful pieces—which is founded on and refers to both Bartsch and Heller, and seemingly is very complete.

It is not our object to compare, point by point, the two books, or either with the ideal book on the Life and Works of Dürer. In general terms, Mr. Scott's book is the more critical, more certain to be just in its views, more thorough. On the other hand, Mrs. Heaton's has the valuable reproductions of which we have spoken. The catalogue in Mr. Scott's book is of the greatest value, and is, we think, the first one of any completeness in the English language. To possess both will be easy to any book-buyer, so low are the prices, and both are of great importance to any student of art.

* Mr. Ruskin, in the Arundel Society's pamphlet to accompany the woodcuts of the Giotto Frescoes at Padua.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

THE last *North American* is certainly wanting in strictly literary interest, none of the six long articles relating to literature pure and simple, and the short articles being but two in number, and they being notices of semi-literary works. Mr. Pumpelly's "Across America and Asia," and Prof.

J. D. Whitney's "Geological Survey of California," both get "a good notice," if hardly a good review. But the fifty-odd pages of Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Ecclesiastical Crisis in England" contain a good deal of matter possessing literary interest. There is, for example, an elaborate criticism upon John Henry Newman, which both the friends and the enemies of that remarkable man will find worth attention; there are some remarks upon the character of Dr. Pusey, which we confess to having read with satisfaction; and there are incidental remarks on Mr. Liddon, Mr. Ffoulkes, Colenso, Mr. Maurice, Clough, Dean Stanley, Mr. Mansel, Mr. Jowett, Mr. Emmanuel Deutsch's famous *Quarterly* articles, Mr. Keble, Mr. Ward, Dr. Temple, Faber, the tracts of the Tractarians, and other men and works which have made great noise in the semi-literary, semi-religious England of the last half-century. Some of his remarks on Newman, however, seem to us to bear harder on that celebrated theologian than the facts of the case will quite warrant, and show some heat. The same thing may be said of many of his comments on the Ritualistic movement in general. The fact is, we should say, that, in his contempt for the Ritualists, Mr. Smith is always not overwisely willing to "free his mind" about them; whenever they appear in presence, they are as safe to get a rap as even the French emperor or the country clergymen in convocation.

There is no denying, however, that Mr. Smith has made a brilliant, instructive article; and one, so far as we know the facts, that is in the main and in all the essential particulars true. A reader will not need blind faith in Mr. Smith's infallibility as a guide, nor a share in his strong liking for the English reformers—or the English Reformation makers—nor his dislike of Anglicanism, in order to enjoy his epigrams; his characterizations of distinguished Englishmen of to-day and of the past; his tracing of the stream of history down which the English Church has come to us, and his forecasting of her future.

It is not to be denied, certainly, that Mr. Smith, if he is a fighting writer, hits hard, and perhaps none the less hard that he seems to enjoy his exhibition of skill and force. There may be two opinions as to that, however. Here is how he pays his respects to the Bishop of Jamaica: "When Governor Eyre was discharged by the squires who acted as ministers of justice at Market Drayton, the cheering was led by a clergyman; a Queen's chaplain carried away the palm of indecency at the Southampton banquet in honor of the same hero; and the Bishop of Jamaica himself came forward as an admiring supporter of the butcher of his helpless flock, in extenuation of which it may perhaps be said that the bishop had not himself witnessed the massacre, being a non-resident chief shepherd, and drawing his salary in England." And here he says something of the clergy and the Establishment in general: "It is needless to say that all this proves nothing against religion, nothing against Christianity, nothing against clergymen; it proves only that the union of Church and State makes the Church political without making the State religious."

Mr. Simon Newcomb writes an article entitled "The Let Alone Principle," which deals with the rudiments of the question, but which is not too rudimentary when we consider that, of all the hundreds of dollars in the country—a country, too, that is just entered on a term of study of the currency, the tariff, protection, free trade, usury, and prohibition—there are hardly a dozen who know the beginnings of the subject. Mr. Newcomb's article has a little of the doctrinaire stiffness and dryness in the first part of it, but much of the latter part is admirable for its clearness and its happiness of illustration.

"Indian Migrations," by Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, is for the student, and is not tempting to the general reader, unless he is willing to wade for a long time in deep sand before coming to the writer's conclusions. Such, of course, are important and interesting, for Mr. Morgan knows his subject, and the plausible solution of the problem of the origin of the Indians attracts the attention even of the more careless reader. As he indicated in his last article on the subject, Mr. Morgan seeks to prove that our red men came from Asia by way of the Pacific Gulf Stream—so to call it—and the Alaskan chain of islands; that, increasing and multiplying in the mild climate of the Columbian valleys, abounding and superabounding in fish, they moved South and East by way of the water-courses, till they over spread all the continent except the plains and prairies, and that these latter they occupied after the white man had come and brought with him the horse. Much evidence—not all of it, as we have hinted, of the most succulent kind, but some of it very readable—Mr. Morgan brings forward in support of this theory of his, and to us he seems to make out a case. All the various facts known of the Indian seem to range themselves easily and harmoniously under it.

The same thing cannot be said of Mr. James Fergusson's work on "Tree and Serpent Worship," which Mr. Karl Blind reviews at length in this number of the *North American*. The subject is very curious, however, and, despite the impression one gets that his journey with Mr. Fergusson is walking into the dark and into a world of uncertainties, one goes on with some pleasure.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Junior, who will by-and-by have to betake himself to pedestrian travel or the use of the horse, makes another onslaught on the railroads, and shows how they threaten the State and are rapidly becoming too powerful for anything but the national Government to cope with. He gives, also, an interesting chapter on the history of express companies—gigantic growths that, in the memory of men now living, and not old, were contained in the small germ of the one-horse wagon and the row-boat.

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, in a well-written essay, reviews the last reports of Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Hulburd, the Comptroller of the Currency, and Mr. Boutwell will not be much pleased with Mr. Bradford's opinion of his financial policy. The writer remarks justly that we shall never see the financial business of the country carried on as it should be till the financial minister has *ex officio* a place in Congress, where he may propose and defend the measures which he deems necessary for the good of the Treasury.

In Both Worlds. By Wm. H. Holcombe, M.D., author of "Our Children in Heaven," "The Sexes, Here and Hereafter," etc. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.)—We have nothing in the way of praise to say about Dr. Holcombe's new book. The two which preceded it we have not read, but their titles sufficiently indicate the line of speculation which they follow, and which is also pursued in the present volume. To our thinking, it is an utterly futile one, which tends only to produce and foster an unhealthy state of mind in those who are attracted by it; and in other people, to engender one which varies between amusement and pity. Nothing seems more certain than that between us and the future state an impenetrable veil is drawn, and that the efforts to pierce it are simply, so far as their results are concerned, an idle diversion of force from its proper channels. They give comfort to the bereaved, we are told, and we are not going to deny it; but their principal object appears to be the throwing of sops to a morbid and illegitimate curiosity. A profounder faith in the wisdom of the Creator, and a purer conception of the needs of the human soul, one would imagine to be good helps in aiding the sorrowing to dispense with spurious consolations; genuine sorrow seeming to be an emotion which brings those who feel it close to the realities of things, and makes it not easy for them to cheat themselves with illusions. But there is always likely to remain that hungry crowd of inquisitive and credulous readers who make the production of books like this, and the "Gates Ajar," and others of the same class, a profitable occupation.

As for Dr. Holcombe's present volume, though, we confess our doubts of its ability to edify greatly any class of readers. It is a story whose scene is laid in the dawn of the Christian era, and its hero is Lazarus of Bethany, who relates his own experiences in this world and the other. It is prefaced by a poorly invented account of the way in which the manuscript autobiography, which formed the basis of Dr. Holcombe's work, was discovered some years ago on the wonderfully preserved corpse of Lazarus himself, who, having been accidentally entombed in a cave, by a land-slide, had remained undiscovered for eighteen hundred years, when an old navy surgeon accidentally happened on him. Of course Dr. Holcombe never expected any sort of credence to be given to such a tale; but, since he saw fit to invent it, it is a sort of pity that his literary resources did not permit him to give a coloring of possible truth to the story which follows it. Instead of that, his workmanship is even conventionally modern, and his Lazarus has a much better acquaintance with Swedenborg's theories and those of the Spiritualism of to-day than with the modes of life and thought and speech of his own time, or with the doctrines of the Master whom he followed. The extracts we give seem to us to show an amusing degree of ignorance on Dr. Holcombe's part of the delicate position in which an author places himself, who chooses known characters and incidents as material with which he desires to bring that which is purely his own work into harmonious accordance:

"Ethopus accompanied me as my body-servant. We had taught the dumb African to read and write after he was released from the bondage of Magistus and Simon. He acquired these accomplishments in a moderate degree with great celerity, so that our anticipations of rapid mental progress were sadly disappointed by the result. When he reached the intellectual development of a white child at twelve years, his onward

march was arrested. No study, no assiduity could advance him a step farther. He was organically a child. . . . Such is the general result of my observations and study of the African species. Susceptible as they are of a beautiful and indefinite moral culture, the development of their intellectual faculties is limited by the thick skull, the small brain, the black skin, which they have inherited as a national curse."

This was Lazarus's experience in this world, and on visiting the next he received an entirely satisfactory explanation of why it should be so. Emerging from the domain of the magicians in hell, he sees an immense dome of iron, which fills the sky, and casts a great gloom on all below it. He is informed that it is "the tomb of the antediluvian world, which none can open or shut but Christ." Furthermore, he hears that, "unless the Messiah had come in the flesh, this antediluvian sphere would have broken forth and deluged the world of spirits and the world of men;" the result being "the total suffocation of the spiritual life, as the natural life is suffocated by drowning; a complete torpor of the moral sense; a paralysis of the intellectual faculties. . . . The physical system would degenerate. The skin would become black and fetid; the hair woolly, the nose flat, the forehead low and debased. . . . This process of degeneration had already made sad havoc with a large portion of the human race, when the closure of the antediluvian hells and the institution of a new order of things arrested its march. So the African now stands torpid, unprogressive, sensual, barbaric, bearing on his very body the typical shadows of hell."

Lazarus tells us that, when he related this and other experiences of a like nature to Paul, and on the strength of them warned him of the errors which would arise from his preaching the Trinity, and inculcating such doctrines as that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, the saint shook his head and pronounced him insane—which, so far as Paul is concerned, is getting rather nearer to possible truth of representation than Dr. Holcombe often comes.

Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean; or, The Riviera, Mentone, Italy, Corsica, Sicily, Algeria, Spain, and Biarritz, as Winter Climates. By J. Henry Bennet, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London. Fourth edition. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.)—After twenty-five years of medical practice, Dr. Bennet, exhausted with labor and the cares of his profession, felt himself succumbing to consumption, and in the autumn of 1859 repaired to Mentone, on the Genoese Riviera, there to spend his last days in quiet retirement. To his pleasant surprise, however, freedom, rest, and a most genial climate restored him to new life. In the following year, he sought for a still more favored locality among the cities of Central and Southern Italy, but was soon frightened back by their terribly unhygienic state into retired and healthy Mentone, which, annexed with Nice to France, had lately changed rule and slightly, even, its name. Gradually recovering, he adopted this place as a permanent winter professional residence, continuing his London consulting practice during the summer months. Every year, however, between the Riviera and London seasons, he employed a few weeks, in April and May, in excursions to other shores of the Western Mediterranean, with the view of discovering the best winter climate in that part of the world, for himself and other sufferers from pulmonary affections. The results of his experiences he first embodied in an essay, published in 1861, on the climate and vegetation of Mentone and its surroundings, which, by successive additions, eventually expanded into the volume before us, embracing, besides the original elaboration, sketches of parts of Italy, Spain, Southern France, Corsica, Sicily, and Algeria, sketches interesting not only to those meditating an excursion to the shores of the Mediterranean in search of health, but to all desirous of information concerning those lands. The sketch of Mentone and the Riviera is the most exhaustive, and that of Corsica the most interesting to the general reader; the chapters on Algeria and Spain give accounts of the journeys executed as late as the spring of 1869. The book is embellished by a number of fine illustrations, and by maps very neatly, though not quite as correctly, executed.

All these peregrinations have not impaired Dr. Bennet's original predilection for Mentone. He finds its dry, bracing atmosphere particularly beneficial "to those who require invigorating and vitalizing, to those who are suffering, like the phthisical, from defective nutrition and lowered vitality." In the earlier, still curable stages of phthisis, some spots in Eastern Spain alone might be found similarly beneficent. Only to those "highly nervous, excitable, impressionable constitutions that are too much braced and stimulated by the dry tonic atmosphere of the Riviera, and with whom the bracing, stimulating atmosphere of Cannes, Nice, Mentone, or of the east coast of Spain does not agree," he would recommend the temperate, sunny, and rather moist climate of some parts of Sicily, Corsica, or Algeria. As regards protection from cold winds, he, of course, finds no places of shelter preferable to those on the Riviera, and of all on the Riviera he considers Mentone the most excellent. His preference is founded on the following reasons:

"On no part of the coast do the mountains in the immediate vicinity rise in a chain to the same height—namely, from 3,500 to 4,000 feet. Nowhere do they recede in the same manner from the shore in an unbroken amphitheatre as it were, so as to completely shelter from the north, east, and west a hilly district such as the one which constitutes the centre of the Mentone amphitheatre. Nowhere, also, is there such a background of still higher mountains lying due north, so as to protect in its turn the semi-circular shore chain. This background of mountain-land extends fifty miles to the north into Savoy, and is limited only in that direction by the Tenda, a chain which rises from 7,000 to 9,000 feet. These higher mountains extend towards the shore in a south-easterly direction, and reach it at Finale, more than half way between Nice and Genoa. Thus between Genoa and Finale the mountains which skirt the shore are neither very deep nor very high, but between Finale and Nice the depth and height of back mountain-land constantly increase. Consequently, the amount of protection offered from the north increases in the same ratio, until at Mentone the greatest amount of shelter and undoubtedly the warmest climate of the entire Riviera is reached."

The above stated are the principal sanitary conclusions reached by our author on his investigating tours, and we trust he has reached them without any bias *pro domo suâ* on the Riviera. His non-medical descriptions and remarks—and these form a very considerable portion of the book—show him a man of general scientific culture and of liberal sympathies, not devoid of humor, poetic imagination, or learning. Modern history, however, is a rather slippery ground to him, as is shown by various chronological and other blunders contained in his allusions to Napoleon I., to King Emanuel of Italy, and to the last two Bourbons of Naples, the tyranny and fall of both of whom he himself witnessed, and whom—strangely enough—he calls "Ferdinand the First" and "Ferdinand the Second," instead of Ferdinand the Second and Francis the Second.

Dream Numbers. A Domestic Novel. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Author of "Gemma: A Tale of Love and Jealousy," "Nanetta; or, Life in Tuscany," etc. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1869.)—"Dream Numbers" we have found more agreeable and better written than such others of its author's novels of Italian life as have fallen under our notice. Mr. Trollope is always careful and painstaking about his work, and his readers are apt to put confidence in the accuracy with which he delineates such scenes and characters as he selects. But he is often dull, and prosaic to the verge of commonplaceness, and, which seems to be a family trait, too apt to fall into a quite unnecessary fulness of detail and description, which add to the length of his books as much as they diminish from their interest. "Dream Numbers" is, however, freer from this fault than its predecessors, and, although it is not a novel which needs to be read, readers who are moderate in their requirements might do worse than undertake it.

Hints for Six Months in Europe. By John H. B. Latrobe. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—This duodecimo certainly possesses the merits claimed for it by the author, of being simply a programme for a summer tour through Europe, without any pretensions to the dignity of a book of travels. An American totally inexperienced in European travel may base on it some reasonable estimate as to what he may do in six months, and how much he can see in that time of parts of France, Italy, Austria, Saxony, Prussia, the Tyrol, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, England, and Scotland. Notwithstanding the author's protests, we incline to the belief that he entertained the idea of showing what he might do in the way of writing a book of travels, if he once set seriously about it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Bungay (G. W.), Temperance Anecdotes	(Nat. Temp. Soc.)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, Part 20, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	$0 50
Cowan (Dr. J.), The Use of Tobacco	(Cowan & Co.)	0 75
The Science of a New Life	" "	3 00
Deering (Dr. T. W.), Intemperance	" "	0 75
Dupuy (Miss E. A.), Why did he Marry her?	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
De Leon (E.), Askaros Kassis, the Copt: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	1 75
Di Beauclerk (Lady), True Love: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	1 25
Essex Institute Historical Collections, Vol. X. Part I., swd	(Salem)	
Grote (G.), History of Greece, Vols. III., IV	(Little, Brown & Co.)	4 00
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), The Planter's Northern Bride: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Hopkins (J.), Second Collection of Church Music, swd	(Pott & Amery)	
Jeffries (J. P.), Natural History of the Human Races	(S. R. Wells)	4 00
Leaves from a Trooper's Diary	(Philadelphia)	
Morse (J. T., jr.), The Law relating to Banks and Banking	(Little, Brown & Co.)	6 00
Reynolds (L. E.), The Mysteries of Masonry	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	2 00
Scott (Sir W.), Guy Mannering	(Little, Brown & Co.)	1 75
Stiles (H. R.), History of the City of Brooklyn, Vols. I., II.	(Brooklyn)	10 00
Thomas (J.), Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, Part 2, swd	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	0 50
The Workshop, No. 1, swd	(E. Steiger)	0 50
Walker (A. F.), The Vermont Brigade in the Shenandoah Valley	(Burlington)	1 50

Fine Arts.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETIES IN PHILADELPHIA.

It is now some thirty-five years since the *Maennerchor*, the oldest German singing society in the United States, was founded in Philadelphia, by Philip Wolsieffer. The germ then planted has borne rich fruit. The little chorus consisted of about a dozen gentlemen. There are now some twenty societies with 750 members, without including the passive members, who far outnumber the singers.

With the growth of the German population, and its constant craving for social enjoyment, such a result was inevitable. In the Quaker City, as elsewhere, the meeting-places of these societies are, in effect, club-rooms. The larger and more wealthy organizations give an annual ball, the preparations for which absorb much of their energy. They do but little singing outside of their club-rooms; rarely give a concert, unless in aid of some charity, and are never very much in earnest, in a musical sense, except when preparing for the prize concert at some Saengerfest. Festive gatherings at which jollity is always the chief aim, whether the music be excellent or otherwise, may contribute to the pleasures of those who participate in them, but it is not so clear that they accomplish much in the service of art. It is, perhaps, owing to the frequent sacrifice of Orpheus to Gambrinus that the German singers of Philadelphia have achieved less than they might have done. With a few honorable exceptions, the societies show but little evidence of a desire to improve. Another circumstance unfavorable to their progress is that most of them possess no female members, and are thus debarred from attempting the larger compositions which are written for a mixed chorus. In spite of these drawbacks, the Junger-Maennerchor (an offshoot of the Maennerchor) and the Saengerbund have been so well trained as to prove very formidable competitors of the New York Liederkranz, as the prize concert during the Baltimore Saengerfest fully proved.

Of the American societies, the first in order, as regards age or numbers, is the Handel and Haydn. It is under the leadership of Mr. L. Engelke, and gives some three or four concerts during the season. Whether it be owing to a lack of interest on the part of the public, or carelessness on the part of its members, it seems to have lost prestige. Even in its best days it never did anything very creditable, except in affording its audiences an opportunity to hear Parepa, and various other artists of acknowledged ability, in oratorio. Their concerts might have been made more interesting if Philadelphia only had a good, or even a tolerable, orchestra. With numerous clever instrumental performers, there is no permanent orchestral organization capable of giving a satisfactory recital of a symphony. The Philharmonic of New York has attained a degree of proficiency which it were unreasonable to seek here, and the playing of Theodore Thomas's orchestra came as a revelation, since which Philadelphians are painfully alive to their want of a good band.

The Mendelssohn Society, of which Mr. Jean Louis is conductor, is a younger organization, and, at one time, enjoyed great esteem. Why it has failed of success can be best answered by its own members. Even a good leader can accomplish but little when singers neglect rehearsals. Mr. Ritter's wail has been heard throughout the land, and there are many chorus-directors who sympathize with him.

Perhaps the most successful of all is the West Philadelphia Choral Society. It numbers about 120 ladies and gentlemen, and is directed by Mr. Peirson, an amateur of decided ability. It has given but one concert, to an invited audience, and, for its numbers, is acknowledged to be the best chorus in the city.

The Abt Society, of which Mr. A. R. Taylor is leader, numbers twenty-six gentlemen, who, it is presumed, are in earnest, since they resolutely enforce the rule that all who neglect rehearsals must be dropped. As a result, this little society offers the best male chorus in Philadelphia. It gives monthly concerts to its subscribers and invited guests.

The youngest of the sisterhood is the Beethoven Society, with Mr. Carl Wolfsohn as its conductor. It is a mixed chorus, numbering some eighty members. Aside from the study of chorus singing, the society aims at the creation of a Beethoven Stipendium, with the object of defraying the expense of a musical education for students who have talent and yet cannot afford to pay for instruction—a noble aim, truly, and one in which it deserves to succeed. Whether it is intended to give concerts we are as yet unable to say.

The Vocal Union, led by Mr. Wolsieffer, is a male chorus, numbering about as many members as the Abt Society.

Finally, there is the Amphion Club, which, although a social organization, devotes one or two evenings of every week to music. It also gives concerts with light, pleasing programmes. At these performances, which are always delightful reunions, there are very considerable re-enforcements of outsiders, without whose aid the concerts would be noticeable rather as social than artistic successes.

Among Philadelphia amateurs, there are many of great proficiency who cheerfully contribute to the success of the societies already established. Musical life is active enough, and musical circles are, in this country at least, nowhere more charming. The great need, however, is the presence of some one possessing the musical knowledge and the administrative ability required to combine forces, which are, at present, too much divided to accomplish anything very remarkable.

New Law Books.

Morse on Banks and Banking.

A Treatise on the Law of Banks and Banking; with an Appendix, containing the National Banking Act, with Decisions, etc. By John T. Morse, Jr. 8vo, $6.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1870.

The Week.

THE Census Bill, fruitof much study and labor, and designed to bring American statistics to something like the European standard of accuracy and comprehensiveness, received its quietus in the Senate on Wednesday week—forty-five of his colleagues joining Mr. Conkling in laying it on the table, and only nine opposing. The Act of 1850, therefore, remains in force; but it is reported that the Secretary of the Interior and General Walker, the new Superintendent of the Census, would like the President to recommend certain modifications, so as to get, if possible, the population returns before the fall elections. On Thursday, the Senate reached the Mississippi question, in a report from the Judiciary Committee proposing admission of the State without conditions. In the debate which ensued, Mr. Sumner again became a target for other Senators, and was assailed at once both by Messrs. Stewart and Trumbull. The debate has led to no action, though continued during the week. On Friday, Senator Sherman introduced resolutions urging recognition of Cuban belligerency, and a proclamation and observance of strict neutrality. Mr. Logan introduced similar resolutions in the House on Monday, and both have been referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The House had its personalities the same day with the Senate, Mr. Butler alighting upon Mr. Cox in a manner peculiar to himself. On Monday Mr. Loughbridge, of Iowa, offered a resolution to the effect that the business of the country demanded an increase in the volume of the circulating currency, and instructing the Committee on Banking and Currency to report a bill providing for such increase, in the sum of fifty millions of dollars. An attempt to lay this on the table was defeated by 93 to 73; but as the House was not prepared for a division, the vote can scarcely be taken to signify much.

There has been a good deal of Cuban excitement during the week, owing to the reported defeat of the Spaniards under General Puello, and to consequent speeches in Congress in denunciation of the Neutrality Laws. Whether Puello was defeated, and, if so, how much of a defeat he suffered, we confess we do not know, and have not yet heard of or read any testimony on the subject worthy of the smallest confidence. Indeed, we know of no reason for *believing* the Cuban cause to be any better off than it was a month ago. But the news roused the Cuban partisans into a good deal of activity, and led to the perpetration of an interview on Senator Sumner by the *World* reporter, with the result of extracting from him an opinion that Cuba was not a belligerent, that the Cabinet would not say she was, and that, if it did, Spain would declare war, and do us great damage.

In the Senate, Messrs. Carpenter and Howe, of Wisconsin, have made fierce assaults on the Neutrality Law, both being apparently under the amazing delusion that it is the Act of 1818 which prevents the Cubans from buying ships and arms in the United States, and that if it was repealed the rebels could get gunboats here as well as the Spaniards. The speeches in which this extraordinary doctrine was maintained were in the highest degree curious, as illustrations of the style of mental equipment with which some Senators nowadays go into debate. The Act of 1818 prevents the Cubans from doing nothing except fitting out hostile expeditions on American soil. They can buy in a commercial manner as many ships and as much munitions as they please, with or without the Act. The reason why they do not buy gunboats, as the Spaniards have done, is, first, that they have no money to pay for them, and, secondly, that they have no ports to take them to. The repeal of the Act would not help them in the least as far as this goes. That their case is one of peculiar hardship, as Senator Carpenter maintains, is quite true; that they are in a peculiar degree entitled to our sympathy is also true; and that it is open to the American people to go to war for their deliverance, and that this would be a generous thing to do, there is no denying. But the question of belligerency is a question of fact, and has nothing to do with sympathy. If we say we see an organized Government in Cuba, engaged in a regular war with the Spaniards, for the purpose of helping and encouraging it, when we don't see it, we simply tell a lie; and who are the Cubans that our Government should lie for them? Enough of that is done already by private gentlemen.

Mr. Buckingham, of Connecticut, did a good thing in his speech on Mr. Sherman's Currency Bill, by pointing out the errors which, he truly says, "have surrounded every measure which has been presented for the consideration of the Senate," and which we cannot do better than describe in his own words:

> "The first error consists in the idea that the country requires an amount of currency that can be determined by the wisdom of senators.
>
> "The second error is found in the opinion that each section of the country is entitled to a definite proportion of currency which can be determined and apportioned by statute law.
>
> "The third error consists in the belief that we can make an equitable distribution of currency based upon population and upon the resources and business of the country, as ascertained by the census."

At the bottom of these three is another—the belief that currency is capital; and that, therefore, if you put currency into a place you put capital, the fact being that currency is simply an instrument for moving capital about, and which a neighborhood that has no capital will not and cannot keep.

The vote on the admission of Mississippi in the Senate, or, rather, on the proposition to postpone the consideration of it to something else, indicates a desire to keep it out, on the part of the same portion of that body which tried to keep Virginia out, though for what purpose it would be hard to say. That Mississippians, any more than Virginians, who do not think well of common schools now, will ever be brought to do so by keeping the State out of the Union, nobody seriously believes; or that true and hearty allegiance to the United States can be had in this way, nobody believes either. The rival Georgian factions have their deputies in Washington, blackening each other's characters furiously. The Bryants accuse Bullock of theft, while the Bullocks accuse Bryant of a corrupt leaning to the Democrats; but General Terry believes in Bullock and doubts Bryant, and, in the meantime, the State makes some progress towards Reconstruction, by the calling up, once more, of the senators' credentials.

A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that we have not done what we ought to have done, and have intended doing, and only failed to do a fortnight ago through an oversight, viz., mention that Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, has formally denied the charge which various papers, the *Nation* included, made against him, of being personally interested in coal and iron works. His own testimony on such a point would of course be sufficient to set the charge at rest, even if it were not corroborated by that of his friends. But it would greatly add to the pleasure with which we make this atonement if his own experience of these injurious suspicions made him more careful—indeed, made him in the least careful or scrupulous in making far worse charges against others. There is nothing dreadfully bad in a Pennsylvania member of Congress owning iron-works or coal-mines; the fact that he does, simply weakens the force of his arguments as a protectionist, and therefore ought to be known; but there would be something unutterably base in Mr. D. A. Wells's taking "British gold" to make his reports favorable to English interests—a charge for which Mr. Kelley has not, and does not pretend to have, a particle of proof, and yet which he has had no hesitation in maki[illegible] again and

again, in a place, too, where his victim could not reply to him. But, of course, even a man who does this is entitled to justice at everybody's hands; for justice is for sinners as well as for the righteous. He is, we are informed, going to decline a renomination, or, if re-elected, is going to devote himself to the reform of the Civil Service. He owes a good deal to the Civil Service, for he has done much to degrade it, by showing that neither character, nor ability, nor knowledge can secure anybody who enters it from scurrilous defamation. It will be some time, we suspect, before another man of Mr. Wells's standing will undertake any such duty as that with which he has been charged during the last four years.

In Pennsylvania politics the most notable event is the defeat of a Metropolitan Police bill for Philadelphia, which would have given over the control of the city to a commission named by the Republican members of the Legislature; and, while it might have subserved good government, would probably have been still more favorable to partisan ends. The Governor's message conveying his veto takes lofty ground—not very far removed in some places from clap-trap—against usurpation, and autocracy, and the wrong proposed to a "brave and generous people;" and it seems unlikely that any new bill can be framed which will not in principle fall under Gov. Geary's objections. The Legislature was imprudent enough to deprive him of any share in appointing the commission; and as it had already irritated him by refusing to increase his salary or to print his message, he was in the mood for a veto, and the veto came. A better argument than any he advanced against the bill would have been the experience of this city, which has shown that though a metropolitan police, as wisely organized and directed as ours, will, while it lasts, preserve better order and do more for local self-government than any municipal police can do, it is still but a make-shift, and bears the same relation to permanent reform that an act of Congress does to a constitutional amendment. Let there come an election at which the party triumphs which would never share places on a police board or a registry board, and the metropolitan system is either abolished, as our new city charter proposes, or becomes another instrument of misrule and terror.

The Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* disputes, in an article which we were unable to notice last week, the accuracy of our conclusions with regard to the condition of the United States credit in Europe. It alleges that anybody who says what we said (January 27), with regard to the standing of the United States credit on the European exchanges, must either be greatly wanting in scrupulousness and love of truth, or unable to calculate the rate of interest. We can assure the *Staats-Zeitung* that the case does not call for any such harrowing alternative. The list it gives of the various Government securities, by which it shows that the credit of the United States stands fifth in order, and above that of Austria, Italy, Portugal, and Spain, not to speak of Turkey and Egypt, proves nothing whatever for the purposes of this discussion. In fact, it would be hard to produce a better illustration of the way in which figures may be made to support a fallacy. The United States have never repudiated; have never, except during the war, had a deficit; nay, have a constant surplus; have a population which doubles in twenty-five years, almost limitless extent of fertile soil, and no standing army, and are rapidly reducing their debt. No state in the world can make such an exhibit. Their credit should stand first on the list; it stands fifth. Why so? Austrian securities bring nine per cent.—that is, only two and a half more than American securities, though Austria has had a deficit regularly for about forty years, is a conglomerate of discordant nationalities, and is in yearly danger of total dissolution, and has, within three years, forcibly reduced the interest on her bonds. This difference in the material facts ought to be represented by a difference of six per cent. in the interest. We might apply the same argument with still greater force to the case of Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The mere fact that the United States can borrow at lower rates than these powers tells us little. The question is, can they borrow as much lower as their material condition and their financial history appear to warrant? They cannot, nor anything like it. In short, the rate of interest alone is a very defective indication of the comparative credit of a government. We have to take into account also the facts on which the rate of interest is based to get at the real state of the case. If it appeared that A. T. Stewart could only borrow money one or two per cent. lower than a firm of Wall Street speculators, who had failed about a dozen times, and were daily engaged in "shinning" in order to meet their engagements, people would laugh a good deal if Mr. Stewart went about boasting that his credit was better than that of Burst, Up & Co.; and the fact that his was so poor would, in view of his known wealth, be taken as a proof that he was popularly believed to be a knave, and this is just the impression that some Congressmen have succeeded in diffusing in the European markets about the United States.

That their credit has improved we do not deny. If the close of the war and the yearly surplus did not bring it a long way from where it stood in 1864, it would show that the world was out of joint. We venture to say it could be put alongside that of France and England in three years, by the exclusion of certain persons from Congress, and the restriction to a responsible Minister or Committee of Finance of the privilege of bringing in currency, funding, loan, and taxation bills. The very multiplicity of these bills, brought in as they are by all sorts of men, and the amount of attention they receive in Congress and from the press, shakes the confidence of the moneyed men of the world in American finance, and leads them to expect anything or everything in the way of folly or absurdity and violent change. They cannot perceive any thread of policy, principle, or responsibility running through this mass of confusion. The mere plan of "diffusing the currency," by getting people to set up banks in the West and South with their own money, which has just been enacted, and of which Mr. Sherman is the proud and happy father, is enough to muddle the brains of the shrewdest London or Amsterdam banker, and make him put his money into Turkish eleven and a half per cents. sooner than United States sevens, much less fours or fives. "The Turk and Spaniard," he will say, "are lazy, shiftless rascals; but I know pretty well what they will do next. What Sherman, Butler & Co. will do next, the Lord only knows."

The Superior Court of Cincinnati have given judgment in the "Bible in the Schools" case, making perpetual the temporary injunction heretofore granted, restraining the School Board of Cincinnati from carrying into effect its recent resolutions, prohibiting the reading of the Bible or any religious exercises in the schools. The majority of the Court held that the Christian religion was recognized by the Constitution as the basis of the social system of the State, and the Bible as the revelation of that religion; that on no other ground can blasphemy be held to be criminal; that the reading of the Bible is, nevertheless, not worship; that without its teachings, however, we have "no unvarying code of morals or of human duty;" and without it "there would be no standard, and each man would be a law unto himself," and that the resolutions of the Board "were a sweeping edict, leaving the pupils not only without a hope, but without a God." The theological discursus of the Court cannot but be regarded as unfortunate in every respect for the settlement of the question, as there is hardly one of its propositions which will bear examination, or which a Catholic, Jew, or Rationalist will not vehemently dispute. The very authority and value it claims for the Bible, and the influence it ascribes to it in morals, will add fresh fuel to the flame of Catholic zeal—for everything the Judges ascribe to the Bible, Catholics ascribe to the Church only; and if the Bible does for the pupils all the Court says it does, the more reason there is why a good Catholic should not allow his children to hear it read. Sound policy, if not duty, prescribed to the Court as close an adherence to the law of the case, and as steady avoidance of theological speculation, as possible. We have never yet heard or read of a discourse on matters pertaining to religion from the judicial bench that was not calculated to make the judicious grieve and the scoffer laugh. We are now fairly in for one of the most exciting questions the country has ever had to deal with. The case, of course, goes up on appeal.

Judge Tafft read a dissenting opinion, maintaining that, while the Constitution, holding religion, morality, and knowledge to be essential to good government, left the means of promoting them to the Legislature, and the Legislature left the kind of instruction to be given in the common schools to the Board of Education, and while it does not appear that either the Constitution or Legislature contemplated special religious instruction in schools as necessary to secure religion, and may be presumed to have regarded "all sound knowledge as promoting morals and religion," it cannot be said that the Bill of Rights had specially the Protestant religion in view; and that any prescription of religious instruction in the schools to which Jews and Catholics have conscientious objections is in the nature of a penalty inflicted on those sects; that it was not a constitutional idea, in Ohio, that the scruples of a rationalist, spiritualist, or even atheist were not conscientious, and that exclusion even of him from the benefit of the school funds was an exercise over those funds of that "sectarian control" which the Constitution expressly forbids.

One of the most promising signs in the Reconstruction process is an interchange of amenities which lately took place in the United States District Court at Richmond between Judge Underwood and Mr. Henry A. Wise, some time Governor and more recently rebel general, who appeared as counsel at the bar in an action for damages for injuries sustained on board a steamer. The Court opened the proceedings by a short sketch of the learned Judge's own life, beginning with his appearance in Virginia, as a teacher, thirty-seven years previously, and then describing with some minuteness the delights of the intercourse he had enjoyed with Governor Wise in a political canvass. After mentioning his own marriage, and his anti-slavery troubles, and other incidents in his checquered career, his Honor gradually came down to Mr. Wise's general character and acquirements, of which he gave the audience a glowing description, excusing his unsoundness on the slavery question by ascribing it to his unfortunate education, by which the Court, had it received it, would doubtless have been led into the same errors. Here Mr. Wise arose, and after enquiring in an unfeeling way what slavery had to do with the law of common carriers, entered into an animated discussion with his Honor on the question of Reconstruction, about which they appeared to hold opposing views, and, after appealing to the Judge to help him to take the "manacles" off the white men of the South, protested violently against the motion for a new trial, which was the original cause of this touching scene, and, after expressing in strong terms his personal affection for the Court, sat down. The exact order of the proceedings does not appear in the report, so that we are unable to say whether Judge Underwood gave judgment before Mr. Wise's argument, or after, or whether the whole thing was not simply an *obiter dictum*. The lawyers were somewhat astonished by it, and no wonder, considering the cold, heartless character which legal proceedings have hitherto had. We look forward to see the day when the tedium of every trial will be lightened by instrumental music, an occasional song or anecdote from the bench, and perhaps readings or recitations now and then from female members of the bar, and the introduction of a baby or two to be passed round towards lunch-time.

The news from Rome, after a period of some dulness, grows more interesting. The long-talked-of petition from the bishops in favor of the declaration of the Pope's infallibility has at last been signed by about 500 bishops. There are said to be three petitions in all, of different degrees of faith: one asking that "the authority of the Supreme Pontiff" be pronounced "not liable to error;" another asking that he be declared "infallible in all matters of faith and morals;" and the third asking that he be declared infallible, and absolute judge of all things whatsoever—the Spanish bishops being the supporters of this last-named demand. As to what is meant by "infallibility," the heretics, and newspaper writers, and rationalists have been showing their ignorance abominably. It ought to be understood, it appears, by these ignoramuses, that nobody considers the Pope infallible or impeccable as a man, or even as a bishop, or even as Pope. His liability to error continues until he begins to speak to the whole Church "*ex cathedrâ*;" but then he can by no possibility make a mistake. But when does he speak "*ex cathedrâ*," or, rather, how is the world to know when he is speaking "*ex cathedrâ?*" What are the marks of this particular relation to the church and the world? Here the fog by which the subject is surrounded grows deeper than ever; for at this point the remorseless Dr. Döllinger, one of the most learned, if not the most learned, Catholic theologians, who is more than suspected of being "Janus," appears on the scene, and, taking hold of the bishops' petition, deals cruelly with it.

He says, in the first place, that the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility has not been taught or believed by the Church in any age, and, therefore, is no part of Catholic truth (*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*) which always, everywhere, and by all has been believed; that if the Pope is only infallible when he addresses the whole Catholic Church, then his teachings for thirteen hundred years are probably erroneous, and will have to be abrogated, as they have none of them been delivered *ex cathedrâ*, in the sense now attached to that phrase, but were addressed to particular persons, or bishops. Moreover, the Pope never heard of his being infallible till 1562, the first rumors of it only reaching him in that year, so that he could not have complied with the various conditions required to give his utterances the character of pure truth. Worse still, the Councils have always examined the Pope's teachings, and adopted them or not as they pleased. Finally, Dr. Döllinger boldly declares that the movement for the adoption of the dogma is of Jesuit origin, that it is the Jesuits who began the agitation for it, and who have been preaching through their various organs that it was for this the Council was called together. He adds that the Catholic catechisms, and other religious books, will all have to be altered if it is adopted, as under it the Catholic Church will fall into the background, and one man take its place in the eyes of the faithful.

The infallibilist bishops, speaking in their petition of those who deny the validity of the Council of Florence, declare, according to the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "*blaterare non erubescunt;*" that is, that they do not blush to spread abroad certain views in a cackling, garrulous, and foolish manner; or, in other words, are not ashamed of being blatherskites, an imputation which will astonish a good many gentlemen at Washington who glory in blattering, and, so far from blushing over their rubbish, get it printed, and then circulate it at their own expense. If we might make so bold, and had any chance of being heard, we would suggest to the proper authorities at Rome a short and easy method of dealing with the newspaper correspondents would be that prescribed by the old English Statute of Westminster, I., cap. 34, whereby it is provided that "none be so hardy as to tell or publish any false news or tales, whereby discord, or occasion of discord, or slander may grow between the king and his people, or the great men of the realm; and he that doth so, shall be taken, and kept in prison, until he *hath brought him into court who was the first author of the tale.*"

The newspaper correspondents do not go quite unscathed. Archbishop Manning has preached a sermon against them at Rome, in which he denounces them severely for saying the Council is not unanimous; but the devil, nevertheless, persists in instigating them to say that a counter-petition has been signed by 140 bishops against the infallibilist dogma. That the infallibilist party are somewhat nervous about the possible effect of the promulgation of their doctrine on the relations of the Holy See with France is inferred from the despatch of the Archbishop of Algiers on a secret mission to Paris, his object being, it is supposed, to find out whether it would not be possible to frame the dogma in such terms as to satisfy the Jesuits, without alarming the French lawyers about the Concordat, and thus precipitating the withdrawal of the French garrison. There are rumors of an intention to make a belief in the legitimacy of the temporal power also necessary to salvation, so that anybody who advocated the annexation of Rome to the kingdom of Italy would be sure of everlasting damnation. He is exposed to it already, but, if we are not mistaken, his case is not desperate.

THE LEGAL TENDER DECISION.

Those who read the opposing opinions of Chief-Justice Chase and Judge Miller on the legal tender case, must have felt that whatever the defects in the reasoning of the former, or the awkwardness of his position in having to condemn on the bench what he had actually done and tried to justify as Secretary of the Treasury, the moral right was on his side. The sacredness of contracts is of vital importance to mankind; indeed, their enforcement is one of the great objects of civilized society. Men ought to be made to pay what they agreed and expected to have to pay. Their escape from this obligation, through the laxity of the laws, is a great misfortune; but their escape through the connivance, and even with the encouragement of the government, is a still greater misfortune—indeed, one of the greatest that can befall a nation. We do not hesitate to say, that the prevailing laxity in commercial morals, the rise of notorious cheats into positions of fame and wealth, and the prostration at their feet of large masses of private property, is largely due, not simply to the spirit of speculation bred by the issue of irredeemable paper, but to the sanction given by the law to the wholesale cheating by fraudulent debtors which was the direct result of the Legal Tender Act. Everybody who paid off in paper during the war a debt which he had contracted in gold, and found that he had saved forty, fifty, or a hundred per cent. in the process, we may be sure was ever after a worse man than he had previously been, and that his influence on every one with whom he dealt was worse.

In fact, a better device for loosening the bonds of social morality than the Legal Tender Act could hardly have been hit upon. As far as the Government was concerned, it was simply a forced loan; but forced loans, though very high-handed measures, and necessarily unjust in various ways, do not blunt the public conscience. The Government takes what it cannot do without, as it takes taxes, and takes it unequally, as it takes conscripts; but it takes it for the good of all, and with the intention of repaying it. When, instead of raising forced loans, it issues legal tenders, it disguises the real nature of the transaction, by granting a license to divers persons to defraud their creditors of large sums, of which no part goes to the public treasury, and by diffusing the loss over a wider area than would be possible if it openly levied contributions. But, stripped of all technical covering, to make depreciated paper a proper satisfaction of private debts, was simply to sell indulgences to cheats, in order to secure the means of carrying on the war. Judge Miller compares it to the incidental loss which takes place when the value of property is changed by a declaration of war, or the raising or lowering of the tariff; but this is surely a delusive comparison. The only exact parallel would be the assumption by Congress, on declaring war, of the right to permit anybody who enlisted in the army to plunder his neighbors, before joining his corps, to the amount of a certain percentage of the value of his own property, or of the right to permit all persons affected by the raising or lowering of the tariff to deduct a large percentage from all debts due by them. It is not the depreciation of property which it causes which is the great objection to the Legal Tender Act—it is the mode of depreciating it.

On the point whether Congress or the Courts have the right of deciding what means are necessary and proper for the exercise of the war power, we suspect most people will agree with us in thinking that Judge Miller had the best of the argument. Society has become such a complicated machine; its interests are so vast, and varied, and delicate; the influences which affect them so numerous and difficult of comprehension; and wars have become so largely contests of money, machinery, and scientific skill, that there is probably no more difficult problem submitted to the human mind in our day than the best means of bringing into play the whole of a nation's power of offence and defence. How to raise armies in a modern commercial community without fatally deranging industry; how to get money to support them without plunging business into confusion and disheartening the people, at a crisis when everything depends on the people's keeping up its courage, are problems now which include nearly the whole art of government. There is no way of submitting them to the decision of a court of law; a court which was competent to pass on them would no longer be a court. They are essentially questions of legislation, and have to be decided by those considerations of expediency which, to a legislature, are everything—to a legal tribunal, nothing, or next to nothing. Chief-Justice Chase, and the judges who agreed with him, *quâ* judges, did not have them before them when he wrote his opinion. There was and is no way of getting them before them. Counsel could not state in argument, or put into the pleadings, all the influence which led Congress, in 1862, to pass the Legal Tender Act, or all the circumstances on which its decision was based, and consequently the Court could not possibly form a correct judgment on the necessity of the measure to the proper conduct of the war, even if the judicial habit of mind was not one which disqualified men for the performance of any such task.

Well, what then? Was the judgment of Congress final, or has the Court anything whatever to say about the matter? Undoubtedly it has. The business of the Court is to interpret the Constitution; and even if it be true, as many people believe, that the Constitution impliedly permits Congress to declare other things than gold and silver a legal tender in payment of debts, it does not follow that it permits it to license debtors to pay off their debts by offering something of less value than they agreed to pay. Legal tenders are one thing, depreciated legal tenders are another thing; and no Court can be expected to declare cheating lawful, unless it is plainly and unmistakably obliged to do so by the recognized decrees of the sovereign authority. Congress may have power to declare potatoes a legal tender, but no Court can infer from this that a man who agreed, before they were issued, to deliver a bushel's worth of them to his debtor, is justified in only delivering him half a bushel's worth. The Court can very well say, and does say, that it knows nothing of legislative necessity, but that it does know that nothing but express direction would justify it in declaring lawful and justifiable the evasion of a clear moral obligation.

Moreover, even supposing the Legal Tender Act was necessary at the time; supposing even that the permission to cheat creditors was necessary at the time, that does not make it necessary now. That a man who, in January, 1862, agreed solemnly to pay one hundred dollars in gold in January, 1870, should be allowed when the time came to pay only seventy-five dollars in gold, is surely not "necessary" to the proper conduct of a war which ended in 1865, or to the salvation of a nation which was never more flourishing or vigorous, and which, if it runs any risk at all, owes it to the weakening of the individual moral sense. Many things which will not bear the moralist's examination have to be done in war; the concessions he ought to make to the exigencies of armed conflict are amongst the darkest problems in ethics, but then no such concession should be stretched one inch or one minute beyond the occasion which calls for it. If necessity knows no law, there is all the greater reason for getting rid of necessity at the earliest practicable moment.

As to the future effect of the decision in limiting the powers of Congress, we think the safest plan now is to do right, and leave the future to Providence. Let us stop at once all cheating we *can* stop. If cheating be ever again necessary to the salvation of the country, we may be sure it will be done, the Supreme Court decision to the contrary notwithstanding. If, which is wildly improbable, the national existence should ever again be placed in the peril in which it stood in 1862, we may be quite sure there will be a Congress and people who will do what the case requires. Our duty is to set an example of justice and good faith, and of respect for the sanctity of promises. This is the very best legacy we can leave to posterity, and there is no surer way of relieving the Government from ever again having to issue legal tenders than paying off rapidly those now in existence—that is, resuming specie payments.

TOWN FOLLIES.

"There are towns in this State now," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "which have voted railroad debts amounting to 50 per cent. of the assessed value of all the real and personal property therein." "Mr. Allerton, to-day," says an Albany despatch of February 4, "introduced the old State Aid Railroad Bill of last year, which proposes to give all railroads now constructing in the State $4,000 per mile for every mile com-

pleted within the next two years." During the years 1868 and 1869, two cities and eighty-three small towns in Massachusetts were authorized by the Legislature to subscribe over $6,000,000 in aid of railroad construction, besides $12,000,000 of indebtedness incurred by the State itself for the same end. Similar violations of the fundamental principle of our political system might be cited from every quarter. Congress sets the example by donating millions, and the youngest township of the West hastens to follow it, by pledging its credit for thousands. We began our career as a nation on another theory. With us, at least, private persons and private interests were to be left to work out their destiny in their own way. The Government was to confine itself to its simple functions, chief among which was provision for external defence and internal order, while for all else it accepted a policy expressed in the two forcible words, "Hands off!"

The recent and frequent violations of this policy have at least gone far to vindicate its wisdom. From the moment these fundamental rules were disregarded, the republican form of government has shown itself more and more cumbersome and unwieldy. It has proved that its machinery was not intended for interference in all the affairs of life. With us, under the present dispensation, the voice of the majority, speaking through the caucus, undertakes to decide how much or how little "currency" the community requires—what special interests are to be fostered—when and where railroads are to be constructed. By degrees, a government designed to fulfil only the simplest functions has had the most complex thrust upon it. As a result, we more and more enjoy, in contemplation, such noble announcements of "ring" and "caucus" wisdom as our present protective system, or the formidable liabilities incurred by towns for railroads, or that usual announcement, "Currency very hard to get; gold at 120."

The particular abuse we now propose to deal with, however, is the construction of new railroads with public money. A railroad mania may be looked for about once in every fifteen or twenty years. While the law of supply and demand is left free in its operations, the amount of mischief wrought by these means is comparatively limited. A certain proportion of bubbles burst, a certain number of fortunes are ruined, a certain amount of misery is inflicted; things then right themselves, the bankrupt railroads pass into the hands of the shrewder members of the community, and the sponge of insolvency wipes away the load of indebtedness. There are as yet no insolvent courts for towns, counties, and States. Railroads constructed by them may pass into private hands, but the evidences of indebtedness are already there before them. Who, then, must meet demands for interest and principal when due? These are not now wiped out by the transfer of property, and the land, of course, must ultimately pay the debt. Individuals and personal property will always forsake an unduly taxed locality; land can neither be removed nor concealed. As the article in the *Tribune*, already quoted from, goes on to say: "Men will not live in towns or counties to labor for bond-holders; and deserted villages, abandoned towns, and lands no longer cultivated, will repeat the story of the curse and blight of an unrestricted power to borrow money."

The lesson is a deeper one. It is not alone "the unrestricted power to borrow money" which has worked, and is working, this mischief with us. It is rather the meddling of Government in matters which are none of its concern—the substituting the voice of the majority for the hard, calculating instinct of the moneyed man—the interference, in a word, with the law of supply and demand. If Government is to regulate these matters, it must be framed to do so effectively. An autocrat, surrounded by trained ministers and an army of educated engineers, might specify the where, the how, and the when; let a republican majority attempt it, and it will only tumble into an unruly town meeting, where its voice will be drowned in the shrieks of greedy rings.

It was the war which made debt fashionable. It may almost be said that majorities then got a taste of money as well as of blood, and bonded indebtedness was found a most effective way of raising funds. For a time every locality seemed to think it had come across a hitherto undiscovered Pactolus. It was easy—it was more than easy—it was pleasant, and gave one a gratifying sense of importance to vote some public improvement, the cost of which went into a tax levy. The day of settlement seemed very distant—it might never come; to many it certainly never would come. A new social theory seemed thus to be evolving itself, in which the community was but a grand co-operative association, with property in common, the assessments on which were to be made in the name of taxation. The majority was to decide what was needed, what would be useful, what, indeed, would be profitable. Thus railroads were built, currency was regulated, and copper and pig-iron were protected. The result, so far as railroads are concerned, was soon seen in a *crédit mobilier* at Washington; in repudiation of county bonds in the North-west; in cities in Illinois, "once flourishing, but now practically in jail;" and in the Boston, Hartford, and Erie managers elbow deep in the Treasury of Massachusetts.

As usual, the evil, in its own rough way, seems working a partial cure; sometimes it is through repudiation, sometimes a constitutional restriction is attempted, or, more frequently, a statute remedy is sought. Certain counties in Iowa are even now trying their hands at the first, Illinois is considering the second, and Massachusetts is experimenting with the last. The story of this Iowa attempt at repudiation, with all its details of popular dishonesty and judicial turpitude, is too long to be told here. The Illinois Constitutional Convention now has under consideration a clause prohibiting both Legislature and municipalities from creating corporate indebtedness except for corporate purposes, and then, even, only under strict limitation as to amount. This and this alone would strike at the root of the evil, and constitute a notice, binding on the money-lenders of the world. The Massachusetts remedy is less effectual. That State, having wallowed into an eight or ten million "job" for the more effectual development of Central and Western Connecticut, is beginning to entertain doubts as to whether the public money should be perfectly accessible to all private parties without regard to character. The earliest manifestation of this sentiment is seen in an attempt to put up the bars, which the legislation of the few last years had effectually prostrated, around the town treasuries. The pockets of all the railroad exploiters of that State have now for some years been crammed with public money. Where a Hoosac tunnel or a Hartford and Erie job was not accessible, half-a-dozen country towns, with a city like Springfield or Worcester flung in, would stay the stomachs of some greedy band of railroad cormorants in default of fatter game. The question of granting or withholding town subscriptions to railroads has, under recent legislation, been settled by a majority vote in open town meeting, without the use of the written ballot or the check-list. In place of this, the Legislature now proposes to substitute a two-thirds vote, by written ballot, under guard of the check-list. The move, though in the right direction, is but a single step. If Government must meddle—if it can no longer be made to confine itself to its proper functions—if it will take from me and give to another, then the rule here found good as regards railroads would be found good as regards all things else. A similar limitation might and should be placed on all appropriations of public money to every private use. Whenever the State or a county or a town wishes to apply the proceeds of the tax levy or to incur debt for any other than a strictly corporate purpose, whether it be of utility, of benevolence, of display, or of profit, running through the whole list of subjects mendicant, from a religious library to a swindling railroad, in each and every case, whether the donation is made by direct, popular action or through a delegated authority, it may safely be asserted that a two-thirds affirmative vote is the least protection which the public safety requires.

NOTES ON THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS AGITATION.

NO. III.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

In our former papers we have noticed such objectionable theories and unsound positions on each side of the woman controversy as had chanced particularly to impress us—which was a simple matter of recording one's views and sentiments; but in approaching now the particular question of suffrage, which is the head and front of the organized action of the new movement, we find ourselves in some difficulties of special ignorance as well as a haze of general doubt. We have wished to imply our earnest sympathy with all those who are laboring to throw down the college walls to women; to interest them more generally in the world's serious

thought and activities; we certainly rejoice, also, in the present signs of a more thoughtful enquiry into what are the real and what the factitious limitations of woman's labor; but when it comes to the question of her political enlargement—we stop short. Not in absolute rejection, but in a state of mind very far from enthusiastic desire. It is likely that we shall be quite unable to formulate in any arguments that will not be for a derision to the believers this non-eagerness for the ballot, nevertheless, we propose to declare, with what definiteness may be, our indefinite apprehensions, since however it is with their substance, the shadow of them doth seriously becloud that attractive glory which others see in the polls.

The thing that earnest women desire to-day for their sex is more real efficiency and not more conspicuous shamming. Precisely our dissatisfaction with the past is that we have been led therein to too much shamming. "This day let us make a sound beginning, for what we have hitherto done is naught"—the old monk's word of the far-off ages is the word we devoutly echo. Comparing our work with men's in fields where it can be compared, we feel that it has wanted the quality of thoroughness; that things have been wont to be grasped in their length, breadth, and thickness by the other sex, as not by ours; and whatever new fields we are now to enter, it is our supreme desire to enter them, meaning business. And our dread is that women are not going to mean much business when they go into politics.

It is a very simple matter to deposit a vote. The adjective unwomanly is certainly a very ridiculous adjective to attach to such an act in itself. The nondescript female, wearing an enormous dickey and a stovepipe hat, bending with awful brows and rigid, outstretched hand over a ballot-box, while an equally nondescript man hangs in limp and awkward despair over the bawling baby at home—these figures serve to enliven tableaux and charades for our village fairs, but they have no other existence in any sensible mind. We know very well that there is not in woman, or man either, power or inclination to reverse the "spheres."

We are as fully convinced, also, that women could go out on election day, if it became their business to go out, without coming home in material or moral wreck. American men are not in the habit of saluting American women with brickbats or ill words or manners; and we are altogether sure that if the polls were open to her sex by law, that superfine being, "the most delicate female," could go thither and return with the full complement of her delicacies unreduced. We even admit the strong probability that the sharing of this proverbial lady and her sisters in the performance of the day would make it one of better behavior. And we suppose that whatever difficulties arose in ill quarters from the voting of women could be regulated by the firm measures which are taken to regulate other evils mixed with good.

But we take it that woman's agency in politics would not be limited to voting on election day. Women would be eligible to office, and some of them would soon hold it. With reference to this contingency, we have first to declare our impression (subject, of course, to correction) that as a rule the best women of the country would not seek or accept these honors. It may be answered that neither are the superior men of the country in the ranks of its politicians. True; but some of them are. We hear much of the incapacity and corruption of statesmen, but we suppose there is considerable salt of brains and honor, even in Washington and at the State capitals, else things would go at once to pieces in that death which is the sure end of complete disease. No, we fear that the proportion between the competent and the charlatans among female politicians would be even smaller than among the male; and does the grand army of the pretenders anywhere in this world need reinforcement? Moreover, we fear this new order of pretenders would be an especially perplexing one. We suppose the sham men who get into Congress receive a pretty good cudgelling before they get out, which profitable chastisement could not be similarly extended to the short-coming ladies. Could it? That is one of our questions.

We would put this question a little more fully. We premise again that we are in a night of ignorance on these matters. Congressional and legislative debates are unknown to us save in the newspapers; but with such idea as we have of them, the idea of the habitual participation therein of the two sexes does not well cohere. We are aware, of course, that the forcible elements of discussion do not reside in violence of speech and fury of wrangling, but quite the contrary; nevertheless, taking the world as it is, and not as it should be—taking, especially, this conglomerate American republic, is there not often required, in the real interests of truth, a style of utterance in its legislative halls not perfectly lovely as between man and man, and altogether unlovely as between man and woman? It is not an exclusive circle of great thinkers, of highly cultivated and polished literati, met to discuss abstract questions of art, philosophy, or religion, which one finds in Congress and Legislature; but a most heterogeneous company, assembled to decide on all manner of fiercely-felt, everyday, practical interests, where, through clashing personalities and infinitely varying standards of mental and moral worth, the average will of the people is somehow to get itself wrought. We have hinted our idea that potential forces in these bodies must more or less wield the battle-axe, and a force that is not potential—that is, no force at all—would certainly find its dignity in being absent.

Now our bugbear is that the mutual deference between the sexes, habitual in civilized society, and which we have certainly been accustomed to regard as one of the mitigations of life—that this courtesy indeed is not in so much danger of being rudely destroyed in these new positions, as of being the basis of a whole new order of sham proceedings, where in all conscience there are shams enough already. There are no intuitions on the subject of pig-iron; an honest legislatress should study up pig-iron, if it became her duty, which indeed we have sufficient faith in our sex to believe it might be in her to do, if only she were held to it strictly, and not excused with a flood of nonsense about her being born superior to poor, plodding man's necessity of looking into things before he knows them. With our blessed American faith in the sufficiency of born gumptions, and the Yankee-smartness tenet of that creed, let us add the womanly-intuition tenet, and *va!* for such a reign of humbugs as even the spread-eagle did never spread himself above before.

As for this womanly-intuition business, has not the bountiful Creator blessed most of us with a good deal more floating sense than we are at all willing to take the irksome pains to shape out and bring to bear upon the facts or philosophy of life? Most men and women are mortally tempted to do bad work—pure intuition-work—because it is so much more delightfully easy than to do good work—which has intuition in it, to be sure, and—something besides. We who write unto you, we know ourselves in the same condemnation, therefore we preach. We wonder (as one more explanation of woman's inferiority) if even energetic man were constantly informed that he had a fund of masculine intuitions on which to draw for all the expenses of thought, whether he would not lap his brain in sloth, and thank the Creator who had made him to possess all the harvests of wisdom, with no sweat of knowledge. Verily, between superficial over-valuing of her performance on one hand, and supercilious under-valuing on the other, this poor creature, woman, does get a most unfortunate training in this world.

There are women before the public to-day who begin to promise to do never better than in their first efforts, but rather worse, because their first efforts were prematurely crowned with the absolute meed which they in nowise deserved. The breath of their bad flatterers inflates now all their speech; in their utterance on this theme they have, in their prophecies of the immediate purification of the nation were women to rule its politics, an unseasoned arrogance which implies that they do not so much as apprehend, to say nothing of comprehending, the intricate fabric of civil government. We suggest to these Penthesileas that, if they go into politics with efficiency, they will have to take some lessons of men. Howsoever these male monsters got the first place in most of the world's wisdom, they have got it, and it befits the candid mind to acknowledge the same. If the new era is to be a Woman era, still for a season yet men must be our schoolmasters in much.

It may be that the extravagances of these prophets are only the ferment incident to a new order of things, which would settle as naturally as it has arisen were once that order permanently established; and that all our apprehensions about female politicians are such as the first wind of experimental practice would utterly drive away. The advocates of woman suffrage have certainly a strong argument in their position, that it profits both men and women to be able to take an intelligent interest in each other's pursuits; that the majority of them to-day are separated in a needless and unfortunate degree in habits of thought, tastes, and training; that whatever makes a larger intellectual sympathy possible between the sexes purifies and enriches life; that not only the ideal human companionship, but social and civil progress, depends on what is the plane of relations between those who, on one footing or another, always have passed and always will pass their lives together. And since it is no longer the fashion to relegate the squaw to the back door of the wigwam—since she sits in the front door (with much spread of garments)—it may verily be that she should now enter the councils of the chiefs, and hand round the peace-pipe (though she does not smoke it), to balance by these sober

responsibilities the tendency to folly not unnatural in a being first abased as a slave, then exalted as a doll, the discovery of whose true place in creation mankind has seemed to find a long puzzle.

Seriously, we think it may be that women need to vote, and men need to have them. But if this need ever comes to be felt with any wide enthusiasm, we believe it will be kindled by the hope of these immaterial gains chiefly; that is, if a general growth in knowledge, thought, and all the aids to efficient living—if these shall seem to go hand in hand with the ballot, we think there are women enough in the Republic who sincerely desire this progress to swell the now thin ranks of this reform with a prevailing tide. But we doubt whether the property question, the labor question, even, have in them any vital element of conversion. The women of the country at large do not feel that their property interests are antagonistic to those of men, or, where unjust legislation still exists on these matters, they do not believe that the only way to right is to obtain the power of legislating themselves. We can hardly avoid the conclusion, practical interests of this kind being usually so keenly felt, that married women of property would be flocking in multitudes to this standard if, in actual fact, their freedom was much fettered by the law. And the labor question reaches into wide, wide regions—regions so uncertain and hazardous that the thoughtful cannot advance there save step by step. The most superficial feel that it is not an arbitrary fiat alone which limits woman's "right to labor." We wait for much light on this question The woman-suffrage leaders may be the persons to give it; we hope they will.

Meanwhile, we who write far away from conventions would like to be better informed of their proceedings. The late Woman Suffrage Convention at Washington we suppose must have meant something; gathered at the national capital, if there is any significance in these meetings, that must have been significant. Yet we sought in vain through the long letters of newspaper correspondents—women, too—women favoring the cause, whose business in Washington apparently is to attend such meetings, note-book in hand—we sought from them in vain the remotest idea of the debate. Much grouping there was of the various ladies in their various features, and especially clothes, about the platform; there the report ended. Now, the face and figure and dress even of some world-famous individual who has become a living presence to our thought, we confess we like to be informed about—the personality interests us; but a company of ladies, most of them utterly unknown to fame, except as being to-day speakers on a great question—to parade these out with their names and toilets, without reporting one syllable of what they said, is to do them and us much wrong. We really don't care whether the young law-student from Missouri wore on her hat the bird of paradise—as we are assured she did—or the owl of the Dismal Swamp; her velvet basque in no wise interests us; but, if that young person *spoke* to edification, we would most thankfully receive the poorest abstract of her remarks.

It occurs to us, correspondents, that you may have some mistaken ideas concerning the rural districts of your native land, for we conclude, of course, that you do not indite your dress letters for the ladies who can look in at Stewart's. We inform you, then, that America is dressed up to her last woman. Velveteen suits and long-tailed birds on hats are in all our meeting-houses. In the very aboriginal wilds, *paniers* have risen and set. Most of us who are in years to go out of the chimney-corner at all have one show gown scarce to be beat in Washington. Now that we reflect upon it, we are sure you cannot know how extensively the works of E. Butterick & Co., "Manufacturers of Patterns for all Kinds of Ladies' Garments, Publishers of the *Metropolitan and Quarterly Review of Fashions*," are abroad in the land. We are painfully forced to tell you, too, that you cannot supplant that valuable man and his coadjutors. Your long accounts of toilets are, after all, hazy. E. Butterick & Co. tell us, with diagrams, exactly how the satin pipings are to be laid on, precisely how far from the edge of the puff the gathers are drawn, with a distinct end to enlighten and instruct which commands our grateful respect. But you—we pause in our invidious comparison, thinking we may be as much mistaken in you as you are in us.

[The articles, of which the foregoing is the last, contain not our opinions, though in most things we heartily concur with them, but those, we believe, of a large class of women of the very best kind, whose adhesion to the woman suffrage movement must be won to make its triumph anything but a public calamity, but whom thus far its advocates in this country have had remarkable success in repelling. Of the force with which the writer has explained her position we need not speak; no more striking contributions to the literature of the subject have yet been made, on either side of the water. To win over the large body of thoughtful and refined women, of whom she is a representative, would, one would think, be one of the first and dearest objects of the platform champions of the new movement; but how very little trouble they gave themselves about anything of the kind, and how closely occupied they are in producing a shabby imitation of the hack male agitators, of whose public performances people are so weary, was curiously illustrated in the reception given by the *Woman's Journal* to the first of the articles by a "Looker-on."

That article dealt somewhat severely, but entirely within the limits of fair discussion and with great power, with some of the weak points of the leaders of the Woman's Rights agitation. The *Woman's Journal*, which, be it remembered, was established because the *Revolution* was too coarse, and violent, and unscrupulous, thereupon, by way of reply, invented a falsehood for which it had not the shadow of a foundation, namely, that the writer of the article was not a woman, but a man; and on this falsehood founded a slander, namely, that the *Nation*, in representing it to be the composition of a woman or allowing it to appear as such, had been guilty of a fraud on its readers and of "professional dishonesty." This falsehood and slander was then wrapped up in a column of rather silly and incoherent abuse, and actually published as the leading article of a paper which is to persuade people that the female conductors of it would make good statesmen. In the course of the tirade, too, Christ and Henry Ward Beecher were gravely cited in support of the opinion that to be "neutral" in the wars of preachers of this kind with the rest of the world is "to be in alliance with the wrong."

Now, we will improve the present occasion to say one or two plain words to those who are engaged in this agitation, for which we claim a respectful hearing, inasmuch as we believe them to contain the sentiments of ninety-nine out of a hundred intelligent and thoughtful men and women in the community.

1. Their position before the public here differs from that of their fellow-laborers in England in this, that the social status of English-women is one of much greater inferiority to the men, and their legal status one of much greater hardship than that of American women. The latter occupy a far higher position in the family and in society, and are far better protected by law in the enjoyment of their property and other legal rights, than Englishwomen are. Every American reader of Mr. Mill's book felt that his statement of the case, therefore, was in various ways inapplicable to this country. The property of Englishwomen is still at the mercy of the common law, and the common law is supported by the prevailing male sentiment, while the property of American women in some American States is better protected than that of men, in most States as well, and in all may without much difficulty be put on the same footing.

2. The feature of the woman's suffrage movement in England, therefore, which most attracts public attention, and by which its claims to respect are most frequently tested, is its value as an instrument for the legal and social elevation of women, for giving them more importance in the household and a better standing in the courts. Its champions, therefore, appear before the public mainly in the character of pleaders for the emancipation of a class which everybody feels to be really "subject," and which the great majority thinks ought to be subject. Their capacity as politicians, or the probable influence of their enfranchisement on the Government, has not come up prominently for consideration.

3. In America, on the other hand, it is as possible politicians and statesmen that the public watches the ladies who figure on the woman's rights platform and in the press. They do not impress people as a ground-down class seeking deliverance, so much as candidates for office—persons who want to have a hand in voting the taxes, framing the laws, and declaring war and making peace. Consequently, the indulgence which the liberal and candid are usually disposed to extend to the absurdities and extravagances of ordinary reformers, they refuse to extend to theirs. The follies of a man or woman who contends for the emancipation of the slave, or the improvement of the prisons, or the promotion of temperance, are, to a great extent, what Bentham would call self-regarding follies, which the rest of the community can afford to overlook. But the follies of persons who gravely propose to take a large share in regulating the lives of all their neighbors, in administering justice, levying the taxes, sending us to the field to fight, and, in fact, deciding for what objects, and under what conditions, a great nation shall exist, are matters of serious concern to everybody.

4. Accordingly, the woman's rights agitation here is watched, and the female press is read, mainly with the view of discovering what kind of element the admission of women to the suffrage would introduce into our politics. If, from the speeches and articles of the leaders, it could be inferred that the change would probably supply any of the great wants of the day; that it would either provide a class of soberer, more thoughtful, and purer politicians; or that it would increase the popular appreciation of knowledge, deliberation, and self-restraint; or that it would introduce new habits of thought and discussion into the political arena; or infuse a more scientific spirit into legislation; or more candor, directness, and information into the debates which precede legislation; or would give greater support to men of real ability and high character, and greater political value to character, there is hardly a doubt that the very best portion of the community would speedily rally to its support, for this portion of the community is just now greatly perplexed, and is looking around eagerly for new ways of salvation. We wish we could say that either the conventions or the press of the movement were giving promise of these things. Thus far, they have certainly not done so, and, indeed, it may be said whatever strength the cause has exists outside of them, and almost in spite of them. If the movement results—as we have little doubt it will—in giving women the franchise, it will make all the difference in the world to the country, and to mankind, whether they get it as a consequence of the deliberate conviction of society that all good causes will profit by it, or as a consequence of that devil-may-care feeling about the suffrage, and about the whole government, which is now very prevalent, and which makes nearly everything in the people's gift the prize of loud and importunate speech.

But we shall, in spite of the faults of the *Woman's Journal*, look to it next week for something very explicit in the way of a retractation of its charge against the *Nation*. There can be no sort of doubt that Christ and Henry Ward Beecher both hold that persons who bear false witness against their neighbors, and fail to make atonement when summoned to do so, "are in alliance with the wrong." To make the duty of the *Journal* all the plainer, we will mention that the name and address of the lady who wrote the articles in the *Nation* are at the service of its editor.]

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Jan. 28, 1869.

THIS is the season for public meetings, in anticipation of the Parliamentary session. Every man or party who has a pet crotchet is anxious to give it an airing and to force it, if possible, upon public attention. The land laws, education, emigration, and all kinds of minor projects, are advertising for the amount of support necessary to force them through Parliament. The speeches delivered to their constituents by various ministers are read with great attention, in order to draw from them, if possible, some indication of the Government policy. Of Mr. Bright's speech, if I remember rightly, I said something in my last letter. Two of the most rising of our present officials, Mr. Forster and Mr. Stansfeld, have lately been addressing their constituents. The main result of what they have to say may perhaps be expressed as follows. In the first place, Government will of course bestow its chief attention upon the Irish land question. No hint of any importance seems to have been dropped as to the probable nature of the measure to be introduced. That it will not interfere with the rights of property, that it will satisfactorily settle all just claims, that it will lay a sound foundation for future good feeling, and so on, are amongst the necessary platitudes from which nothing is really to be inferred. The most significant hint is perhaps to be found in an article in the *Times*, which may be taken to indicate the expectations of that paper. It is, I need hardly say, a customary device of the Thunderer to advocate in an oracular manner those measures which it has reason to suppose are already adopted by the powers that be. The general design of the proposed legislation is the establishment of lower kind of Courts of Commissioners, with very large powers, for settling on the spot the relative claims of landlords and tenants. Upon this, however, I will not speculate at present. Taking for granted that the Irish land laws will have the precedence, is it probable that that piece of legislation will absorb the whole activity of the session? This is the question which is being vigorously agitated. It is plain that the subordinate officials, such as Messrs. Forster and Stansfeld, are really anxious that more should be done. They call upon the Liberal party to press the Government, and on the constituents to press the Liberal party, so that in one way or other enough pressure may be applied for the purpose. But there is evidently a certain degree of hesitation.

The educational controversy is bringing out some very vigorous disputes; the advocates of a secular and denominational system of compulsory and voluntary agencies are as bitterly opposed as a combination of theological and political hatred can make them. It is natural that a government which has in prospect the difficult task of meeting enraged land-owners should shrink from also setting the clerical world on fire, and should like to keep its head clear for steering some judicious compromise through one set of shoals and rapids, without committing itself simultaneously to another. The last speaker on the subject is the Solicitor-General, Sir J. Coleridge, a gentleman of singularly smooth and plausible eloquence, and who unites to Liberal politics certain High-Church proclivities which fall in only too closely with Mr. Gladstone's way of thinking, and hamper him on some important topics. He evidently shrinks from the educational question; and from his language I should think it not improbable that Government would either temporize by some avowedly transitional measure, or would introduce a more comprehensive measure, without attempting to insist upon it for the present.

We are promised a measure upon licensing public-houses, by way of a sop to the temperance agitators; and are assured that we shall have the ballot introduced before another election. Upon another topic of great importance nothing has been said, so far as I am aware, by any authoritative person. Great efforts, however, are being made to obtain for it a prominent place in political platforms. I wrote to you some time ago about what may be called the Colonial Empire question. The duty of England to the colonies is still discussed with vigor, but the question has passed into a rather different phase. A large number of public meetings have been held, and various radical members have made themselves prominent in pressing popular demands upon Government. They ask that large sums should be spent in assisting emigration to the various colonies—partly with the view of relieving our distress and partly in order to keep up the connection between various parts of the empire. Mr. Goschen, the president of the Poor-law Board, has sanctioned the principle of emigration by offering to subscribe (in his private capacity) a certain part of the passage money of 2,000 laborers, hoping that his example will be followed by others. He says that this is the only form of relief which promises any permanent results. I fear that the political economy of this statement is so far doubtful that it is quite possible for the masses to remain as wretched as before, even whilst overflowing as rapidly as ever into other countries. Emigration is no more a panacea than any other mode of relief which does not propose to act upon the morality and intelligence of the population. But Mr. Goschen's offer, however well meant, did not satisfy the leaders of the agitation. They declare that private charity is necessarily inadequate; and will be content with nothing short of some large and decisive measure carried out by Government. The statement of Mr. Edmund Beales (famed for the Reform Bill agitation) is that Government is bound either to find work for the people or to place them where they can get work. This is a simple doctrine, and probably not a very wrong interpretation of the popular theory. The opinion of the lower classes is simply that they are very badly off at the present moment, and that we have a great extent of land somewhere in the colonies which ought to be applied to their support. There is a socialistic sound about this which will not recommend it to a Parliament of capitalists and landed proprietors. To say the truth, I think that very exaggerated ideas are current of the extent to which emigration is likely to afford relief, and the clamor which is being raised may lead to grievous disappointment. Government is obviously anxious to avoid these questions for the present; they have snubbed the gentlemen who proposed to bring about a conference with the colonial authorities, and they are very unlikely to grant any pecuniary aid. Indeed, to say the truth, the most obvious principle or policy is a determination to spend no money upon anything that can be possibly saved.

I heard a view propounded the other night upon the emigration question which is worth a few words—not because it is likely to be adopted, but as significant in its way. The suggestion (which had the merit of simplicity) was that the English Church should be disendowed and the funds devoted to promoting emigration. As you may guess from the tone of the proposal, it was not made in any high official quarter. It was put forward at a place called the Hall of Science—which is a fine name for a lecture-room containing about 1,200 people, in a remote corner of the city of London. The proprietors of the room seem to be a body called the Secularists, whose prophet, at the present moment, is a Mr. Bradlaugh. They discuss such questions as whether there is a soul, or a God—both of which they generally decide in the negative—and others of which this is

a specimen: "Was Judas Iscariot a curse or a blessing to the race?" Mr. Bradlaugh is the author of various tracts, *Why am I an Atheist? Reasons for Disbelieving the Bible*, and the like. He is also a very good popular speaker, with plenty of unction, humor, and clap-trap. On the occasion on which I heard him, he was addressing a crowded and enthusiastic audience chiefly upon the Old Testament. He treated that work in the style to which Tom Paine familiarized us in the last century; and, less excusably, denounced not merely the text, but religion in general. It was singular to hear a man attacking everything that one hears in churches with the utmost coarseness, and rapturously applauded for every good hit at Abraham, David, or Moses. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, does not limit his ambition to religious iconoclasm. He is also lecturing upon the French Revolution with a special application to the present day, and would be willing to follow out Tom Paine's example by sitting in republican conventions as well as by assaulting the Scriptures. I do not think him anything more than a vulgar but clever speaker, with plenty of mother-wit and next to no refinement. Perhaps I may be prejudiced by his always speaking of 'Ebrews and Ma'ommedans; but I do not expect him, I confess, to be a Mirabeau or a Danton. However, his popularity is an illustration of the discontent which is widely spread amongst certain classes, and of which the emigration agitation is in the main another symptom. I must leave it to you to speculate on the probable interpretation of these phenomena. I will only go as far as this: that a large increase of emigration is highly probable during the ensuing year, and that I do not suppose that it will precisely follow the intentions of its promoters. I don't think it will all go to our colonies, nor that, if it does, their loyalty will be necessarily stimulated by being made a useful supplement to our system of out-door relief. Further, I do not suppose that Mr. Bradlaugh will succeed in shutting up all our churches at present, or erecting an altar in St. Paul's to the Goddess of Reason; but when preaching of this kind is popular, the clergy have need of considerable support to enforce a system of denominational education.

FRANCE—THE OLLIVIER MINISTRY.

PARIS, January 28, 1870.

WHEN I last wrote, the Ministry was barely formed, and could not be said to have brought itself into working order. How much has passed since then, and in the space of a couple of weeks!

Let us begin at the beginning: Parisians of the oldest date, political Parisians of twenty or forty years' standing, will tell you that *never* was a ministry received so enthusiastically as was this one. And this is true. On the 3d of this month, the new Cabinet, which had been at first called the "Ollivier Ministry," acceded to power, and it was decided that there where all were equals no one could be preponderant, and that, consequently, it was the Liberal Ministry, and not "le Ministère Ollivier." Well! Émile Ollivier, caring for higher aims than could be identified with mere words, agreed readily to this, and the Centre gauche were much pleased at being told that "everybody was minister," that there was *no* "Prime Minister," and that the old parliamentary routine was to be revived. In this way, the week from the 3d to the 10th of January passed, and then the honeymoon of blissful enthusiasm was convulsed to its centre by a tragic storm. On the afternoon of the 10th of January, Pierre Bonaparte, a cousin of Napoleon the Third, murdered a man in cold blood; the man being a lad of twenty, a journalist risen from the ranks of the people, and who had gone to the "den of the Corsican ogre" in the sacred character of a "témoin," bearing another man's challenge.

This did bring with a vengeance a "change over the spirit" of the Ministerial "dreams!" Paris was shaken as a forest in a hurricane. "This!" people went about exclaiming—"*This* is the stuff whereof our masters are made! This is the race whose strength is being increased by the 'Liberals!' This is the family which is being fixed in France by those who ought to destroy it!" So great was the feeling of horror and disgust, that I assure you, when came out the incriminated article of Rochefort in the *Marseillaise*, the most moderate and conservative persons said in their *salons* (those strongholds of tradition): "This is not exaggerated!" I shall refer to this feeling by-and-by.

Wednesday, the 12th, the day of the funeral, came and passed, and convinced all the genuinely impartial portion of the French public that the reign of violence was over. Violence, it had long been felt by the really clear-sighted, was extinct in all Europe; its hour is gone by; there is no use in it; it is an anachronism. All the modern thinkers, all the real "Liberals" of our time, know this, and would treat great public demonstrations with respectful attention, but without a shadow of fear or distrust. Here lay Ollivier's error, or misfortune. He who knew that the "manifestation" of the 12th deserved attention, and should have excited no alarm, was forced into accepting the old-fashioned, timid view of such men as his colleagues, Messrs. Daru, Talhouët, etc., and seeming to dread the quiet, solemn gathering of the masses round the grave of the murdered youth, rather than take it gravely into account.

Immediately, however, on hearing of the project of applying to the Chamber for permission to prosecute Rochefort, which he, Ollivier, disapproved, he acted with a promptitude to which I know, on the Continent, of no parallel, and, by the night of Thursday the 13th, had elaborated a law by which the crimes of the public press were once again to be submitted to the jury. This *projet de loi* Émile Ollivier carried to the Council of State, and deposited on Friday the 14th. On the morning of Saturday, the 15th, he again went to the Council of State, where a *séance générale* afforded Prince Napoleon, in his character of a Prince of the Imperial House, the right to appear. The Prince had not been at the Conseil d'État for six years, and was disliked and feared by that august assembly. By the frank and clever speech he made, however, he gained over every one present to his political views. Émile Ollivier left the Council of State to proceed to the Senate, where he made his first speech, and absolutely captivated the "reverend seignors."

His plan was, if obliged by his timid colleagues and by the Emperor to commit the mistake of prosecuting Rochefort, at all events so to arrange matters beforehand as to make the prosecution relatively harmless. He meant to have the law voted by the Conseil d'État, voted by the Chamber, and promulgated before Rochefort was summoned, and in that way send him before the ordinary jury, who perhaps might almost have acquitted him. That done, on Monday the 17th, Ollivier satisfied the silly longings of his colleagues, by consenting to make one with them, and ascended the tribune to expose the "Cabinet question," and declare to the Corps Législatif that, if they would not vote the surrender of Rochefort, the Ministry would retire. A most monstrous and useless mistake! And Ollivier's eloquence suffered severely from it; he was embarrassed, and weak, and gave even Rochefort (who is neither a politician nor an orator) the opportunity of correcting him successfully.

The speech was M. Picard's, who simply put things straight, and gave a logical sketch of the situation as it really stood before the public. However, the House voted and the Ministry was "saved," as it termed it, and, as you went away, you heard on all sides the words: "One other piece of salvation such as *this*, and we are utterly lost!" Émile de Girardin, Ollivier's warmest friend, said next day: "Let us be silent about yesterday's debate—great sorrows are dumb." There was the truth. Worse remained behind; for Ollivier, who had counted upon neutralizing the prosecution by the common jury, found himself mysteriously betrayed, and the summons for Rochefort to take his trial was issued for Saturday the 22d.

Nothing remained save to obtain the largest amount of leniency. *This* the keeper of the seals did contrive to secure, and, when the sentence was published, there was a universal feeling of relief. "But," said Rochefort himself with a smile, "if I am the terrible and dangerous incendiary about whose prosecution so much fuss was made, I am far too little condemned; if I am quite innocent and harmless, I am too much so." The "incident" is over now, but it was a most foolish one, and the best chance of the Cabinet is, that it should be forgotten, as so many things are in this rushing current of political life.

Since the Pierre Bonaparte tragedy and the Rochefort prosecution, the whole interest of the situation is the commercial policy, out of which all future complications may spring. So long as the existing Chamber endures, the majority is in the hands of the Emperor, and the majority is a free-trade one. Now Messrs. Daru, Louvet, Segris, Talhouët, and Buffet, Ollivier's five colleagues, are all resolute protectionists, and, economically, M. Thiers is their chief. But here you hit at once upon the Gordian knot, and *who* is to undo it, and *how* is it to be undone? The old-fashioned political Liberals and so-called Parliamentarians (stigmatized as *Orleanists* by the Imperialists) are opposed to what the younger public in Europe styles everywhere liberal ideas. They are opposed to freedom of trade, and disarmament or peace, guarded by national armies, as in America, Switzerland (and nearly in Prussia); they believe in prestige and "protection," and military glory, and a tutelary police; in short, in all the various devices of security which no man of our day does believe in more.

These are Ollivier's colleagues. What is he to do with them, he who has long ago discarded all these narrow, antiquated creeds? On the other hand, the men who will, if well led, go in for all these modern forms of economical freedom, are politically adherents of personal government, are

narrow Imperialists, and would gladly give their majorities to M. de Forcade over again. What is then to be done? Much will depend on chance. The enemies of the Ministry (among whom are many of the Minister's private friends, are so alarmed at the situation that they think the sooner a crisis is provoked the better, and, convinced as *they* are that Ollivier is only a "wolf in sheep's clothing," they would help to bring about a movement that should strip him of his fleece, and show him entirely a wolf. "He is a Jacobin!" cry these men, "and he will lead us to the scaffold!" (They still have the beliefs of the last century!) "He is a Bonapartist bought and sold!" cry the others, "and will one day send us off to Cayenne!" Here are the shoals between which Ollivier has to steer.

Correspondence.

GERMAN-AMERICAN RELIGIONISTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In the issue of the *Nation* of February 10, I notice a communication of R. Francis Colton on the "Religious Views of the German-Americans." Being the author of the "letters" therein referred to, I beg to state that Mr. Colton has misunderstood me in a very important point. I did not intend to speak of the German-Americans *at large*, but only of a *certain class* among them. If agreeable to you, I shall soon have an opportunity to communicate some facts to the *Nation* respecting the state of religious thought among the German-Americans, that will fully convince Mr. Colton of his mistake, which, perhaps, is due to an inaccuracy of expression on my part.

Very respectfully,

Dr. H. von Holst.

February 11, 1870.

[We ourselves were guilty of unintentional injustice towards Mr. Colton, in a too careless rendering for him of the German passages cited. For "certain *moderate* persons" we should have written "influential;" and "Free Congregation" and "enlightenment," and "annihilation of dogmatic conviction" and "progress," were respectively declared synonymous ideas.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

The following books are announced by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. as in preparation: "The Land War in Ireland," by James Godkin, author of "Ireland and her Churches"; "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," by A. R. Wallace, the well-known naturalist; "The Beginnings of Life: including an Account of the Present State of the 'Spontaneous Generation' Controversy," by Dr. H. C. Bastian; a second series of "Historical Gleanings," by Mr. Harold Rogers, late Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, and editor of Mr. Bright's speeches. This volume will contain sketches of Wicklif, Laud, Wilkes, and Horne Tooke. Mr. Rogers's first series appeared last year, and treated of Montague, Walpole, Adam Smith, and Cobbett, and was very favorably received in England.——Messrs. Roberts Bros. will publish in April Miss Alcott's "An Old-Fashioned Girl," a companion volume to the same author's "Little Women" and "Hospital Sketches."——The Catholic Publication Society have in press a new work by Rev. John Henry Newman, entitled: "The Grammar of Assent." It will make one volume, duodecimo, and is published from advanced sheets furnished by the author.

—Readers of Hawthorne's book on the English entitled "Our Old Home," and of such passages from his English diary as appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* some time since, will be glad to hear that Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are soon to publish the greater part of the note-books which Mr. Hawthorne made during his sojourn in England. The work will appear in two volumes of about the size of those containing the selections from the American note-books. There is, perhaps, no one living who could be trusted to take from Hawthorne a truly characteristic germ and develop the full-blown romance; nevertheless, the forthcoming work will, of course, be rich in suggestion; and possibly it will shed new light on this artist's methods, as well as on the peculiar character of the man.

—We have received from Messrs. John Wiley & Son a catalogue of the biblical works and works closely related to the Bible which are published by the celebrated Bagsters. It is well prepared, and fitted to be of excellent service to almost any clergyman. It opens with an alphabetical index, which tolerably well covers the eleven or twelve hundred numbers contained in the body of the catalogue, although it cannot be said to cover them completely. If one looks in it for "Improved Renderings of the New Testament," desiring to find the page where that work is described and the price given, one must know its author's name and look under "Craik," or else must begin and read through the whole index. Still, as publishers' indexes go, this is a good one, and the catalogue itself merits higher praise, being very well printed and well arranged, and giving prices in sterling money and in our currency. That is to say, it gives the prices in both currencies in the cases of books which Messrs. Wiley & Son have in store ready for immediate delivery. A pretty large minority of the works mentioned are to be had only after the necessary delay of getting them from England, and of these the price is to be computed by allowing for each English shilling fifty cents of our paper money—or possibly a little less now, some time having gone since the catalogue was printed. The eleven or twelve hundred titles of which we have spoken are those of all varieties of Bibles—ancient and new, polyglot or in one tongue, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Latin, Syriac, Hebrew, what not—of grammars, lexicons, concordances, ecclesiastical histories, commentaries, atlases, church services, and all the books that go to make up a theological student's working library. At the end of the catalogue are specimen pages of many of the more important works.

—Mr. Pumpelly's missionary, who had given away so many Bibles to the Chinese that he thought no Chinaman in his district could stand up at the last day and show any sufficient reason why he should not be condemned, made a statement that would, perhaps, seem in some ways, at least, not so unaccountable and less exaggerated if Mr. Pumpelly's readers were aware of the enormous number of Bibles and New Testaments that is annually distributed by the various associations for promoting the knowledge of the Bible. Two societies, one English and one Scotch, distributed during last year alone 2,360,000 copies. Since it was founded the British and Foreign Bible Society has sent into France alone 5,645,000 copies. How eagerly the various Protestant societies are when a new field is opened to them for the dissemination of Bibles has recently been illustrated in the case of Spain. Most of our readers have heard of the splendidly bound Bible sent to Madrid for General Prim, and how in a very brief space of time it was back in London, having been bestowed by the General as soon as it reached him—or by some subordinate through whose office it passed before it reached the chief—on some Englishwoman who happened to be in the city. That was one case. Beside it may be set these facts. Since the revolution, which is now some seventeen months old, there have been opened in Spain 85 Bible depots, and there have been printed in Madrid 42,000 Bibles, 35,000 New Testaments, 500,000 selections from the Scriptures, and 1,300,000 tracts. This is exclusive of 10,000 Bibles that had been sent into the Peninsula in 1868, before the revolution broke out, and exclusive also of 1,000,000 that are speedily to be sent there from various quarters. When one thinks of the translations of the Bible into 51 different dialects spoken in India, of the 57,000 that the British Society has distributed, of the 350,000 copies sent to the Italians since they have been under Victor Emanuel, of the 300,000 copies circulated by the Danish Society, of the labors of the various American societies, of the presses of the Holy Synod of Russia, one is led to speculate curiously as to what becomes of the volumes and what is the effect of the reading of them.

—It was perhaps wise in the House, and will also be wise in the Senate, should it adopt the House bill abolishing the franking privilege, to deny freedom of the mails to newspapers along with Congressmen. Reforms certainly gain strength from a simplifying of issues, and the principle that all postal matter should be paid for is as clear as it is reasonable. There appears, however, to be a spite among Congressmen against the press, as if the chief cause of their being deprived of a darling privilege; and a consequent satisfaction in cutting off the free county circulation and free exchange of newspapers, on the ground that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Now, we have only to compare the limitations of the two privileges and the opportunities for abuse afforded by each, to perceive that the *tu quoque* taunt or argument is misdirected against the press. The Congressman's frank is potent not only for all sorts of missives that can be put in the form of a package, but in all directions—from Washington to Washington, from where the M. C. is not, as well as from where he is—and in the hands of any person who can obtain it for love or money. The newspaper frank consists not in a signature which may be printed and multiplied and lent and forged indefinitely, but in a plain wrapper, that can legally cover only the paper itself or its supplement, or at most a bill, and in a single direction—from the office of pub-

lication to the subscriber or exchange paper. Instead of being sealed, this envelope is open at both ends, often permitting the paper to be extracted and replaced after inspection, without injury. By far the greatest abuses which have arisen under this privilege are due to the laxity of post-office decisions as to what are and what are not legitimate newspapers, so that it has become a common expedient for publishers and advertisers to issue semi-occasionally a gratuitous circular, broadside, or other *soi-disant* periodical, whereby they may have "exchanges," and no postage to pay.

—When it is asked why newspapers should be allowed to go free to anybody—even to other newspapers—another question must first be answered: Why are they actually charged, when paid for, only from one-twelfth to one-sixtieth of the letter-rate? This favor evidently rests on considerations of public utility, and we can conceive it to be extended through diminishing ratios to absolute exemption from charge for transportation. We never expect to see this, any more than we expect to see the rate mount backwards towards the letter-rate; but it is worth while to keep in mind the motive for making newspaper postage cheap, and putting upon letters the burden of the post-office balance. So much premised, there is a great deal which might be said in behalf of free exchanges, but we will merely point out that on their continuance may depend the existence and worth of the small country papers. Whether these have any *raison d'être;* whether it is well for the metropolitan press to have a larger and more direct influence than it now has, with fewer critics as well as satellites; and whether, if we destroy or weaken the country press, its place will be filled, sooner or later, by something better—are some of the questions which ought to be debated, if the present proposed legislation is not to be followed up by a general reduction in newspaper rates, which shall mitigate the natural hardships of the change. And after all, whatever graduated price we pay for it, will the newspaper be as sacred in the post-office as the letter? There are plenty of supposable instances in which far more, of pecuniary and intellectual well-being, hangs on the receipt of a paper than of an average letter, and that, too, a paper not sent expressly and marked for a purpose, but coming regularly to the subscriber. True, the public are much to blame for the post-office neglect in this department, and, possibly, will never exact the same fidelity and certainty as in the case of letters, inasmuch as losses are more easily repaired, and the risk of loss can be avoided by enclosing any paper of sufficient importance in an envelope, and paying letter-postage upon it. Nevertheless, were our service what it should be, there would be no difference in point of despatch between letters and papers, nor any in the post-office view of duty in regard to them; and we sincerely trust that the Postmaster-General, if successful in abolishing unpaid transportation, will reinforce the Secretary of the Interior in his demand for a thorough reform in official appointments in all branches of the Government.

—Three years ago, to a day, we entered "a plea for culture" against our tariff-tinkers, who wanted to change the 25 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on imported books to a specific duty of ten and twenty-five cents per pound. That project happily proved abortive; but, now that the tariff is again on the carpet, the advocates of protection in book-making as well as in the casting of pig-iron reappear with a demand for twenty-five cents per pound, pure and simple, whether a foreign work have been published ten, twenty, forty, or a hundred years ago. The whole subject was so thoroughly ventilated in Volume IV. of the *Nation*, that we shall not now reargue it, besides that we have a comfortable feeling that the fate of any tariff measure just at present is not more hopeful than in 1867. However, as some of our readers may have seen the programme of these literary protectionists, we will collect the chief points of a reply to it which has been prepared and circulated by "American importers who are also publishers." And to place the former in their true relation to the intellectual welfare of our countrymen, let us premise that their concern is to reprint English books at as large a profit as possible, and that, on the authority of the circular before us, there is but one in a hundred of the works actually imported which they could think of reprinting, for want of a sufficient market. For the sake of the profit to be derived from this one, they combine to tax the natural purchasers of the ninety-and-nine, and are credulous enough to believe that "no injury need be apprehended to the interests of education and intelligence" from such an impost. They even so far forget their own interest as to assert that, after all, the rate will frequently not be raised, or but slightly, while "the revenue will always receive its dues," since there will be no more fraudulent invoices on the part of the English branch houses over here, to whom are sent "the larger part of the books imported." To this their opponents answer, that such importations are but 10 per cent. of the total, and that therefore the injury inflicted by the proposed duty would fall on American houses in the proportion of nine to one. They also declare that, with all the existing drawbacks to the manufacture of books in the United States, even adding author's copyright, we can still reproduce English works more cheaply than they can be imported, by reason of a virtual protection of 25 per cent.; and we may cite as evidences, though they do not, the republication here of works as varied as "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi," and (in contemplation) Mr. Freeman's "Old English History for Children." They also give a list of imported works selected fairly, avoiding extremes of cheapness and dearness, from which it appears that a specific duty would increase the rate of the present *ad valorem* from 41 to 200 per cent.; that is, would make it prohibitory to the purchaser, and by so much diminish the revenue. The average increase thus occasioned would be: "upon works of *general literature*, of 162 per cent., upon *theological* works, of 104 per cent., upon *scientific* works, of 64 per cent., and upon *medical* works, of 56 per cent.;" or, upon all classes, of 96 per cent. But in the case of the two last, the ratio is smaller because they are higher priced, as being in more limited demand, than the theological (which are almost the heaviest single line of importation) or miscellaneous works. The proposed tariff would consequently establish an extraordinary and pernicious discrimination against clergymen and the general public; or, in other words, those who can least, either pecuniarily or intellectually, endure it. There is, then, nothing to be gained for the revenue, and if some publishers should be the better of the change others would be ruined; while, if they were united in favor of it, it would still be a conflict of the interests of less than 50,000 manufacturers and employees in all branches of book-making against those of thirty-five millions of people.

— Last year there was considerable discussion in Boston concerning the state of the two schools of the upper grade, known as the High and the Public Latin, and it was variously proposed either to merge the two in one, or to effect radical changes in the studies and administration of each. Among those who desired improvement of some kind, and who took a direct part in the agitation, was Prof. W. P. Atkinson, of the Institute of Technology, whose address before the sub-committee of the School Board has just been printed in pamphlet form. We refer to it because his argument is of more than local application—is, indeed, a contribution, and a valuable one, to the controversy between classical and practical or utilitarian training. He is an advocate of what he calls symmetrical mental development, and his plan is to ascertain as nearly as possible the *proportion* which each study bears to all others in a truly liberal scheme of education, and then regulate the time and attention bestowed upon it accordingly. He would begin by overhauling the primary school, and thence working upward, doubtless understanding, as well as anybody, what a heroic task he lays out, and how long it will be before his revolutionary ideas can so much as be comprehended by teachers, and committeemen, and municipal authorities. If we do not mistake, the marking system is the type and symbol of our present mode of instruction as contrasted with that which Prof. Atkinson inculcates; and could it be intelligently abandoned, we should believe the first step towards a general reform had been taken. On the actual defects of our schools as now conducted, the Professor delivered himself clearly and forcibly nearly two years ago, at Pittsfield, Mass., before the American Institute of Instruction; and those who wish to pursue this subject further will do well to procure the bound volume of lectures (new series, 1868), published by the body just named in the course of 1869.

—This volume contains also one or two speeches by Hon. Henry Barnard, then and till recently Commissioner of the National Department of Education. They are worth reading to be reminded what limited resources, without a particle of authority, the so-called "Department" has, and to do justice to the retiring Commissioner. We are compelled to say, however, that we consider Dr. Barnard an unfit person for the position he has hitherto held, and should still be of that opinion—even *à fortiori*—if his opportunities had been greater, and his powers like those of other heads of departments. The Institute honored him with resolutions of confidence, and laid particular stress on his library, which he had been thirty years in collecting, containing a great mass of facts and figures relating to education in all parts of the world. To our mind, this was the fatal possession of the Commissioner, and if he has done anything since his appointment to Washington but rummage among and rearrange his dusty and dead statistics, we hardly know what it is. As to his successor, Gen. John Eaton, he is not, either, the proper officer of a real Department of Education, though an honest and in many respects capable man. We

owe his selection by the President probably to the latter's knowledge of his character, and some observation of his management of the freedmen, under the Bureau, in Tennessee. We suppose he will perform acceptably all that the law requires of him, but it is doubtful if that is enough to save the Department from the disfavor of Congress. A man of the requisite culture and experience, and young enough to entertain advanced views on the subject of popular education, might lend such dignity to the now contracted and pitiful function as to extort from our lawgivers a liberal enlargement of it, and from the people an interest in it, which would ensure the most valuable results.

—If "our antagonist is our helper," then the patriotic men of Boston have great reason for giving gratitude to Mr. Dawson, the editor of the *Historical Magazine*, who is never tired of calling their attention to the fact that they never were by far too good for this world—as they have cunningly contrived to make all the school-histories say—and that the present generation of Bostonese, in whose hands the former New Jerusalem has become the Modern Athens, are, past doubt, worse in many respects than their rascally ancestors. The Boston of the "Prince Society" gives Mr. Dawson peculiar trouble. "This 'Boston' is not," he says, "the aggregate of that venerable municipality which is impatiently huddled round Beacon-Hill, and joyfully pushes its way into the Back-bay, in the absence of any better place to which it can go; but, comparatively, an insignificant number of pretentious men, generally of what assume to be 'the first families' of the city, although very seldom of the most ancient and honorable of the number: men who forget the shortcomings of their own ancestors in their zeal to talk about the assumed virtues of the men who make no such pretensions: men whose successful want of integrity in one occupation, no longer pestered with their presence, has too often been transferred with themselves to another profession which has not yet gotten rid of either." These last are dark sayings, as well as, presumably, severe and cutting; but we suppose the critic means to say that certain bad men, after having been successful in trade in and about Boston, have now betaken themselves to carrying out the nefarious scheme of falsifying history by making Boston appear always righteous and great. Mr. Dawson goes on to say that "this 'Boston' has an idea that it is improper in any one to look into the records of other days," if the effect of such impartial investigation would be to impair the standing of the heroes and saints that have been "invented" by the local historians. More than that, this same "Boston" suppresses all damaging testimony; and, more than that again, it seems to think it has the right to make as many historical lies out of whole cloth as may at any time be needed to establish the fame of the above-mentioned great and godly founders and forerunners. In these last "Andros Tracts," now, are there not omissions that amount to a suppression of the truth? Yes, there are many, Mr. Dawson says; but nothing less was to be expected of the set of men who have pursued a systematic course of falsehood in their treatment of the history of slavery in Massachusetts, and of that commonwealth's attempt at nullification and secession. So he goes on; and if the learned men of the "Prince Society", are as shrewd as we take them to be, they will chuckle a good deal among themselves while they note the spirit and tone of Mr. Dawson's remarks. They are always such as to create a strong presumption that he is in the wrong.

—It will be not a dozen years, nor fifty, but a hundred, perhaps, and perhaps more, before we get into the light ready for use all the materials bearing upon the war of the rebellion. And, indeed, when we think of the men who are dead and can now make no sign—of men like Foote and McPherson—we may rightly doubt if the true story of the war in all of its important details will ever be told. In this, however, the story of the late war is like all history. It is a matter of degree only as between it and other chronicles; for whether it is written history or rewritten that we read, we know that we but see in part. Mr. William Swinton having said in his history of the twelve decisive battles of the war, that at the famous battle of Stone River the rebels had in the field about 35,000 thousand men—to this statement General Rosecrans makes a reply that ought to gratify the Chicago *Tribune*, which journal has recently made a brief estimate of Mr. Swinton as a historian which is distinguished less for civility than for that forcible use of English which makes some of the Western editorial articles so racy. General Rosecrans wants to know how, if the rebels had but 35,000 men, he took prisoners from one hundred and ninety-two regiments of infantry, twenty-three batteries of artillery, and twenty-nine regiments of cavalry, besides twenty-four cavalry commands less than regiments. Furthermore, how, he asks, could General Bragg have had, as he officially reports, 14,700 men put *hors du combat* if he had all told but 35,000? That would have been a loss not greatly under fifty per cent. of his whole force, whereas the likelihood is that his loss was not far from that of the Federal army, which was about twenty per cent. This would make his army 73,500 strong. Again, Bragg's official map represents his line as overlapping Rosecrans's on both flanks, and this though he gives Rosecrans a line longer, by the space occupied by one division, than it really was. Mr. Swinton then would have us believe that Bragg, with 35,000 men, overlapped on both flanks all of Rosecrans's line of 43,000 men, an imaginary division, and several hundred yards besides. About 52,000 men, Rosecrans thinks, were in Bragg's force. General Rosecrans—against whose character for truthfulness no one, so far as we know, says anything—is yet not a person who is apt to talk with mathematical coldness and colorless exactness, and he may be as much mistaken as Mr. Swinton. But the dispute between them shows once more the necessity that all possible pains should be taken to bring out all the evidence that every one has to offer in regard to the greatest war of modern times. It is a pity that all our leading generals are not writing memoirs of their campaigns, and fortifying their assertions with figures and the added statements of their subordinates. We hear of hardly one who is so engaged. The various army associations, as that of the Potomac Army, the Army of the Cumberland, and the others, might profitably apply some of their funds to the encouragement of such publications. And the treasury of the "Grand Army of the Republic," as it is called, would be as well employed in the endeavor to seize and fix the fleeting records of the war as in arranging the bestowal of post-offices, and assessorships, and Washington clerkships.

—In England, they are still debating what sort of raised letters or arbitrary signs for the blind to make the standard. With us, what is called the Boston letter has been generally adopted: the Roman letter, both capital and small, with angles for curves to facilitate the touch. We have lately been shown a work printed in this way, by the National Association of Philadelphia, incorporated last year for the purpose of publishing literary and musical works for the blind. The one referred to is a dictionary of musical terms, which we are informed is a desideratum for blind teachers of music, of whom there is a surprising number in Philadelphia. Other works are in progress, and all will be furnished at cost, or without cost to the indigent. The Association depends upon subscriptions and legacies for the necessary funds to carry out its designs, and probably can safely calculate upon the support of the philanthropic. Mr. H. L. Hall, of 316 North Twenty-first Street, Philadelphia, is the sole agent.

—Everybody knows that Americans are good-natured to a most unexemplary degree. Who ever heard of a hotel-clerk's being drawn over his marble counter by a long-suffering pilgrim and put to a sudden and violent death—killed while yet picking his teeth? Nobody. Conductors on railroads mostly die natural deaths; and so do expressmen, and waiters, and telegraph operators. This is the first winter for forty-odd years that thousands of passengers by the East River ferry-boats have not more than once or twice spent a cheerful hour or two among free ice floating in the river. All the women who are clerks in stores and shops insult and in many ways "sit down on" the other women. Vendors of refreshments at way stations are only seldom visited with an energetic storm of abuse. Whenever we get together in political crowds we permit the gentlemen on the platform to put their tongues in their cheeks and call us "the masses," and, having thus impudently flattered us with the plural, otherwise to treat us like fools by the hour together. And when we assemble in crowds not political, those who "cater intelligently to the public taste"—how do they not treat us? Is there any other country on the round world where audiences would submit to see regularly on their play-bills such a notification as this? It stares one in the face at one of our most frequented New York theatres:

"Spectators are requested to remain seated till the close of the play, as the noise made in departing by the impatient few mars *the pleasure of the more intellectual persons in the audience* who wish to witness the completion of the performance."

You pay your money, my poor, unintellectual little public; but as for taking your choice whether or not this play shall be said to be intellectually played—why, that is a matter you need not concern yourself with. We of the green-room have settled it for you; it is to be intellectual to like us.—There is, no doubt, a sort of indecency in walking out of a theatre while most of the spectators are anxious to sit undisturbed; but there are other sorts of indecency, too, it seems.

—Anglo-Saxon scholars will be interested in knowing that Mr. Thomas Wright has discovered in the library of Corpus Christi College, at Cambridge University, a new alphabetical Latin-English, or rather Latin-

Anglo-Saxon, Vocabulary. It is written in double columns on large leaves of vellum, and the forms and orthography of the words are extremely archaic. Mr. Wright thinks it to be far older than any such monument hitherto known belonging to any of the Northern languages, and refers it to the eighth century. Scholars will soon be able to see his evidence in this behalf, for the vocabulary in question is to be printed in a second volume of Mr. Wright's vocabularies—a companion to that (Anglo-Saxon and English) already printed by him at the expense of Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool.

—Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, in his "Malay Archipelago," indicated, as we pointed out in our review of the work, a considerable fondness for politico-economical discussion. He was then chiefly interested to show that Government protection and regulation of traffic was a humane necessity in the case of a semi-barbarous people like the Indo-Malayans, whom free-trade with Europeans would have demoralized, impoverished, and probably destroyed. He set over against each other the English mechanic and factory-hand, with all their misery, and the contented and prosperous Javanese, and drew a sorrowful picture of the condition of his countrymen. To a late number of *Nature* he contributes a letter deprecating a proposed appeal to Government in aid of science—which has since, nevertheless, been made—and taking this position:

"I uphold national education, but I object absolutely to all sectional or class education; and all the above-named schemes are simply forms of class education. The broad principle I go upon is this: that the State has no moral right to apply funds raised by the taxation of all its members to any purpose which is not *directly* available for the benefit of all."

The editor of *Nature* warmly dissents from so restricted a view, contending that science in England needs organization such as Government alone can give it, and that, however much scientific men constitute a class, their labors are notoriously disinterested, and cannot possibly be confined to their own advantage. The question is a nice one, and all depends on where the line shall be drawn. Even in this country, where we do not allow any distinction between the government and the self-governing people, there are persons who hold that high schools come under the ban laid down by Mr. Wallace, and should be left to private endowment. But if a national vessel may be sent on a scientific mission when otherwise it would have been laid up in time of peace, or even carry a *savant* at the public expense to the scene of his explorations, we cannot see what becomes of Mr. Wallace's limitation, since the principle is not altered with the amount misappropriated.

TENNYSON'S LAST VOLUME.*

From the genuine lovers of the best poetry we suppose that these latest idylls by Tennyson have had nearly if not quite as warm a welcome as was given the old ones. But among that larger public which habitually reads and likes a great deal of the poetry that each year produces—the public which has given Mr. Robert Lytton the third or fourth place among the popular poets of the day in America—"The Holy Grail" has met with a very much cooler reception than was accorded to the preceding volume. "The Idylls of the King" were pronounced by the general voice to be the finest poetical work of our day, and this award was made with a loudness and unanimity that certainly might have seemed ominous. Of this "Holy Grail" nothing so good is said, and among both the readers and writers of the moment there are many who decry the verses, and who assert the poet's manifest decline. We think, however, it is not in any important difference between the Tennyson of to-day and the Tennyson of fifteen years ago that we shall find the reason for his former popularity with the ordinary reader and his present comparative disfavor. It is to be sought in the reader himself; for, as we say, no marked change is noted in the opinion which is entertained of the two volumes by the best judges; they find these verses as good and as bad as those, and good and bad for the same reasons.

But as the first series of these idylls appeared, the ordinary devourers of pleasant poetry were first introduced to a knowledge of the Arthurian cycle of romance, of which previously they had, most of them, known next to nothing. Here, of a sudden, were the Launcelot and Camelot of the dreamy, semi-allegorical "Lady of Shalott" appearing as a living man with a history of his own, and a city full of knights and ladies, and more or less of the other machinery of mediæval romance. Sir Gawain, Sir Modred, King Arthur, Guinevere, the Quest of the San Greal, and other shadowy names were suddenly vivified, and a fresh field of story was made known. We had forthwith, as most of us will recollect, a sort of popular revival of the Arthurian legends; and this revival is proof that the average reader of the polite literature of the day had been much enjoying the poet as story-teller, and was interested in the personages with whom he had just made acquaintance. But this is an interest of a kind which almost never is long maintained by many. It may be supposed that in this case it led some few persons on to new delights as they explored for themselves the stream from which Mr. Tennyson had taken such waters as he wished, but that soon the many, for ever seeking some new thing, returned satiated. These latter readers are not of the kind that appreciated what poetry there was in the former idylls, and it is partly because the Arthurian romances as stories have palled on their taste that they accuse the new poetry of inferiority to the old.

Then, it is true, we suppose, that no book by whatsoever author could now make the noise among us that might have been made twelve or fifteen years ago by any work of any one of three or four authors. Tennyson is no worse off in this respect than Longfellow or Dickens—unless possibly "Enoch Arden" may have done him special injury, and Dickens's recent tour may have done him good. The American public is certainly changed from what it was before the war. The four years of fighting—of fighting out such issues, at such a cost—and the constant political agitation since, to say nothing of the many other forces not so obvious but perhaps as powerful which have come into play, and which in our new society come into play so rapidly and with such effect, have deepened and widened the public mind, and we are less enthusiastic and also less raw as well as less ill-informed than we used to be. Possibly, too, it should be considered that as a nation of Tennysonites we were youngish people. We do not remember, we believe, that it was the middle-aged American of 1855 who used to be fond of "Maud," and "In Memoriam," and knew "tears, idle tears" by heart, and carried a blue and gold 24mo in his pocket. Doubtless it may very well be, after all, that for Tennyson's decline in favor there is the simple explanation that it was mainly the young ladies and gentlemen who were liking him so much half a generation since, and that for the present generation the fashion in poetry has partly changed. That there has been in the poet any noticeable change we do not find ourselves able to see. When the time comes, if it is going to come, when he shall be read and admired for his finish and skill, the poems before us, we should guess, will be as likely to come in for praise as any equal number of their predecessors.

That they are going to be praised as fortunate in point of subject—that, indeed, they are not going to be held radically unfortunate in subject, we do not believe. It is much to be doubted if any great poet would ever have chosen the Arthurian romances as a proper theme for a modern poem. Milton talked of it; but it is to be observed that he never did more than talk. Bulwer talked of it, and in a sufficiently unwise manner; and indeed did it, and that, too, in a most inadequate manner, as everybody knows. It was among Coleridge's opium dreams, but except Mr. Tennyson no man of poetic capacity has both meditated and tried to write the modern epic with Arthur as hero; and certainly such success as Mr. Tennyson has had it seems as if he might as well have got with much less embarrassment to himself. In fact, he has to some extent—so long as his idylls are remembered—injured a fine poem (albeit not formally arranged and written out) in order that he might produce not only an inferior poem of his own, but that he might produce a poem inferior to his other work in many important respects. Who that has ever read the volumes compiled by Malory has not been led into a beautiful world of enchantment? It is not unlike the world into which we are led when in the most delightful of modern poems we wander into the forest of Arden with Rosalind and Celia—like it, different as it is. The ladies, the waiting-damsels, the spells, the amours, the tourneys, the chapels perilous, the castles joyous, the vows, the philters, Sir Tristram mad, Sir Palomedes by the pool in the forest, the frank sinning, the business-like repenting, the holy hermit who heals wounds, the crooked dwarfs, the mighty knights, magically armed riding on strange quests, the simple poetry of nature—all these charm the imagination and delight the fancy, and are nearly as far from Mr. Tennyson's correct moral sentiments, his modern remorses, his divorce-court loves, and his riot-act justice, as they are from ward caucuses in Philadelphia and the produce market.

Of this second set of the idylls, the one which does least violence to the spirit of the old romances is, as might have been expected, that one now entitled the "Passing of Arthur"—the "Morte d'Arthur" of the poet's youth—a poem of the days when romance is in the blood; when we are native to the airs of imaginary lands; when we have not yet taken no

* "The Holy Grail, and Other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

the burden of thought and the yoke of duty. That it did no violence at all to the spirit of the legends, even when it had its old form, is of course not to be said. It was the modern poet who said:

> . . . . . "Woe is me!
> Authority forgets a dying king
> Laid widowed of the power in his eye
> That bowed the will."

And of this passage, good and careful as it may be called, Sir Thomas Malory would never have said "as the book saith:"

> "Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
> And barren chasms, and all to left and right
> The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
> His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
> Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
> And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
> And the long glories of the winter moon."

So of a dozen other passages that might be cited; but in general the "Morte d'Arthur," as it stood, was a not inharmonious echo of the strain that called it out. Of the two hundred prefatory lines which are added to it in this edition, it will be perceived that they subserve Mr. Tennyson's general purpose in his idylls, and that they are not strictly in keeping with the particular poem to which they are prefixed. As he left behind him "the golden prime" in which he wrote with such enjoyment the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," and the "Lady of Shalott," and the "Morte d'Arthur," and began to do thinking, and to have "views," and to feel that on him also there was laid some "solving of the universe" to be done, he made for himself a hero—"in likeness of a goodliest English gentleman"—a kingly statesman repressing evils in the body politic, forgiving personal injuries, serenely applying ideal "personal government" to a turbulent chaotic realm—to speak irreverently, a sort of magnanimous, wide-minded Governor Eyre in a clearly rascally Jamaica—and the "Idylls of the King" illustrate this hero and his deeds, and give to him and them more or less coloring drawn from the Arthur of French and English legendary lore. The two hundred or more verses which are now prefixed to the youthful "Morte d'Arthur" are in keeping with this later conception rather than with the earlier, and are a sort of link to chain together the Arthur of the nineteenth century and that Arthur who "never was on sea or land."

Considering the new poems apart from their relation to the romances, and apart also from the poet's scheme—which, at least to our apprehension, labors, as we have said, under a fatal disadvantage, and about which we say no more—the best poem in the book seems to us to be "Pelleas and Ettarre." "The Coming of Arthur" is only an introductory antechamber, and exists not for itself, but for what follows, and "The Holy Grail" itself, on which Mr. Tennyson has spent much labor—labor ill-bestowed after "Sir Galahad"—is now, in everything but its innermost essence, remote from human sympathy. That the pure in heart see God, and that they and only they can come close to him in this life, is the lesson of "The Quest of the San Greal," as we of to-day translate it. But this is a subject that now refuses itself to poetry, whatever may have been the case when concrete religious images impressed men more; and the old machinery used for its present presentation cannot but seem fantastic—utterly unfitted to the spiritual reality. But in the "Pelleas and Ettarre" the poet has solid ground beneath his feet. Pelleas is a youth

> "But lately come to his inheritance,
> And lord of many a barren isle was he"—

handsome and strong, ignorant of the world, and unacquainted with woman—

> "For out of the waste islands had he come,
> Where saving his own sisters he had known
> Scarce any but the women of his isles,
> Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd against the gulls,
> Makers of nets, and living from the sea."

Riding towards Caerleon to be made a knight by Arthur, the sun, beating on his helm, drove him to seek the shade of the woods, and his halting-place is thus finely described:

> "Near him a mound of even-sloping side,
> Whereon a hundred stately beeches grew,
> And here and there great hollies under them.
> But for a mile all round was open space
> And fern and heath: and slowly Pelleas drew
> To that dim day, then, binding his good horse
> To a tree, cast himself down; and as he lay,
> At random looking over the brown earth
> Thro' that green-glooming twilight of the grove,
> It seemed to Pelleas that the fern without
> Burnt as a living fire of emeralds,
> So that his eyes were dazzled looking at it.
> Then o'er it crossed the dimness of a cloud
> Floating, and once the shadow of a bird
> Flying, and then a fawn; and his eyes closed.
> And since he loved all maidens but no maid
> In special, half-awake he whispered, 'Where?
> Oh! where? I love thee, though I know thee not.'"

Despite the unhappiness of burning ferns into emeralds, the first part of this scene shows Mr. Tennyson in his wonted strength as an objective painter of landscape; and the latter part, with the youth lying in vague love-languors and longings, is a good specimen of the poet's other and usual method of making nature subservient to his particular purpose. To Pelleas, thus dreaming, suddenly comes an appropriate waking:

> "And glancing through the hoary boles, he saw,
> Strange as to some old prophet might have seemed
> A vision hovering on a sea of fire,
> Damsels in divers colors like the cloud
> Of sunset and sunrise, and all of them
> On horses, and the horses richly trapt
> Breast-high in that bright line of bracken stood."

This company was the retinue of Ettarre, who had lost her way as she was riding to Caerleon to the jousts, and whose beauty strikes Pelleas speechless:

> . . . "And Pelleas, gazing, thought,
> 'Is Guinevere herself so beautiful?'
> For large her violet eyes look'd, and her bloom
> A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens;
> And round her limbs, mature in womanhood,
> And slender was her hand, and small her shape,
> And but for those large eyes, the haunts of scorn,
> She might have seemed a toy to trifle with,
> And pass and care no more. But while he gazed
> The beauty of her flesh abashed the boy,
> As though it were the beauty of her soul."

Her soul, however, had little beauty. But Pelleas, amid the significant smiles of the young ladies and the three knights who followed Ettarre, rode by her side to Caerleon, and there, being made a knight, he won for her, "while rang the shouts his lady loved," the prize of the tournament. He follows her as she rides home, but is debarred from attendance on her, and is kept among the waiting-maids, for the mistress despises him. When the lady's castle is reached, the portcullis falls between her and her worshipper, and he is "left in open field."

> "'These be the ways of ladies, Pelleas thought,
> To those who love them, trials of our faith.'"

So he watches faithfully outside till Ettarre loathes and hates him and his constancy, and sets her knights on him, whom easily he overthrows, one after another; but, on hearing Ettarre's voice commanding him to be brought in, he joyfully suffers himself to be bound. She scoffs and rails at him, and this also he endures in his infatuation, and, when he is thrust out again, he watches, day and night, till she orders the minion-knights to set on him all at once. Gawain, passing by, sees this, and wishes to help, but Pelleas will not permit him.

> "So Gawain, looking at the villany done,
> Forbore; but in his heat and eagerness
> Trembled and quivered, as the dog withheld
> A moment from the vermin that he sees
> Before him shivers, ere he springs and kills."

The rest of the story tells how Sir Gawain meets Sir Pelleas after he has again been driven forth by Ettarre, and how, craftily borrowing the other's armor, he goes before the lady, and wins her with a tale of his having killed her obstinate lover, and with his easy gallantry; and at last it tells how Pelleas, entering the castle, surprises his false friend and Ettarre. The scene in which the discovery is made is powerfully managed, and we are made to see the natural effect of an unsuspecting heart's first awakening to the wickedness and perfidy of one wholly trusted and loved. After this, however, Mr. Tennyson must take his flesh-and-blood lover and use him for the purposes of the "Idylls of the King," so at once he dissolves into air more or less thin. But the first part of the poem is intrinsically worthy of a place beside Elaine's ill-fated love, and is proof enough that the poet's hand has not forgot its cunning.

Of the minor pieces in this volume there is none that requires particular mention, except the version of a story from Boccaccio, which is beautiful with all the beauty of intense passion—and intense passion seemingly half-justified in seeking its gratification—curbed by magnanimous generosity and self-control that reaches heroism. "The Northern Farmer" is a picturesque figure; but the personage drawn contains no depths or intricacies; every characteristic is salient, and not to be missed, so that we do not understand the praises given to the artist for this success. The "Flower in the Crannied Wall" is commonplace, though not trivial, and would not have been thought worth printing by a poet who had not, for most of his life, confined his attention to the moral sentiments, and to what, for want of a more exact term, we shall call the sensuous enjoyment of nature and life, and the very elaborate, skilful literary reproduction of his impressions.

THE RISE OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.*

Louis Napoleon had been pretender and revolutionist, imperialist and socialist, before the Revolution of February, 1848. On its outbreak, he hastened to write to the Provisional Government, and place himself "under the banner of the Republic, just proclaimed." Elected president in December, he not only takes the oath "in the presence of God and of

* "Histoire du Second Empire (1848–1869). Par Taxile Delord." Tome premier. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1869.

the French people," "to remain faithful to the democratic Republic and to defend the Constitution," but voluntarily adds: "I shall consider as enemies of the country all those who may attempt illegally to change the form of government." In his message of Oct. 31, 1849, he already declares himself the representative of a whole system made triumphant by his election, "for the name Napoleon is in itself a programme," but still reassuringly adds: "I will try to be worthy of the nation's confidence by upholding the Constitution to which I have sworn allegiance." On his tour through the provinces, in August, 1850, he thus speaks to the people of Lyons: "Rumors of *coups d'état* have possibly reached you, but you have not believed them, for which I thank you. Surprises and usurpation may be the dreams of parties which have no support in the nation; the elect of six million votes executes, but betrays not, the will of the people." Ill-received in Strasbourg, he repudiates the faintest idea of an attack on the Constitution, and assures his hearers that the highest aim of his ambition is the title of "honest man;" that he knows "nothing above duty." In "Napoleonic" Cherbourg he is again entirely Napoleonic, loudly demands the aid of the people to enable him to complete the works of "the Emperor," and hints at the necessity of making the institutions of the nation agree with "the exigencies of its political situation and of its material interests." To efface, in part, the impression made by these words on the Legislative Assembly, he assures it, in his message of Nov. 12, that to it exclusively belongs the right of modifying the Constitution. "I alone," he adds, "I hold myself within the limits it has drawn, bound as I am by my oath." And so he goes on until the oath and the Constitution are trampled under foot, and the defenders of the latter incarcerated or slain in December, 1851. Nay, as late as March 29, 1852, he still boasts, on a most solemn occasion, of not having assumed "a pompous title," and exclaims: "Let us preserve the Republic; it menaces no one; it is reassuring to all:" Then comes the Empire, and this kind of lying is at an end. The successive responses of the *suffrage universel* to the appeals of this noble saviour of order and society are these: For the constitutional president, five million four hundred thousand votes; for the ten years' presidential dictatorship, seven million four hundred thousand votes; for the Empire, seven million eight hundred thousand votes—the opposition vote gradually dwindling down to about three hundred thousand *nons* and blanks.

The principal abettors of Louis Napoleon: Fialin, *alias* Persigny, the great apostle of Bonapartist restoration, and for a time its martyr, but, when running as candidate for the Constituent Assembly, a loud-mouthed renegade; Morny, who mixed money-speculation with both love and politics, and whose relation to the son of Queen Hortense M. Delord cautiously explains by telling that he was born in one of the finest mansions of Paris, was taken to Versailles, received his name from a nobleman who adopted him, was educated by the mother of M. Flahault, was constantly patronized by this gentleman, and chose a *hortensia* as emblem for his escutcheon; Le Roy Saint-Arnaud, that "true Bohemian hero"—a hero of the stage, of the *salon*, and of the Algerian desert, where he emulated the fame of Pélissier by smothering Arabs with smoke; Magnan, Maupas, Carlier, Mocquard, Granier de Cassagnac, and others—they are all worthy of their chief and cause. M. Delord's delineations of character often remind the reader of corresponding sketches in Kinglake, "the eloquent, exact, and impartial historian"—our book dares to state it—"who has given us the first complete and detailed account of the days of December, 1851." M. Delord is himself more exact and impartial than this lavish praise bestowed upon his fellow-historian would lead us to expect. He is not at all eager to caricature, and in no way betrays an inclination to season his narrative with spicy anecdotes or inuendoes. He characterizes by public facts. His invectives are bitter generalizations. Could he speak freely, he would evidently strive to emulate Tacitus rather than Suetonius.

Few characters in this history cut a more pitiable figure than the cousin of the Man of December—Prince Napoleon Bonaparte—with his ultra-republican fervor, which yields to the "victrix causa" only when its triumph is fully established. How he repudiates his cousin, and how vehemently he assails his "deplorable policy" in 1849, declaring that he acknowledges "but one sovereign—the people!" His ardent republicanism survives even the 2d of December, 1851—by one day. On the 3d, he still intrudes into the secret reunion of some of his associates of the Left, learning their whereabouts from the domestic of Jules Favre, whom he deceives by a lie; lying to Mme. Landrin, in whose husband's house the reunion is held, and, as that noble and spirited woman is not to be deceived, forcing his entrance by pushing her so violently aside as to make her fall upon a chair. Received with astonishment and distrust, he advocates bold measures against the *coup d'état*. He then perceives Mme. Landrin, who, having entered, occupies a seat on a sofa, listening. "Who is that woman?" he asks, eyeing her through a quizzing-glass. "My wife, sir," answers M. Landrin; and the icy silence that follows makes the prince inclined to leave before others, soon to appear with altered mask, and in a different camp and sphere.

Nor do we find many attractive historical figures among the prominent opponents of the *coup d'état*—at least as seen in this period—though they are incomparably superior in character. Cavaignac—the most imposing figure—is a sincere republican, and calm in the storm, but stiff, unable to lead a party, and almost entirely passive. Changarnier, who holds his African sword in readiness to draw it against the usurper, has unfortunately offered it, in the first days of the Republic, to the Orleans princes, against it, and is not undeservedly suspected by the republicans of meditating the part of Monk in favor of a Bourbon-Orleans fusion monarchy. Lamoricière, who is equally ready to fight for the Constitution, is in heart a legitimist; his past has shown it, his future will show it more clearly. Thiers, the writer of the "Consulate and Empire," who has boasted of having given Louis Napoleon, the presidential candidate, two hundred thousand votes, though considering his election a disgrace to France; Berryer, who continues to be in communication with the Count de Chambord; Odillon-Barrot, who, as minister of Louis Napoleon, has defended the expedition against Rome—they, the champions of reaction and constitutionalism at the same time, are all great in speeches, but ridiculously insignificant as defenders of the Republic; they allow themselves but too long to be led by Montalembert, who, in his anti-revolutionary passion, does not stop short of imperialism. The Left—with its Mountain, "an imitation volcano," whose petty smoke eruptions serve only to frighten the bourgeois into the opposite camp—is full of formulas, as Carlyle would say, intermixed with pompous vanities *à la* Victor Hugo. In speaking of the Socialists, our author shows himself in his bitterest vein:

"There were, on the benches of the Left, Jacobins, Girondists, Robespierrists, Dantonists, and so on. Jacobins, Dantonists, Robespierrists, Girondists—all these parties, divided among themselves, had the Socialists for adversaries. The Socialist looked down upon the Jacobin. He found him ridiculous, ignorant, backward, poor in ideas. Himself, on the contrary, was full of them. Religion, philosophy, political economy—he thoroughly knew all the problems. He had their solutions. Each solution was represented by a head of school. So many schools so many parties. The Socialists, not content with insulting the Jacobins, incessantly insulted each other. Fierce in discussion, black with ink, red with hatred—resembling the furious scholastic disputants of old—they drown in floods of ire and prose the few ideas they happen to have."

The old stupid or criminal Napoleon-worship of the French peasantry and French literature; the nebulous and reactionary romanticism created during the Restoration, and fostered by writers like Hugo; the religious anarchy and office-seeking servility which poisoned the reign of Louis Philippe; the unscrupulousness of party-scribblers during and after the Republic; the servile heartlessness of the more or less bloody tools of the Man of December; the shameless corruption introduced in all spheres by the new Empire—are all depicted in true and lively colors. In telling "how the Empire was made," the history is full enough. It is less satisfactory in explaining what ought to or could have been done to prevent it, or whether it was a fatality. M. Delord's retrospects are excellent as far as French history is concerned; but the teachings of universal history, ancient or modern, he almost entirely ignores. The events of the period which took place beyond the limits of France—including the Crimean war, with the conclusion of which the volume ends—are incompletely told, and some mistakes—such, for instance, as he makes, not only in words, when loosely talking of Beust and Von der Pfordten, "la grande Allemagne, *Gross Deutsch*," "la petite Allemagne, *Klein Deutsch*," etc. (pp. 472–474), or when he calls the Prince of Vasa a son of Charles XIII. (p. 484)—betray an inadequate familiarity with foreign affairs. This and a certain chronological disorder which pervades parts of the work are its greatest, yet, in comparison to its merits, very slight defects.

The Queen of the Adriatic; or, Venice Past and Present. By W. H. Davenport Adams, author of "Buried Cities of Campania," "Records of Noble Lives," etc. (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1869.)—This book, "purporting to be at once a record and a description—a manual for the young student, and a series of sketches for the general reader," is a tolerably well executed and neatly illustrated compilation. It is divided into three parts, containing respectively the "History," the "Fine Arts, Literature, Manners, and Customs," and the "Public Buildings and Memorable Places," of the sea-girt city. All are equally readable and interesting, without being exhaustive or marked by evidences of careful research. The style is throughout animated, often poetically colored, and occasion-

ally somewhat bombastic—owing, in part, to the author's rather excessive admiration for his subject, that is, for the glories of its past. This past he sketches in brief, loosely connected historical and semi-historical fragments, drawn from well-selected sources, and enlivened by quotations in prose and poetry, but here and there marred by signs of defective criticism and hasty elaboration. The dates are generally correct, and some of the exceptions may be attributable to oversight in the revision. To these exceptions belong several slightly conflicting dates of accession, as given in the "Chronological List of Doges" and in the text of the narratives, respectively; 1570 instead of 1571, as date of the battle of Lepanto; and 421–52, as marking the time when the Venetian lagoons were peopled by fugitives from the mainland seeking shelter before the destructive wrath of Attila (page 28). The last-given, compound date refers to two distinct events, each separately and correctly dated elsewhere—the foundation of the first government on the Rialto (in 421) and the invasion of Attila (in 452), and the author also contradicts himself by making each of these events the starting point of the history of Venice (pp. 17 and 28.) Still greater inaccuracies he commits in giving (pp. 4 and 17) the duration of the sovereign power of Venice, and of each of the two great periods into which he divides, after Ruskin, the history of the Republic. "Andrea Contarini (died 1367)" (p. 320) stands for "Andrea Contarini (elected 1367)."

The Three Bernices; or, Ansermo of the Crag. By Mrs. A. M. Bright. (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.)—We are not, we think, indulging in that "mockwise censure of primped-lip presumption" so earnestly deprecated by the author in her preface to this volume, when we say that we find her intention in writing it to be by odds better than her execution. To tell the exact truth, we are not so firmly convinced, either, of the wisdom of the intention. To ensnare youthful devotees of light literature and then drag them into a knowledge of Ancient History by means of a novel in which historical events are distorted and historical characters represented without any regard to actual truth of portraiture, is not an undertaking which seems to us to promise any very good results. If prophecy were permissible, we should say that as a historical novelist Mrs. Bright is not destined to do very good work. Indeed, when does a writer of this sort do good work?

"He had no respect for the colubrine nature of Domitian, whose hands were already cruentate, and whose rampancy of vile practice had well-nigh severed his father's heart entirely from him." Again she says:

"Attend, O ye gods! and thou, Supreme of all, and, holding all in thy mysterious palm, hear! for thou art present! and do thou by thy mightiest links bind our beings, body and soul, into an eternal one, despite of man's decrees, or fate, or death! beyond even thine own awful power to unknit! To this end we devote us! By all things known and unknown, material and immaterial—by men and gods, and by infinitude and thyself, essence and indweller thereof! hear thou, and ratify that this is my wife—for ever and for ever!"

Better still is the soliloquy put into the mouth of the Emperor Vespasian, as he stands beside the death-bed of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, whose life is prolonged by Mrs. Bright for some years beyond the term assigned it by graver historians, and who is converted into a "lowly follower of the Nazarene," and, under the title of Mother Antonia, becomes a soup and tract distributer to the primitive Christian poor.

Three Seasons in European Vineyards. By William J. Flagg. (New York: Harper and Brothers.)—A work of merit, written by an intelligent American, perfectly familiar with vine culture in the United States before his visit to the vineyards of Europe. Rich in practical suggestions and valuable experience, Mr. Flagg talks very pleasantly throughout his very readable chapters in a vein at once entertaining and instructive, and treats knowingly of viticulture, wine-making and wines, both red and white. Of the 310 pages, 73 are taken up with the translation from the French of a treatise on the remedy for the oidium, or vine disease, commonly known in this country as the grape rot. This remedy is the sulphur cure, and it is represented by Mr. Flagg to be entirely efficacious against the disease of the vine in all its many forms. The book is not merely the story of a run through the vineyards, but gives intelligent explanation and instructive report of what a competent observer has seen and learned during months of sojourn among the vine-growing districts of Burgundy, Epernay, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy. It should therefore receive a good deal of attention in this country, when in so many districts the cultivation of the vine is already an important industry, and where, if our wine-makers are not too sanguine, there is to be the greatest grape and wine region in the world.

Authors.—Titles. BOOKS OF THE WEEK. *Publishers.—Prices.*

Alden (Rev. J.), The Natural Speaker.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Beecher (Miss C. E.) and Stowe (Mrs. H. B.), Principles of Domestic Science.....
(J. B. Ford & Co.) $2 00
Bierbower (A.), Principles of a System of Philosophy.....(Carlton & Lanahan)
Bourne (W. O.), History of the Public School Society of the City of New York.....
(Wm. Wood & Co.)
Godwin (W.), Adventures of Caleb Williams, swd.....(Harper & Bros.)
Gouge (H. A.), New System of Ventilation.....(D. Van Nostrand)
Harrington (Prof. C. S.), T. Macci Plauti Captivi, Trinummus, et Rudens.....
(Harper & Bros.)
Hirell, a Tale, swd..... " " 0 50
Hunt (L.), A Day by the Fire, and other Papers..... (Roberts Bros.) 1 50
McDonald (J. S.), Vital Philosophy.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Mills (L. E.), Gen. Pope's Virginia Campaign of 1862, swd....(Robt. Clarke & Co.)
Morris (W.), The Earthly Paradise, Part III.: a Poem. .....(Roberts Bros.) 2 25
Mrs. Jerningham's Journal, a Poem .....(C. Scribner & Co.) 0 75
Orton (Prof. J.), The Andes and the Amazon.....(Harper & Bros.)
Prendergast (T.), Manual for Learning Spanish.....(D. Appleton & Co.)
Red as a Rose is She: a Tale, swd..... " " 0 60
Southworth (Mrs. E. D. E. N.), The Maiden Widow: a Tale..(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Smith (Dr. Wm.), Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., Part xxiv., swd.....
(Hurd & Houghton) 0 75
Story (W. W.), A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem: a Poem, swd.....(Loring)
Winthrop (Hon. R. C.), Eulogy at the Funeral of George Peabody, swd...(Boston)
Zeitschrift für Ethnologie, Vol. II., No. 1.....(L. W. Schmidt)

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1870.

The Week.

After strenuous debate, when debate was surely superfluous, the bill to admit Mississippi was passed on Thursday by the Senate, as it came from the House, by a vote of 50 to 11. The President deferred signing it, at the request of the Senators elect from that State, until Congress should remove the disabilities of some of the Representatives elect. This was done in effect on Monday; but the House had a batch of 2,000 names to add to the Senate's 400, so that there has been further delay in putting Mr. Revels in Jefferson Davis's seat. Almost nothing else has been accomplished by the Senate. On Monday, Mr. Patterson reported a bill to abolish the Freedmen's Bureau, and divide its powers and effects between the War Department and the Bureau of Education—for which last there is some chance of a new lease of life. Fitzjohn Porter's case was reviewed the same day by Senator Chandler, to whom we are not accustomed to look for judicial temper; but we share his and the common opinion that the stigma which a court-martial fixed upon that general will not be removed, and ought not to be removed. Senator Wilson offered a joint resolution to suppress the costly nuisance of printing undelivered speeches in the *Globe*, and we trust the House will promptly concur, since it is the chief and almost sole offender in this respect. It did, on Saturday, do something towards reforming another abuse—the mode of deciding contested election cases—by altering its rules, at General Garfield's instance, so as to make the Elections Committee consist hereafter of fifteen members—the chairman to assign each case to three of the members, and this sub-committee to report immediately to the House. It was agreed that there should be ten Republicans and five Democrats in the general committee, and two Republicans and one Democrat in each sub-committee. This change is good so far as it facilitates the despatch of business, but, of course, it fails to remove politics from the decisions. Little short of a constitutional amendment could do this, as Mr. Dawes has shown. Mr. Garfield stated that thirty-five contested election cases for the present Congress had come before the committee; that eleven had been decided; and that the printed testimony in the case of eight had occupied nearly 3,000 pages. On Monday the Committee on Military Affairs made a report on the sale of cadetships, and General Logan attempted to expel a guilty Southern member on the spot. Mr. Loughbridge's inflation resolution, which we mentioned last week, was renewed, and carried by 110 to 73.

The Georgia muddle grows more complicated, and now forms a kind of puzzle which would have delighted the schoolmen. The present Constitution was approved by an Act of Congress at the same time as those of Alabama, Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, and North Carolina. A Legislature and Representatives were elected under it, and Senators were elected under it; the Representatives took their seats, but not the Senators. The Reconstruction Committee of the House advised General Meade that the Legislature was the sole judge of the qualifications of its members, even as regarded their eligibility under the Reconstruction Acts; Messrs. Wilson, Boutwell, Farnsworth, and Paine gave the same answer, in like case, to the Governor of Louisiana. Such indeed is the rule of parliamentary law from time immemorial, and there was nothing in the Act of Congress gainsaying it. The Georgia Legislature was, in short, a legal and valid legislature, if there be such a thing at the South. After electing its Senators, it expelled the colored members; Congress had not prohibited its doing so, but it forthwith proceeded to act as if it had; and, more than this, treated this expulsion as invalidating the previous acts of the body, amongst others the election of the Senators—an exploit for which, we venture to say, there is no parallel in political history. What is more singular, however, is that the Republican papers all over the country, with a few exceptions, began talking of Georgia's "breach of faith" and "violation of conditions"—the fact being that she had violated no condition at all, nor assumed any power legally denied to her. What she had done was to violate an abstract rule of right existing in the breasts of individual Congressmen, but nowhere to be found on paper; and if it be admitted that Congress can, for a reason of this sort—we will not say overturn a State Government—but treat its own acts as null and void, and what was done under them as of no force or validity, there is no reason why it should not indicate its will by three cheers and "a tiger," without taking the trouble to put it into sections, and having it engrossed, and printed, and numbered, and bound, and lodged in libraries.

Since then another Legislature has been elected, which has been "purged," like the Long Parliament, by a military officer, and it has elected Senators, too; so that there are now four Senators in the field. The situation, then, is this: If the first pair were not legally elected, then the Act of Congress of June 25, 1868, had no force and effect; if they were legally elected, then Congress, by its subsequent action, overturned a lawful State government because the State Legislature took upon itself to judge of the qualifications of its own members. The two new Senators have gone to Washington astride of the second horn of the dilemma; and this, added to the Bryant-Bullock contest, makes a little problem of which we wish the Senators joy. We doubt whether it can be solved by purely human means. The Judiciary Committee are hard at work over it. Some members don't like the military "purge" of the Legislature; others don't like other things; and Governor Bullock and the other State officials now claim that the time they have been in office under the bad Legislature shall not count, but that they shall all start fresh under the good new Legislature, without any new election; and the committee are said to be composing an answer to the question, Why not?

The enquiry into the sale of the Congressional nominations to the West Point cadetships has resulted in the detection of at least three Representatives from Southern States. We doubt if all this has surprised anybody who is familiar with the mental and moral status of the great body of the delegates whom the peculiarities of the Reconstruction process have forced on the States lately in rebellion. But, then, it ought, in justice to them, to be said that the practice of selling these nominations is not a new one; at least, if one may judge from the fact that they have been advertised for sale in the papers of this city for many years. It ought also to be said, that in one of the cases now under examination, the money received appears to have been used for party purposes, or a large portion of it, at least, paid over to the party treasury. Nor do we see how those who hold that the nomination to places in the public service is party "plunder," or "spoils," can well object to this. Everything a Congressman or other official officer has to bestow, or can get, he owes either to himself or his supporters; and why not anything he can make by giving a boy admission to West Point? We believe that this doctrine has been carried so far, that Republican Committees, in raising money for campaign expenses, assess, not the salary an official can honestly claim, but all he can make from the office, or that his predecessors have been in the habit of making, *honestly* or *dishonestly*. If this be not true, we should like to have some "faithful man" deny it. What we should like to see now, is a movement on the part of those who are making a fuss over this West Point business towards the only effectual remedy, and that is the removal of these nominations from Congressional hands altogether, and the bestowal of them by competitive examination, open to all comers. Why should a poor boy have either to pay a Congressman, or toady him, in order to get even a chance of admission to a school supported by the nation for national uses? Here is a chance for doing a little real democracy, of which we hope some of the gentlemen who talk so much about "the poor man's rights" will avail themselves. No doubt the amount of corruption among Congressmen is exaggerated; but that there is some corruption nobody can deny, and as the detection

and punishment of offenders must, with the existing machinery, be always well-nigh impossible, the only effectual remedy is, to leave as little temptation as possible; in other words, give them as little to sell as possible. Of votes they cannot be deprived, but to the distribution of offices they have not a shadow of right.

One of the traders in the West Point nominations was Mr. Whittemore, of South Carolina, and the case against him has gone so far that he has, at the present writing, been given time to show cause why he should not be expelled. He appears to have sold an appointment to the Naval Academy for "$500," to be devoted to "the relief of the poor" of the district; and an appointment to the Military Academy, for $500, "for the political campaign down there." The absence of any personal interest in the money has evidently softened the hearts of many members of the House towards him, or, at least, furnished them with a good excuse for feeling merciful; and there is an evident disposition to let him off easily. Should he not be expelled, it is easy to see how his case might be made the narrow end of a very terrible wedge. If offices begin to be sold in order to provide money for "the poor," we fear "the poor" will become a term of wonderful comprehensiveness. In some senses, we are all "poor." Why not eventually sell the Presidential nomination, and give the money to the Board of Foreign Missions, or to a struggling college? It is curious to see how all these little things work to increase the weight of mere wealth in politics.

An interesting letter from the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* represents the relations of the Administration with the Republican party in Congress as very unsatisfactory, as not only not friendly, but not far removed from hostility, and the condition of the party itself in both branches as one of great disorganization. That the influence of the Administration over the majority was small, and getting gradually smaller, has been easily inferred for some time from the way in which the Presidential recommendations have been treated in the case of Virginia and of Judge Hoar's nomination, and from the amount of approval and encouragement bestowed on Mr. Dawes for his attack on it. At the bottom of all the trouble is that cause of nearly all the troubles of the country—"offices." There were two courses open to General Grant when he entered the White House: one was to exercise his own discretion absolutely in the distribution of his patronage, and totally disregard party claims and interests; the other was to follow in the beaten track, and consult nothing but party claims and interests—that is, let the "managers" make all his appointments and dismissals for him. If he had followed the first, he would have had the support of the people; if he had followed the second, he would have had the support of the politicians. He followed neither the one nor the other. The result is, that he is in danger of falling down between two stools. He had a chance to break up a bad system, which is eating what is good in the Government away like a cancer; but, partly owing to the force of circumstances, and partly to an over-modest estimate of his own strength, he let it go by, and tried a compromise, which is having the fate compromises in the construction of Cabinets usually have. He took Mr. Boutwell in by way of throwing a tub to the party whale; but Mr. Boutwell is no longer accepted as a financial guide. His funding system and his theories are being scornfully rejected, and each member of the party is constructing a financial policy of his own, partly by way of showing the folly of Boutwell's, and partly with a view to paying the national debt and restoring specie payments. He chose an Attorney-General for his honesty and ability; but the politicians hate him like poison, and would like nothing better than to be perpetually rejecting his nomination to high and lucrative offices. The foreign policy of the Government is apparently being taken out of the Secretary's hands altogether. Some treaties are being left unratified because Senators don't like Seward, others because they don't like Fish; and it will be well if we do not find the belligerency of Cuba recognized by the House of Representatives before the State Department even gets sight of the belligerent.

As regards the disorganization of the party, there is no question that, with the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, a great many persons who have hitherto acted with it will feel that its part is played, and withdraw from it, or at least feel themselves open to enlist under other standards. Congressmen have extremely keen eyes for anything like the prospect of "fresh combinations," and, accordingly, are naturally a good deal disturbed in their minds, and consequently mutinous in temper, and disposed to form marauding parties. Then, the excesses of the protectionists have brought about a change in public feeling which the arguments of the free-traders would probably never have effected, and those who are looking about for "new issues" find one ready to their hand. The press of the West has nearly gone bodily into the free-trade camp, and the tariff bids fair to furnish materials for a tremendous fight during the next two years. But it is hardly possible that the Republican party can totally disappear as an organization till the Reconstruction process is fairly over; and it will not be fairly over, and the results of the war fairly secured, until we have seen what happens at the South when the States pass, as they must before long, under the control of the real force of the Southern community. Their present government is purely an artificial contrivance, which in the nature of things cannot last long.

Among other expedients of the Pennsylvania Legislature to neutralize the Democratic supremacy in Philadelphia besides the ill-fated Metropolitan Police Bill, a Trust Bill had been passed which put all the city trusts, including Girard College, Willis's Hospital, and a dozen lesser charitable foundations, in charge of one board, appointed by the Judges, the Mayor, and the Councils, thus superseding the separate boards or committees heretofore chosen either by the Councils or a part of them. This measure was contested as unconstitutional, but the Supreme Court of the State, in spite of the objection that it was disqualified from entertaining the case because its members were part of the appointing power named in the bill, decided in its favor. The actual appointments, however, do not promise much improvement in the management of the trusts. It is true, there have been complaints as to Girard College, but in other cases there have been none; and to get control of the former seems to have been the chief aim of the framers of the bill. Moreover, the new Board, as a political creation, has been filled with men of both parties, who have seen all there is to be seen "inside politics," in a State where that is saying a great deal; and they are expected not only to deal justly and walk humbly, but to administer, with as much skill and fidelity as their predecessors, trusts as diverse as the education of orphans, eye and ear infirmary, winter alms-giving, loans to young men, tree-planting throughout the city, etc., etc.

The Chicago *Tribune* calls attention to one possible and, indeed, we may say, not at all improbable, result of the decision of the Superior Court of Cincinnati on the "Bible in the schools" question, which has been too generally overlooked; and that is, that the ground taken by the majority of the Court must suggest to Catholics not only the expediency, but the propriety, of using the schools to inculcate their views of truth wherever they happen to be in a majority. All that Judge Storer, for instance, claims for Bible-reading as an agency in influencing conduct and character, Catholics claim for religious instruction imparted by a priest; and for attendance at the sacrifice of the mass they claim far more. Now, if it be right for a Protestant majority to sow the seeds of religious truth as they understand it in the minds of the children of the State, whether parents like it or not, why should not a Catholic majority—say in Baltimore, or New Orleans, or New York, where there is one—in like manner do their duty, as they understand it, by having the schools opened by religious exercises of their own; nay, even have the schools taught by priests or nuns? There is only one answer to this question, and it is an answer which, in a country where there is no state church, is simply ridiculous, and that is, "My truth is the true truth; while your truth is no truth at all." We do not regret the Cincinnati decision, however, as we are satisfied the more the matter is discussed, the more clearly will Protestants perceive the dangers of the path on which they are entering in keeping up this discussion at all. Catholics could hardly do better, in defence of their attempts to get separate endowments for their schools here and elsewhere, than print and circulate Judge Storer's opinion.

The United States Supreme Court has pronounced an Indiana divorce valid; but then the decision has no bearing whatever on the general question of Indiana divorces by which the public mind has been recently agitated. In the case before the Court, the validity of the divorce was disputed, on the ground that the Court had not jurisdiction, one of the parties residing out of the State; but this point was disposed of by the fact that the husband, who raised it, had entered an appearance in the suit, and (presumably) defended it. The point on which the public needs enlightening, and which this case does not touch, is, whether Indiana divorces are valid in other States, when the plaintiff acquires a residence for the simple purpose of bringing the suit, and when the party residing out of the State only gets constructive notice by an advertisement in an obscure local paper. What the public of other States finds scandalous in Indiana procedure is, the almost absolute discretion allowed to the judges in deciding what is sufficient cause for a divorce, and the exceeding looseness with which the Courts allow "*bona-fide* residence" to be proved, and the disgusting frauds which are practised even in the publication of the legal notice.

The remainder of the Sickles correspondence, of which there has been so much talk, and which, some months ago, scared the English press out of its propriety, has been communicated to Congress, but there is nothing particularly new in it. General Sickles offered the good offices of the United States, and proposed an armistice; then withdrew the offer of good offices, but not the note containing them, and which also contained remonstrances. He was assured by the Spanish Ministers that they were prepared to give Cuba representation in the Cortes, and commercial freedom, and to abolish slavery, as soon as the insurrection was suppressed; and that the antiquated colonial policy of the Bourbons was at an end for ever. At the close of December, General Sickles reported general despondency about the winter campaign, and the war in general, except in the official circles. The closing letter of the correspondence is one from Mr. Fish, dated January 26, in which he says some very sensible things about our Cuban Junta, and which it is not too late for the Junta to lay to heart. The first is that it would have been well if they had expended their money in shipping arms and munitions to Cuba, which they might always have legally done; they would in this way have helped the cause much more effectually than by getting up hostile expeditions on American soil, contrary to law. He adds one other cruel suggestion, and that is, that the members of the Junta themselves should have laid down the reins of government here, and gone to Cuba to take personal part in the fray. This view of their duty, strange to say, has presented itself to various other minds.

The news from France is not important, except that it reveals the existence of considerable hostility to the Ollivier Ministry in the ranks of the moderate radical party, since the arrest of Rochefort. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the expediency of prosecuting Rochefort at all, there is none as to the recklessness of the way in which he was arrested. Instead of taking a favorable opportunity for the purpose, when he was alone, they seized and carried him off at a public meeting, in the presence of an excited crowd, and, of course, disturbances at once began. Gustave Flourens, who is another statesman of the madcap school, thereupon fired his revolver in the air and "rose in insurrection," as he was pleased to term it, commencing hostilities by dragging along through the street an unfortunate Commissary of Police with a sword at his throat. Then small barricades of omnibuses were erected here and there during the ensuing forty-eight hours, and feebly defended, and easily stormed by the police and troops without burning powder, but with much bloodshed and, as in all these cases, needless cruelty. The affair was a very small one compared to the *émeutes* of Louis Philippe's day, or of that of the Republic, but it was made serious by the fact that it was a Liberal Ministry newly installed which had to deal with it. Enough has occurred to show, however, that this régime cannot be got rid of readily by force, and that anybody who proposes to put an end to it by a *coup de main* will have some serious work before him. Gustave Flourens, after "rising in insurrection," stayed only a very short time up, and is now in Belgium. A correspondent writes to us that we do not take into account, in judging Rochefort, that he, such as he is, is a product of imperial rule. We do take it into account; but of what moment is the consideration? Napoleon himself is the result of the Republic, and the Republic was the result of Louis Philippe, and the whole state of France is the result of feudalism and divine right, and of the conquest of Gaul by the barbarians. But what have we got to do with all this? When a man is making an ass of himself, and plunging a whole state in disorder, he has no right to excuse himself by saying that his antecedents are to blame, and that if what went before him had not been what it was, the conditions necessary for making an ass of himself would not have existed, and he would have either not appeared on the scene, or have behaved sensibly.

In the meantime, however, Jules Favre, who is certainly a moderate and able man, is a good deal disgusted with the procedure of the Government, particularly in the matter of Rochefort's arrest and the story of a conspiracy, which has been used as a justification of a good deal of violence. But the main ground of offence is that the majority which supports Ollivier does not represent the country. The Chamber was elected under the old régime that was returned largely by the intrigues and intimidation of the prefects. The scandalous conduct of these functionaries was fully exposed in the elaborate examination of the qualifications of members, which the French call "vérification des pouvoirs;" but though a good many of them have been dismissed, the men they helped to elect remain. Jules Favre, therefore, in behalf of the "Left Centre," calls for a dissolution and new election, in default of which he threatens that he and his friends will vote with the "Left," which, being interpreted, means that the moderate and extreme radicals will unite their forces. Press prosecutions continue on a great scale, even under the new rule laid down by M. Ollivier, that only "outrages"—that is, insults, libels, and incitements to insurrection—are to be prosecuted; expressions of opinion or criticism of the ministers, however wild, are to be let pass.

There appears to be no doubt that a Socialist conspiracy has been discovered in Russia, having for its object the establishment of a clandestine revolutionary government like that of the Poles during the late insurrection. It was discovered through their having murdered a recalcitrant member to get him out of the way. The land question still seems far from satisfactory settlement, and is rapidly becoming the same bone of contention there as in other parts of the world. The communistic tenure by which the villagers now hold their land, and which seems to be the earliest form of land tenure, is eagerly upheld by the fanatical Panslavists, who treat it as the basis of Slavonic civilization, and the only true protection against the disorders which are afflicting Western society, while the other party are anxious for the institution of individual property as soon as possible, so as to bring the empire into the stream of Western progress. A pamphlet has appeared in St. Petersburg calling for the payment by the Government instead of by the peasants of the remaining compensation due to the nobles, the funds to be provided by cutting down the army one-half.

Mr. Gladstone has brought in his Irish Land Bill, of which a muddy summary reached us, by telegraph, some days ago. The main features seem to be "security of tenure," which, we suppose, means the suppression of eviction for anything but non-payment of rent, and the provision of compensation for tenants' improvements, and the establishment of a Court of Arbitration. The Irish members, it is reported, express themselves satisfied with it, but the Fenians refuse to take any comfort from it, which is not surprising. There is a long interval between independence and limited interest in a farm. The long promised Educational Bill has also been brought in. England and Wales are to be divided into educational districts, and schools and inspection to be provided, partly supported by Government and partly by local taxes upon parents who are able to pay something; those who are not, to have tickets entitling them to send their children free. Mr. Fawcett asks to have a compulsory clause inserted, but the success of this is very unlikely.

THE CENSUS IMBROGLIO.

The ordinary practical work of legislation, entirely distinct from active partisan warfare, is something in which the public can hardly be expected to feel any deep interest, and, indeed, as the public has private affairs to attend to, there seems to be no reason why it should concern itself about matters for the special charge of which it has taken the trouble to make an elaborate selection of some three hundred or more of its fellow-citizens. If the Government is fit to exist at all, it may surely be trusted to perform, to the best of its ability, the mechanical part of governing. Yet every now and then there comes some exhibition of legerdemain or gymnastics in the way of this apparently mechanical legislation, for which one cannot help feeling a certain curiosity to account. There is no actual proof that the present difficulty about the census is the result of any intentional mystification on the part of any one. All that appears to the world is only a rather remarkable legislative miscarriage. Whether the causes of the disaster are organic, or whether they are accidental, is a subject for deeper discussion than we can afford at present to give; but the facts, so far as they can be ascertained, are as follows:

It appears that the law of 1850, under which the census has been twice taken, came into force again, by its own terms, on the 1st of January, 1870, unless superseded by other legislation. In view of this fact, the House of Representatives at its last session appointed a committee to examine the subject of the census of 1870, and report whether further legislation was required. Unfortunately, the House seems here at the very outset to have made a mistake. The Senate was not consulted. That such small considerations should have any real weight may be matter of surprise; but it is true, and not only true, but perfectly natural that, in the first place, one House of Congress is slightly jealous of the other, and, in the second place, that a bill which every one knows to be wholly the production of one or more members of the lower House is not likely to find any large number of senators ready to be responsible for it. Had the Committee on the Ninth Census been a joint committee of both Houses, the result would have been different. Nevertheless, organized as it was, the committee was a strong one, and did its work with the utmost faithfulness. Perhaps its earliest conclusion, unanimously arrived at, was that the law of 1850, though an excellent law in its time, had in twenty years become somewhat antiquated, and that some improvements in it were needed in order to place it on a level with the development of the country and the rapid advance of statistical science. One can scarcely conceive how any other conclusion was possible, and at all events there was not even a doubt felt on the subject by the different members of the committee.

After an elaborate investigation, and after examining a host of experts, the committee agreed to report a bill which contained several new and important peculiarities. Some of these were in the schedules, which were framed with the idea of gaining greater accuracy in details. As the United States Government, unlike most foreign governments, has no permanent statistical bureau, details must either be obtained in the decennial census or not at all. Some of the old schedules were laid aside, some were greatly altered, and in some cases new schedules were introduced. But the most radical change was that which the committee made in the machinery of the census. Under the old system the work had been performed by the marshals. The new bill created an entirely new organization, independent of all other Government machinery, and arranged for a division of the work according to the system of congressional districts.

General Garfield, who had charge of the bill, carried it triumphantly through the House, after a long and careful debate, lasting some two weeks, and on the 17th of December it went to the Senate. Here it was referred not to a special committee, but to the standing Committee on the Revision of the Laws, of which Mr. Conkling was chairman, and Mr. Sumner, Mr. Carpenter, and two other senators were members. There is humor in everything—even in the fate of a census bill—and the humor in this case consisted in the composition of the committee. Mr. Conkling has a mind of so peculiar a turn that he rarely supports any measure except it be for the purpose of objecting to some other. This is frequently embarrassing in the despatch of business, and it is the more so as this is not Mr. Conkling's only peculiarity. He is as weak in constructing as he is strong in obstructiveness, and, while he often prevents bad measures from passing, he does not so often assist good ones. Add to this a strong and, we admit, not ill-founded confidence in his own opinions, and not altogether unjustifiable contempt for those of some of his colleagues, and it will be evident enough that difficulty was in store for the Census Bill. When such a character is brought in contact with Mr. Senator Sumner, the consequences are plain. Two Jupiters may not exist together on any Olympus. Yet, to do Mr. Sumner justice, it is not his nature to resist merely for the pleasure of resisting. On indifferent matters, of which he is totally ignorant, he usually attempts to aid honest legislation rather than to display his own critical ingenuity in objections. But, as fate would have it, the Senate had during this session been little more than a prize-ring in which Mr. Sumner and his brother senators had fought out their private quarrels with extraordinary ill-temper, and the Census Bill happened to come at a moment when senators thought it time that Mr. Sumner should be snubbed.

After a considerable delay the Committee met, and as its members knew nothing whatever about the subject, and as in such a company agreement would have been miraculous, they concluded their deliberations of half an hour or thereabouts by deciding to disagree. As a matter of course, Mr. Conkling disapproved the House bill. As a matter of course, Mr. Sumner thought Mr. Conkling too hasty, and, as any one might have expected, the other members took part against the House of Representatives and against Mr. Sumner. The matter then went before the Senate. Mr. Conkling in an admirably clever speech conclusively proved that there were difficulties in the way of every census, and that this special census was not without difficulties of a grave nature; that no census could possibly be perfect, and that this particular census would be imperfect; that there were objections to all bills for taking the census, and that there were several objections to the House bill; but that, in his own opinion, the law of 1850 was the best law that ever had been or ever could be framed, and that he was opposed to any other law. Mr. Sumner thereupon made a speech to prove that the law of 1850 was twenty years old, and that in the interval the world had moved forward; but the Senate was determined that Mr. Sumner should be mistaken, and Mr. Conkling enjoyed a triumph. The House bill was incidentally laid upon the table.

One point, it is true, remained in the background. That it had any influence on Mr. Conkling's mind is out of the question; and that it had any effect on other senators is not to be suspected. Yet it is a very curious coincidence that the machinery adopted by the House bill would, owing to the organization by congressional districts, have thrown all the patronage into the House of Representatives, while the marshals are usually nominated by senators. Little attention was publicly called to this fact, but it is supposed to have had a decided influence on the fate of the bill. Nor is it in any way improbable that the Senate may have had this motive among others in rejecting the House bill, since in the course of its history the Senate has seldom been known to surrender willingly anything that had value; and as for this eternal matter of patronage, there seems to be as little reason why the Senate should give up to the House any perquisites which it had once succeeded in stealing, as there is reason why the House should be obliged to leave the Senate in undisturbed possession of its plunder. In this kind of contest the House has but a poor chance of success, however; and in the present case many members who have pledged all their expected patronage in advance, are inclined to suspect that Mr. Conkling's speech was even more clever than is commonly thought, inasmuch as even where it was silent it was most convincing.

What is to become of the census meanwhile is not a matter of anxiety, since Mr. Secretary Cox happens to be an excellent officer, and will manage to have his duties well performed. In some manner, too, Gen. Garfield will no doubt save the best parts of his bill, and his work will not be wholly lost. But as to the practical working of the public business, the story thus told is interesting, because it illustrates the peculiar condition of politics this winter, when the only rule at Washington seems to be that every one, from the President and Chief-

Justice Chase and Mr. Boutwell, down to the Senate and the House and each individual senator and member, shall be actively employed in governing the country from an independent stand-point, according to each individual's idea of his own wisdom, and with sublime independence of every one else. "Let every man drag out his own corpse," was an expressive figure of speech lately used by Mr. James Fisk, jr., in his evidence before Gen. Garfield's committee on the gold panic. For the public service, it is nearly time that our statesmen should begin this operation in earnest, or a great many political corpses will be left on the field by weary constituencies at the first chance offered them.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A POUND ON IDEAS.

We said something last week of the movement to have a specific duty of from ten to twenty-five cents per pound put on foreign books, without regard to the nature of their contents, the American publishers who are also importers—Messrs. Scribner & Co. at the head of them—having issued a pamphlet, of which we spoke, showing that the effect of such a measure would be to increase the cost of all imported books an average of about 96 per cent.—those of general literature absolutely 162 per cent.; and that American reprinters of foreign books have now all the protection they need in a virtual protection of twenty-five per cent.; that the English interlopers here, so far from receiving "the larger part of the books imported," only receive ten per cent. of them; and that not over one in a hundred of English books would pay to reprint here, not because American publishers are not properly protected by the tariff, but for want of a market. There is, indeed, only one excuse for the change which will bear examination, and that is the extent to which the American trade is cheated by fraudulent invoices. This can be met by a specific duty; but it need not be, and ought not to be, an enormously increased duty.

Our main object, however, in recurring to the subject is to draw attention to the state of mind on the part of some persons which has led to the discussion. An elaborate article in advocacy of the change appears in the March number of *Old and New*, which contains, all things considered, the most remarkable application of the doctrines of protection it has ever been our good fortune to meet with, and we commend it to the attention of all students of political economy as an excellent illustration of the oddity of the situations of which the protectionist theory is full. The writer, in the first place, ascribes the rise of American literature from the low condition in which it was at the beginning of this century mainly to the tariff, or, as he calls it, "the introduction, by a fortunate freak of South Carolina politicians, of the national policy into the revenue system." As soon as he had written this, a faint sense of the nature of the proposition seems to have stolen over him, for he qualified it thus in the next sentence:

> "Of course, we would not say baldly, that a protective tariff created the brains and the intelligence which have built up in fifty years an American literature. But it is the simple truth of history that gradually, as the other arts began to flourish in America, the arts used in book-making flourished also, and under the same laws."

It is thus evident, when he is talking of literature, that what he really means is the mechanical art of book-making, not the ideas put on paper by authors. Here we get at the key to the whole argument. Literature, in this sense, is not a means, as so many people consider it, to the cultivation of the human mind, and through this cultivation to the improvement of human character and the promotion of human happiness, but an end in itself. Its mission is not to spread thoughts, but to keep printers and typefounders going; and a people is well off in regard to letters not in proportion to the quality of the books within its reach, and which it is in the habit of reading, but to the number of mechanics employed in manufacturing books. When a country produces a great many bound volumes every year, it has done its duty; what they contain is a matter of secondary importance. Better there should be few or no native readers than that there should be few or no native printers. In short, the reader exists for the sake of the printer, not the printer for the reader. If the reader refuses to support our printer, let him have no reading. This may sound oddly; but we have really been here doing what the author apparently omitted to do for himself—divesting his reasoning of its extraneous matter, and exhibiting it in its naked simplicity.

The pamphlet in which this article has been reprinted contains also three other letters addressed to the Boston *Advertiser*, signed "An Author," which are equally deserving of examination, and for the same reason. He urges a new reason for piling up the duties on foreign, and especially English books. We shall describe it in his own language:

> "I have all along treated of books as merchandise, for thus must they be considered, rightly to understand the agencies at work changing the old condition of things. It is time to treat books with more respect, as bodies of idea. . . . It is not possible to measure the comparative force of English and American ideas, and it is to be said that the impinging of American life upon English has been by politics and not by literature; but the fact remains indisputable that literature is the very mercurial expression of national life, and a current that flows through the veins of humanity. Look for a moment at my figures: In 1869, importations of foreign books, $1,607,201; in 1869, export of American books to England, £7,387.
>
> "Are we prepared, then, to accept, as a real good, popular literature, born of English life, for American readers? I answer unhesitatingly, no. We are not yet rid of that terrible conflict, waged on battle-fields from 1861 to 1865, in which the victorious forces were inspired by American ideas, and the oppugnant, hardly-beaten forces were reinforced time and again by English ideas, silently sympathetic or openly contributed; the instinct of literary and aristocratic England made it Southern from the start, and the exceptional courageous men, journals, and books of Democratic England, that as instinctively sided with our nation, were stigmatized as American. American they were, for not in vain had the republic lived, and it was the *existence* of the republic that called out England's hatred, though no American abolitionists of divine right of kings had fomented English society. And the fact that the English literature of the day, with few notable exceptions, was anti-American, is my reason for thinking it a grave evil that this literature, bearing the seeds of antagonistic ideas, should be the household literature of our country.
>
> "Men laugh and ask if American ideas, so lately triumphant, have not vigor enough still to preserve national life against English ideas. Have they so soon forgotten the combat with Southern ideas, and is it over? For a generation and more, Southern leaders had with marvellous skill excluded Northern literature from their section; they were wise in their generation, the result proved it. No ally on their side was so mighty as the ignorance of their people of a literature bright with freedom. When the enterprise of the London publisher and the short-sightedness of our Government have turned America into a magnificent market for English literature, new conflicts will find our right arm shrivelled, and by the same process the sturdy voice of Americanism in England will have become a whisper."

Here we see foreign books (English books are specially mentioned, but the proposed change in the tariff would of course affecct all foreign books), treated as "*bodies of idea*," and not simply as articles of commerce, and their exclusion called for through governmental interference, on the express ground that American men and women will be injured by their perusal. It is assumed that the attachment of American citizens to the ideas which lie at the basis of American polity, and to the institutions in which these ideas are embodied, can only be maintained by rigidly guarding them against external influences. English literature is "antagonistic" to American ideas; it is, therefore, to be met not with an American literature created by American thinkers, fighting for all they hold dear, but by an import duty of twenty-five cents a pound avoirdupois. The writer, however, candidly acknowledges at this point—and we can readily believe him—that "men laugh" when he expresses his fears lest American ideas have not vigor enough to preserve the national life against "English ideas." He then, with a perfectly grave face, however, and as if in reprehension of their levity, proceeds to cite, in proof both of the expediency and feasibility of his proposal, the example of our Southern brethren, in excluding "ideas" from their territory in defence of the peculiar institution. See, he says, how successful they were; why should not we imitate them? We are afraid "men will laugh" here again; but we ask for composure and solemnity for one minute while we give "An Author" one or two reasons for thinking that his plan for protecting American ideas is inexpedient and foolish.

The first is, that it has been tried thoroughly. What he proposes to do by the custom-house, many governments in many ages have tried to do, in just as conscientious a spirit as his, by the aid of the dungeon, halter, and thumb-screw, and utterly failed. Particular ideas were never kept out of any country in this way; even the attempt to keep them out cannot be made

except by inflicting enormous damage on all thought, and on civilization itself, which is a product of thought. Various European powers have tried to protect their peculiar ideas by a censorship of foreign publications at the frontier, which is a much more sensible plan than taxing them so much per pound, because in that way what they thought the good ideas were let in and only the bad ones kept out; under the specific duty all would suffer equally, and the bad ones would get in more or less. The South, which our "Author" holds up as a model, could never have protected its ideas so long by a specific duty. The anti-slavery men would have paid the duty, and flooded the country with incendiary documents. The slaveholders went to work much more effectively by prohibiting postmasters from circulating obnoxious printed matter, and "running off" any bookseller who sold it. This is what must be done at the North if we mean to preserve our babes from contamination. But this involves, also, a slight imitation of the Pope. We must have an *index expurgatorius* for the use of the custom-house officers, and a permanent board to superintend it.

The second is, that ideas which cannot hold their own without material protection are not worth saving. They ought to perish, and the sooner the better. Any idea which is fit to live will live, no matter who assails it; and if it have no root in human nature, or in the order of the universe, the Committee of Ways and Means can never save it. The destroyer will reach it through all the custom-houses on the globe. Human thought goes through tide-waiters like lightning. All systems, whether civil or ecclesiastical, in our day, must stand or fall by their own inherent vigor.

The true way to enable American ideas to resist European influences is one which, strange to say, is not so much as hinted at in the pamphlet before us. It is to raise up and foster not custom-house officers, but hardy and strong thinkers and scholars for their defence. It is the hosts of these he has at his back which makes the European publisher formidable to his American rival. But they must be met on open ground, with improved weapons and discipline, and not in the Chinese fashion, by building a big wall along the frontier. For this purpose, what we need is not fewer foreign books, but more. Books are not an end—they are an instrument. The dearness and scarcity of them is exercising a most injurious influence on American culture; the universities are suffering from want of professors and libraries; poor students—and the mass of American students must always be poor—are suffering from the difficulty of access to the enormous wealth of learning which Europe is every year producing. Our scientific men and investigators, in all fields, can accomplish nothing without constant contact with their fellow-laborers in other countries. They know well that God, in his great mercy, permits even Germans and Englishmen and Frenchmen to find out things from year to year, which American thinkers will be the better of hearing of; but, so far from being helped by our legislation and public opinion, they are hindered. The guardianship of American ideas is all committed to their hands; on their labors it depends what the result of this great experiment will be; whether the civilization of this continent will be a hardy and vigorous tree, in whose shade the weary of all nations can find an assured rest, and on which the storms of ages will beat in vain, or a sickly custom-house plant, kept alive by a close covering of tariffs and tests, drawing all the vitality it possesses from the feeble surface tillage of half-taught magazine and newspaper writers and platform orators. The protection American authors need, as one of them pointed out a year or two ago (Jan. 9, 1868) in our columns, in an article entitled "The Great American Novel," is protection "from being undersold in their own market by the stolen brain-labor of other countries." Let us have an end to stealing. Let no American author any more have to compete with foreign authors who have received nothing for their work. This would be true protection, for it would rest on what is as everlasting as the hills—justice—the right of every human being to the product of his own labor. The absence of international copyright is, like slavery and all other embodiments of wrong in national policy, defeating the very ends it was expected to serve. It enriches a few; but it is repressing the growth of the national literature and enfeebling the national thought.

THE NEW HAMLET.

It is said by some persons that Shakespeare cannot be played nowadays. If by this is meant that, of his dramas and of the personages who move through them like the figures of a vivid dream, uttering thoughts and feelings intensely human, and yet sublimed as much above the experience of everyday humanity as the language which they speak is above that of daily conversation, we have an ideal so high that no acting can approach it so near as not to leave a great gap that must be filled by the imagination, the judgment that would exclude Shakespeare from the stage is somewhat reasonable. But opposed to it is the pregnant fact that Shakespeare was a playwright, with an interest in a theatre, and that, writing his plays only that they should be acted and bring money to the treasury, he succeeded in this purely theatrical and business project far better than any other of the many gifted dramatic poets of his time. One reason why the performance of Shakespeare's plays was so satisfactory to the London public, and therefore so profitable to him, when he played in them, and why the performance of them now is generally so unsatisfactory and unprofitable, is that then they were regarded merely as new plays, in the personages, the entanglements, the progress, and the issue of which the audiences for which they were written found themselves, they hardly knew why, deeply interested. They went to hear *The Tempest*, and *Hamlet*, and *King Lear*, untroubled by the consciousness that they were listening to the greatest literary productions, as well as the finest dramatic conceptions, the world had known, or would know, for centuries. The play was good and the acting was good, and they were satisfied. But since it began to be discovered, about a century ago, that the Stratford rustic and London player wrote with an inspiration that has hitherto been given to no other mortal, the world has been pondering his work, and analyzing it, and falling down before it in adoration, until one of his plays, and particularly one of his tragedies, is raised in our minds upon a high ideal plane, into a sublime ethereal atmosphere that places it apart and far above the mere theatrical place and purpose for which it was written.

This is as it should be. The influence of a really grand ideal work, when it is thus looked up to with a humble, teachable admiration, is wholesome, purifying, elevating. And of all the few works worthy of such admiration, the first and highest are Shakespeare's. But one consequence of this attitude of actors and public toward the works of any dramatic writer is the falling into a hard, formal, exaggerated, conventional style of performance, which is looked upon as ideal only because it is unnatural. From this, how much have we of this generation all suffered from our youth up! Because of this, how many of us have kept ourselves violently away from the theatre when the play-bills threatened what they called a Shakespearean revival!—revivals in which were extinguished both Shakespeare and Nature, who, lovely in their lives, in their deaths were not divided, and whose stiffened corpses were fitly buried under tombs of painted canvas and cotton velvet.

To relieve us from this incubus upon our Shakespeare, Mr. Fechter has appeared—a man of vivid histrionic intuitions; an actor who, whether he does right or wrong, holds the attention of his audience; who, whether his conception of character is correct or incorrect, is, for the time being, the personage whom he represents, and who is a gifted and a finished exemplar of the realistic school of French acting.

Mr. Fechter's Hamlet at once pleases and dissatisfies, interests and repels. We are disappointed with it, and yet we are glad to have seen it. So much has been written about it in England, and so unqualified was Mr. Dickens's eulogy of his talent, that mere curiosity was sure to bring him the success of crowded houses in a tour through the United States. If, instead of being a gifted and accomplished actor, he had been a learned gorilla, he would have been no less secured against pecuniary failure And yet, with few exceptions, all of the more intelligent part of his audiences are disappointed with his Hamlet; while at the same time nearly all of them confess to having received a certain degree of vivid pleasure from its performance. The reason of this double condition of their minds is that his conception of the character is utterly at variance with the just ideal of it, while his performance is in many respects a refreshing contrast to the false-ideal style in which it is usually presented. "Ah!" said the Frenchwoman, as, heated with dancing and candlelight, she drank a glass of cold water, "ah! quel dommage qu'il ne soit pas un péché!" Now, we are more fortunate than she, for Fechter's Hamlet is cool fresh water to our parched palates, but it *is* a sin. It is a very lively, vigorous, coherent performance; very natural and very real; as real as the action of any butcher-boy that swaggers through Washington Market, and therefore—the play being what it is, one the life of which cannot be

extinguished by any treatment—very interesting. But it is not Shakespeare's Hamlet—no more like it than Hamlet was to Hercules—indeed, much more like Hercules.

The Hamlet that Mr. Fechter puts before us is a real man; a man full of life and vigor, and, above all, of purpose and resolution; a man of simple common sense, a very practical way of looking at things, and a prompt, decided way of treating them—a fellow who will stand no nonsense, and one whom, therefore, Shakespeare omitted from *his* "Hamlet," for the very good reason that, if he had not done so, the play would have come to a swift end in a single act. Shakespeare's Hamlet muses, and dallies, and procrastinates, making excuses for others and condemning himself, excusing himself and condemning others, analyzing his own motives and seeking after those of others; ever fearful that he may be precipitate in action, nevertheless ever conscious that, with intellectual epicureanism, he is shuffling away from what he feels is a hard, unpleasant duty, and suffering from this conflict of conviction and vacillation until his excited brain brings up, by an optical delusion, his father's ghost before his mind's eye (for the ghost in the "Queen's" chamber is not the real ghost of the castle platform) to reprove him for his inaction, yet meeting his father's murderer again and jesting with him; coming back from England, where, as he finds, he was sent by that murdering usurper to be put to death, and yet musing and philosophizing in a churchyard; then accepting a challenge to a fencing-match, and finally killing his guilty uncle, not to avenge his father's death, but on an impulse of the moment. This is Shakespeare's Hamlet: Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, after his interview with the Ghost, would have gone straightway to the palace and, taking the King by the throat wherever he could have found him, would have cut his heart out and flung it in the face of his mother, and immediately have given orders for his own wedding with Ophelia. With him it would have been a word and a blow, and the blow would have come before the word. The Hamlet he shows us is one of the most vital, coherent, clearly conceived, perfectly embodied creations ever presented on the stage. Therefore the interest it has even for those whom it offends; for it is a real man, and one of a kind not too uncommon: a man inflexible in purpose and prompt in action, a kind of man who always enlists the sympathies and generally wins the approval of those around him. But the other Hamlet was, with all his subtlety, his thoughtfulness, and his good intentions, a shilly-shally sort of fellow.

To ensure consistency in his Hamlet, Mr. Fechter does not hesitate to make changes in the text. He omits, of course, what all modern actors omit, the fine soliloquy in the fourth act, which Hamlet speaks after meeting young Fortinbras, and in which he himself gives the key-note of his character:

> "Now whether it be
> Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
> Of thinking too precisely on the event,
> A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom
> And ever three parts coward—I do not know
> Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do."

Omitting this soliloquy is very much like enacting the old joke of omitting the character of Hamlet from the tragedy; but still all actors do it. Mr. Fechter also leaves out another, almost equally important—that in the third act, in which Hamlet, finding the King at prayers, when "he might do it pat," shuffles away from his purpose again, under the plea that, if he should kill the King then, he would but send his father's murderer to heaven! Again he changes the last scene of this act, as indeed he must to have his Hamlet in keeping. He enters his Queen mother's apartment, after the astounding development produced by the play, and, promptly marching up to her, says with a jaunty, good-natured, bantering impudence, "Now, mother, what's the matter?" much as a lad of the period, our period, might address his old lady when he expected her to scold him for staying out too late at night. All through this sad and deeply moving scene he, in marked manner, shows the colloquial, realistic style in which he has chosen to deliver the speeches of this most poetic and ideal of Shakespeare's conceptions. At the close of the scene he not only cuts out all that passes between Hamlet and his mother, after he has told her to refrain herself from his uncle's bed that night, which includes a reference to his feigned madness, and the well-known passage about "the engineer hoist with his own petard," but he transposes the line,

> "Thus bad begins and worse remains behind,"

and makes it close the scene. Worse yet, and characteristic of the low, literal tone in which he pitches his conception of the tragedy, when he says, "Thus bad begins," he points with his forefinger behind the arras to the dead Polonius, and, pausing a moment, concludes the speech, "and worse remains behind," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to his mother, who has left the apartment. A more absurd and debasing perversion of the author's purpose it would be difficult to imagine. But it is in entire keeping with Mr. Fechter's conception of the character of Hamlet, which has a self-poise and rounded perfection quite marvellous. As Shakespeare wrote this line, it is one of those general reflections on men and things with which Hamlet diverts his mind, even in the most important crisis of his life: it has no particular reference to any thing or act, and only a general pertinence to the situation. Mr. Fechter—or, if not he, some one else—cuts it out of its setting, transposes it, and brings it down to bald reality by violently applying it to the killing of the old courtier and the conduct of the Queen.

But although there is such a consistency between Mr. Fechter's conception of Hamlet and the text he gives us, that the conclusion as to a proposed formation of that text is warranted, it seems more probable, so amazing is his ignorance of the character of Shakespeare's prince, that he is entirely unacquainted with the tragedy as Shakespeare wrote it, and has studied only the old mutilated stage copy in vogue in the early part of this century.

To say much more of this performance would be superfluous, even were there room and time in which to say it; but it is worth while to notice the shifts to which the actor is put in his effort to be both colloquial and original. He continually startles the ear by an accent thrown in an unusual and generally an improper place; as thus, to the Ghost, "Go on, *I'll* follow thee," the consequence of which is a distinction between Hamlet and his companions which is entirely out of keeping with the purpose of the scene. And again: "Thou com'st in such a questionable shape that I *will* speak to thee;" but no one has forbidden or even entreated him not to speak to the Ghost. And again, as to Polonius being at supper, he says, "Not where *he* eats;" the sense being merely that Polonius is at a supper, not where he *eats*, but where he *is eaten!* Such extravagance is, however, the almost inevitable consequence and punishment of an effort to be original for the sake of being original, and to read an ideal drama colloquially. Of the latter fault, the scene with the Clown in the graveyard is a very glaring and offensive example. Mr. Fechter, instead of entering at "a distance," and communing with Horatio apart until he addresses the Gravedigger (Shakespeare indicates a palpable break in Hamlet's speech, and an approach to the Clown), plumps right down upon the man, stands at the foot of the grave, and speaks out his thoughts without reserve or hesitation, and then sits down on a gravestone, raises one leg upon the other knee, nurses his foot, and falls a-chaffing with the fellow, as if he were a New York politician courting popularity with a gentlemanly barkeeper. In brief, in spite of the middle-age illuminated manuscript on which the speech is written which he hands the "First Player" (he might just as well hand him a leaf of the *Nation*), Mr. Fechter's Hamlet is quite such a colloquial, everyday, *dégagé* prince as any one of our first families in the Fifth Avenue might ask to drop in without ceremony and take a family dinner, or ask him even without knowing that he was his mother's son, and learn after his departure, to their wonder, delight, and vexation, that they had entertained a prince unawares.

For the pronunciation of this spirited actor constant and large allowance must be made; and in criticising him, that trait of his elocution must be passed over with tolerant good-nature, in grateful consideration of his peculiar merits. But one of his lapses in this play was so characteristic, so annoying, and so provocative of laughter that it should be mentioned. He said—

> "I'll call thee Hamlet,
> King, father, *rawldane:* O answer me!"

But Mr. Fechter's performance, however intolerable it is as a representation of Shakspeare's Hamlet, is full of instruction. Napoleon said to Talma that he would make him play to a theatre full of kings. Mr. Fechter should play Hamlet to a theatre full of actors. By a thoughtful study of his performance, they might learn what it is that makes tragedy in itself so distasteful nowadays to cultivated people; and they might perhaps seize and take to themselves the secret power by which Mr. Fechter gives to this, as well as to all his impersonations, that vividness, unity, and picturesque vitality which ensure him his constant hold on the attention of every individual in his audiences, even when he fails to attain their approval. "What do you think?" said one to another, after his first performance here of the "Prince of Denmark." "Well," was the reply, "a very lively piece of acting; but it is hard to tell whether it is Hamlet playing Ruy Blas or Ruy Blas playing Hamlet."

Correspondence.

THE PROPOSED DISMISSALS OF ARMY OFFICERS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I respectfully ask your influence in behalf of the army officers before whom the prospect is now opening of speedy and relentless decapitation. I am well aware that the opinions of any military officer regarding army legislation will be attributed to personal motives, and therefore excite less interest or examination into their justice than might be expected did they emanate from some uninterested authority. Therefore, I ask your voice in our behalf. I have searched the leading daily journals for some evidence of a disposition to defend our cause *on the ground of justice*, but no success has rewarded my investigations. On the contrary, I find the subject of army reduction discussed with sneers, abuse, and sarcasm; all considerations of justice involved in the question utterly ignored, or referred to as presumption; and in the least vindictive journals leniency in our behalf urged only on the ground of charity, So much for the *leaders* of public sentiment. Turning to Congress, I find no indication of a desire to fairly and justly discuss the question. No voice is raised in our behalf, and recommendations of the President and heads of Departments favoring us are passed by in silence.

In the House Military Bill recently reported, no allusion is made to the portions of the above official reports referring to insufficiency of pay, miserable quarters, and suggestions as to army reform. All such considerations are ignored in the eager desire to get rid of us, on the ground of retrenchment. It is called economy to discharge an officer, with the present of a year's pay and allowances, when the fact exists that at the expiration of the year the same officer, if retained on the rolls, would be "absorbed," having previously earned his pay on detached service as Indian agent, recruiting duty, College Military Professor, and other positions where his services are now, and can be, made available. I have tried to take an unprejudiced view of the subject, and am confident of the existence of considerations not to be ignored. If it were an outrageous breach of faith for five hundred officers (more or less) to offer their resignations on the eve of hostilities with a foreign nation, surely the unjust discharge from the service of those same officers must be a proceeding equally open to disparaging criticism. Permit me to briefly call your attention to some of the reasons that impel me to ask your protest against our summary muster-out.

On the 28th of July, 1866, Congress passed an act for the "permanent" organization of the army. In compliance with its provisions, applications for appointments were made, examinations passed, and all requirements of Congress complied with by a large number of those who had faithfully served in the volunteer service during the late war. As evidence of their compliance with the provisions of the above act, they have the commission issued to them. Relying upon the permanency of their positions, they no longer sought civil positions, and assumed, by marriage, responsibilities utterly unwarranted under other circumstances. They allowed the best years of their lives to glide away, increasing in military knowledge, but losing all opportunities of again commencing life outside of their professions. Suddenly the prospect opens to them of being turned adrift, by muster-out, at an advanced age, and forced to begin life anew trammelled by responsibilities assumed in blind confidence, with no resources except a present of one year's pay and allowances (which would be consumed by arrearages contracted in trying to "keep up their positions"), and rendered unfit by their profession to obtain a foothold. If the absence of all reliance upon the permanency of public positions, which is the curse of the civil branch, is to pervade the military branch of the Government, how can superiority of discipline and training be expected? It is humiliating to compare our troops on the northern frontier with those of the English army on duty in Canada. It is impossible for an officer to take the same pride in the military instruction of those under his command so long as he feels that Congress will legislate him out of the service, consolidate the company on which he has expended hours of labor, transfer him to a different regiment by entirely "wiping out" his old regiment with all its associations, or in some way suspend and interfere with the efficiency of the service. An approaching session of Congress is, under the circumstances, anticipated with a feeling of uncertainty that *must* impair the zeal and energy so necessary to the effectiveness of an army. Not desiring or presuming to expect the publication of this letter, I respectfully ask your charity for all errors and omissions, and trust the facts I have stated may justify my request for your plea in behalf of the officers of the army.

Respectfully yours,

Regular Army.

February 9, 1870.

[This is undoubtedly a fair subject of complaint. A good many honest and able men in Congress are acquiescing in this piece of injustice, through an unthinking though praiseworthy zeal for retrenchment; but they are not the persons whom the victims have most to fear, or have most reason to complain of. The army (and we include the navy) is the one branch of the public service, as Mr. Jenckes showed in his reports last year, which has preserved the spirit of honesty, self-sacrifice, and fidelity which should animate all branches of it, but does not. Army officers have their faults, like all men, and like all professions, but cheating, shirking, and intriguing are not amongst the number. They do not steal the Government funds; they do in the most efficient manner all work set them to do; they are faithful in all circumstances, even unto death; they love their calling more than money; and they are the only class of men in Government employ who see behind the party in power "that yet auguster thing," the whole country, for whose glory and prosperity parties ought to exist, which was before all parties, and will survive them all. Now, we confess, we think if it be allowable for the community to tax itself for any purpose except the payment of the bare expenses of preserving order, the maintenance of a body of this sort is not by any means a bad thing to tax ourselves for. We believe the existence of such a body is at least as useful to the country as any "interest" which now has to rely on protection for its existence. We would far rather have a boy grow up in sight of a batch of men in the public service doing faithfully the work given them to do, through good and evil report, and without expectation of much other reward than the approval of their own consciences, and in faithfulness to traditions of honor and duty, of which they had made themselves the guardians, than of any mill that ever was built. Now we have no hesitation in saying that their very virtues, their thoroughness, their efficiency, their honesty, their hatred of quackery, charlatanry, and self-seeking, make the army officers intensely obnoxious to a certain set of politicians who are just now very influential in the House, and are by no means powerless in the Senate. We shall not mention names, but it would not take a very shrewd guesser to guess at least one of the persons of this kind, in the House, whom we have in our eye.

But even if it be admitted that it is no part of the business of Government to provide examples of virtue, it has to be remembered that in the case of a large proportion of the officers whom it is now proposed to dismiss to private life, we are under solemn and binding obligations, of which this dismissal will be a most discreditable and heartless evasion. Their case as against the Government is stated in our correspondent's letter. They were given to understand, when they were offered positions in the army at the close of the war, that these positions would be permanent, and in dependence on these promises they relinquished their chances in private life. "Where," as Paley says, "the terms of promises admit of more senses than one, the promise is to be performed in that sense in which the promiser apprehended at the time that the promisee received it." There is no doubt about the sense in which the promisees in this case received the promise. They understood that they were offered a permanency; in consideration of this permanency in a profession they had learned to love, they refused to return to civil life, at an age when openings in civil life would still have been easily found by them, and devoted themselves to a service of unusual hardship and danger at low wages. The turning of them out now without compensation, or on half-pay, is therefore not only a breach of faith, but one of a kind which we regret to say has of late become somewhat alarmingly common, and against which the public ought to set their faces. It springs naturally out of a doctrine which a certain class of politicians sometimes preach with boldness, but at all times act on, namely, that a nation has no conscience, and is bound by no moral law; that it may cheat its creditors, if it pleases, by putting a new construction on the bargain under which it borrowed their money; or may outwit foreigners by treating the different branches of the Government, not as parts of

one political system, sharing in a common responsibility, but as isolated and independent agencies, for whose sayings and doings no other branch is in any way answerable; or may play false, as in the present case, with its own servants, by treating each Congress, or Administration, as inheriting the constitutional power, but not necessarily the moral obligations, of those that have gone before. Nay, in the Reconstruction matter, Congress has repeatedly treated its own laws, passed in the most solemn manner, and after much deliberation—laws, too, in the nature of a contract—as of no force or effect, as soon as it became inconvenient to obey them, and set them aside at once, without taking the trouble to repeal or amend them. The effect of these performances on the public mind every thinking man must regard as very mischievous, and likely to prove more so; and the gradual admission of large bodies of ignorant persons to a share in the government, which is now going on, and likely to go on, renders more necessary than ever the cultivation of respect for plighted faith. This may be said to be as near an approach as there is to the soul of a people. A people which wants it may have the tongues of angels and of men, immeasurable corn, wine, and oil, and yet they will all profit it nothing. The case of the army officers is no more important than other cases, but it has in it an element which appeals strongly to human sympathy. There is no victim so pitiable, because there is none so helpless, as the victim of national injustice; and it ought to be remembered that the sum saved by defrauding these men is scarcely noticeable in the public accounts, and that the strongest advocates of the wrong know well that by reforming the Civil Service they might save in a single year a quarter of the revenue, but would not raise a finger for the purpose. Moreover, one very large proportion of the men who are now to be dismissed are actually engaged in the performance of civil duties, and their places will have to be filled by the ordinary political "rotators."—Ed. Nation.]

PROTECTION TO AMERICAN THOUGHT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Will you yield me space to express my entire dissent from your views in relation to the proposed increased tariff duties on books, as expressed in your literary notes of the 17th instant? Let me premise that I am a protectionist of the H. C. Carey and Horace Greeley school, dyed, I may say, in the wool. The *Nation*, I regret to see, is inclined to free trade. Though differing from you *in toto*, I cannot at all sympathize with my friends of the *Tribune*, or with Mr. Congressman Kelley, who weaken a good cause by raising against their opponents a cry of "British gold," or calling them "Arnolds" or "Traitors." Mr. Wells and his friends are, I believe, wrong, and inflicting on our country great injury, but I do not question their honesty, and cannot but recognize their capacity.

Let me, however, come to the point. The difficulty with the proposed tariff, as regards literature, is not that it is excessive, but that it is based on a wrong principle. For years we have been looking and longing for a distinct American literature; we have asked for book-writers, and get only book-makers. Why is this? Is it not because American authors have hitherto had no protection at all? You free-traders are always talking of the law of supply and demand. I, as a protectionist, accept all you say, but ask you in return, Does not nature abhor a vacuum? If you want a supply, must you not first create a demand? What demand is there for the results of American thought and literary development while the whole intellectual cravings of the country are satisfied with the works of foreign writers? Do we not compel our authors to compete with those of all Europe? Are not our writers undersold and driven from the market by the hacks of every European Grub Street? I write with some feeling on this subject, for I am myself an author, and wholly fail to see why pig-iron, and salt, and calico, and coal producers should be protected, and, I allow, very properly protected, while my books lie unsold on the counter because the reading public is sufficiently supplied with American reprints of foreign writers. How can we expect an American literature—a literature tasting of the soil, racy—while this state of things continues? I, for one, have too much knowledge of my country people to doubt, for an instant, of their latent literary capacity. It needs but the demand to create the supply. During the late war, did we not see great military talent, the existence of which, but for that war, would never have been imagined—did we not see this wealth of talent spring forth in response to an artificial demand of but three years' continuance? So would it be in literature could the same demand be created. I am painfully conscious that I am myself no Dickens, or Tennyson, or Mill, or Froude; but I cannot doubt, could the works of these admirable authors be shut out, and wholly excluded from America, but for one single ten years, we should soon boast of writers of our own superior to any of those I have named. We have but to make the demand for intellectual, as for physical, nutriment, and the supply will surely follow.

This is the position taken by Mr. Greeley in his recent economical writings, and I go with him to its full length. He argued only in relation to his paper—the admirable *Tribune*. I have not my thumb-marked copy of his work now at hand, but I remember well the argument. He maintained that, as against the London press, his paper needed no protection, for both dealt in news, and the ten days' difference in time between England and this country gave him a monopoly of the home market. But for this, he claimed that he would have a right to and should receive adequate protection. We American authors have no such advantage; we are ceaselessly exposed to hard, killing competition, and work; for the booksellers can steal the works of foreign writers, but have to pay us some pittance for ours. Our nativity is absolutely an additional burden imposed upon us!

What this country now needs is that the protective system should not only be sustained as regards all material productions, but that it should be extended over the regions of thought. The defect in the proposed tariff is that it recognizes book printers and ignores book makers. Both should be regarded. The cry should be for American thought printed in America! A heavy protective duty and internal revenue tax should be placed on the works of all foreign authors, living or dead, whether printed in Europe or in this country. I love my Shakespeare, but gladly would I shut him out when by so doing I knew that he would soon be replaced by an American Shakespeare all our own. Gladly will I close my Macaulay when by so doing I shall convert our Motley into something his like. Let the country but give to its authors for a few years the same protection it has so long and so generously afforded to its spinners, its founders, and its miners, and no Sydney Smith will ever again demand, "Who reads an American book?" Is not intellectual dependence at least as degrading as material dependence? The *Nation*, knowing from whom this communication comes, will at least vouch for me to its public, that it comes from one who, for mere want of the protection afforded by our Government to all others of its citizens, is, though not an unsuccessful, still

A Poor Author.

Boston, February 22, 1870.

[We have discussed this subject elsewhere, in an article written before the receipt of the above letter. We confess, however, we look on the letter as a very powerful statement of the case—far more powerful than that of "Author" of the Boston *Advertiser*. The plan of shutting out dead foreign authors as well as living ones, and thus, so to speak, cutting completely loose from past ages, is a bold and striking conception, which we recommend to the consideration of the Committee of Ways and Means. Shakespeare *does* weigh on native dramatists; Milton weighs on native epic writers; we know it; we see cases of it every day. We do incline to free trade, as our correspondent says; but we are not narrow, and trust we are open to conviction. A distinguished American poet has, however, suggested to us a plan of protection for native authors, which seems to us, in many respects, better than any yet hit upon. It makes little difference to him, he maintains, whether foreign poetry is kept out of the country or not if the natives won't buy the home article. "Therefore," says he, "let the collector of taxes be directed to ask every head of a family to produce once a year a copy of my poems (complete edition), or else pay so much. This would ensure my genius real encouragement; the mere exclusion of Tennyson and Arnold would not."—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have in preparation a work which we are very glad to announce: "An Introduction to Anglo-Saxon, Semi-Saxon, and Early English Reading. With a Grammatical Glossary and Notes, Philological and Explanatory. By Hiram Corson, A.M., Professor in St. John's College, Annapolis." The collection opens with an Anglo-Saxon version of the Gospel according to St. John, and then follow selections

from the Homilies of Aelfric, from King Alfred's versions of the History of Paulus Orosius, and of Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ; from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; from the Ormulum; the Proclamation of King Henry III., 18 Oct., 1258; Selections from Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle; from the Vision of William concerning Piers Plowman; from Pierce the Ploughman's Crede; from the Wycliffite versions of the Bible; from Gower's Confessio Amantis; and other extracts which we have omitted to enumerate. There are added notes, and an outline of Anglo-Saxon grammar, and a Glossary. Such a text-book will do much to stimulate the study of our mother-tongue both in and out of colleges; and we trust it will have the secondary effect of procuring the hundred or so subscribers yet lacking to enable Prof. Corson to undertake publishing his "Thesaurus of Archaic English down to the time of Milton." This enterprise is in some sense a test of American culture, and we shall rejoice to have it sustained.

—One frequently has to go away from home to get home news, and so it happens that we must copy from *Trübner's Literary Record* verses taken from "Poems by Rachel Bahn" (York, Pa.: H. C. Adams & Co., 1869), in the Pennsylvania Dutch; for which we trust we shall be excused by the interest manifested in our recent article on this dialect. Miss Bahn has been an invalid for many years, and, as such, writes feelingly of nature:

"Guckt yusht mol selle Baehm dort draus,
Wie bluehe sie so schoe!
Ihr suesser g'ruch mei Hertz erquickt,
In fact, ich muss sell g'steh."—p. 179.

This stanza will easily be interpreted by those who understand German, unless the first five words trouble them: Look-at just once those trees (*selle*, Ger. dieselbe, selbige). More pathos has this "*mus sell g'steh*"—this reluctant avowal—in the following connection:

"Die voegel singe ah net meh,
Sie sin now fort, sell muss mer g'steh,
Wu sie die climate suhte duht,
Doh singe sie mit frischem muth."—p. 183.

Ah net meh, Ger. auch nicht mehr; *mer*, Ger. wir; *wu*, Ger. wo; *suhte*, Eng. suit; *duht*, Ger. thut (does); *doh*, Ger. da. After the birds, we have the trees again:

"Die Baehm sie stehne bloss yetzt doh,
Sie hen abglaegt ihr suht,
Gar nix so schoe un' herrlich guckt,
Als wie 's im summer duht."—p. 185.

Abglaegt, Ger. abgelegt. In one line of a piece called "Vocal Music," Miss Bahn draws sparingly on her native tongue:

"Wie soothing vocal music is!"

and hardly less so in the last line of a stanza following the declaration:

"Mei fav'rite leeder hab ich ah,"

and which reads thus:

"'Angels welcome' is aehns dafun,
Laes [read] yusht a' mol sell leed,
Wie troestlich sin die worte doch!
Der tune is ah complete."—p. 199.

We may mention here that one or two historical blunders crept into our article on "Pennsylvania Dutch," of which the one connecting Count Zinzendorf with the Mennonites was the most obvious.

—We see mentioned as in the English press or as already published a large number of works in philology, and in history and biography, which will interest the general reader as well as the specialist engaged in study. Professor Max Müller has written another volume of his "Chips from a German Workshop." The ancient and modern literature of France, Germany, and England is his theme in this third volume of the set. The same writer has translated the "Dhammapada," the earliest extant canonical book of the Buddhists, and will publish it conjointly with the "Buddhaghosha's Parables," translated from the Burmese by Captain H. T. Rogers, of which we have previously given some account. "The Families of Speech" is by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, who treats his subject historically, and discourses upon the bearing of the latest philological researches on the facts of history and ethnology. The Rev. Mr. Coxe, well known for his labors in the field of classical mythology, has in press a book on the "Mythology of the Aryan Nations." Professor Edward Maetzner, of Berlin, brings out "A Copious English Grammar," which is described by its translator—"a member of the Philological Society of London"—as being "a methodical, analytical, and historical treatise on the orthography, prosody, inflections, and syntax of the English tongue, with numerous authorities cited in the order of historical development." It is in three volumes, and, as Professor Maetzner already has the praise of the best authorities as a very admirable scholar in Old English and Anglo-Saxon, it may be that here at last we have the English grammar that, since ever there was an English tongue, everybody has been waiting for. Dr. R. G. Latham's great English dictionary, based on Johnson's, is now, after many years, completed in two heavy quarto volumes. "A Dictionary of Norman French," by a M. Melivier, of the Isle of Guernsey, is announced by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, who also publish "An Old Norse or Icelandic Grammar," by the Rev. G. Bayldon. There was to be an age of critics, Professor Wilson prophesied, when once the men of the Byronic age had passed away and left the field of English literature to the small men—necessarily small, the Professor thought, with the Scotch modesty that is so pleasing—who would follow the giants of his own time. We have had more or less criticism, to be sure, but not so very much was required for duly commenting on Macintosh and Moore and Byron and Scott and Wilson himself and Wordsworth and Coleridge; and perhaps it would have been as good a prophecy if Kit North had announced that the age succeeding his own would be an age of *ana*, and, further, that neither the collection of *ana* nor the criticising of our immediate predecessors—interesting as they are in many ways—would engrossingly absorb the mental activity of this generation. At all events, we are just now getting a good many volumes of memoirs whose chief value is in the stories that they tell of the distinguished men and women of the close of the last century and the beginning of this. "Crabbe Robinson's Diary;" the "Life of Landor;" "The Life of Jane Austen;" the "Life of Wilson" himself; all the talk about Byron; the "Memoirs of Miss Mitford;" the "Life of the Misses Berry"—all these sufficiently prove by their existence the interest which we take in the personalities if not in the works of the famous of the last generation.

—To these books that we have named, and the countless others similar that we have omitted, there are now to be added, of new ones, two volumes of the correspondence of the Right Hon. William Wickham, and a volume of "Autobiographic Recollections of the late Professor Pryme," whose reminiscences extend over a period of seventy years and contain a great many anecdotes. The same character may probably be ascribed to the expected "Life of Palmerston," by Sir Henry Bulwer. We may, we suppose, put under the double head of history and biography Sir W. Dennison's "Varieties of Viceregal Life," and Earl Russell's Selections from his Speeches (1817–'41) and Despatches (1859–'65). The selections are in two volumes, and each volume has an introduction. It is as historical and biographical, also, that we are to count Mr. Spedding's fifth volume of his "Life and Letters of Bacon." Of history pure and simple is Mr. Adlard's "Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leycester;" Viscount Milton's "History of the San Juan Boundary Question;" the first volume (out of five) of Professor Creasy's "History of England from the Earliest Times;" Mr. Robert Sewall's "Analytical History of India from the Earliest Times down to 1858," and the Rev. George Rawlinson's "Manual of Ancient History"—Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Lydia, Phœnicia, Syria, Judea, Egypt, Carthage, Greece, Macedonia, Rome, Parthia—all in an octavo of six hundred pages. An octavo likely to be more useful is one by Mr. Edward Freeman, entitled "The Historical Geography of Europe," and well filled with maps, whose use is to show how the Roman empire broke into pieces, and how, after its disintegration, the states of modern Europe gradually were formed. No one will deny that this is a work much wanted, and on Mr. Freeman's own account, also, it is permitted one to rejoice that it is done; and that, probably, it will be read and studied; and that hereafter in the *Saturday Review* Mr. Freeman will be able to possess his soul in more peace than has been his for several years. A man more critic-troubled by his own knowledge and other people's ignorance of mediæval geography and ethnology and history, certainly never existed—never, at any rate, carried on his painful existence in public. Other works belonging to history are a "Historical Account of the Neutrality of Great Britain during the American Civil War," by Professor Montague Bernard, of Oxford; "Selections from the Correspondence of the late Earl of Elgin," by Mr. T. Walroud; and "The Letters of the late Right Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis," edited by his brother, the Rev. Sir G. Lewis.

—No book has recently appeared in England of such weight or interest as to elevate its class into an importance greater than that which theological and religious works have, in virtue of their number, and the number of the people whom they address. The Œcumenical Council fills the newspapers with letters—letters that have now become as tiresome as those letters always get to be which harp on the events which newspaper men think "important"—but as yet there has not appeared more than one book upon the subject. That is to say, there has appeared not more than one English book. "Janus" perhaps has satisfied the English reading world, outside of Catholicism; and as for the Catholics, they naturally are wait

ing to see what will be done at Rome. The one English book we speak of is by the new Earl of Crawford (Lord Lindsay), and is entitled "Œcumenicity in its Relations to the Church of England." The Hon. Colin Lindsay, a recent convert from Anglicanism to Romanism, is the author of what may be called a legal treatise, with the title of "The Evidence for the Papacy, as derived from the Holy Scriptures and from Primitive Antiquity," which is different from most of the other works of the same class if it does not displease those whom the writer has left, please well enough those to whom he has gone, and find and leave the rest of the world indifferent. The Rev. Orby Shipley has, doubtless, made of his new edition of "The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola" an exceedingly pretty volume, for, so far at least as concerns the appearance of a book, he is perfection as an editor. It is not always, however, that he exercises his skill and taste on books of intrinsic importance. Archbishop Manning is the editor of a third set of essays by various authors, entitled "On Religion and Literature." "The Church and the Age" is a volume of essays by Dean Hook and others of the Anglican Clergy, in which is set forth the present position of the English Church. More interesting than any of these works is a second letter by Dr. Pusey to Dr. Newman. It follows in the track of the "Eirenicon," and enquires, "Is Healthful Reunion Impossible?"—a question which one would think had been answered so far as Dr. Newman can answer it. Mr. Spurgeon offers "The Treasury of David," which is said to be "an original exposition of the Book of Psalms," and, besides, "a collection of illustrative extracts from the whole range of literature," as well as a series of "homiletical hints upon almost every verse," so that preachers should find it useful. So, probably, would they find a periodical called "The Christian," which is a weekly record of Christian life, testimony, and experiences. For teachers and pupils in theological schools, there is the Rev. Dr. Waterland's "Critical History of the Athanasian Creed:" a school edition of a new translation of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History;" Melia's "History of the Persecutions of the Waldenses;" and "A Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology," by various writers, which the Rivingtons are publishing in eight volumes, which are carefully written, "with a view to modern thought as well as a respect for ancient authority," and which are designed to be safe reading for the clergy and laity of the Church of England. Dr. Newman's "Sermons on Subjects of the Day" appear now in one volume, uniform with the eight volumes of the "Parochial and Plain Sermons"—nine volumes of model discourses for preachers who address audiences at once cultivated in mind and religiously disposed. All, we think, were composed while Mr. Newman was still a Protestant.

—Of poetry in England the crop of the next season promises to be light; there are but one or two of the forthcoming volumes that will be worth much attention. There is a rumor, how well founded we do not know, that Mr. Dante Rossetti will gather into a book the poems of his which hitherto have had only a private circulation, and those, fewer in number, which have seen the light only in out of the way periodicals; but which have procured him almost as many admirers as he has had readers. The *New Path*, we think it was, that reproduced in this country his "Blessed Damosel" and some other pieces which stamp him an unmistakable poet; though one can imagine some of them disliked by people who do not care to see spiritual things treated passionately. Still, when all allowances have been made, it may be doubted if there are in England two persons more genuinely poetical in cast of mind and temperament than Dante Rossetti and his sister Christina; and both have given expression more or less adequate and beautiful to their gift. Their brother, Mr. William Rossetti, who also is busy in literature and has tried verse as well as criticism, has ready a new edition of Shelley. It is in two volumes, the old poems are carefully revised, and some new ones are now first printed, and a life of the poet is prefixed. A good life of Shelley, setting down naught in malice, and not extenuating anything either, is a thing to be desired. Rather to be desired than hoped for, perhaps, from Mr. Rossetti, who should be a good admirer, one would say. The *rabies biographica* must certainly be among the capacities of a man who can admire Walt Whitman and find a deal in Swinburne, and that, if we do not forget, is Mr. Rossetti's case. Mr. Swinburne, as we have already recorded, is to give us "Bothwell" this year, and he now announces a new volume called "Songs of the Republic." Quite as promising as either of these is the work of an anonymous compiler, with the title of "The Epigrammatists," containing a selection of English, French, Latin, and Greek epigrams, and accounts of the authors—the accounts short, as indeed they should be, the men being few whose epigrams are many; and to give biographies to the writers of simple epigrams is to count on very great gentleness in readers. We think we have not mentioned before, though it is two or three months old, a one-volume edition of the plays of Massinger, after Gifford's text, but containing also the tragedy "Believe as you List," not in Gifford. We think there is no edition of this fine dramatist that is accessible to the American reader which is so cheap as this five-shilling edition. Messrs. F. Warne & Co. are the publishers.

—Among late or forthcoming English books of interest which may be classed under the head of Miscellaneous are these: "An Essay on the Origin of Civilization and the Primeval Condition of Man," by Sir John Lubbock; "Primitive Culture, or Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Customs," by Mr. E. B. Taylor; "Ireland, Industrial and Social," by Mr. J. N. Murphy; a volume of Letters on Ireland by the gentleman who has recently been the Special Correspondent of the London *Times* in that country; a "History of Gambling in all Ages," by Mr. A. Steinmetz; a Monograph, by Harriet Parr, on Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin; a "Handbook to the Knowledge of the British Constitution;" a new edition, almost entirely rewritten, of Dr. Acton's book entitled "Prostitution considered in its Moral, Social, and Sanitary Aspects;" a series of colored prints representing the British soldiers of the various arms of the service; a series of colored prints in a folio entitled "Chronological Pictures of English History, from the Ancient Britons to the time of Victoria;" "2,700 Mottoes and Aphorisms from Shakespeare, with an Index of 8,000 References to Words and Ideas," published by Hogg & Son; "The City Friends of Shakespeare," by J. B. Orridge; "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers, an Exposition of their Similarities of Thought and Expression," by Mr. H. Green; a complement to Sir C. W. Dilke's "Greater Britain," in the shape of "Travels in Russia," by that gentleman; a new English version, with notes, of the "Travels of Marco Polo," published by Mr. Murray. We may say here that the class or classes of miscellaneous books which constitute the gift-books of the holiday season had but a bad sale during the season just gone, and that the English publishers are reported by Mr. Charles Welford as being in something of a quandary over the question what to do about next year's Christmas literature. We do not know why it is not much to be wished that they should do nothing at all. It is rather pleasant than otherwise to find that the publishers, as well as literature, have been suffering from the custom that has latterly prevailed.

—No one could have been more gratified than ourselves if the recent controversy between Prof. E. P. Evans and Prof. Gustavus Fischer had resulted favorably to the former. We had a direct interest in the matter, owing to the praise bestowed by the *Nation* on the "Abriss der Deutschen Literaturgeschichte," which has been under dissection; and we should have been glad if the literary judgment which we adopted, from our faith in Prof. Evans's character, as well as in his attainments, had been, if not confirmed, at least not seriously impaired. However, both parties have now been heard, and more than once, and it is possible to decide between them without injustice. The papers which have already attempted to do so have shown either a theological bias, on the one hand, or a "Know-Nothing" bias on the other. It is needless to say that we sympathize with neither, but purpose making an unprejudiced presentation of the facts in the case. As we write, the whole of what has been published on both sides, by the author and his critic, is to be found in the *American Educational Monthly* for January, February, and March, and the *Chronicle* (of the University of Michigan) for January 29 and February 12. Prof. Fischer's charges are of three kinds: (*a*) that the *Abriss* is not what it (negatively) purports to be, original; (*b*) that it is mainly made up of notes taken at a series of private lectures by Prof. Wm. Müller, of the University of Göttingen, in 1859–60; (*c*) that it is so full of errors, misapprehensions, omissions, and confusion, as to be worse than worthless to students or scholars. To this Prof. Evans replies in general, that (*a*, *b*) he had prepared a preface which was not printed with the first edition (for use in his own classes), acknowledging his indebtedness to a great many German professors, Müller included, whose lectures he had attended; that he did not use his notes of any of these lectures in preparing his *Abriss*, but that they were inextricably mingled in his mind with ideas derived from authors, to be named in the preface, whose works he had read, making notes which he *did* use; that he heard a portion only of Prof. Müller's lectures, and in 1858–9 (not 1859–60); that his notes on these covered scarcely three sheets of paper, and to them he owed only "a few hints as to the general division of the subject into periods;" finally (*c*), that "competent critics, both in America and Europe, have pronounced a very different judgment" on the *Abriss* from that pronounced by Prof. Fischer. The latter's proofs of plagiarism consist in, (1) the style of the

Abriss, which he recognized as unmistakably that of the German professor; (2) correspondences (in detail, for about sixty pages; in scheme or outline, throughout) with notes made at the same lectures by a Mr. Wiemann, procured by Prof. Fischer, and endorsed as genuine by Prof. Müller; (3) discrepancies due to misunderstanding the lecturer; (4) disproportion in treatment of periods and authors, incongruous and incoherent judgments and descriptions, and errors of a sort incompatible with originality or research. On the second point, Prof. Fischer's exact words are: "In the arrangement of the periods and their subdivisions, and in the scheme of the whole, there is a complete identity" between the two sets of notes. Prof. Evans replies: (1) Naturally he has caught the professor's style; (2) he doubts the existence of Mr. Wiemann. To (3) and (4) he replies not in general terms—for they were not formulated as we have put them—but according to the several instances alleged by his critic. Prof. Fischer begins his citations of parallelism at page 9 of the *Abriss*, and places eleven (with one gap not indicated) consecutive paragraphs, making nearly the whole of page 10, against Wiemann's notes as they run; in each instance *the German text only*. Prof. Evans appears, from this comparison, to have made one omission, two insertions, a few insignificant and some very significant alterations, but on the whole to have followed Müller, *pari passu*, in thought and *order of thought*. To clear himself of this imputation, he asserts that he has merely used what are now axioms in the history of literature, and explains on this ground the likeness of seven of the ten agreeing paragraphs, citing both his own and Wiemann's, and then from well-known authorities passages embodying the same ideas; but, "out of tender regard for the infirmities of the general reader," rendering all the quotations *into English*. To be sure, he gives occasionally the German word in parenthesis, but this only when it makes for his side, and sometimes with the effect of diverting the reader from the point of resemblance. And he neglects entirely to account for the order of ideas in each paragraph (which does not always reappear in his confirmatory citations), and for the order of the paragraphs themselves within the compass of a single page. That Prof. Fischer might have produced similar parallelisms in the subsequent pages as far as p. 60, when Wiemann's notes ceased to be full, is rendered probable (besides his word for it) by extracts from pp. 11–40, showing important misconceptions of, as well as continued agreement with, Müller's remarks as reported by Wiemann. When they contain an error of fact, Prof. Evans generally replies with an emendation; when they involve nice shades of meaning—the *nuances* which are the test of proficiency in a language not one's own—he is silent. But emendations and silence alike fail to account for such a composition as the paragraph which analyzes "Faust," or that other on "Thiersagen," in Prof. Fischer's second article, which we have not space to allude to further. We have verified all his citations from Prof. Evans, and have even detected in them an error favorable to the latter, and we conclude the *Abriss* to be wanting in originality, and to be more the echo of Prof. Müller than of any authority within our knowledge, though probably made up from other sources—from one of which, Weber's "History of German Literature," Prof. Evans is taxed with having "almost literally copied" his review of Latin poems of the ancient period. While disposed to allow him the full benefit of his intended preface, as if it had been printed, we cannot think that it gives a fair account of the nature of his book.

AUSTEN-LEIGH'S MEMOIR OF JANE AUSTEN.*

The walls of our cities were placarded, the other day, with an advertisement of a new sensation novel, the flaring woodcut of which represented a girl tied down upon a table, and a villain preparing to cut off her feet. If this were the general taste, there would be no use in talking about Jane Austen. But if you ask at the libraries you will find that her works are still taken out; so that there must still be a faithful few who, like ourselves, will have welcomed the announcement of a Memoir of the authoress of "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma."

If Jane Austen's train of admirers has not been so large as those of many other novelists, it has been first-rate in quality. She has been praised—we should rather say, loved by all, from Walter Scott to Guizot, whose love was the truest fame. Her name has often been coupled with that of Shakespeare, to whom Macaulay places her second in the nice discrimination of shades of character. The difference between the two minds in degree is, of course, immense; but both belong to the same rare kind. Both are really creative; both purely artistic; both have the marvellous power of endowing the products of their imagination with a life, as it were, apart from their own. Each holds up a perfectly clear and undistorting mirror—Shakespeare to the moral universe, Jane Austen to the little world in which she lived. In the case of neither does the personality of the author ever come between the spectator and the drama. Vulgar criticism calls Jane Austen's work Dutch painting. Miniature painting would be nearer the truth: she speaks of herself as working with a fine brush on a piece of ivory two inches wide. Dutch painting implies the selection of subjects in themselves low and uninteresting, for the purpose of displaying the skill of the painter, who can interest by the mere excellence of his imitation. Jane Austen passed her life in the society of English country gentlemen and their families, in the last century—a society affluent, comfortable, domestic, rather monotonous, without the interest which attaches to the struggles of labor, without tragic events or figures, seldom, in fact, rising dramatically above the level of sentimental comedy, but presenting, nevertheless, its varieties of character, its vicissitudes, its moral lessons—in a word, its humanity. She has painted it as it was, in all its features, the most tragic as well as the most comic, avoiding only melodrama. "In all the important preparations of the mind, she (Miss Bertram) was complete; being prepared for matrimony by a hatred of home, restraint, and tranquillity; by the misery of disappointed affection and contempt of the man she was to marry: the rest might wait." This is not the touch of Gerard Douw. An undertone of irony, never obtrusive but everywhere perceptible, shows that the artist herself knew very well that she was not painting gods and Titans, and keeps everything on the right level.

Jane Austen, then, was worthy of a memoir. But it was almost too late to write one. Like Shakespeare, she was too artistic to be autobiographic. She was never brought into contact with men of letters, and her own fame was almost posthumous, so that nobody took notes; and she had been fifty-two years in her grave when her nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen-Leigh, the youngest of the mourners who attended her funeral, undertook to make a volume of his own recollections, those of one or two other surviving relatives, and a few letters. Of 230 pages, in large print, and with a margin the vastness of which requires to be relieved by a red rubric, not above a third is really biography; the rest is genealogy, description of places, manners, and customs, critical disquisition, testimonies of admirers. Still, thanks to the real capacity of the biographer, and to the strong impression left by a character of remarkable beauty on his mind, we catch a pretty perfect though faint outline of the figure which was just hovering on the verge of memory, and in a few years more would, like the figure of Shakespeare, have been swallowed up in night.

Jane Austen was the flower of a stock, full, apparently, through all its branches, of shrewd sense and caustic humor, which in her were combined with the creative imagination. She was born in 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, a country parish, of which her father was the rector. A village of cottages at the foot of a gentle slope, an old church with its coeval yew, an old manor-house, an old parsonage all surrounded by tall elms, green meadows, hedgerows full of primroses and wild hyacinths—such was the scene in which Jane Austen grew. It is the picture which rises in the mind of every Englishman when he thinks of his country. Around dwelt the gentry, more numerous and, if coarser and duller, more home-loving and less like pachas than they are now, when the smaller squires and yeomen have been swallowed up in the growing lordships of a few grandees, who spend more than half their time in London or in other seats of politics or pleasure. Not far off was a country town, a "Meryton," the central gossiping place of the neighborhood, and the abode of the semi-genteel. If a gentleman like Mr. Woodhouse lives equivocally close to the town, his "place" is distinguished by a separate name. There was no resident squire at Steventon, the old manor-house being let to a tenant, so that Jane's father was at once parson and squire. "That house (Edmund Bertram's parsonage) may receive such an air as to make its owner be set down as the great landholder of the parish by every creature travelling the road, especially as there is no real squire's house to dispute the point, a circumstance, between ourselves, to enhance the value of such a situation in point of privilege and advantage beyond all calculation." Her father having from old age resigned Steventon when Jane was six and twenty, she afterwards lived for a time with her family at Bath, a great watering-place, and the scene of the first part of "Northanger Abbey;" at Lyme, a pretty little sea-bathing place on the coast of Dorset, on the "Cobb" of which takes place the catastrophe of "Persuasion;" and at Southampton, now a great port, then a special seat of gentility. Finally, she found

* "A Memoir of Jane Austen. By her nephew, J. E. Austen-Leigh, Vicar of Bray, Berks." London: Richard Bentley. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.

a second home with her widowed mother and her sister at Chawton, another village in Hampshire.

"In person," says Jane's biographer, "she was very attractive. Her figure was rather tall and slender, her step light and firm, and her whole appearance expressive of health and animation. In complexion, she was a clear brunette, with a rich color; she had full round cheeks, with mouth and nose small and well formed; bright hazel eyes (it is a touch of the woman, then, when Emma is described as having *the true hazel eye*), and brown hair forming natural curls close round her face." The sweetness and playfulness of "Dear Aunt Jane" are fresh after so many years in the memories of her nephew and nieces, who also strongly attest the sound sense and sterling excellence of character which lay beneath. She was a special favorite with children, for whom she delighted to exercise her talent in improvising fairy-tales. Unknown to fame, uncaressed save by family affection, and, therefore, unspoilt, while writing was her delight, she kept it in complete subordination to the duties of life, which she performed with exemplary conscientiousness in the house of mourning as well as in the house of feasting. Even her needlework was superfine. We doubt not that, if the truth was known, she was a good cook.

She calls herself "the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress;" but this is a nominal tribute to the jealousy of female erudition which then prevailed, and at which she sometimes glances, though herself very far from desiring a masculine education for women. In fact, she was well versed in English literature, read French with ease, and knew something of Italian—German was not thought of in those days. She had a sweet voice, and sang to her own accompaniment simple old songs which still linger in her nephew's ear. Her favorite authors were Johnson, whose strong sense was congenial to her, while she happily did not allow him to infect her pure and easy style; Cowper, Richardson, and Crabbe. She said that, if she married at all, she should like to be Mrs. Crabbe. And besides Crabbe's general influence, which is obvious, we often see his special touch in her writings:

"Emma's spirits were mounted up quite to happiness. Everything wore a different air. James and his horses seemed not half so sluggish as before. When she looked at the hedges, she thought the elder at least must soon be coming out; and, when she turned round to Harriet, she saw something like a look of spring—a tender smile even there."

Jane was supremely happy in her family relations, especially in the love of her elder sister, Cassandra, from whom she was inseparable. Of her four brothers, two were officers in the Royal Navy. How she watched their career, how she welcomed them home from the perils not only of the sea but of war (for it was the time of the great war with France), she has told us in painting the reception of William Price by his sister Fanny, in "Mansfield Park." It is there that she compares conjugal and fraternal love, giving the preference in one respect to the latter, because with brothers and sisters "all the evil and good of the earliest years can be gone over again, and every former united pain and pleasure retraced with the fondest recollection: an advantage this, a strengthener of love, in which even the conjugal tie is beneath the fraternal." It was, perhaps, because she was so happy in the love of her brothers and sisters, as well as because she was wedded to literature, that she was content, in spite of her good looks, to assume the symbolic cap of perpetual maidenhood at an unusually early age.

Thus she grew in a spot as sunny, as sheltered, and as holy as the violets which her biographer tells us abound beneath the south wall of Steventon church. It was impossible that she should have the experiences of Miss Brontë or Madame Sand; and without some experience the most vivid imagination cannot act, or can act only in the production of mere chimeras. To forestall Miss Braddon in the art of criminal phantasmagoria might have been within her power by the aid of strong green tea, but would obviously have been repugnant to her nature. We must not ask her, then, for the emotions and excitements which she could not possibly afford. The character of Emma is called commonplace. It is commonplace in the sense in which the same term may be applied to any normal beauty of nature—to a well-grown tree or to a perfectly developed flower. She is, as Mr. Weston says, "the picture of grown-up health." "There is health not merely in her bloom, but in her air, her gait, her glance." She has been brought up like Jane Austen herself, in a pure English household, among loving relations and good old servants. Her feet have been in the path of domestic and neighborly duty, quiet as the path which leads to the village church. It has been impossible for strong temptations or fierce passions to come near her. Yet men accustomed to the most exciting struggles, to the most powerful emotions of parliamentary life, have found an interest, equal to the greatest ever created by a sensation novel in the little scrapes and adventures into which her weakness betrays her, and in the process by which her heart is gradually drawn away from objects apparently more attractive to the robust nature in union with which she is destined to find strength as well as happiness.

With more justice may Jane Austen be reproached with having been too much influenced by the prejudices of the somewhat narrow and rather vulgarly aristocratic, or rather plutocratic, society in which she lived. Her irony and her complete dramatic impersonality render it difficult to see how far this goes; but certainly it goes further than we could wish. Decidedly she believes in social caste, in gentility, and in its connection with affluence and good family; in its incompatibility with any but certain very refined and privileged kinds of labor; in the impossibility of being at once a gentleman and a trader, much more a yeoman or mechanic. "The yeomanry are precisely the order of people with whom I feel I can have nothing to do; a degree or two lower, and a creditable appearance, might interest me; I might hope to be useful to their families in some way or other; but a farmer can need none of my help, and is, therefore, in one sense, as much above my notice as in every other he is below it." This is said by Emma—by Emma when she is trying to deter her friend from marrying a yeoman, it is true, but still by Emma. The picture of the coarseness of poverty in the household of Fanny's parents in "Mansfield Park" is truth, but it is hard truth, and needs some counterpoise. Both in the case of Fanny Price and in that of Frank Churchill, the entire separation of a child from its own home for the sake of the worldly advantages furnished by an adoptive home of a superior class, is presented too much as a part of the order of nature. The charge of acquiescence in the low standard of clerical duty prevalent in the Establishment of that day is well founded, though perhaps not of much importance. Of more importance is the charge which might be made, with equal justice, of acquiescence in somewhat low and coarse ideas of the relations between the sexes, and of the destinies and proper aspirations of young women. "Mr. Collins, to be sure, was neither sensible nor agreeable; his society was irksome, and his attachment to her must be imaginary; but still he would be her husband. Without thinking highly either of men or matrimony, marriage had always been her object; it was the only honorable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune; and, however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want. This preservative she had now attained; and at the age of twenty-seven, without having ever been handsome, she felt all the good-luck of it." This reflection is ascribed to Charlotte Lucas, an inferior character, but still thought worthy to be the heroine's bosom friend.

Jane's first essays in composition were burlesques on the fashionable manners of the day; whence grew "Northanger Abbey," with its anti-heroine, Catherine Morley, "roving and wild, hating constraint and cleanliness, and loving nothing so much as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house," and with its exquisite travestie of the "Mysteries of Udolpho." But she soon felt her higher power. Marvellous to say, she began "Pride and Prejudice" in 1796, before she was twenty-one years old, and completed it in the following year. "Sense and Sensibility" and "Northanger Abbey" immediately followed; it appears, with regard to the latter, that she had already visited Bath, though it was not till afterwards that she resided there. But she published nothing—not only so, but it seems that she entirely suspended composition—till 1809, when her family settled at Chawton. Here she revised for the press what she had written, and wrote "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion." "Persuasion," whatever her nephew and biographer may say, and however Dr. Whewell may have fired up at the suggestion, betrays an enfeeblement of her faculties, and tells of approaching death. But we still see in it the genuine creative power multiplying new characters; whereas novelists who are not creative, when they have exhausted their original fund of observations, are forced to subsist by exaggeration of their old characters, by aggravated extravagances of plot, by multiplied adulteries and increased carnage.

"Pride and Prejudice," when first offered to Cadell, was declined by return of post. The fate of "Northanger Abbey" was still more ignominious: it was sold for ten pounds to a Bath publisher, who, after keeping it many years in his drawer, was very glad to return it and get back his ten pounds. No burst of applause greeted the works of Jane Austen like that which greeted the far inferior works of Miss Burney. *Crevit occulto velut arbor ævo fama.* A few years ago, the verger of Winchester cathedral asked a visitor who desired to be shown her tomb, "what there was so particular about that lady that so many people wanted to see where

she was buried?" Nevertheless, she lived to feel that "her own dear children" were appreciated, if not by the vergers, yet in the right quarters, and to enjoy a quiet pleasure in the consciousness of her success. One tribute she received which was overwhelming. It was intimated to her by authority that His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, had read her novels with pleasure, and that she was at liberty to dedicate the next to him. More than this, the Royal Librarian, Mr. Clarke, of his own motion apparently, did her the honor to suggest that, changing her style for a higher, she should write "a historical romance in illustration of the august house of Cobourg," and dedicate it to Prince Leopold. She answered in effect that, if her life depended on it, she could not be serious for a whole chapter. Let it be said, however, for the Prince Regent, that underneath his royalty and his sybaritism, and at last entirely stifled by them, there was something of a better and higher nature. His love for Mrs. Fitzherbert was not merely sensual, and Heliogabalus would not have been amused by the novels of Miss Austen.

Jane was never the authoress but when she was writing her novels; and in the few letters with which this memoir is enriched there is nothing of point or literary effort, and very little of special interest. We find, however, some pleasant and characteristic touches.

"Charles has received £30 for his share of the privateer, and expects £10 more; but of what avail is it to take prizes if he lays out the produce in presents to his sisters? He has been buying gold chains and topaz crosses for us. He must be well scolded."

"Poor Mrs. Stent! It has been her lot to be always in the way; but we must be merciful, for perhaps in time we may come to be Mrs. Stents ourselves, unequal to anything and unwelcome to everybody."

"We (herself and Miss A.) afterwards walked together for an hour on the Cobb; she is very conversable in a common way; I do not perceive wit or genius; but she has sense and some degree of taste, and her manners are very engaging. *She seems to like people rather too easily.*"

Of her own works, or rather of the characters of her own creation, her Elizabeths and Emmas, Jane speaks literally as a parent. They are her "dear children." "I must confess that I think her (Elizabeth) as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her* at least I do not know." This is said in pure playfulness; there is nothing in the letters like real egotism or impatience of censure.

At the age of forty-two, in the prime of intellectual life, with "Emma" just out and "Northanger Abbey" coming, and in the midst of domestic affection and happiness, life must have been sweet to Jane Austen. She resigned it, nevertheless, with touching tranquillity and sweetness. In 1816, it appears, she felt her inward malady, and began to go round her old haunts in a manner which seemed to indicate that she was bidding them farewell. In the next year, she was brought for medical advice to a house in the Close of Winchester, and there, surrounded to the last by affection and to the last ardently returning it, she died. Her last words were her answer to the question whether there was anything she wanted—"*Nothing but death.*" Those who expect religious language in season and out of season have inferred from the absence of it in Jane Austen's novels that she was indifferent to religion. The testimony of her nephew is positive to the contrary, and he is a man whose word may be believed.

Those who died in the Close were buried in the cathedral. It is therefore by mere accident that Jane Austen rests among princes and princely prelates in that glorious and historic fane. But she deserves at least her "slab of black marble in the pavement" there. She possessed a real and rare gift, and she rendered a good account of it. If the censer which she held among the priests of art was not of the costliest, the incense was of the purest. If she cannot be ranked with the greatest masters of fiction, she has at least delighted many, and none can draw from her any but innocent delight.

HAGENBACH'S MODERN CHURCH HISTORY.*

Dr. Hagenbach is an exceedingly prolific writer in the field of Protestant theology. Of his numerous productions, his ecclesiastico-historical works are the most important and deservedly popular. His scholarship is comprehensive, his tone genial, his delineations—whether of character, of periods, or of systems—attractive, his diction animated and clear. He is not too profound for the great mass of the educated public, nor too shallow for the learned and reflecting reader, though the latter might here and there desire greater precision, a profounder scrutiny, and a bolder and more independent criticism. Tolerant and rather timid in judgment—though orthodox to a degree—he almost always pleases, though he often fails to satisfy. A native of Basle, a principal seat of German Protestantism in Switzerland, and thoroughly German by education and study, he, in his histories, likes mainly to dwell on the developments and achievements of German thought, and his great familiarity with it and its productions in every field, renders his sketches of the spiritual movements of Protestantism additionally attractive as being at the same time—we should, perhaps, say in the main—pictures of German literature.

This is particularly the case with the "History of the Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries"—the concluding part of the author's "Lectures on the Essence and History of the Reformation"—a very small portion of which only is devoted to things and men beyond the limits of Germany and Switzerland, such as the persecution of the Camisards and the execution of Jean Calas, French and English deism and naturalism, Voltaire and Rousseau, Swedenborg and the Church of the New Jerusalem, Wesley and Methodism, Shakers and Irvingians, the abolition and restoration of the order of Jesuits, Napoleon and the Concordat—and the principal themes of which are the oscillations of the German spirit between scepticism and pietism, illuminism and orthodoxy, rationalism and supernaturalism, philosophy and faith. And the character of the history appears the less theological and the more literary as those varying oscillations are represented, not in transformed dogmas, resolves of synods, hierarchical dictates, or reformatory negations, but chiefly in the lives, theories, and action upon the Church of the literary and philosophical representatives of all shades of religious and irreligious German opinion; such as, to mention only the more prominent, Christian Wolf, Rabener, Wieland, Semler, Lessing, Basedow, Nicolai, Haller, Gellert, Lavater, Herder, Kant, Schiller, Campe, Pestalozzi, Hamann, Jacobi, Fichte, Jean Paul, Goethe, Schelling, Novalis, F. Schlegel, Werner, Schleiermacher, Steffens, Hegel, and Strauss—around whom the pure theologians, excepting only Zinzendorf, are grouped in comparative shade.

This way of writing church history must not be attributed to the author's desire to make his book or subject attractive to a larger circle of readers than generally claimed by works of this kind, but to a correct appreciation of the ages he treats of. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in their religious development, are entirely different from the ages of Christianity that preceded them. In them the Church no longer creates new beliefs, shapes new societies, transforms empires, or struggles with fanatical heresies, as in the first periods of its existence; it no longer converts and civilizes nations, rules and judges princes, or carries on crusades, as it did in the Middle Ages; it no longer offers the spectacle of gigantic religious combats or of bloody civil wars fomented by creeds, as in the times of Huss, Luther, Knox, Coligny, Alva, Gustavus Adolphus, and Cromwell. The church, in all its branches, has become passive, or holds itself on the defensive against assailants who have themselves no centre, no chief, no banner with a positive device, but constantly harass it with desultory attacks. It lives in state and society, but rules them no longer. It has ceased to be creative and revolutionary, and has become conservative. It borrows weapons from strange camps, accepts aid from partial opponents, yields to impressions from without, and, instead of moulding, is constantly moulded. Even within its own camp, the crosier and the cross yield precedence to the pen, the pulpit is closely allied with the cathedra, and the theologian has assumed the garb of the *littérateur*. The fluctuations of the religious movements of the last two centuries are best mirrored in the history of their literature.

Dr. Hagenbach's own standpoint can, perhaps, best be characterized by stating him to be a follower of Herder and Schleiermacher, but somewhat more orthodox and conservative than either. His "Protestantism is the spirit which contends for progress and greater freedom and clearness, and courageously pursues this, its own course, in spite of all the animosity and jealousy of ignorance; but in the very midst of this progress it always looks about with great care for the safe ground once laid. It does not take pleasure in wild protestation, but greatly prefers to cultivate and develop rather than destroy; and for this reason it prudently opposes, as far as it can, all stormy and violent reform and revolution." Of this Protestantism his favorite representative in the eighteenth century is Herder, of whom he says: "Herder is strictly orthodox, in opposition to the innovators and illuminists, while he is a bold innovator in opposition to the rigidly orthodox. Vulgar rationalism makes him a mystical supernaturalist, and vulgar supernaturalism declares him to be a dangerous rationalist. . . . There will always be people to whom true Protestantism will appear too broad, and others to whom it will seem too narrow." And with reference to Schleiermacher, he remarks:

* "History of the Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. By K. R. Hagenbach, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. Translated from the last German edition, with Additions, by Rev. John F. Hurst, D.D." 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.

"The vibrations of history are not like the oscillations of a pendulum, which is always forced from its equilibrium, yet ever strives to regain it. Whenever a period of torpid faith arrives, and the light of science is placed under a bushel, the demand of the thinking mind is made in a manner calculated to injure faith; whenever knowledge is puffed up in vain theorizing, and unbelief ascends the throne, the power of faith again arises, assigns limits to pride, hurls even the masters of knowledge from their usurped seats, and then, at the proper time, can prescribe for fortune its appropriate limits. It is permitted to only a few to preserve this equilibrium amid such vibrations, and to restore it to their contemporaries. Only a few have the art, as Schleiermacher once said of himself, to place the foot on the side of the boat which needs a counterpoise; most people seek the centre of gravity *with* the majority and *in* the majority."

And so far is Dr. Hagenbach from going unreservedly "with the majority," the liberal thinkers of his time, that he has no hesitation to call it "a mistaken liberalism to carry toleration to such a length that confessional differences should have no influence on political rights; that every man, Catholic and Protestant, and, finally, Jew and Mohammedan, should take equal parts in the management of public affairs." He is severe—though without attempting a serious analysis of any one of them—upon all the metaphysical systems of German philosophy from Kant to Hegel—without concealing a predilection for the latter as against Schelling, the master of Schleiermacher, and for Fichte as against the Königsberg philosopher, whom he treats altogether in a decidedly unfriendly manner—and as a Protestant firmly clings to the Scriptures, and knows "Christ only in and by the Scriptures."

The translation may be said to be good in general, and here and there to do full justice to the author's manifold merits of diction; but it is not entirely free from obscurities—as even our short quotations may testify—or from inexact or false renderings. We not only find such expressions as "physico-theology," "sound understanding" (for common sense), "Siebenburgen" and "Siebenburgers" (for Transylvania and Transylvanians), "Karnthen" (for Carinthia), "Palgrave" (for Count Palatine), "Gellert's Praying Sister" (for Gellert's Devout Woman—"*Betschwester*"), and quite a number of other Germanisms; but also "the exode of the Salzburgers," "the hangman Von Plozk" (meaning the hangman *of* Plock, a town in Poland—"der Scharfrichter von Plozk"), and the well-known "Thut nichts [No matter]! der Jude wird verbrannt" of the Patriarch in Lessing's "Nathan" translated thus: "*Do nothing;* the Jew shall be burnt!"

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

Mr. W. J. Widdleton deserves no little credit for his equally handsome and correct republication, in eight volumes, of Milman's "History of Latin Christianity." This edition is uniform with that published by the same house of the author's two other main works, his "History of Christianity to the Extinction of Paganism in the Roman Empire," and the "History of the Jews." In a certain sense, the three form a connected—though not complete—whole, of which the last named is the beginning, as it is the earliest of the author's histories, and also the least mature of them. The "History of Latin Christianity" is justly acknowledged to be the most valuable of the series, embracing, as it does, a period in the treatment of which the Dean's scholarship and criticism were least embarrassed by dogmatic shackles. His natural candor is, however, perceptible in all his writings, not excepting those which had for their avowed object the refutation of the errors or exaggerations of scepticism. And it is chiefly this candor which explains why his works, though breathing throughout the breath of little-questioning faith, and distinguished less by research and depth than by warmth and elegance, are still far from being consigned exclusively to the shelves of the pious. Without a claim of rivalling the scholarship of an Ewald, a Munk, or a Grätz in the Jewish field, or of a Baronius, a Mosheim, or a Neander in that of Christianity, Milman still fully deserves to occupy an honorable rank among ecclesiastical historians, and, owing to the amenities of his chaste and lucid diction, he will probably remain a favorite with the English reading public, even when English literature will have produced in the same fields more independently and profoundly critical books than his.

So far as we have read his books, we should say that Björnson first became known to the American public in his best. Certainly neither "The Fisher Maiden" nor "The Happy Boy" is equal to "Arne" in the interest which they excite, in poetical beauty, in the distinctness of their pictures of Norwegian village life, or in construction. Perhaps there is nothing better in the way of delineation of character in "Arne" than is to be found in one or two of the minor characters in the "Fisher Maiden;" but, on the whole, "Arne" stands easily at the head of such of its author's works as have been translated into English; for, even were it deficient—as it is not—in good character drawing, there would still remain to say that Björnson's works are not in the stricter sense novels—that, at least to us foreigners, a principal charm of them is freshness as respects their sentiment, and the circumstances of the life which they depict, and their poetry—couched sometimes in idyllic prose, and now and again in verses, which, even in translation, are true lyrical poetry. "The Happy Boy" is a love story, as simple as possible in plan. The poor peasant boy, who, from childhood, has played with the daughter of the well-to-do farmer, cannot have her in marriage, because, as the tight-fisted old man thinks, he has not money enough. So Oeyvind goes to school, and makes himself a scientific farmer; and by and by the old man has to relent, and Oeyvind and Marit become man and wife. But Björnson's sympathy with youth and innocence, and perhaps his experience of the wiles of young girls, and of the torments which these cause in the male bosoms, enable him to fill up the familiar outlines with a thousand little strokes which are all significant and very pleasing. And then, too, besides this skill of the writer's, in these northern countries—where spring comes with such tenderness, and yet, when once it comes, with such sudden perfectness; where the grass, loth to appear, is to-day a streak of green on the edge of the snow, while to-morrow it may be full of blossoms—nature herself seems to furnish a fit setting and frame for pictures of the courtship of first lovers. It is thus, perhaps, that Björnson's skill in describing the natural scenery of his country stands him in such good stead in his capacity as a story-teller; for it is a country of whose year the striking event is the budding of the new life when the winter is broken up, and Björnson always has to tell of love springing in two young hearts. Messrs. Sever & Francis, Boston, have given us, with this story, a picture of the author. It gives him a face in which strength and delicacy are agreeably joined.

Mr. W. C. Wilkinson's "Dance of Modern Society" (New York: Oakley, Mason & Co.) was printed some year or two ago in one of the quarterly reviews, and now appears in book form at the solicitation of friends who concur with him in his conclusions. These are, that dancing, as practised by the public in general, is unhealthy; that it wastes money; that it is an unsocial amusement if we give to the word social its truer and better meaning; that it prevents the improvement of the dancers' minds; and, finally, that it is immoral. The dance is unhealthy, Mr. Wilkinson would say, because it has prescribed midnight hours, tight lacing, paper-soled shoes, late suppers, and the exposure of heated people to cold air. It is wasteful, because it leads to extravagantly expensive dressing. It is to be called gregarious rather than social, because it precludes conversation; and the statements that in learning and practising dancing one learns to carry the body well, and thus fits himself for social intercourse with persons of refined manners, may be dismissed as of little importance; for there are other ways of learning this accomplishment. Finally, the dance is immoral. Men and women dance together; they would not dance alone, men with men and women with women; therefore, the dance promotes unchastity of mind, and unchastity of mind may easily become the parent of bodily unchastity. Of course, it is on this last point that Mr. Wilkinson's argument mainly turns; for other amusements than dancing are costly, and yet are worth the money expended upon them. Keeping late hours, and wearing thin-soled shoes, and eating out of due time are done by people ignorant of the art. Dancing might be abolished, and the art of conversation would still be out of the reach of attainment by seven or eight men and women out of ten; and the two or three who now can talk do not often dance. All things considered, the dance may stay, then, Mr. Wilkinson would be inclined to allow, if it were not immoral—if sexual passion were not at the bottom of the amusement. This would seem to be one of those cases where all is everything, and a little may be nothing at all. But apparently Mr. Wilkinson admits of no degrees. "Passion," he says, "passion transformed, if you please, never so much, subsisting in no matter how many finely contrasted degrees of sensuality—passion, and nothing else, is the true basis of the popularity of the dance;" and so it should be done away with. We confess to seeing some force in Mr. Wilkinson's objections to waltzing. It is pure to the pure, no doubt—until it begins to contaminate the pure; and all that sort of dancing we should be glad to see banished from society. But as for banishing sex altogether, as for saying that none at all of its influences—not "passion transformed never so much," not "passion subsisting in no matter how many finely contrasted degrees of sensuality"—shall be felt by men and women—that is another matter. It is his taking this extreme ground which vitiates Mr. Wilkinson's argument. We may add that his style also would be the better for a little more restraint, though on the whole his article, as an advocate's presenta-

tion of his case to persons of his way of thinking, is, if not really good, not to be called bad.

Both Harper & Brothers and Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have published a cheap edition of "Caleb Williams," which thus is to have a generation of readers long after it could have been reasonably expected that any one but a curious enquirer into the character of William Godwin, or into the history of fictitious literature, would again turn over its pages. One great merit it has, and one that is secondary and, so to speak, accidental—incidental, at all events. The situation of the two chief characters, or, as we may say, the only two characters, is impressive, and is clearly and fully, if not powerfully, presented. The man whose possession of another's guilty secret puts him completely in that other's power; and the man whose pride makes him momentarily a murderer and for years a tyrant, while the natural goodness of his heart makes him hate his crimes and himself and pity his victim—the relation of these two to each other is a great subject for a novel, and "Caleb Williams" no doubt has value if one would understand how English country magnates of a hundred years ago could oppress their inferiors, and what brutes they might be in the society of their equals. But in other respects the novel is such—so tedious in detail, so wanting in life and motion, written in so unnatural a style—that the wonder is not great that it has come to us only by name, and that the play based upon it is alive while itself is dead; for the play puts in more effective form what is good in the story.

Mr. E. P. Whipple's "Age of Elizabethan Literature" (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.) is made up of critical essays on Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Raleigh, Sidney, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Webster, Chapman, Dekker, Marston, Heywood, Bacon, Hooker, and half a dozen other men of letters of that time. Much of what is said is good, though it is not stated in such a way that the student may not find it better to study the writers with whom Mr. Whipple deals, in the commentaries of many other critics, who get closer down to the subject and seemingly are more intent than he upon allowing the subject to make its own proper impression. In Mr. Whipple's original remarks we do not find any that appear to us to make a substantial addition to what was before known.

Mr. G. L. Craik's "English of Shakespeare," as exhibited in the play of "Julius Cæsar," is known to many of our readers as an excellent work, and such of them as have used the American edition of it know that Mr. W. J. Rolfe, the American editor, has increased its value by his additions and corrections. Mr. Edwin Ginn, of Boston, is the publisher. It is hardly a question for the class-room, but how is it, by the way, that neither of the editors has solved the question why "the foremost man of all this world" got from Shakespeare so inadequate treatment, while the chaotic, riotous Mark Antony seems to have engaged so much of his attention? The answer does not seem far to seek either, and would be not valueless in throwing light on the character of the poet's mind.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices*
Andersen (H. C.), Wonder Stories told for Children	(Hurd & Houghton)
Bulletin of the Essex Institute, Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, swd	(Salem) $0 50
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, No. 22, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell) 0 50
Gray (W. H.), History of Oregon, 1792–1849	(Am. News Co.)
Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences, Jan. 1870, swd	(H. C. Lea) 1 50
Hall (Dr. W. W.), Health by Good Living	(Hurd & Houghton)
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), Helen and Arthur: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Hyacinthe (Father), The Family and the Church	(G. P. Putnam & Son) 1 50
Proceedings of Third Annual Convention of Am. Inst. of Architects, N. Y., Nov. 16, 17, 1869, swd	(Western & Co.) 1 00
Sand (George), Mauprat: a Tale	(Roberts Bros.)
Van Wart (I., jr.), The Golden Cross, and Other Poems	(Carleton)
Williams (N. M.), Notes on the Gospel of St. Matthew	(Gould & Lincoln) 1 75

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1870.

The Week.

On Friday, Mr. Hiram R. Revels, who in 1854 was pastor of a colored church in St. Louis, and in 1868 of another in Louisville, was admitted to the U. S. Senate from Mississippi, by a strict party vote of 48 to 8. All the nice objections that had been raised against his citizenship vanished before the right inherent in each branch of Congress to determine the qualifications of its members. Besides discussing the Funding Bill, the Senate has done nothing else of importance during the week, except to set its face against inflation even more decidedly than the House had pronounced for it. On Thursday, Mr. B. F. Whittemore, of South Carolina, avoided expulsion by resigning, but the formal condemnation of the House attended him as he went. His example was followed on Monday by Mr. J. S. Golladay, Democrat, of Kentucky, and Mr. J. T. Deweese, Republican, of North Carolina, likewise implicated in the sale of cadetships. The General Appropriation Bill, under Mr. Dawes's good management, was finished in the House on Friday, and with so little variation from the original, as reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, as to speak most favorably for the Committee's judgment and forethought. It is a spectacle with which our legislators might a little oftener indulge us. Mr. Schenck is the reputed author of the test of Democratic memory made on Monday, in the shape of a resolution copied from the Democratic Platform of July, 1868, and favoring incidental protection in a tariff for revenue. Six of the wilier Democrats saw the pitfall and shunned it; but the herd fell in, amid the merriment of the Republicans.

The most striking incident of the week's news is the fall in gold, which has reached 115, and may very probably have gone below it before this is received by our readers; and there is every reason to believe that the tendency will continue downward if Congress keeps its hands off. The late legal-tender decision has undoubtedly helped the movement; the gradual appreciation of the greenbacks, under the increasing demands of business, particularly at the South—where the growth of small transactions, owing to the rise of the negroes in civilization, has been very rapid—has helped it also; and of course, the incessant outpourings of the Treasury have helped it; and, above all, the growth of exports, which have, during the past seven months, exceeded those of a corresponding period of the previous year by over $28,000,000 from this port. An attempt was made in the House early last week, five leading members of the Committee of Ways and Means concurring, to resume the work of inflation by adding fifty million dollars to the currency—this being, it is said, part of an arrangement between the Western inflationists, who want more greenbacks, and the Eastern tariff men, who are opposed to a reduction of duties, by means of which both would be satisfied. We wonder whether this was to be done under the "war power." The fall in gold here, and a steadily growing comprehension in Europe of the exact weight and value of the debates in the House of Representatives—perhaps to most Europeans the thing in American politics most difficult of comprehension—is, of course, sending up the price of bonds abroad, and Mr. Boutwell is said to be very sanguine about converting the present debt into a new loan at five per cent. He has received, it is said, "assurances from abroad"—once more—which guarantee him at least $400,000,000 at this rate. The money market in England has not been so favorable to him for many years. There is a glut of idle capital, and investors are getting rapidly into that highly speculative, not to say gullible, state of mind through which the British public passes regularly about every ten years.

Prices of all commodities, and especially of foreign commodities, are of course declining, except meat, for the continued dearness of which a good and sufficient reason is to be found in the fact that the supply of sheep and cattle has been diminishing during the war, while the number of consumers, or would-be consumers, has been increasing; and beef and mutton cannot be produced in a day or in a year. We cannot look, however, for much further decline in anything without a reduction of taxation, the chances of which seem to improve. The press is calling for it loudly, and the President has thrown in a word in its favor—mentioning thirty millions as about the amount which he thought ought to be struck off—which is said to have made a good deal of impression on the Committee of Ways and Means.

The investigation of the Congressional Committee into the Gold Conspiracy of last summer has closed, and the upshot seems to be that Messrs. Gould & Fisk were the head and front of the whole affair. They got Corbin into it, as the President's brother-in-law, in the belief that they could thus get the President himself into it, or, at all events, his wife; and Corbin appears to have been nothing loth to go into it on this understanding. But Mrs. Grant declined to have gold bought for her, and wrote to Mrs. Corbin expressing the President's "distress" at finding that Corbin was engaged in gold dealing. Moreover, it appears that the President, in his interview with the trio on the Fisk boat, and elsewhere, was always very general in his remarks on financial affairs; and, when they attempted to bring him down to particulars, with the view of getting at the "policy" he would support with regard to Government gold sales, became very reticent. His letter to Mr. Boutwell, of which we heard so much at the time, written in September last, has been published, and proves to have been a warning to the Secretary that "a desperate struggle" was going on between the bears and bulls in Wall Street, and "that each party wanted the Government to help them out," and that he was, therefore, to be "on his guard;" and that, in the President's opinion, he ought to "move on without change till the present struggle was over." In fact, nothing could have been more sensible or upright than the President's course throughout the whole affair. He committed in it only one error, and that was accepting the hospitality of, and entering into conversation with, such people as Gould, Fisk & Co. were then known to be. Their Erie operations had rendered them unfit company for any respectable man who had no business relations with them, much more for the President of the United States. Is it true, by the way, that the Collector of this port has, within the last two or three weeks, also accepted Fisk's hospitality at his theatre and supper-table? The question is not impertinent, considering what has happened within the last six months, and considering that as long as men like Fisk find that they suffer no social damage whatever by any of their iniquities as long as they have any money, there is absolutely no check on them—neither God, man, nor devil having any terrors for them.

General Butterfield's account of his share in the gold conspiracy, as given before the committee, is that Jay Gould never "bought gold for him, with his knowledge, consent, or advice;" but that Gould did lend him $10,000 voluntarily, to meet some private debt, without security. But it appears that his broker, Mr. Joseph Seligman, did buy and sell bonds and gold (the latter to the amount of $700,000) for him during the panic week, and that the gold was sold on General Butterfield's express order, and at a profit. But he maintains that all his dealings, in gold and bonds, both during that period were part and parcel of a course of dealings begun before he took office, and which he felt under no obligation to relinquish after taking office, as long as he "took no advantage of information or knowledge derived from his official position." He did take advantage of his official knowledge, however, the committee report, having told Seligman beforehand that the Government was going to sell gold. He accounts for the leaking out of the Secretary's telegrams, by ascribing it to an old and faithless operator understanding the clicking of the instrument. It must be admitted, putting the most favorable possible construction on General Butterfield's doings, that the presence in the United States

Sub-Treasury in a high official position, at such a crisis, of an extensive operator in gold and bonds was a great scandal. General Butterfield's declaration that he did not think there was anything wrong in it, reveals a condition of innocent simplicity rarely found amongst operators.

The legal-tender decision is slowly beginning to be taken advantage of by creditors, the Government itself being open to suits, some of which are already announced. On the other hand, there are signs of confidence in a reversal of that decision as soon as the Supreme Court is enlarged; and it is probable that when the new judges are confirmed and have taken their seats, the question will be speedily renewed on some one of the cases still remaining on the list. Indeed, the railroads seem to regard this as their main hope, and those of Pennsylvania have despatched one of their attorneys to Washington to see that the issue is promptly brought before the Court. For want of an apparent disposition to obey the decision, the Pennsylvania Central is reported to have forfeited a chance to negotiate with a great German house for a loan to one of the Western feeders of the road, having the guaranty of the company. The officers of most of the railroads of that State, as of this, are Democrats, and in the present emergency are developing an unsuspected faith in paper currency.

What those States will do towards indemnifying their bond holders which have paid them hitherto in currency, is not so certain as, for our good name's sake, it ought to be. One branch of the Maine Legislature has manifested a desire to go back and fulfil the obligation of the original contract, and to start fairly and honestly with gold payments from this time on. The Senate, however, has tabled the former proposition, and will, at most, only begin now to cease repudiating the indebtedness of the State. In Pennsylvania, we notice that the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund have put forth the following manifesto, which reminds one of the way in which Mr. August Belmont once fared at the hands of the State Treasurer:

"Harrisburg, Feb. 24, 1870.—*Resolved*, That inasmuch as the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the question of legal tender was concurred in by only three Judges out of five in a Court composed of seven Judges, and the legislation of the State only authorizes the payment of her indebtedness in what is known as the legal-tender currency of the United States, it would not be advisable for the State Treasurer to make any change in the present mode of paying the obligations of the Commonwealth."

This resolution is, in itself, of no more value than the paper on which it was written, the Commissioners being simply clerks, under the direction of the Legislature; and the motive for their action must be sought in the probable effect of it upon that body—which we will not pretend to estimate.

The logic of the Commissioners, based on the bare majority of a Court numerically deficient, is as bad as the morality of their conclusion. It would justify the South in refusing to submit to a President who had been chosen, however fairly and constitutionally, by a minority of the people, as was Abraham Lincoln; or the Democratic party in declaring invalid every Act of Congress and every constitutional amendment passed during the war while its Southern seats were vacant, or after the war until the reconstructed States had been admitted. And if the Supreme Court of five is incompetent for a legal-tender decision, it is equally so for every case brought or to be brought under its jurisdiction. Such reasoning as this sheds light on the probable value of Mr. Trumbull's idea that all would go well if only two-thirds or three-fourths of the Court were held necessary for certain kinds of judgments, whereas it is obvious that, in times of public excitement, a majority in any court is likely to seem too small to bind the majority represented by this party or by that. The Commissioners, however, offer further evidence of the faith we just now alluded to as prevalent in certain quarters, that a full bench will reverse the decision of the Chief-Justice.

Mr. Whittemore, the South Carolina Representative who sold the cadetships, has escaped expulsion by resigning his seat, the Speaker ruling that the precedents would justify the House in refusing to accept his resignation; and two others have followed his example. General Logan pressed hard for conviction and punishment, and with great force and readiness and a most refreshing hatred of knavery, but the Honorable B. F. Butler, finding the atmosphere of the place getting disagreeable, threw off his character of member of the House, and constituted himself then and there counsel for the accused, and announced himself as responsible only to God for any course of conduct he might see fit to adopt. The confession by his client of all the material facts of the case rendered his services useless, however. We are sorry to see a disposition in some quarters to palliate Whittemore's offence. A more dangerous one, in the existing condition of our politics, it would be hard to commit, and its gravity is really rather increased than diminished by the fact that the money went not to himself personally, but to the poor of his district, and to the expenses of a political campaign, because this apparently unselfish use of it helps to disguise the real nature, and shut out from view the probable consequences, of this kind of traffic, and is especially likely to do so among the ignorant Southern constituencies, like Mr. Whittemore's, to whom the whole mechanism of politics is new and strange. We were sorry, therefore, to see a paper like the *Boston Advertiser*, which seldom or never loses its head, carried away, by the contemplation of Mr. Whittemore's labors amongst the negroes in South Carolina, into apologizing for him, and recommending the House not to push him hard, as his constituency will probably re-elect him. Perhaps they will, but they *ought* not; if they knew better, they *would* not; and the House was bound to stigmatize his fault in such manner as to impress them with a sense of its gravity.

The retirement of Whittemore was followed, we are glad to say, by a meeting of "the friends of General Butler," at which speeches were made highly eulogistic of him, and it was announced that he was to be candidate for the next Presidency. Amongst the orators who were announced—we are unable to say whether they appeared—were Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts; Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee; and Mr. Durant, of Louisiana. The proceedings closed with a procession to his house, where he was serenaded, and made a brief speech. The Washington correspondents whom he has reviled have, we are sorry to say, treated the affair with ridicule, and say the serenaders were soldiers and sailors who are waiting for New Orleans prize-money, to be obtained through his exertions. He was, by the way, the one member from New England who voted for the inflation resolution on Monday week, and if it were not for his late unfortunate outburst of hostility to the press, we should call him a rising statesman. The New York *Tribune* meanly insinuates that so far from being "superior to the newspapers" generally, as he says he is, he is only superior to those newpapers which supported him at his election last year.

It is not often that we get so impressive a reminder of the uncertainty of life as has been furnished us in Mr. Burlingame's death. He was near the crowning period of a singular career, and on the eve of completing an enterprise which, whatever its substantial value, had more of the picturesque and romantic about it than any that perhaps has fallen to the lot of anybody in the Western World. But it undoubtedly *had* intrinsic value, and was likely to mark the entrance on a new and fruitful stage of the relation between China and Christendom. That it should have powerfully impressed Mr. Burlingame's imagination was not wonderful—he would not have been worthy of it if it had not; and it was perhaps owing to a not unnatural excitement over it that he drew the glowing pictures of its probable results which brought down on the mission a great part of the unfavorable criticism it received. Mr. Burlingame undoubtedly believed all he predicted, and had he lived as long as we all had a right to hope, he would doubtless have seen many of his brightest visions realized. Besides the conspicuous part he played in Chinese diplomacy—and which, by the way, he owed in large part to the confidence of his European colleagues—he had won in a degree somewhat unusual for men of his age in political life the confidence of his own countrymen. Few men had had a more varied experience, and had developed so much of the peculiar talent necessary for political success, while retaining a steady hold on the esteem and respect of those who are least disposed to value it. The worst effect of his death on the Chinese question will be, however, his absence from Peking, where his presence would pro-

bably have done more to preserve good relations between China and the West than the treaties will ever do.

The bar of Philadelphia is petitioning the State Legislature for an increase in the number of judges. The city has a Court of Common Pleas, with four judges, who do all the criminal and equity and orphans' court, and some of the civil, business of nearly a million of people. The District Court tries civil cases only, and has three judges. It was created thus in 1811, and in 1820 there were 2,000 suits in it, while last year there were 8,000—a number for which the provision is palpably inadequate. Finally, there is a jury side of the Supreme Court, besides that court in banc for appellate causes, with five judges. Happily, a proposition to increase the judges of Philadelphia has not the same terrors as with us. The bench there enjoys the esteem of bar and people, and has no one to cast a slight on its ability and integrity. Its tendencies are regarded with anxiety by some who see it more and more involved in political legislation, as in the case of the Trust Bill referred to last week; but at this moment both bench and bar are noticeably diligent in trying criminals and punishing crime, and without distinction of party.

It is to be hoped that the Legislature will increase not only the number of the Judges, but the salaries along with them, these being as insufficient for decent support and the dignity of their profession as in most other parts of the country. A movement of this kind is on foot in Massachusetts, and is met by the singular objection that as the Judges, especially the newer ones, accepted their positions in full view of the small pay attaching to them, they have no claims to an increase. And "Warrington," the Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, and clerk of the Massachusetts House, further adds, that if any rich man suffers from the spectacle of an underpaid judiciary, he is at liberty to put his hand into his pocket and eke out the salaries to any extent. This ingenious remedy is only equalled by Mr. Greeley's panacea for those who object that the tariff enriches the manufacturers of pig-iron: "You can go and make it yourselves, gentlemen."

The Minnesota Legislature has provided for the submission to the people, women included, of an amendment to the constitution adopting female suffrage at all elections. Missouri and Kansas are permitting it in school matters, and an amendment to the constitution in favor of it is presently to be voted upon in Vermont. In Utah, the system is on trial, but out of 20,000 women in the Territory only six or seven voted at the last election. The cause of this abstinence was explained at a recent woman's rights meeting in this city, by ascribing it to the tyranny of the husbands, who would not let the women go to the polls. The experiment is also being made in Wyoming Territory; but the women there are but a handful, and, it is said, leave much to be desired, to use a very safe and convenient Gallicism, on the score of character, so that their use of the franchise will hardly shed much light on the general question. In England, the movement makes much progress, owing, we think, mainly to its exceeding sobriety. Its artillery is nearly all heavy; no firing is allowed till the guns are fairly in position, shotted, and sighted, and the gunners take off their hoops, and remove the flowers and birds-of-paradise from their hair, while in action.

The *Woman's Journal* has retracted the charge of "professional dishonesty" which it made against the *Nation*, apropos of the authorship of the articles which lately appeared in our columns on the Woman's Rights agitation; and its having done so will go far to reassure those who were led to fear that that paper was only adding one more to the list of unscrupulous party hacks, by whose service so many good causes have been brought into disrepute. We shall add one word more, before dismissing the affair, at the risk of seeming to bear down too much. The leaders must not be so impatient of criticism. They have not got a monopoly of this woman question. They are not prophets or apostles. They must not suppose that nobody has done any thinking about woman's condition in society who does not go about making speeches on platforms or does not edit "an organ." Some of the most valuable thought about it is not uttered at all, or is only uttered in private houses. Some of the richest experience touching its problems has never seen, and will never see, the light. Moreover, everybody knows that the platform spirit, useful as it may be for "putting things through," is not very apt in the lightening of dark places or the solution of deep mysteries; and, considering the depth of the mystery those engaged in this movement are undertaking to solve, it must be confessed their scorn of the decent people who stay at home, their loudness of utterance, their off-hand way of settling great questions, their ferocity in attack and defence, and their supreme confidence in the gong as an instrument of human regeneration, are sometimes afflicting to witness for those who take a sincere interest in the cause.

A meeting was held in this city last week, to make some provision for putting an end to what is a crying shame and disgrace—the spectacle of maimed and disabled soldiers begging their bread in the streets, or taking refuge in the Almshouse. There has been a soldiers' home in Albany, and Governor Hoffman says he asked the last Legislature to provide for its permanent support. Instead of doing so, they made a small appropriation for it, on condition that it should be closed in four months, and closed it was. The men had to be sent to asylums in other States, or turned out on the high road. The exceeding sensitiveness of the political world about providing men who in any field have faithfully served their country, whether it be as judge, or soldier, or civil servant, with any assistance in their old age, is an amiable weakness, which, considering the great calm with which they see the State swindled by the same parties when in full enjoyment of their mental and bodily faculties, they ought to try and get over. Every man, woman, and child in the community is disgraced by the presence amongst us of destitute soldiers; and there ought to be no rest as long as any well-behaved man, who has been disabled in the late war, and been honorably discharged, can say that he has no means of support.

There were rumors from Paris for some days that the Emperor was getting out of conceit with the Liberal ministry and the Liberal régime, and was disposed, as our politicians would say, "to go back" on Ollivier. These have now been contradicted—though they hardly needed contradiction—as nothing is clearer than that, no matter what comes of Ollivier, retreat is no longer possible for the Emperor. However, Ollivier is far from finding it all plain sailing; his announcement of his intention to give up proposing official candidates—that is, to allow the country to declare its will freely without guidance or direction—so excited the majority of the Chamber that they voted him down, most of them owing their own seats to the very system he was condemning. What importance he will attach to this kind of censure remains to be seen. Gustave Flourens' account of his "insurrection" has arrived, and it is exceedingly amusing—all the more amusing when we remember that he and Rochefort are the two statesmen who, if the revolt had been successful, would have had charge of the new "Republic" in its struggling infancy. His report of his military operations represents him as having disarmed two non-resisting soldiers, and on meeting with two others, who chased him with their bayonets, as having treated them with scorn and indignation as minions of despotism, and withdrawn from their presence. Finding that upsetting some omnibuses in the street produced no effect on the Imperial régime, and that the brutal soldiery were quite ready to shed blood, he took refuge in the house, and looked out of the window, apparently more in sorrow than in anger, and at last, seeing that Louis Napoleon was not going to leave France, he determined to leave it himself, and the poor young idiot is now in Belgium. The net result of the rebellion is, that a dozen or two workingmen have received sword-thrusts from the Garde de Paris, a veteran corps devoted to the Emperor, who appear to have been cruel. Luckily the Chassepot was not brought into play. Perhaps the most important item of French news is, that the new Ministry are determined to withdraw the troops from Rome. The result of this will be that—Austria and Spain being out of the way—the Italians will probably incur the pains of hell under the ninth caput of the Syllabus, one article of which makes doubts of the Pope's right to his temporal sovereignty a damnable error, and, *à fortiori*, an armed irruption into his territory a mortal sin.

THE TARIFF CONTROVERSY.

The most ardent and sanguine protectionist has to confess that somehow a great change has come over public opinion within the last three or four years about the tariff. One of the most striking and most trustworthy signs of it is the number of newspapers all over the country, and particularly in the West, which were, a short time ago, either protectionist or neutral, which have become decidedly free-trade. Another is the number of prominent men "outside politics" who, bred in protectionist principles, have formally abandoned them, and unblushingly avow their conversion. We mention these as signs on the surface. There are others less apparent which, doubtless, those actively engaged in free-trade agitation could produce in abundance. The vote in the House of Representatives, February 7, on the resolution of confining the tariff to the collection of revenues simply, which was defeated only by 91 to 80, was a very striking indication of the extent to which Congress is being affected by the feeling out of doors, and yet changes in public opinion rarely affect Congressmen, unless they have been revealed by actual contest at the polls. The average Congressman is naturally timid; he knows on what issue he was elected; and he knows what his party expects of him on one or two great questions, and about these he is faithful unto death. But of new ideas or movements arising after his election he is exceedingly shy. His letters from home are not, by any means, reliable indications of the way the stream is flowing, and he reads the newspapers with a distrust which we are sure will be forgiven him when he comes up for final judgment. It is this uncertain state of his mind which accounts for the facility with which audacious men, like Butler and Thaddeus Stevens, lead him into all sorts of desperate enterprises, including those amazing votes on currency, taxation, and reconstruction which, during the last five years, have so often startled the nation from its propriety. The decision and boldness of these men impose on him. He feels that they know what they are about, which is more than he does; he fancies they must have private information, or see the little hole at the end of the cave out of which the fox creeps, so he follows wherever they lead. Thus far, nobody has tried him in free-trade, and several newspapers of which he has a constitutional dread are on the protectionist side, so that the vote on the above-mentioned resolution may be considered a striking proof of the strength of the silent influence in opposition to protection by which the political atmosphere begins to be pervaded.

Now, if we said this change had been due to the arguments of free-traders, we should give them more than their due, and the protectionists less. It is mainly the work of the protectionists themselves. The enormous majority in Congress, of which the secession of the South left them in possession, and which they doubtless looked on as a great blessing, has proved, as large majorities are apt to do, an unmitigated curse. It apparently removed all necessity for caution and moderation. The enemy seemed so small and despicable that they broke ranks, and took to plundering in every direction, without order, discipline, or method. People could have borne contributions levied in a regular way and with some attempt at equality of distribution, but six or seven years of indiscriminate pillage have ended in raising the population against them. To Mr. Wells is undoubtedly directly due a large amount of the prevailing hostility; but Mr. Wells has not made himself a preacher of free-trade. What his reports have done is simply to show what the working of the tariff really is. His exposé would have been effective enough if protectionists had let him alone; but their attempts to prevent the circulation of his reports, and to vilify him personally, of course have immensely stimulated the popular interest in all that he said, and given him an opportunity of making some very telling retorts. Nor in accounting for the actual state of opinion on this subject must we leave out of sight the labors of our esteemed contemporary, the New York *Tribune*. That paper, owing to a variety of circumstances, is now the principal, indeed one might say the sole remaining, champion of distinction which the old protectionist cause has in the press; and it has two styles of treatment, which it applies to nearly every subject—the humorous and the vituperative.

One of the peculiarities of a protective tariff is, however, that it does not admit of being defended humorously. Like all highly artificial arrangements, it offers innumerable weak points for the assaults of the wit or satirist, while anybody who undertakes to defend it has to be solemn as a judge, and look as wise as an owl. He cannot afford to laugh; he has to assume an enormous weight of responsibility constantly pressing on him. The duty he advocates, for instance, he dare not treat as simply a matter of dollars and cents, about which it is permitted, even to a truly good man, to crack a joke. He has to regard it, and talk of it, as the means under Providence of protecting millions of artisans from the competition of foreign pauper labor, and enabling them to live happy lives, and making the nation a sure refuge of the oppressed, and keeping it constantly prepared for bloody wars with designing despots.

On the other hand, neither does protection admit of vituperative defence, though we admit that it now shares this characteristic with a variety of other great causes. Newspaper abuse, whatever it may have done once, now settles nothing and injures nobody. Probably in the conflicts in which Mr. Greeley passed his earlier days, and of which he has preserved the habits and traditions, calling an opponent names in "scathing editorials" damaged him; but those days have passed away. The country has greatly changed within the last twenty years. The public has grown old and grave and sedate to a degree of which Mr. Greeley and some of his brother agitators seem to have no idea. When the *Tribune*, therefore, says that Mr. Wells has been bribed with "British gold," he makes people laugh; Wells laughs himself, and we all laugh. "British gold" has become one of the cant phrases, the mere mention of which calls up a smile in any circle in the country. When it says he is a "Munchausen" and a "humbug," people laugh more, but their opinion about the tariff remains just what it was. In fact, they watch Mr. Greeley's operations with the same mixture of curiosity and amusement with which they would watch the exercises of a company of matchlock-men.

There is in the country undoubtedly a strong enough desire to be independent of Europe, a strong enough tendency to take the protectionist view of the duty of Government, to make it tolerably easy to frame a tariff that would stand. The protectionist theory is not wholly irrational. A law imposing a tax for the express purpose of building up a particular branch or branches of industry might offend against a good many men's theory of government, but no rational person would seriously consider it robbery. To denounce this with violence as under no circumstances within the province of Government, while conceding to Government the right to enter on wars, however unjustifiable or costly, is simply absurd. But then scientific protection—protection which is to produce very lasting results—which is to do more than enable a small body of men to make large profits for a few years—has, first of all, to be confined to a few articles. General protection for everybody's manufactures, such as we have been attempting for the last ten years, is as much of a chimera as trying to make mountains of water in mid-ocean. When everybody is protected, nobody is protected. Secondly, it must be the work of a government, independent of the people and of "interests," having a fixed policy of its own, and strong enough to carry it out for a long term of years in the teeth of clamor; because to produce any good effect on any branch of industry it must be steady. A tariff overhauled once a year is a positive curse to everybody, even on the protectionist theory of tariffs. Of course, if all this be true, it is more than doubtful whether a popular government will ever be able to establish any protective system which can be called really effective or will be anything better than a device for enabling large numbers of manufacturers and producers to levy contributions on each other and on the general public in a loose and slipshod way. No system of taxation requires such close and, indeed, scientific watching, because its indirect and remote results are often far more powerful than its direct and anticipated results, and it is the continual discovery of the former which makes it necessary to overhaul and readjust high tariffs nearly every year. There is a chance now, and we are glad to see there is some talk at Washington, of some compromise between the two parties, which will give us peace for a few years at least, and seal up one of the greatest fountains of corruption by which any people was ever afflicted; and if the high-tariff men are wise they will jump at it.

THE RATIFICATION TROUBLE.

We print elsewhere a letter on the power of States to withdraw their ratification of amendments, which puts strongly against the doctrine of irrevocability, which we have advanced, the argument *ab inconvenienti*, on which the *World* also has placed its main reliance in an elaborate criticism, of which it made the *Nation*'s article the subject, a fortnight ago, and which more recently it brought into the field against Senator Conkling. The sum and substance of this argument is that, if we deny States the power of revoking, before proclamation, their ratification of amendments to the Constitution, we expose ourselves to the risk of having amendments hang over our heads for years, till the occasion which called for them has passed away and been forgotten, or until public sentiment about it has totally changed, and then seeing it suddenly adopted by the ratification of one or two States which had previously held back; and the result would be, as we understand the matter, something fearfully disastrous.

We admit that this might occur, and we admit, too, that even remote consequences of either acts or omissions are in politics always deserving of serious consideration; but then nearly all political questions are questions of degree. There are contingencies in this as in other fields of human activity which are very probable, and others only slightly probable. We cannot possibly concern ourselves about them all equally, or regulate our conduct with the same regard to them all; for some of them, let their existence be never so undeniable, we cannot make any provision at all without subjecting ourselves to great present loss and inconvenience. For instance, when I am walking down Broadway, a brick may fall from a scaffold on my head; but I would rather run the risk than wear a steel cap. So, also, admitting it to be possible that an amendment might hang over us for twenty years, till the States which had originally ratified it had changed their minds about it, and then be thrust into the Constitution by one other ratification, there are several reasons for not allowing the consideration of the contingency to affect our course now, of which the following are the principal—and they are reasons which go to the very foundation of all popular government: 1. It is very improbable—supposing there were forty States in the Union, and even twenty-nine had ratified an amendment—that any influences which had, after several years' consideration, effected a change of opinion in the ratifying States, would not also affect the non-ratifying States, and make them unwilling to force the amendment into the Constitution; it is still more improbable that any one State, finding itself in a position to do such a thing, would, in the teeth of a great pressure of opinion on the other side all over the country, spring any such trap. Exploits of this sort, when they occur, are the result of greater moral isolation than is to be found amongst us. The pressure of majorities is immense already, and increases. 2. Even if it did occur, putting a rule into the Constitution of the United States does not make it part of the order of nature. The Constitution is the work of human hands; if an amendment gets into it which people don't like, it can be got out again. Putting one into it to which the majority was violently opposed, and putting it in by a trick, too, would be a sure way of rousing strong public feeling against it. True, a fourth of the States can prevent the removal of an amendment, but they are very unlikely to do so in the teeth of strong and continuous pressure from the other three-fourths; and if more than one-fourth oppose the removal, this, while it would increase the difficulty of the change, would also show that the change was not plainly desirable, and that the Republic would not be seriously injured if it were not made. You have, in short, with regard to this as to many other matters, to trust to popular good sense and capacity for self-government. The people might refuse unanimously to pay any taxes or serve in the militia; they might refuse to elect members of Congress, or a President, and thus the Government would go to pieces. There is no provision in the Constitution which would afford us the slightest protection against such a calamity, but then the Constitution is none the worse on that account. It does not pretend to provide, and could not provide, for all *possibilities*. It provides for strong probabilities, and has been framed for the government of reasonable men. It would, therefore, be foolish for us to tease ourselves over the contemplation of the defects which might show themselves in it should the people who live under it cease to be reasonable.

Moreover, we affirm that the balance of inconvenience is on the side of the theory which allows States to withdraw their ratification before proclamation. Delay and deliberation are not undesirable in the adoption of amendments to the Constitution; nay, they ought to be encouraged. But, if any State might withdraw its ratification whenever it pleased, they would become very undesirable, because they would expose the sober judgment of the country on a great national question to defeat or hindrance for an indefinite period by the mere ups and downs of State politics. Local issues are constantly causing power to change hands in the State legislatures, and as party feeling grows stronger and the class of men who take charge of State affairs declines relatively in quality, the practice of undoing everything the other party has done, out of mere spite, and without any or very little regard to the public interest, grows commoner. So that we should constantly see ratifications of amendments to the Federal Constitution withdrawn, as a mere weapon of party warfare and from a desire "to smash things," by majorities which owed their existence to accident or fraud or some trifling convulsion in local opinion. Nobody, for instance, supposes the present New York Legislature represents the sober judgment of the State on Federal questions, or is likely to be of the same complexion a year hence. In short, it is pretty certain that amendments will rarely be ratified except after much discussion and consideration; while ratifications might and probably would often be withdrawn by a snap vote, or even as a practical joke. Besides this, when we come to have fifty or sixty States, the conversion of ratifications into a shuttlecock for the amusement of local politicians would create practical difficulties of a serious kind in the way of the adoption of any amendment. With the telegraph in operation, the Secretary of State might go to bed at ten o'clock thinking an amendment was adopted, and get up in the morning and find that a State had backed out in the night and left it high and dry; and there would be disputes as to whether he had or had not received the withdrawal of the ratification before the proclamation was issued, and he would be accused of lying and fraud, and the validity of the amendment would be questioned, and we should, every time one was proposed, have a fair chance of civil war before it was adopted. As to the horrors of having to live under an amendment adopted long after the required majority of the States had pronounced in its favor, and when they might in the interval have changed their minds about it, on which the *World* dwells with much solemnity, let us remind our contemporary that the whole Constitution is more or less open to that objection. This generation is living under an organic law which it had no hand whatever in adopting and about which it was never consulted, and some provisions of which it would certainly never have assented to; nevertheless, we are not so badly off after all. We marry and feast and buy and sell, and do all the other business of life with great comfort, though the Constitution was never submitted to us for our approval.

The *World* relies a good deal on the analogy drawn from the ratification of the Constitution itself, and derides Mr. Conkling for holding that there is a difference in the source of the right by which a party enters into a contract, and that of the right by which a State ratifies an amendment to the Constitution. It is quite true that the Union could not have been formed unless nine States had ratified, for the ratification of nine States was of the essence of the agreement; but it is not necessary for us to discuss whether any State had the power to withdraw its ratification then or not, or what effect the withdrawal would have had on the position of the remainder, because it is clear enough that the States, before the adoption of the Constitution, ratified it in a different character from that in which the States now in the Union ratify an amendment, and with different powers. They adopted the Constitution as perfectly free agents, in possession of independent authority, and the vote of each State therefore bound nobody but itself. They ratify an amendment now as members of a body politic already in existence, and derive their power of ratifying and the conditions of ratification from its organic law; and the proof is, that the action of

three-fourths binds the other fourth, which, before the adoption of the Constitution, it could not do. Where do three-fourths get the right now to impose their will on the other fourth? Not from the law of nature, nor from conquest, nor from revelation; they get it from the Constitution. There is no place else to get it from, so that all arguments in defence of the right of withdrawal, based on the analogy of ordinary contracts, are fallacious and delusive.

THE SEXES IN COLLEGES.

THE admission of women to our colleges and universities is, if not the most important educational problem yet to be solved, at least the most pressing and the most clamorous for an immediate solution. It hangs closely together with the question of female suffrage, and, indeed, may almost be said to depend upon that; for, if women are once admitted to vote, there will be little likelihood of their being long excluded from college classes, and if, on the other hand, the suffrage is still denied them, it will be largely on grounds which will be equally weighty against the reform in question. Still, the separation of the sexes in education has nothing to do with any alleged inferiority of the one to the other—hardly, indeed, with any difference in "sphere;" for all agree as to giving women as good an education as men, and an identical one if they desire it. And in those institutions which are designed to complement college education, such as the university courses at Cambridge, no objection is made to the admission of ladies, and no mischief can result.

The subject of coeducation in colleges and universities must be regarded from two points of view—that of the character and demeanor of the students, and that of their intellectual training. In the courses just spoken of, intellectual considerations are the only ones, as the students are supposed to be old enough and mature enough to look after themselves. The lecturers have no responsibility but to give their best; it is for the hearer to determine whether it meets his or her wants. But the college has higher aims than mere intellectual training—to turn out well-developed men, in both intellect and character; and it is the essential feature of a college that it assumes the responsibility of the student's entire development. Any college, therefore, before making so radical a change as that proposed must satisfy itself that it is ready to assume this added responsibility; that it feels prepared to turn out as good members of society, men and women, as it could men alone or women alone. The assumption that it is "natural" or "right in itself" has nothing to do with it; the sole question is as to the results, and that not merely or mainly in securing good discipline and good lessons, but in producing manly men and womanly women, fitted to do the work of life in their generation. President Eliot, for the Faculty of Harvard College, frankly says that they are not prepared to assume this responsibility; and, so long as this is the case, the question of duty is settled for them.

The colleges are distinguished from those institutions of higher culture which are able to make a certain provision for women, by the fundamental fact that they take the young man at the most critical period of his youth, and retain the entire control of him for a period long enough to form his character, and give his mind the training he needs in order to prepare him for the work of life. This is what the American colleges undertake to do, and, with all their defects, they may claim a fair degree of success; the college graduates as a class are not unworthy of the pains and expense that have been bestowed upon them. There are two other classes of institutions which appear to possess a considerable analogy to colleges in this respect—the high schools and the normal schools—both of which, in very large proportion, are composed of students of both sexes, and of nearly the same age as college students. In what essential point do these differ from colleges? It seems at first sight that the normal schools especially present a complete analogy to them, and that the entire success of the experiment in these gives good reason to expect equal success in colleges. It will be found, however, we believe, that this analogy is not complete. The normal schools lack the essential feature of the colleges. They are not established to make men and women, but school-teachers; the students are, on the average, not far from the age of the higher college classes, but they go to the school with the definite purpose of fitting themselves for a special work, not with the vague desire of being disciplined into manhood. The school authorities, to be sure, have their rules, and maintain more or less supervision over the demeanor of the students; but this discipline is wholly subsidiary to the professional training, not itself an end. And as to the high schools, they are simply the last and highest grade of our mixed common schools, touching upon the lower edge of the college course, as the normal schools do upon the upper.

And what is more essential still, the scholars of the public schools live at home and are under the care and responsibility of their parents, looking to the school only for intellectual instruction. Now, it is precisely here, where the colleges differ essentially from the high schools, that we find the weak point of college discipline. It is right that a time should come when the boy shall leave home and learn to rely upon himself, leaving behind him the constant and watchful control of his parents, and having in place of it only the indirect and general influence of the college. This is just what he needs *at the right time;* but it is in the impossibility of knowing in each individual case just when the right time has come that the dangers of college life chiefly consist. The boy goes from home, passes four years in the comparative freedom of college life, and leaves the college walls a man. Are we prepared to have our girls do the same thing? Many a boy is wrecked in his course, many a one stumbles and recovers himself; but a girl cannot retrace a false step as her brother can. For her, once to fall is ruin.

It is here that the peculiar difficulties of coeducation in colleges appear to reside; and it was from a consideration of these, no doubt, that Horace Mann, as we are told, insisted so strenuously upon the dormitory system as essential to success in a mixed college. That is, the freedom which young men enjoy with safety and profit will not do for young women of the same age and on professedly the same footing. In this he was probably right; a college will not undertake this peculiar responsibility for girls away from home, except by retaining a much more constant control than they care to exercise over boys. But is not this really admitting that not only a real equality of the sexes in college education has never been tried, but we are afraid to try it? If every girl lived under her father's roof, it would be different. There could then be no objection to mixed classes—none, that is, from the point we are now considering; it is in the fact that the college assumes a responsibility which it has not adequate means of maintaining that the danger lies; for we see no more harm in girls and boys meeting in the class-room and lecture-room than in sleigh-rides and parties.

We have spoken only of the moral aspect of the question, and that side of it which has to do with the special dangers arising from the sexual relation; because this is the first and most essential point of view in which to regard it. We have seen that the analogies from other kinds of educational institutions do not apply here, for the reason that the aim and the circumstances differ. No experience can be conclusive except where these are the same; we must, therefore, fall back after all upon the limited experience of Oberlin and Antioch, and other less known institutions in the West. With regard to these, it must be admitted that the evidence of experience is favorable in this point; we believe that they have been as free from scandal and moral danger as the average of institutions for girls alone—certainly far more so than many girls' boarding-schools. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the community appears to have lost confidence in this feature of these institutions, as is shown in some interesting statistics lately given in a series of papers in the *College Courant*. We pass over those which relate to Antioch, for the reason that the financial embarrassments and suspension of that institution may be fairly presumed to have affected it in this respect. As to Oberlin, it is shown that the proportion of girls in the college classes has steadily decreased from one-fourth to one-fifteenth; that of the nine present members (against one hundred and thirty-five men), three belong to Ohio, all of these residents of Oberlin itself; while a separate "Ladies' Department" contains one hundred and seventy; and eight Ohio girls are members of the college classes of the distant and expensive Vassar College. These remarkable figures certainly seem to show a falling off of the demand for education in mixed colleges, from whatever cause it may be.

We suspect that the real cause is that the young ladies do not, after all, wish for the same education with young men; and while we fully believe that, if they do wish for the same, they ought to have it, we as fully believe that, in nine cases out of ten, they had better not have it. Very few girls can do, without breaking down physically, the intellectual work which their more robust brothers can safely undertake. And even if they could, we cannot but believe that a quite different training is required to fit the members of the different sexes for the diverse work that will necessarily fall to their lot. Where they feel called upon to undertake the same work, they should have the same training; but this is *professional* training, and we have already pointed out the wide distinction between the professional

school and the college. In the professional schools we see no reason that much of the preparation for the same work should not be made in company.

We have not touched, however, upon a point which is made much of in arguments upon this subject—the mutual influence of the sexes in their coeducation. Apart from the serious moral dangers which we have already considered, there seems no doubt that, in regard to the demeanor of the students, the mixed colleges are under no disadvantage. More than this is often claimed—that the female influence is necessarily refining and elevating. But this depends upon other things. Nothing is more healthy for a young man at this critical age than the society of cultivated ladies. We do not know that we can say as much for that of school-girls. It is only by constant watchfulness that the intercourse of school-girls and boys can be kept from downright rudeness; so that we should say only that under good management the influence of the sexes may be good upon one another; under bad management, it will be unequivocally bad.

Intellectually, we should pass a different judgment. Girls as students are quick, faithful, and intelligent; but they have loose habits of thought, and are prone to be mere book-students. It is an unmixed good for them to be brought in contact with the freer and, at the same time, closer habits of reasoning of the boys; while their perfect knowledge of their *lessons* serves to stimulate their rivals to faithful application. Nor is there much danger of the influence being the other way, and each sex acquiring the bad habits of the other; for each recognizes the other's points of superiority, and the women especially feel that it is mainly from this masculine quality of mind the long supremacy of the male sex has resulted.

We have given the reasons which make us incline to the opinion that the experiment of mixed colleges is not likely to be a success. At the same time, it must be remembered that it is still an experiment, and whoever has real faith in it possesses so far a chief condition of success. We hope that trials will continue to be made, until it is an experiment no longer. We have so much confidence that it would be an intellectual benefit to women, that we should be sincerely glad if it should be found practicable to unite the classes so far as the studies cover the same ground. But whether this movement is to go on or is to die out by degrees, there is, we are confident, one condition to a successful union of the sexes in college classes—a policy of sympathy and trust rather than of suspicion. If it is safe for girls and boys to be together, let those who have the control of them be men who heartily believe so, and show that they believe it. If there is danger of mischief, the surest way to make the mischief come is to be constantly expecting it. Nobody expects girls to have the same freedom as boys when they are sent from home to be educated. They are of necessity subjected to rules and hours from which boys may safely be free; and this circumstance, while it shows the futility of expecting a real and genuine equality of the two sexes in the same institution, has also this evil effect, that the girls who are promised equality of treatment, and expect it—ignorant as they are of the dangers of their new life, and ambitious for their sex—chafe against restraints which they would not mind if they were by themselves, and by this again become unwittingly the instruments of their own disappointment.

ENGLAND.—THE QUEEN'S SPEECH—THE BISHOPS IN CONVOCATION.

LONDON, February 11, 1870.

PARLIAMENT has been opened, and speculations as to the probable character of the session are, of course, being everywhere indulged. Shall we have an exciting or a quiet time of it? In favor of the first view, it may be said that there never has been a period at which more important measures were coming up for settlement; and in favor of the second, that Government has so large a majority, and is encountered by so disorganized an opposition, that no serious fight can well take place. The last view seems to be the commonest, although I confess that my belief in the strategical powers of Mr. Gladstone's ministry is not quite so great as this opinion implies. There are, as I have frequently remarked, so many delicate points to settle that I think they can hardly avoid raising some exciting disputes. Prophecy, however, is not my business, and I will confine myself to the history which has already become historical. The debates, whatever their interest, will for a time be diminished in importance by the absence of two leading men. Mr. Bright, I regret to say, has been compelled by medical advice to leave London for a time, though I hope that he is not seriously ill; the House of Commons will, for the present, be without their one great orator. Lord Cairns is also obliged to go abroad in search of health, and in him the House of Lords will lose the ablest of Conservative leaders. He appeared on the opening-day of the session in the kind of oratorical parade which takes place on occasion of the Queen's speech, but will not appear again for the present. Perhaps I ought to say something on occasion of that remarkable document. I say remarkable, because, being the composition of some of the most eminent men in the country, it is about the most empty and uninteresting of all official papers. A President may, if he can, really put some matter into an inaugural address, because he really exercises an influence upon the politics of the country. But, as a Queen's speech expresses in theory the opinions of a sovereign who is supposed to be raised out of the sphere of party questions, it is compelled in dramatic propriety to express no opinion of any interest to any human being. Why it should also be generally ungrammatical, is a question which I am unable to answer. I suppose that it has been so carefully patched by different Ministers in the attempt to purge it of all undesirable excrescences, that it generally becomes at once incoherent and unmeaning, and that the language suffers in sympathy with the incompleteness of the contents. The Queen's speech, however, meaningless as it is, is supposed to lay down the programme of business intended by Ministers. The present performance tells us little in this respect; but it certainly is satisfactory as far as it goes. If anything like the list of measures thus proposed is actually carried into execution, we shall be able to say that the session has been far from fruitless. The whole speech may be summed up in a single sentence for these purposes: Parliament is to be invited to deal with the Irish land-laws; with national education; with the naturalization laws; with the constitution of the highest courts of law; with religious tests in the universities; with the transfer of land and the succession to real property; with certain questions about rating; with licensing the sale of spirits; with trades-unions; and with the laws about merchant shipping. A hint is also thrown out that it may possibly have to provide exceptional measures, such as the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, for preserving order in Ireland. A word or two of comment upon this text will be sufficient. The question of religious tests in the universities has become one of those tiresome disputes on which all has been said that possibly can be said, and on which all reformers have come to be of one mind. Great doubts, however, have been expressed as to whether Government would or would not undertake a reform in the present session. The mention of it, therefore, in the Queen's speech is satisfactory, as indicating a probability that Government will adopt a more active policy than many people had supposed. The mention of the succession to real property is also of interest. Mr. Locke King has long brought on an annual motion providing that, in cases of intestacy, real property shall in future be equally divided. It appears that Government has decided, at last, to adopt this measure, and though the immediate practical importance is not likely to be great, it is an indication of a change of sentiment in such matters which may be noted for what it is worth. The attempt to deal with licensing public-houses is also remarkable as a step in advance.

What is not in the Queen's speech? is generally asked with as much interest as what is in it. In the present case, the only topic "conspicuous by its absence" is the existing distress and the proposals of state aid to emigration. The emigration societies, though they have made a considerable noise, do not seem to have taken root or to be flourishing very strongly. They have not collected money enough [to make them independent of help from the national funds, and the prospect of obtaining such help has perhaps been rather felt as a difficulty. The Government, it would seem, is not disposed to help them at all. Mr. Gladstone has said a few civil words, but then he is rather over-disposed to civility. To say the truth, these societies are not quite simple-minded enough in their efforts. They wish to do good to the poorer classes; but then they want to do good in their own way. They wish to combine charity with providing additional bonds for holding together the British Empire. There is that odor of patronage about them which is rather prejudicial to many benevolent institutions, and the Government are very properly shy of countenancing schemes which may lead to consequences of a very different kind from a mere extension of relief; or which, even if confined to relieving purposes, may take more unmanageable proportions than can be exactly foreseen.

I will not dwell longer upon a matter which has rather an official claim upon your attention than any great intrinsic interest. Another curious performance always accompanies the meeting of Parliament. That mysterious body, Convocation, meets and goes through certain forms of venerable antiquity. As you know, it is a century and a half since its existence, as a body exercising any real power, was effectually finished.

But it enjoys a sort of suspended vitality; the bishops meet in the upper chamber, and various lower dignitaries in the other. They talk for a time about matters of ecclesiastical interest, and they finally disperse after a day or two, leaving behind no traces of their action. Of late years, however, they have done a little more in the way of talking than was formerly permitted to them. The uneasy feeling which has been prevalent in the Church of England has encouraged them to make a few demonstrations of opinion, though they are tied, hand and foot, from real legislation. On the present occasion, they resolved to appoint a committee to enquire into the proper method of appointing bishops. It matters little whether they enquire or not, as it is very certain that Parliament would not in any way give effect to their conclusions. The election of an English bishop is one of the greatest of those anomalies of which we have so plentiful a stock. The Crown grants leave to the Chapter to elect a specified person; and the Chapter, having prayed to the Holy Ghost for direction, always proceeds to elect the person named. Various other ceremonies take place which preserve the memory, though not the reality, of the times when there was a *bonâ fide* election. There is something rather grotesque and something rather blasphemous about all this; but the practical effect of course is that the Prime Minister nominates bishops as much as he nominates a clerk in the Treasury. Moreover, it is clear that so long as we have a union between church and state, this will continue to be the case. The forms, however, might as well be altered, and the bishops may very properly wish for an enquiry. But the main object of the debate was to provide opportunities for going over once more the question of Dr. Temple's appointment to the See of Exeter. The scene was rather curious, though pretty much what might have been expected. All the bishops were anxious to define the degree in which they had protested or expressed an opinion about the election; and with great protestations of freedom from personal resentment, they succeeded in making a good many unpleasant remarks about their newly elected colleague. After they had all spoken, Dr. Temple arose and said a few words. Rather, as I should imagine, to the amazement of his hearers, they were words of deep gratitude for all the kindness he had received from his brethren. From another speaker the expressions might have been taken as comical; for mostly every bishop in the Church had done what he could to exclude Dr. Temple from the episcopate, or to force him to humiliate himself before admitting him to consecration. Dr. Temple, however, was obviously speaking in all earnestness, and, meanwhile, a more surprising circumstance was occurring in the lower house. There a motion, or as it is called, I believe, in ecclesiastical language, a *gravamen*, was brought forward, reflecting upon the appointment. It could, of course, have had no effect except as an expression of opinion. However, a friend of Dr. Temple's rose and announced that he was authorized to declare that Dr. Temple's essay would be withdrawn from any future edition of "Essays and Reviews." People are amazed that Dr. Temple should have taken such a step. It amounts to a confession that he has been wrong in permitting his essay to be published hitherto; for, of course, what is wrong in a bishop must have been equally wrong in a priest. So far, he justifies the attacks of his enemies, and admits by implication that he was guilty of an action of which they might rightfully complain, though not of an action which should disqualify him from the episcopate. The performance has, on the whole, left a very unpleasant impression upon Liberals. Dr. Pusey and his friends are of course delighted, and write to the *Times* to express their satisfaction and the withdrawal of their opposition. But Dr. Temple has lost ground with his old supporters. He both humbled himself unnecessarily before them in the speech, and made a practical confession of his errors by withdrawing the essay, which looks very much like a desertion of his old friends. Altogether, it is not a pleasant spectacle to contemplate, and proves that Dr. Temple is not so strong a man, though it may be that he is as good a man, as his friends had boasted. The practical inference is, that in the present state of ecclesiastical opinion in England, it is very hard for a man of Liberal views to be consistent as a bishop. The pressure on one hand, and the blandishments on the other, are too much for any ordinary strength of purpose. The result is, otherwise, not very important, except as proving that we have one more bishop than we knew of unimpeachable orthodoxy. There may be said to be now only one man on the bench of a type which was once the boast of the Church of England; I mean of the thoroughly liberal-minded, scholar-like, and independent men who were free from the ordinary clerical faults of bigotry and effeminacy. That one is Dr. Thirlwall, the Bishop of St. David's, whose clear good sense distinguishes him from his brethren no less than his profound learning. We have several very amiable and one or two very able prelates; but with this exception there is no man who has a reputation outside the ecclesiastical world.

Correspondence.

THE PUBLIC CREDIT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of January 27 enquired into the reasons "why American securities *stand lower* in the money markets of the world than those of any other power, except Turkey and Egypt?" The Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* thereupon remarked that it would be well enough to enquire *why* when the fact should have been proved. And it proceeded to show, from the quotations of the Paris Exchange, that, instead of *standing lower* than those of any power but Turkey and Egypt, American securities stand *higher* than those of *any but four* powers—those four being Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, and Prussia. It was shown that one hundred dollars, invested in British securities, brought 3¼ dollars annual interest; in French, 4 to 4⅛; in Dutch, 4⅔; in Prussian, 4⅞; in American, 6⅔; in Austrian (coin securities), 8; in Italian, 9; in Spanish, 10; in Portuguese, 9; in Turkish, 11½—from which it was concluded that the public credit of the United States *had* improved *fully as rapidly* as could have been reasonably expected, inasmuch as in 1864 the quotations of their securities had represented a rate of interest of 15 per cent., while even nine months ago that rate had exceeded 7 per cent.

In your last issue you do not deny these facts, but you maintain that "they prove nothing for the purpose of this discussion." Since the only point made by the *Staats-Zeitung* was the incorrectness of the assertion that American securities "*stand lower*" than those of Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, it is difficult to see how evidence furnished to show that they stand *much higher* should be treated as irrelevant. But you proceed to explain your position in this way: That the securities of the United States, if they *do* stand higher than those of Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, ought to stand *very much higher* yet, considering our financial history, present status, unlimited resources, and what not; and that, because they do not stand as high as the securities of Great Britain, France, etc., they stand *comparatively* and *relatively* lower than those of any other power, etc.

Now, in the utmost candor and with the single object of assisting in the meritorious efforts so successfully made by the *Nation*, on other occasions, to dispel all vague illusions, I would ask you: Have you not here fallen into the error, so often vigorously combated by you, of applying vague possibilities and crude ideas of the *immediate* importance of "inexhaustible resources" as a measure of the public credit?

How could the public credit of the United States at the present time stand as high, or even higher, than the credit of those four powers by whom it is preceded in the estimation of European financiers? The comparative degree of a nation's credit is not determined so much by the rapidity of the increase of population, or by the "limitless extent of fertile soil," or even by an imposing surplus revenue in one year, preceded by large deficiencies and followed by a largely diminished surplus, as it is by a *continuance*, through several generations, of absolutely undoubted solvency, by *fixedness* of its financial policy, by *steadiness* and *regularity* of its revenue, and by the fact that revenue from taxation is obtained in such a manner as not to cripple the producing power—*i. e.*, the taxpaying power—of the nation. But in all these respects the United States are far inferior to those four nations whose securities stand higher than theirs. Neither of these has repudiated—neither of them has, within the last fifty years, gone through any such trial of national strength as the United States have within the last decade. On the other hand, all four have—the French revolutions of 1830 and 1848, the Belgian war of independence, and the German war of 1866 notwithstanding—upon the whole enjoyed the most perfect steadiness and regularity of financial policy and fiscal administration. Their revenue systems have been wisely and conscientiously adapted to the interests of commerce and productive industry, and have *not* been footballs for blatant demagogues to play with. Lastly, never in all those four States has a single individual, much less a party controlling 45 out of every 100 votes, advocated, nay, even intimated, the possibility of the nation tendering to its creditors its own repudiated due-bills as payment of its funded debts.

Since in all these respects the record as well as the prospect of the United States is by far less bright, it is simply natural and self-evident that their credit should stand lower. None knows better than the *Nation*

that public credit is a thing of *growth*, not an article of *manufacture*. Even a *Sequoia gigantea* of only five years' growth will be of smaller size than a common hemlock of fifty years' growth. You cannot coax it, you cannot force it, to be as tall as its older relative. You may praise its "immense future," its "boundless resources," but that will be of very little use. You may *expel* nature by a pitchfork, as Horace admits while doubting the efficacy of the process, but you cannot *impel* it by all the pitchforks which the earnest *men* and poor financiers in Congress or Cabinet may wield.

But supposing, for argument's sake, that those *fanciful* elements of a high degree of public credit which the United States possess should be equal in power to the *real* elements of such a degree of credit possessed by Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, and Prussia, would that be sufficient to enable the United States to pay as low a rate of interest as those four States do? It would not; and for this reason: The rate of interest a government has to pay will, on the average, never be more than one per cent. below the average rate of interest paid by private borrowers in its own country. It *will* not; because it *cannot*, as long as the bulk of the national indebtedness has to be taken at home. Granted that one-third of our national bonded debt is held in Europe, yet the European market value of our bonds will be governed by our own quotations of them. But what determines these? Certainly not the rate of interest paid upon "loans on call," because *that* rate stands not in proportion to the amount of *capital* existing in the country, but to the amount of available uninvested *currency*. The rate of interest upon capital securely *invested* being from 12 per cent. on the banks of the Mississippi to 10 per cent. in Chicago and 7 per cent. in New York, the *average* cannot be set down at less than the latter figure. Now, in a country in which the rate of interest paid upon capital, invested in the very safest manner, averages about 7 per cent., the "*par*" of the national public credit (if you will pardon the use of this term) is just about *six* per cent., and no buncombe speeches, nor senatorial "financial policies" or "funding schemes," can make it less. An increase of the capital of the country (not by boasting of but by developing the "inexhaustible resources") and a scrupulously steady adherence to a well-digested revenue system *can*. But whatever *may* be effected in this way can be effected only in the way of slow, natural development. If anything, public credit cannot be brought up "by hand." Quite the contrary. "Hands off!" is the safest rule, which the numerous owners of patent rights upon "improvements of the public credit" should lay to heart.

To conclude. In consideration of all those causes which work against the public credit of the United States, that credit is not only as well, but much *better*, than could be expected. By the utter defeat of all buncombe, sensational financiering, and the most scrupulous adherence to the old adage that honesty is the best policy, it *may*, in the course of a decade or so, be raised very near to the level of the public credit of Prussia, but by such measures as have been proposed by Messrs. Boutwell and Sherman it never will.

HERMANN RASTER.

CHICAGO, February 20, 1870.

[The only point in controversy between us and Mr. Raster seems to be about the meaning of the phrase "stand lower," which we used in the article of Jan. 27. If it is improper to use it with regard to the credit of a country, except as meaning that the bonds of the country have to pay a higher interest—and on the Stock Exchange it probably would be—Mr. Raster has clearly convicted us of inaccuracy. But if it be lawful to use it, as we used it, in a general discussion of the public credit, as meaning that, *everything considered*, financial history, financial prospects, and tax-paying ability, the amount of interest a country pays on its bonds is not an accurate measure of its credit—that it may pay much less interest than another country, and yet possess really less credit—*i. e.*, less of public confidence in its honesty, then all Mr. Raster can charge us with is want of perspicuity, and we are willing to admit that his failure to understand us, and the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* finding it necessary to accuse us either of unscrupulousness or stupidity, makes it look very much as if this charge was well founded. We cited no figures in our article of Jan. 27. We tried to explain that, considering the resources and the financial history of the United States, and the exhibitions of the public temper with regard to the public debt, our Government really enjoyed less credit, or "stood lower" in the money markets of the world, than any borrowing powers except Turkey and Egypt, which pay about double as much interest. The advantage we enjoy over Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal in the amount of interest we pay does not represent, or anything like represent, the advantages we really possess over them in the elements of credit. These are: financial history—there is none better than that of the United States, though we admit it is marred in foreign eyes by the performances of some individual States; resources—meaning by this, ability to bear taxation, owing either to the largeness of profits on capital or the rapid increase in the number of tax-payers, or, to put it differently, in the area over which taxation is diffused; morale—meaning by this, popular comprehension of the conditions of public credit, popular appreciation of the importance of good credit, and popular conviction of sanctity of national engagements in the forum of conscience; and we affirm, without hesitation, that as regards this there is no other country in which the national credit rests on so sound a basis, and none in which the question whether the national debt ought to be paid punctually and honestly would, if put to a popular vote, meet with so favorable and *intelligent* a response. Looking to the political future of the civilized world, we think it must be admitted that this last is an important consideration for investors. Mr. Raster is, we believe, a reader of the *Nation*, and he therefore knows perfectly well that the talk about the value of material resources, apart from the state of the popular will, for the payment of national liabilities—the talk, for instance, of paying the debt out of the gold and silver mines—has afforded us as much amusement as it has him.

We gave at some length, in the article which he criticises, what we believe to be the reasons why the national credit does not stand higher, and, as these reasons are substantially the same as his, we need not go over them again. There is one, however, to which we attach a good deal of importance, which he does not mention; and that is the flightiness of the House on all questions, particularly international questions. The queer resolutions which it solemnly debates; its occasional lofty declarations of unwillingness to be bound by any of the received rules, either of public law or political economy; the exceeding deference shown by it now and then for the whimsicalities and absurdities of reformatory platforms, and the exalted places which downright rascals have in several instances managed to acquire in the national councils—all help to fill the mind of the foreign capitalist with doubts. He would not lend money to an individual madcap, no matter how rich he was, unless he could get some better security than his word, and the performances of some of our politicians have kept him continually asking himself whether the United States is not a national madcap, and whether we have such a thing as a policy steadily kept in view and acted on in national affairs. In short, the general behavior of its authorized representatives has a great deal to do with a people's credit. People in Europe are now beginning to understand Congress better, and hence our credit is improving. As to what the interest on a government debt *can* be, that, we take it, is determined by the proportion the supply of its securities bears to the demand for them, and this partly on the condition of other fields of investment and partly on its financial history. The greater portion of the United States debt is now held at home, it is true, but we deny that it need be; in fact, were the United States credit what it ought to be, it would not be held at home, because the Government, like other people, would be able to borrow at lower rates where capital was more plentiful. Chili put a five per cent. loan on the London market the other day at 83; it was all gone in a few hours, and now stands at a premium of nearly two per cent.; the reason is that this is a larger interest than the English can get at home; that enormous amounts of capital are lying idle, owing to the break-down of the joint-stock companies during the last three or four years, and the purchase of the telegraph lines by the Government; and that Chili has always paid her debts—and yet Chili is a *terra incognita* to most Englishmen. Similar success has attended a Russian loan for the same reasons. If six per cent. be, as Mr. Raster says, the lowest rate at which anybody *ought* to lend money to the United States, its credit is at this moment better than any nation's in the world; but, if we are right, there is no *ought* in the matter. If Englishmen and Dutchmen can be persuaded to take the bulk of our debt, they will take it on its own merits, and, barring

political troubles, will fix the price for themselves, and New York would take its quotations of Government securities from whatever exchange they were most dealt in, as it does now.—Ed. Nation.]

IDEAS BY THE POUND.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It seems to me that the calm good sense and impartial carefulness which usually characterize the *Nation* are apt to disappear when the subject of free-trade or protection is under discussion. In the numbers for February 17 and 24, there are two articles on the projected tariff on books which seem to be based on an *ex-parte* statement, adopted without examining its accuracy, and heightened by editorial misapprehension. I presume, as a matter of course, that this arises from misunderstanding, but it indicates that, so far from looking into both sides of the question, you have not even given proper consideration to the one-sided statement on which you have relied.

On February 17 you assert that "the advocates of protection in book-making reappear with a demand for twenty-five cents per pound, pure and simple, whether a foreign work have been published ten, twenty, forty, or a hundred years ago." The importers' memorial, on which you base your article, confines itself to the endeavor now making to obtain a specific rate of twenty-five cents per pound on some books, and, without enquiry, you expand the assertion to include all books—apparently on the ground that it is safe to assume anything unreasonable of a protectionist. (*a*) Had you examined into the matter, as—you will allow me to say it—you ought to have done, you would have found that the tariff schedule asked for by the publishers, proposes twenty-five cents per pound only on English books published since 1849; other English books being put at *five* cents per pound; while books in foreign and dead languages, and work simported for public institutions, were put on the *free-list*. If such provisions could be adopted, it would be a source of rejoicing to every earnest student in the land. Had you further looked into the Tariff Bill recently reported by the Committee of Ways and Means, you would have seen that the committee, though not quite as liberal as the publishers, were still sufficiently so to render your statement utterly erroneous. They divide all books into two classes. Those less than twenty years old are subjected to twenty-five cents per pound; those more than twenty years old are placed on the free-list, together with books imported for private use and not for sale. You see how utterly groundless are your assertions, and the arguments based upon them.

In the same spirit—shall I say it?—of blind denunciation, in your article of Feb. 24, by a misconception of the same importers' memorial, you are led into the absurd statement that "the effect of such a measure would be to increase the cost of all imported books an average of about 96 per cent., those of general literature absolutely 162 per cent." Now I will do the importers the justice to say that they are not accountable for this. What they did say was that the rates of duty—not the cost of books—would be thus increased: a very different matter, and one which, whether true or not, does not warrant your scaring the reading public with such fearful visions of high-priced literature. (*b*)

Thus you will see that the proposed change in the tariff would not, as you state, "of course affect all foreign books;" it would not prevent, what you particularly desire, the accumulation of libraries by colleges—nay, it would encourage their formation as well as those by private students; and it is not true that "if some publishers should be the better of the change, others would be ruined." No one, in fact, would be ruined—unless, indeed, some Canada smugglers—and legitimate importing business, even in recent English books, could be continued prosperously, notwithstanding that the importers' memorial, with your endorsement, asserts that the proposed rates would be "prohibitory to the purchaser." (*c*)

A single authentic fact is more convincing than a thousand empty assertions, however confidently made, and I will therefore give you the figures, drawn from the importers' memorial, by which you can compare the working of the present and the proposed rates. They have selected, as the basis of their argument, a volume of Bohn's Libraries, and it is as favorable a one as they could have well chosen, those books being noted for their cheapness in comparison with the weight.

Bohn's Libraries retail here for $1 75 per volume. They are wholesaled here at $1 25 net, and in large lots are sold at $1 17. The importers assume that they cost to make in England one shilling sterling, that they are invoiced to this country at one shilling and ninepence, that their average weight is 1 lb. 4 oz., and that the charges of importation are 5 per cent. From these data a calculation is easy:

I. Under the existing tariff:

Cost one shilling, equivalent at present rate of exchange to	28½ cents.
Duty 25 per cent. on 1s. 9d., equal to 42 cents gold, currency 49½, is	12½ "
Expenses, 5 per cent.	02 "
Cost laid down in New York	43 "

Even assuming that the above are sold at a higher price than $1 17, we have here a profit of 74 cents, or 172 per cent.

II. Under proposed specific rate of 25 cents per lb.:

Cost of book as above, one shilling currency	28½ cents.
Duty 25 per cent. per lb. on 1¼ lb., equal to 31¼ cents gold, in currency	37 "
Expenses as before	02 "
Cost in New York at 25 per cent. per lb.	67½ "

Profit on sales at $1 17 is 49½ cents, or 73 per cent.

To enable you to appreciate this fully, I ought to call your attention to the tables in the importers' memorial, where you will observe that the rate of increase on the duty of Bohn's Libraries under the proposed specific rate is about double that of the average which they themselves state for all books, and that therefore it is as unfavorable an example as I could have selected for the comparison. (*d*)

To the ordinary mind, a profit of 73 per cent. would not be considered "ruinous." I know many American publishers who would content themselves with that rate during the term of their natural lives; but when it is proposed to increase the revenue and protect American industry by cutting down the profits of English publishers to that figure, a howl of objurgation is raised, and even the *Nation* forgets its placid impartiality, and is led into misstatements which expose it to the criticism of one of the humblest of its admirers,

A Publisher.

[The facts of the case are simply these, following the letter references above: (*a*) The importers' memorial which we discussed, so far from being an *ex-parte* statement, quoted *verbatim* and in connection every essential position in the argument for a specific duty which it undertook to refute, as any one may see who compares the two—the latter being bound up at the end of the pamphlet called "England's New Colony," which also contains the articles from *Old and New*, and from the Boston *Advertiser*, commented upon in our last number. The sixth paragraph of the protectionists reads as follows:

"VI. A rate of 25 cents per pound is the minimum that would effect these objects [of protection]."

As it is the only one which names the specific rate desired, and as this particular demand and no other was under consideration by the importers, whose counter-arguments we simply reproduced, "A Publisher's" remarks about "the tariff schedule asked for by the [other] publishers," and "the Tariff Bill recently reported by the Committee of Ways and Means," are, therefore, totally irrelevant. Moreover, the articles we attempted to refute (February 24) made no limitation of time in their demands, and all their arguments, if sound, applied to books of any age for which there is a demand here. An American book manufacturer is as much injured by an imported Shakespeare as an imported Tennyson. It is well to remember, too, that experience justifies us in regarding no demand of the high-tariff men as so extravagant as to be visionary. (*b*) We certainly were guilty of a slip of the pen in writing "cost" for "duty," while attempting to state concisely the points of the memorial already set forth in our literary note of February 17. (*c*) "Ruinous" and "prohibitory," sweeping as they are, may yet be relative terms, and were so used by us. In the case of any given book, it is "ruinous" to import it if there is to be no sale for it, or if the margin of profit is too small for the risk and expense of carrying on the business. On the other hand, in loading a book-buyer, as in loading a camel, excess consists in passing the limit of endurance, after which an ounce and a pound—ten per cent. and two hundred per cent.—become equally "prohibitory." (*d*) "A Publisher's" calculations are vitiated by the curious error of identifying, in the first item of each, the English manufacturer with the American importer. Even the one shilling which stands for the cost of making a volume of Bohn in England was assumed in the importers' memorial as a concession for the sake of argument; but in any event the importer must buy at not less than one shilling and ninepence. Adding the difference to "A Publisher's" tables (ninepence, at the present low rate of gold = 22½ cents), we have, in the first, 65½ cents

instead of 43, as the cost to the American importer under the present *ad valorem* tariff, against which the memorial places 55 cents as the cost of making the book here, and still leaves a virtual protection of 10½ cents. In the second, the same substitution makes the importers' cost under a specific tariff 90 cents, and gives the manufacturer of the American reprint a protection of 35 cents. In both cases the importers' profits are large, though not so large as represented; but it should be remembered that in 1869 gold ranged from 130 to 140, and, taking the average at 136, we are informed that the shilling, including duties, freight, and insurance, have cost the importer 44 cents, and that a volume of Bohn at one shilling and ninepence has therefore cost him 77 cents under the *ad valorem* tariff of 25 per cent. If he sells it at $1 17, he makes 40 cents, or a gross profit of 34 per cent., instead of 73, as claimed by "A Publisher." We are further told by the heaviest importers of Bohn's Libraries in this country, that the volumes are not sold in London in the largest quantities at 50 per cent. discount—*i. e.*, one shilling and ninepence for the volumes which retail at three shillings and sixpence. "Indeed, a discount even approaching 50 per cent. is only secured on books which the American importer can venture to buy in *the largest* quantities; while on purchases made in smaller numbers his gross profits do not average one-half those which the above figures show to be the extreme rate on Bohn and similar books." Moreover, the present exceptional profits, due to the decline in gold, even since the memorial was published, cannot but be temporary before a general lowering of prices. At the same time, the American publisher who can make at 55 cents a volume of Bohn, which he can retail for $1 75, and wholesale at $1 17, has a profit of over 50 per cent.—Ed. Nation.]

MR. PUMPELLY AND THE FOREIGNERS IN CHINA.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It is with reluctance that I so soon again ask the favor of space in your paper and a hearing from your readers for matters concerning foreign residents in China. But so serious and sweeping a charge has been made against the China communities, by a writer of some reputation, upon the very point on which I have declared them to be worthy of regard and praise, that I feel compelled to say something in disproof.

Mr. Raphael Pumpelly, in his book of travels in China and Japan, on pages 205 and 206 relates, as an incident happening to himself, that he was on board a Shanghae steamer on a pleasure excursion when the captain wilfully ran down a Chinese boat, destroying three lives certainly, and probably four, without compunction on his own part, and without causing even a momentary sensation among the residents who formed the pleasure party on board. He continues as follows: "It has long been the practice of foreign vessels to run into and sink any junks or boats that might be in their way, no matter how crowded with passengers these might be; and probably scarcely a day passsed without a boat being thus sunk in Chinese waters." . . . "After such an occurrence, I was not surprised to see foreigners walking through crowded streets and incessantly belaboring the heads of men, women, and children with heavy walking-sticks to open a path." And again, at page 344, he says, speaking of the state of things in 1863: "Wholesale murder was committed almost daily at the ports, where it was a common occurrence for steamers and sailing vessels to run into and sink dilatory boats and junks, often crowded with passengers. Young clerks drove rapidly through crowded streets, without stopping to care for the women and children run over by their carriages, and men of position made their way through thronged thoroughfares by belaboring the heads of the populace with heavy walking-sticks."

It seems well-nigh incredible that an amiable man of unusual intelligence and education could misrepresent a whole community in such a reckless manner, and as I rewrite the words I can scarcely believe they are Mr. Pumpelly's. I emphatically deny, on behalf of the China communities, all the assertions and statements above quoted, except the main incident. I except that because Mr. Pumpelly declares he saw the boat sunk with his own eyes, but also there I deny that it was done voluntarily on the part of the captain, or without causing emotion and regret to the residents who happened to be on board. I have learned from Mr. Pumpelly that the steamer was the American steamer *Surprise*, and the commander a Capt. Osborne, an American. The *Surprise* belonged to a company of which I was the manager. I therefore knew Capt. Osborne very well, and know that he was an exceptionally humane man, who owed his early preferment from mate to captaincy *to his popularity with the Chinese.*

The rules of the company which owned the *Surprise* have always been most stringent upon the point of collisions with Chinese boats, requiring captains to give way to them, and it is a notorious fact in China that Chinese boats, practising upon the consideration shown them, cross the bows of steamers unnecessarily, paying no attention to shouts and signals. Moreover, Mr. George F. Seward was at that time, as now, the American Consul at Shanghae, and he has so resolutely and persistently defended and protected the Chinese in all such cases, that he has obtained the reputation in China of leaning to the Chinese side—a reputation he lately confirmed by declaring in a decision on a collision case that he would award to the Chinese even when at fault, if the foreign navigator had unnecessarily passed so near the native craft as to cause her steersman to lose his presence of mind. Therefore, without being able to speak from personal knowledge or recollection, I am entirely confident that while Mr. Pumpelly's eyes saw the collision and the destruction of the boat, his imagination created the details, and his ignorance of nautical matters prevented his seeing that, owing to some peculiar circumstances of tide or position of other vessels, the collision could not be avoided without greater loss of life in some other direction.

As to the deductions, they are worse even as misrepresentations than the incident itself. Long before the period of which Mr. Pumpelly writes, the consular establishments of the United States were fully organized, as the English had been from the date of the Treaty of 1842, and the Consuls have been especially at pains to inform the Chinese authorities of their readiness to give strict justice to Chinese claimants in collision cases, for collisions of course occur in such crowded waters. I think there is no old resident of China, living at home, be he merchant or official, who will not join in denial of Mr. Pumpelly's wholesale declaration.

As to foreigners "incessantly belaboring the heads of men, women, and children with heavy walking-sticks to open a path," I again am at a loss to understand how these words can be Mr. Pumpelly's.

The residents in China are the sons and brothers of the merchants of London and Manchester, of New York and Boston. Their friends know what they were before they went to China, they see what they are when they return. Are there any evidences in their conduct or character of extreme brutality? It must be remembered that there is scarcely any other class of foreigners in China but the educated class. All the laborious details of trade are performed by the Chinese, and when Mr. Pumpelly speaks of residents, he speaks of those who come directly from the mercantile circles of England and America, and in many, if not the majority, of cases, from the very best circles. Also, he speaks of residents of *position* committing these enormities.

Moreover, Mr. Pumpelly, in making his case, forgets the character of the Chinese. He forgets they are not slavish. No man, be he prince or peasant, foreigner or Chinese, could belabor the throng in a Chinese street with impunity. I was walking once in the streets of Shanghae with an author of many books of travels, then recently from Egypt, and accustomed to the extreme servility of the Arab sailors and servants. He squared his shoulders in the narrow streets, expecting the common people to give way, and soon got the reward of his superciliousness in a twister from the heavier shoulder of a common coolie that sent him flat against a shop-front. He retaliated in his book, when he wrote one, by describing the common Chinese as rude boors and far inferior to the Egyptians, but any of us could have told him that that was what he had to expect, if himself rude in a Chinese street.

I lived seventeen years in China and never saw such a sight as Mr. Pumpelly describes as of constant occurrence, nor do I believe that young clerks there have ever driven over women and children with or without impunity. There is one fact patent to all comers to the ports of China—that in every one, from Canton to Newchwang, the population immediately about the foreign settlement is friendly to foreigners. Enmity to them only exists in places which they do not frequent. As this friendliness cannot arise from self-interest, since not one in one hundred has any advantage from, or connection with, the foreigner, there is but one interpretation to be drawn from this unquestionable fact, and that is, that the foreign residents are orderly and respectable in their manner of life, and considerate of their Chinese neighbors. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

Edward Cunningham.

Boston, Feb. 22, 1870.

THE RATIFICATION OF THE AMENDMENT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I have great respect for the opinion of the *Nation*, but cannot concur in the conclusions reached in the article on the Fifteenth Amendment in your issue of the 10th inst. I have neither the leisure nor the information requisite for a full discussion of the interesting question which has arisen in regard to the revocation of ratifications. But if you will permit me to make a single suggestion I will do so.

It seems to me that the natural and common-sense interpretation of the Constitution (Art. V.) would be that a proposed amendment is to become a part of the Constitution by the concurrent assent of three-fourths of the States, given in the manner therein prescribed.

The words are: ". . . shall be valid . . as a part of this Constitution, when ratified by . . . three-fourths of the several States."

The word *ratify* means, according to Worcester (the only authority at hand as I write, I take the first two synonyms given), "to approve and sanction," "to make valid." The latter is evidently not the sense in which the word "ratified" is here used. A single State may *ratify*, but cannot *make valid*. The other meaning is the one doubtless intended. If so, the language used means that a proposed amendment shall be valid when *approved and sanctioned* by three-fourths of the States. In other words, that three-fourths of the States must *unite* in their approval.

Let us see what would be the consequences of a different construction. Suppose under the pressure of a passing excitement some proposed amendment (objectionable in its nature) should receive the assent of three-eighths of the States only. Imagine that a few years later, *these* States having seen the impropriety of the amendment and withdrawn their approval, a different three-eighths of the States, whose interest it might in the meanwhile have become to enact this iniquitous measure, should ratify the still pending but almost forgotten amendment. The Constitution would thus be changed against the wishes of a majority of the States. And, what would be still worse, the mischief could not be undone. No new amendment could be adopted against the wishes of this last three-eighths of the States. Indeed, a portion of this minority would be equally powerful to continue in force the change in the fundamental law thus foisted by the minority upon the majority.

Nor is this suggestion chimerical. One can easily imagine a change in the Constitution which would make the party in power absolute, failing for want of the assent of three-fourths of the States, and made available a few years later by another party or section into whose hands the balance of power may have passed in the interval. May there not be now some such slumbering amendment waiting to be awakened into life by your argument and its consequences?

Every abortive proposed amendment is and will be a masked battery which we cannot destroy, and our future will soon be filled with these hidden dangers—amendments that were never alive, that cannot be killed, capable of a future life, indestructible, terrible.

Yours, very respectfully,

R. Thomas.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 17, 1870.

THE ST. THOMAS BARGAIN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: If it is not an unpardonable sin to differ from the *Nation* in its political views, we trust a little space may be granted to hear the other side of the St. Thomas question. We are unable to see that the position of the Government in regard to the purchase of this island is "discreditable," and we question the fact that it is "acknowledged on all hands that we want the island as a naval station." It was well known to Denmark and all other nations that the consent of the Senate was requisite to complete any such transfer, and we trust that this consent will never be given, for we are at a loss to understand why its acquisition is so pertinaciously demanded. In all future wars, the fleets of the hostile nations will undoubtedly be moved by steam power, and as it is our policy in times of peace to keep as few vessels in commission as possible, and as it requires many months to fit out iron-clads, the island would certainly be wrested from us before we could put on our armor; and we hold that the annexation of any island is the poorest possible policy. Besides which, the rapid movement of fast steamers brings St. Thomas within two or three days of our Southern navy-yards, where depots of coal would not fall into an enemy's hands, and a few tons of coal, more or less, consumed in two or three days, would detract but little from a war steamer's efficiency or the length of her cruise.

But there is another view of this question which should enlist the sagacious and able support of the *Nation* in opposition to the acquisition of the island of St. Thomas as well as that of St. Domingo, for many of the arguments of the *Nation* used in opposition to the acquisition of the latter will apply to the former. The acquisition of any territory, especially of distant islands or colonies, is so important a measure and may lead to such consequences, that it should if possible have the sanction of all the States, or at least of a majority of both Houses of Congress, and not be left to the management of a Secretary of State who, it is claimed, has the power to bind the whole country to a bad bargain, and who may be desirous at any cost to the country to signalize his reign by the annexation of territory, however undesirable or difficult to defend. At present, the only check to this course is the consent of the Senate, and if Denmark cannot obtain it there are doubtless good reasons, and she has no cause of complaint. E. W.

Boston, Feb. 10, 1870.

[As a general rule, it *is* an unpardonable sin to differ from the *Nation*, but we sometimes wink at it, as in the present case. As to the value of St. Thomas as a naval station, we refer "E. W." to Admiral Porter. As to the inexpediency of allowing the Secretary of State to acquire territory, either with or without the consent of the Senate, we cordially agree with "E. W.;" but until there is a change made, the constitutional relations of the Executive to the Senate should not be used as a trap to catch innocent foreigners in. If anybody is responsible for William H. Seward, it is the people who bred him and put him in office, and not the Danes; and if, both being innocent parties, one has to lose something through his misconduct, it is the United States and not Denmark—particularly as the Senate stood by and watched him bargaining without warning his unhappy dupe.—Ed. Nation.]

RELIGION AMONG THE GERMANS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Permit me likewise to contribute a reply to your enquiry in reference to the condition of religious thought among the Americanized Germans. The occasion for that enquiry was, I believe, a notice on your part of a discussion in the English papers concerning the present status of religion in Germany, called forth by the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*. The tendency of religious ideas among the *educated* Germans in America may be assumed to approach to—if it is not quite the same as—that of their *educated* countrymen abroad; and your query should be modified so as to apply to them only, for the German-Americans as such do not constitute a distinct class. They, the educated German-Americans, have, however, in the meantime, obtained an able, learned, and authoritative spokesman, Judge Stallo, of Cincinnati, whose really brilliant argument before the Superior Court of that city in defence of the Board of Education for prohibiting the reading of the Bible in the Public Schools, may be considered fairly to present their views; and enquirers seeking enlightenment on this head will there find it.

But this has reference merely to the educated class of our German fellow-citizens. The communication promised you by Dr. von Holst will, no doubt, throw light also on the state of religious affairs among the German masses in this country. Very respectfully, R. D.

New York, February 19, 1870.

"THE DEAD SEA APES."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It ought to be recorded among the curiosities of literature that two of our literary magazines have blundered—and dogmatically at that—over Mr. Carlyle's phrase, "Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes," the terms in which he describes "Spiritualism." Of Mr. Carlyle's early works, none made so profound an impression as did his "Past and Present." It is his political profession of faith, and rallied a host of the young men of the time around his standard. Mr. Hughes reflects this general fact by a specific instance in his "Tom Brown at Oxford," in which the hero and his friend Hardy find in it the solution, in some sort, of all their political puzzles. Now, the holy apologue of Moses's visit to the dwellers by the Dead Sea, who chattered and grinned themselves into apes, out of contempt for the prophet and for all reality, is told in "Past and Present." The editors of the *Galaxy* and of *Lippincott's Magazine* will find it in the "Past and Present" (Emerson's Boston edition, 1843), on pages 152-3, and

will probably arrive at the conviction that Carlyle did not write "Liturgy of Dead Sea Apples," nor any *other* nonsense. We, however, notice that in the *Penn Monthly* for February this mistake is corrected, and the quotation from Carlyle is given in full in the article entitled "Notable Letters to Philadelphia." ALTONIENSIS.

PHILADELPHIA, February 17, 1870.

MUSIC IN PHILADELPHIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to add to your list of musical enterprises in Philadelphia a mention of the series of "Parlor Concerts," for the performance of strictly classical music, by a string quartette club, under the direction of Miss Jackson, *pianiste*.

Begun twenty years ago, as private entertainments at the residences of twenty subscribers, the receipts all devoted to the improvement of the performances, these concerts (still under the same rule) have for the last two seasons been given in a public hall to growing audiences. Through Madame Seiler (known in musical circles from her work on "The Voice in Singing") and the composer David, Miss Jackson was enabled to secure in Germany, in 1868, the services of Mr. G. Guhlemann, a graduate of the Leipsic Conservatory, as conductor.

We are modest, you know, in the presence of New York, but the degree of proficiency to which he has brought the quintette is said by competent judges to be such that even Mr. Thomas's orchestra surpasses it in numbers only. And in the interest of musical art everywhere, it may not be unpleasing to add that it is planned that equality in this particular, also, shall be duly reached. Z——.

PHILADELPHIA, February 14, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE death of Mr. J. Wesley Harper has followed closely upon that of his lamented brother, the founder of the house which bears their name, causing a still further loosening of the lifelong partnership. He was the third of the four brothers, and, like each of the rest, had a distinct aptitude to contribute to the common business of publishing. His was the literary department, and he brought to it, it is said, besides sound judgment and critical acumen, more than ordinary linguistic knowledge. He died at an age—sixty-nine years—not too great for further activity, except for bodily debility, aggravated, no doubt, by the near bereavement he had sustained.

— Mr. James B. Greenough, an instructor in Harvard University, has recently written a brief treatise on the Latin Subjunctive, which will be welcomed by teachers of Latin and by students of linguistics. It is an attempt to explain all the uses of the subjunctive from what is suggested as its probable origin, by an examination of its forms in the different Indo-European languages. The purely grammatical analyses which have been made by those who were simply classical scholars have produced no better definition than that it is "the mood of subjective conception," or of "ideas less definite than the infinitive." Students of linguistics, on the other hand, have, for their part, hardly done more than busy themselves with the forms alone. Each investigation has gone on independently of the other. The pamphlet before us concerns itself with both matter and form, and endeavors to show "that all the uses of the subjunctive can be accounted for naturally upon the supposition that the mood was originally future in its meaning, . . . a supposition which is not inconsistent with its formal origin so far as that is known." This hypothesis Mr. Greenough maintains with much ingenuity, and he thoroughly discusses from this point of view the various uses of the subjunctive. Some of his arguments are not so clear as others, and will probably be attacked; but this is the less to be regretted because it is only by tentative work that so difficult a matter can be put in the way of settlement. Messrs. Sever & Francis publish the essay—or rather sell it, for it is not published.

— Social science in Philadelphia is to be cultivated by a society lately formed in affiliation with the American Association, and composed of some of the most intelligent, respected, and active citizens. Their deliberations will be assisted by the course of lectures at the University of Pennsylvania now being delivered by Prof. J. H. McIlvaine, from the chair founded by Mr. Stephen Colwell in behalf of political economy and social science, and at which the public attendance is surprisingly large, even considering that no fees are exacted. If the interest excited by these ten lectures endures till the fall, it will be an excellent preparation for the General Meeting which the American Association contemplates holding this year, probably in October, in Philadelphia. The interval will, doubtless, not go unimproved by the local society. In Boston, the Lowell lectures, under the auspices of the General Association, have already begun with a paper from Mr. C. C. Perkins on art and art museums, followed by one from Mr. F. L. Olmsted on public parks. Though coming at the end of the season, when the public have already been surfeited with half a dozen rival lecture courses, these on social science were so eagerly anticipated that the tickets of admission (which are always given away freely in the order of application) were all taken up in less than an hour.

— So far as our knowledge goes, no jurist, native or foreign, has expressed his concurrence, *quâ* jurist, with the legal doctrines laid down by Mr. Sumner in his speech on the *Alabama* case. M. Rolin-Jaequemyns, a Belgian advocate, and the principal editor of the *Revue de Droit International*, has, however, taken his part, in a vague way, by apologizing for his view of the responsibility of England for the issue of the belligerency proclamation, and maintaining the propriety of submitting the question of the legitimacy of the proclamation to arbitration, because although, he says, it be a good rule that each nation ought to accept what passes outside of its frontier as one accepts the operation of a law of nature, nevertheless it may, by proclaiming as existing a situation which really does not exist, by recognizing, for instance, as complete what is really incomplete, or as general what is only local, and thus provoking or authorizing facts which would only be legitimate if the bases of the proclamation were true, do injury indirectly which it cannot do directly. It is not sufficient, he says, to ask were the Southern States belligerent or not, but were they as much belligerent as they were said to be. In other words, there are degrees of armed contention—some of which call for recognition, and others do not. This does not help the matter very much, however, as everybody agrees with M. Rolin-Jaequemyns and Mr. Sumner thus far; where Mr. Sumner gets into controversy is when he raises the question who is to decide when the conflict has reached such proportions as to call for recognition. The usage of international law leaves it to the discretion of each country, subject to war with the offended party in case the discretion is abused. The occasion of M. Rolin-Jaequemyns' remarks is the appearance of a brochure from the pen of M. Eperson, the professor of international law at the University of Pavia, in which he assails Mr. Sumner's views on all points. M. Rolin-Jaequemyns agrees with M. Eperson in repudiating the doctrine of consequential damages, which is found laid down with great explicitness in Mr. Sumner's speech under the head of "The Rule of Damages," and which he fortifies by appeals to the Roman law, the French law, and the law of nuisance, as defined by Blackstone's Commentaries, which he declares "is applicable in the case." Mr. Sumner has always replied to the criticisms on this rule of his by denying stoutly that he made any "claim" under it. M. Rolin-Jaequemyns defends him on the same ground. But then it was not Mr. Sumner's business to make claims. He undertook to furnish the law on which the claim should be based, and by which the amount claimed, if claim were made, should be ascertained, and he declared that his rule was "applicable in the case;" moreover, he presented this "rule" as one of his reasons for rejecting a treaty which proposed to provide simply for the payment of direct damages. We have received a new edition of the speech, just published in Boston, with a preface from the gentleman who has brought it out. We have nothing to add by way of criticism to what we have already frequently said about it. Its effect as an expression of feeling is greatly diminished by the badness of its law and the extravagance of its language.

— One is apt to think oftener of the stones of Venice than of what they rest upon, or of the causes which led to the selection of so singular a site for a city. But a little reflection shows us that Venice stands at one end of a chain of which the pile-dwellings of the pre-historic age, in all parts of the world, constitute the other. Nor need we go so far back to find this latter end when it is still exhibited in the habitations of many savage tribes, like the Papuans of Borneo. Their crazy sheds are the prototypes of the palaces of the Grand Canal, whose foundations are among the most interesting but rarest sights of the beautiful city. How visible they once were may be inferred from the naming of Venezuela—"lesser Venice"—by Vespucius, because of the native pile-dwellings of the coast which he visited. These suggestions, with a great deal of information, historical and critical, may be found in the article "Ueber Pfahlbauten," by R. Hartmann, with which the latest number of the *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* (Vol. II., No. 1)

opens. Two accompanying plates represent actual and supposed pile dwellings, single and in groups, and mark the rude beginnings of architecture. The other principal article, by Franz Engel, discusses the palm-tree in its manifold relations to the human race; and there are the customary miscellany and book reviews.

—The present career of Italy, in many ways, runs parallel to our own. The kingdom has, like this republic, its national debt—the price of liberty—its temptation to repudiate, its disordered finances, its lack of a sound and settled policy of taxation and economy. It cuts down, or proposes to cut down, the salaries of judges, while it tolerates a franking privilege like that under which our postal service groans. One of its problems is the relation of religion to the public schools; another is compulsory education. The latter is now engaging the attention of a special committee appointed by Minister Correnti, and has also been under discussion before the *Società Pedagogica Italiana*, in Milan. The question is complicated by the present low condition of the schools to which it is proposed to force parents to send their children, since it is felt that penalties for non-compliance would be quite of place in given circumstances. One measure suggested, is to deal vigorously with the unlettered conscripts, as the Government can if it chooses. At a recent session of the above-named society, the president calculated that one in six of the population, or four millions of both sexes, were of school-age, while the actual number of scholars is scarcely a million and a half; only Piedmont and the Valtellina furnishing their quota. He also stated that there were still in Italy over seven thousand communes, or parts of communes, which had neither male nor female schools; and that to educate all the four million children would require a total outlay of 57,000,000 francs, in place of the 16,000,000 now actually spent; thus raising the tax of instruction to 2·36 francs per caput.

— These figures are confirmed by the official report of the Italian post-office for 1868, the last rendered. It appears that while, for the same year, the postal revenue of Great Britain was in the ratio of 3·73 francs per caput; of France, 2·22; of Switzerland, 1·80; and of Belgium, 1·39; in Italy it was but 0·64. As compared with the preceding year, there was a decided increase in the number of letters transmitted; and yet, out of the sixty-eight provinces of the kingdom, twenty-six showed a diminished correspondence. Dividing, again, these provinces into five classes, according as they contributed to the revenue an average between 80 per cent. and 30 per cent., the report exhibits but 10 belonging to the former (all, with exception of Naples, in Upper Italy), while 14 belong to the latter, and are all, save Belluno, in Lower Italy. Nevertheless, the review, as a whole, is favorable to the progress of enlightenment, and the railroads are proving powerful agencies in cheapening the service and extending it to the most benighted districts. The money-order and registered-letter departments are highly efficient and fully employed, and the post has just been ordered to transmit telegraphic despatches by letter to the station nearest the office of mailing. Finally, while the postal revenue has increased by one-fourth since 1863, the expenses have been reduced by a fourth, and the past year probably showed, for the first time, a balance to the profit of the Treasury.

—There died in Paris on the 21st of January, at the age of fifty-eight, a socialistic reformer and revolutionist, who, ten years ago, had a great part in liberalizing his countrymen, the Russians. Alexander Hertzen was a native of Moscow, son of a wealthy and noble proprietor, Captain Yakoleff, and of a German mother whose name he bore. He applied himself early to philosophy and natural science, with the previous advantage of a training from nurses and tutors in the French, German, English, and Italian languages. He had already been twice exiled temporarily for his liberal opinions to Viatka and Novgorod, when in 1848 a tale he had written for a periodical, called "Duty before Everything," was suppressed by the censorship, and, seeing that free thought was not to be tolerated, he abandoned his country and resided ever after in foreign parts—in Geneva, Paris, and longest of all in London. There he edited the *Severnaya Zvezda* ("Polar Star"), with a fortnightly supplement, the *Kolokol* ("The Bell"), which no barriers or police could keep out of Russia, where thousands of copies were regularly circulated, and exerted a powerful influence adverse to the Government. He retained the confidence of the Russian liberals till 1862–63, when his espousal of the Polish cause upon the eve of the last insurrection caused him to be regarded as a traitor—enemy no longer of despotism, but of his native land. After that his power declined, and the revolution from above in Russia, inaugurated by emancipation, deprived him of his occupation. Those who knew him in London speak of him with warm affection. He is said to have believed that Russia was to profit by the political and social experience of Western Europe, and to reach the same or even a higher development without solving afresh the problems bequeathed from the Middle Ages: a faith which is easy to hold and not so difficult to defend. Hertzen's published works were at first in German and French, afterwards in Russian for Russian readers exclusively. They are: "Letter on the Study of Nature" (in Russian), St. Petersburg, 1842; "Kto Vinovat" (Whose Fault is it?), a novel depicting Russian society with fidelity, St. Petersburg, 1847; "Letters from France and Italy," 1850; "Du Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie," Paris, 1854; "Récits interrompus," London, 1854; "My Exile" (in English), London, 1855; "Vom andern Ufer," Hamburg.

FITZ JOHN PORTER'S CASE.*

An old controversy has been revived in a new form by the attempt of Fitz John Porter to be relieved from the disabilities imposed on him by sentence of a general court-martial. People regard the effort with various degrees of favor, according to their old impressions, if these have not been changed by new political bias. In a day of amnesty and conciliation, and of hushing up of past discordances, it appears to be thought by some that it is not worth while to withhold pardon from one offender among many. It is argued, again, that Porter's offence was rank only to the sense of those who opposed the administration of McClellan; that political hostility discovered in Porter's conduct a baseness not to be found in it by the impartial. The disgrace of Porter, it is claimed, was a thing procured by the Government for effect, as well as for a sop to Pope, whom the Government had hoped might supersede McClellan, but who had to be relieved from command, so loud was the clamor against him.

On the other hand, there are plenty of people, like the author of the pamphlet named below, who assert angrily that Pope's was in plan a very fine campaign, wholly marred in execution by Porter, who, stirred up by hatred for Pope and friendship for McClellan, committed open treason on the field. It is asserted that the court-martial on Porter would have sentenced him to death had it not been for an intimation they somehow received that President Lincoln would not approve.

It seems to us that the reader's opinion of Fitz John Porter's guilt depends on the feelings with which he reads the report of Pope or the report of McClellan. It is McClellan *versus* Pope, an old controversy, as we said, and it cannot be expected that, from either side, the case of Porter should be presented solely on its own merits. Naturally, it is put in a light reflected from partisanship. On one side, his conduct is condemned, and, on the other, excused, on the supposed condition of his mind while under Pope's command.

Porter should, undoubtedly, now be judged wholly on his military record. But even in those who look at his conduct from a military point of view, there is a great confusion of what he did with what influenced him. It is useless to bring into the discussion of Porter's guilt or innocence all the operations of Pope's campaign. Much that is hotly disputed has nothing to do with the matter. Pope's plan of campaign may have been brilliant; Porter may have been bitterly hostile to Pope; a great force of the enemy may, or may not, have been in Porter's front when he withdrew his troops—all this but needlessly burdens the simple questions: Did he wilfully disobey the orders of his superior officer; did he shamefully cast aside his duty as a soldier, and permit comrades in arms to struggle in a doubtful battle while he looked on and took no part in it, though positively ordered to attack the enemy? It may be that Porter had it in his heart not to support Pope, but to ruin his campaign if he could; but there is nothing to prove it. There is ample evidence of the position of Pope's and the enemy's forces, and of Porter's orders for the part he was to play; and this proof ought to be examined if a just verdict is to be given.

The time and the general features of the field are well known and do not need to be recounted. It is enough for our purposes to remember that Stonewall Jackson, with a large force, had recklessly thrown himself in Pope's rear by a flank movement through Thoroughfare Gap, while Pope held the country further south towards the Rappahannock. Learning of this movement of Jackson, and knowing him to be isolated from Lee's main army, Pope attempted to destroy his detachment before any aid could reach him. Fitz John Porter, in command of the fifth corps of McClellan's army, had reinforced Pope, and it is not disputed that he was subject to Pope's orders. About dark of the 27th of August, 1862, Pope sent instructions to Porter, who was at Warrenton Junction, to move his

* "General Pope's Virginia Campaign of 1862. By Lewis Este Mills." Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1870.

corps forward at one o'clock in the night towards Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which point he was directed to gain by daylight of the 28th. Porter did not obey this order, did not march in the night, and did not reach Bristow Station until several hours after the time set for his arrival there. Later in the day, he was ordered to move to Manassas Junction without delay; and he did not obey this order. His command lay in camp at Bristow Station all that night. Soon after five o'clock on the morning of the 29th inst., he received orders to move upon Centreville at the first dawn of day. The order added: "It is very important that you should be here at a very early hour in the morning; a severe engagement is likely to take place, and your presence is necessary." This despatch found Porter still at Bristow Station. When he had gained Manassas Junction, he was instructed to turn towards Gainesville. Moving on in pursuance of this order, he came within sight and sound of a heavy engagement between some of Pope's forces and Stonewall Jackson's command. He went quite near to the battle-field with his corps, but did not allow his men to engage the enemy. On the contrary, after a short halt, he began to retrace his steps towards Manassas. At 4.30 P.M., an order was sent to him: "Push forward into action at once on the enemy's flank, and, if possible, on his rear." He did not obey this order, and did not attack or move upon the enemy that afternoon or night.

There is much more in evidence to mark the spirit of insubordination that seemed to govern Porter; but it is enough that these facts were established before the court-martial by which he was tried and sentenced. It was for the court to consider what motive he had in his flagrant disobedience of orders, and perhaps thus to estimate the gravity of his offence. Whatever influence they may have thought at work with him, and however true it may be that they wished to condemn him to death, it seems to us fair that Porter's appeal should now be considered as if the sentence passed on him had been the heaviest that could be imposed. He has the right to assume everything in his favor that the sentence of the court implies. But as a servant of the Government, charged with an important command, we have seen how he kept his trust. It has been proved that when he had positive orders, and no discretion, he disobeyed his superior officer in the face of the enemy; delayed his march on trivial pretexts, and showed neither zeal nor willingness to keep pace with the army of which his corps was a part. When a sanguinary battle was raging immediately in his front, he drew back from it without orders, lending no aid to his hard-pressed fellow-soldiers on the field. And further, when positively ordered to attack the enemy at once, he failed to do so, and made no movement for that purpose.

The consequences of these acts it is not necessary to trace or estimate. They are in themselves an overwhelming condemnation. No military tribunal could pass them by; all soldiers, sitting on a court or not, must pronounce them worthy of prompt and heavy punishment. By a new and thorough examination of the testimony, we are led to the conviction that Porter shamefully and dishonorably violated his trust, and we hope that he will not be reinstated in the army, that his disabilities will not be removed, and that he will not be recognized as a person having any claim whatever to the clemency of the Government.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

THE *Galaxy* for March is a typical number of this magazine, for most of it has current interest, none of it is to be called heavy—and, if the truth is to be told, none of it weighty—some little of it is feeble, a little of it is good, its department of fiction is well cared for, and its poetry is mostly poorish. Mr. Robert Weeks's poem of "Medusa" is much the best, the last five verses being, in fact, absolutely good. Of the first two, however, each ends in a singularly flat way—the second with a piece of colloquial slang—little as the writer means it; and the other with what appears like an insistence on the poet's first assertion which affects one's sense of the ludicrous—far as that, too, was from the writer's thoughts. This would not be worth saying in the case of most magazine poetry; but here the faults hurt a pleasing poem; and they are avoidable faults, if one remembers that striving for simplicity of expression is right; but that simplicity of expression without great value in the thought makes of poetry something particularly bad, there being in this matter a difference practically infinite between poetry and prose. In the latter mere simplicity of expression—even altogether regardless of the thought—being almost to be praised as a merit. But as for poetry, why not say that in that there is no manner which is to be praised if the matter, too, is not to be praised? And this for the reason that with a man's simplicity of manner in prose we may rightly be pleased as revealing an estimable cast of mind; but that in poetry, if he would work well and have praise, he must work as an artist, and, let his mere manner be what it will, must somehow produce something which has in itself an independent objective value and intrinsic beauty. "The Lost Bird" and "Glimpses into a Portrait Gallery" are poems by Mr. E. R. Sill and Mr. George Calvert respectively, Mr. Sill's being the better, but both going to prove, if Messrs. Sheldon & Co., the publishers, and the Messrs. Church, the editors, are anointed bards, that the poets are not yet trustworthy critics of poetry.

"Hand to Hand" is by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, who apparently does not yet believe that human nature also has heights and depths in it, and who still goes on undermining the moral nature of her youthful readers by preaching to them all kinds of distortions and diseases of motive and action. There is a story told of an Austrian princess in the Empress Queen's day who, to relieve the intolerable tedium of life in her mother's rigid court, suffered an ulcer to grow and spread untended on her cheek, that she might so, if nohow else, get some occupation for her mind. Her study of morbid growths was, however, enforced, we may say, and we may imagine that, had wholesome natural work been possible for her, she would have permitted herself to get well. As it was, we do not read that she, directly or indirectly, inculcated on others the breeding of disease, nor set up suppuration as a function of healthy tissues. Something very like this, though, is what Mrs. Davis is always doing, and there is no writer for the periodical press of an unhealthier influence or a much more reprehensible method than hers. It is the less easy to be pleased with her that she is so clever. Another story—if it is to be a story—that figures in this month's *Galaxy* is "Letters from Havana," which is pleasant reading and good writing, and has the air of having been done upon the spot; and another is Mr. Trollope's "Panjandrum," which comes to an end.

"The Clown's Real Pigling" is by Mr. Grant White, and is an attack on the realism of the stage of to-day—an attack in making which Mr. White will have the sympathy of all instructed playgoers. The only pleasure one gets in looking at the vaunted representations of great dramas "put upon the stage in a manner far surpassing former revivals of them," is that after all, when we do get an actor who really has education and ability, this machinery and scenery and costuming will speedily disappear; or that when we do get such an actor it will make but little difference to the spectator whether the scenery and machinery are actually there or not. We have this other comfort too, if but a sorry one, that in the severe competition with the stage-carpenter and upholsterer and scene-painter sham geniuses are reduced to their proper place, and seem what they truly are. The present application of realism to great plays, if it teaches managers a way of tricking the public with poor players, at least enables the spectator to overhaul to good purpose his estimate of players that have been passing for good or more than good. Mr. White has something to say about Fechter which we take to be good criticism, and which is at all events worth hearing, he being a dramatic critic of experience. Other miscellaneous articles in this number of the *Galaxy* are Mr. Justin McCarthy's gossip about the Prince of Wales; a readable description of life in the University of Cambridge, England; "A Morning at Sarony's," by somebody who talks pleasantly about the photographer who is supposed to be at the head of his brethren in this country; and another instalment of "Ten Years at Rome." It might be well if some authority were to settle what is the exact relation of a so-called "religious house" to the house, say, of a private gentleman, so far as concerns the right of a visitor to come away after asking and receiving hospitality, and tell what he has been able to discover about the personal habits of his hosts. A man is enrolled as a brother in a monastery, sees fit to leave it for the life of the world, and throwing off his chains goes out and tells whosoever cares to hear, how he and his brethren used to live. That would seem to be not very improper. He relates that of which he was a part, and, so to speak, talks of himself, as he has a right. But having come out of (say) a Romanist monastery he goes to a company of Protestants who live together in a certain way and is made a privileged guest. Is he to come away then and tell the public how long the head of the house wears his undershirt without changing it? This is a question in the casuistry of the minor morals which it would be well, we should say, if the writer of "Ten Years in Rome" would get some one to settle for him.

The *Atlantic* opens with an instructive article "In Behalf of the Birds," by their friend, Mr. Thomas Brewer, who a year since defended the crow against the universal reprobation of bucolical mankind in America. An article such as the agricultural papers would copy, dealing by their names with our common American birds, and stating specifically what

harm they do to the farmer and what counterbalancing or overbalancing good, would probably be of more service to Mr. Brewer's protégés than articles like that before us. To prevent the honest rustic from saying that he "knows better" when he is told that birds eat more grubs and insects than corn, it is necessary to cut open in his presence an individual, or more, of each species in American ornithology and show him the contents of the bird's crop. But this article, with its account of European enactments for the protection of birds, would be useful reading for State legislatures. The Solons at the State House in Boston brought in a bill last year, Mr. Brewer tells us, which went out of its way to invite the destruction of the eggs of a bird which never since the discovery of America has laid an egg in Massachusetts.

"The Military Ball at Goulacaska" is an interesting and very probably true and correct sketch of an amusing little episode in military life in Louisiana during the late war; "The Robbery of the Blue River Bank" is a short story of the "exciting" kind, fairly well told, and with here and there a truthful touch, showing observation; "Adventurers and Adventuresses in New York" is padding of the most unblushing sort, and so is "The Minor Theatres of London;" but both are redeemed by "Captain Ben's Choice" and "A Romance of Real Life"—the latter christened with a want of effectiveness that would make a veteran "magazinist" groan. "Captain Ben's Choice" is almost perfection in its way. One hopes that the writer of it knows how good it is. It must have been made, though, and not simply reported; so the humor—unconsciously as it reposes in the circumstances—is not there by chance, and we may safely hope for more work as excellent as this in its successful portraiture and good feeling. Of humor of another kind—to be described as more obviously inherent in the humorist, dependent rather on his voluntarily chosen way of looking at things than at all on the character of the things looked at, controllable and consciously exercised, more truly humor in the older sense of the word; appealing not at all, or but slightly, to the sense of the ridiculous or ludicrous, "A Romance of Real Life" offers many extremely delicate and subtle examples. No wonder the poets are at war with so dangerous a spirit as the humorous; it is only the greatest of them that it does not ruin for poetry.

The solider articles in the March *Atlantic* are a scientific paper on "California Earthquakes;" "Time Works Wonders;" a more or less instructive journal of a railway journey "From Pennsylvania Hills to Minnesota Prairies;" and an essay by Mr. James on the question, "Is Marriage Holy?" Our erring wives, he would say, we prosecute and punish if we hearken to the commands of that law which is established by human society. But when we think of the moral law, which teaches us not that we are better than the world outside of us, but that we owe it mercy even as we feel that we ourselves need to have allowances made for us, then we forgive the transgressor, for we feel that we have no right to demand of another human being, as of right, that she shall love us. Meantime, what becomes of society? and what becomes of children? and whether, on the whole, we do best for ourselves and others—even for the unfortunate woman herself—to keep the wife in a perpetual state of being forgiven—these are questions upon which we do not get any light from Mr. James; though it is plain that his sentiments are generous, and such as would give men great spiritual happiness, and perhaps, too, would conform to the standard of justice between man and man, if men lived *in vacuo*. All such arguments proceed on the assumption that man as a citizen is infinitely inferior to man as a spiritual being—to which, if one assents, the conclusion is that the citizen, then, shall be subordinated in all things to the spiritual being; as if men in mid ocean should knock their raft to pieces because the company are not altogether comfortable upon it. Patched timbers are less than men, surely; but what were the men without them? The author of "A Night in a Typhoon" was on board the U. S. ship *Idaho* when recently that vessel was overtaken by a typhoon, and he and his companions underwent an experience which but few men have ever undergone and lived to relate. It is but a little while—the time is to be counted in months, we think—since half a dozen men who had sailed into the centre of a typhoon—into the windless circle at the heart of one of those revolving storms—and had come safely out, were made to sit for their portraits, so wonderful was it considered that they should have escaped. This story of the *Idaho* is worth reading, then. The most noticeable poetry of the month in the *Atlantic* is Dr. Holmes's "Even-Song." The article of greatest current interest is the letter from Madrid, and the writer is probably judicious in being not too hopeful.

Putnam's has for its best article the fourth of its "Sketches in Color," which are evidently the work of an impartial and intelligent observer who has gathered together some interesting facts and formed some sound opinions as to the Southern colored man. "Our Trip to Egypt as Guests of the Viceroy," is by Élisée Reclus, and is much better than most of the correspondence from the Suez Canal. "The Bear Hunt" is a translation from the Swedish, and will be found interesting considered as a sketch of life, and pleasant, though slight enough, considered as a story. "Americans and Some of their Characteristics" is by Dr. T. M. Coan, and we are going to wait a while before believing it. Who besides Dr. Coan says that the average Frenchman, "as is shown by the statistics of armies," is heavier than the average citizen of the United States? How long since the American type of countenance and head became assimilated in any essential points to the face and head of the American Indian? There was a French philosopher awhile ago who lamented the declination of the Aryan type on this continent toward the aborginal American type; but nothing has been heard from him, that we know of, since it was discovered that his Canadian correspondent had been generalizing on facts observed in the cases of certain Micmac or other Indians who had learned to talk French; and we fancy that some of Dr. Coan's philosophizings would be all the better for a somewhat firmer basis of facts. "School-days at the Sacred Heart" is a readable description of a school-girl's life in a convent, and speaks in high terms of the sisters and their ways. "The Subvented Church," on the other hand, is not the work of anybody in immediate danger of drinking of the cup of abominations; but it is so fearfully satirical and sarcastic that much more than its writer's safety we do not make out from it. With this number *Putnam's* goes into new editorial hands, of whose management it is of course too early to speak as yet.

The March *Hours at Home* is the best number of this periodical that we have yet seen, and contains several articles worth reading and very well adapted for reading in the family. Professor W. F. Allen, a careful scholar, contributes a pleasant description of the way in which a Roman gentleman of the time of Augustus got through his day, and makes an essay which, with a few others like it, supplied with references, would make an excellent book to put into the hands of boys beginning their Latin. "A Glimpse of Thackeray" is by Mr. J. Esten Cooke, who seems to have been much surprised because that brutal cynic did not roll upon him one bloodshot eye, set in the middle of his forehead, clench his fists, and say that he believed all women to be unvirtuous and all men swindlers and toad-eaters. Quite a reasonable, agreeable gentleman Mr. Cooke found him, which must have been sufficiently surprising to one whom we may suppose to have read his novels. In the bondage of the high-toned Southerner to the British Critic the philosophic eye discerns some compensation for the wrongs of the African. "The Literature of our Sunday-Schools" is by the Rev. George Bacon, and is so sensible that it will shock the purchasing committees of most Sunday-school libraries. But the reform for which Mr. Bacon pleads is perhaps coming. Certainly the state of opinion in the churches differs vastly from what it was twenty years ago, when the lives of hydrocephalic "converted" children, pious at an age when their piety was the impious sin of others against the little unfortunates, made the staple of the reading that was offered for boys and girls. The very heavens seem to have grown brighter over New England towns since the fifteen or twenty bound volumes of the "Panoplist" ceased to be pressed on the attention of Bible-classes. That sort of reading was worse than even the razeed sensational novels that Mr. Bacon cries out against which are now manufactured for the young. But it may be doubted if Sunday-school libraries will ever be good until the Sunday-school conventions come to the opinion that they are chiefly valuable as furnishing children whom their parents cannot supply with books, and who have no town library to which to resort, with sound literature, which otherwise they might never get hold of until after the age of most impressibility had passed without the taste for reading having been formed. Before this is done, however, the Sunday-schools themselves probably must be changed, and teaching in them will have to be different from what Emerson somewhere describes it as being—the shutting up of young people in pews and making them answer questions which the children do not want to ask. "Where shall Baby's Dimple be?" is a cradle-song by Dr. Holland. The chin is the place decided upon; not on the "limb" nor cheek is the angel to touch the sleeping infant. The song will be popular, if we have young mothers. "Old Ironsides" is about the brave old Admiral Stewart, and is the second of two papers, both of which are good. "Miss Adelaide" is a short story, by a new writer, we think, who writes better than she makes plots. "Romance" is by Dr. S. B. Hunt; and there

are besides, in *Hours at Home*, some verses which attempt to express the impression produced by the perfume of the heliotrope; "A Description of the House of Lords," by Mr. G. M. Towle, who, if he were suddenly caught up into the moon, would write back hackneyed letters out of Appleton's Cyclopædia article on that refulgent orb; and some "Leisure Moments" chat.

Lippincott's has a striking sketch of the notorious "Jim Lane," by a man who knew him, and who tells some curious stories about that worthy's electioneering and raiding. Electioneering surely never went further than he carried it at the time of his going to the Senate from Kansas. One member of the Legislature, we are told, went to bed to escape his importunities, but after Lane had finished a midnight harangue to the bar-tenders, cooks, chambermaids, and everybody else that he could get together in the tavern parlor, our friend up-stairs was awakened by Lane's creeping into bed beside him to "see" him about his vote. Lane's raids into Missouri were such, this writer asserts, that we may as well say no more about Quantrell's murders at Lawrence. There can be little doubt, for that matter, that the devil was fought with fire on whichever side of the border he showed himself.

Another interesting paper—though less is made of the subject than might have been—is entitled "Vaudoux in St. Domingo," and treats of the horrible superstition known in this country as voodooism. Here, however, so far as is known, the system has not its more disgusting and horrid features, though no doubt it is practised to a greater or less extent in many parts of the Southern States. For the rest, *Lippincott's* has the ninth part of Mr. Trollope's "Vicar of Bullhampton;" some good enough "Monthly Gossip;" a slight story by Miss Rose Terry; and an article by the Hon. Amasa Walker, who says that Mr. Boutwell's official interference with the gold premium has been and is injurious to the financial and monetary interests of the country, and that it retards trade and embarrasses industry of all kinds. Philadelphia spring butter has not come in yet, we suppose, but the Monthly Gossiper seems to be in a state of high excitement. He professes to hold that the young ladies of "his burg"—that, we believe, is the correct metropolitan term—are "the cunning handiwork of Nature herself;" that they care nothing for the hollow tributes of universal admiration; that they can be lively without fastness, beautiful without vanity, and elegant in attire without extravagance or ostentation; that they are superior to young persons of the same sex who reside in New York and Boston; that the terrapin can nowhere be eaten with such satisfaction as in Philadelphia; that croquettes also, when made in Philadelphia by "Augustin," are unequalled; that "the well-known Delmonico," eating of these croquettes, "confessed himself vanquished;" that society in Philadelphia "has always been characterized by a certain elevation of tone and severity of morals which contrast as favorably with the fastness of New York, as does its lavish and genial hospitality with the dry toast and weak tea reunions of Boston," and so on. We shall look to see the *World* calling for a company of New York capitalists of energy and enterprise to go down there and "run" a place that seems to have so many natural advantages.

The *Catholic World* gives this month the second of the letters from the Vatican Council, written by Father Hecker, who does not yet become interesting, though his record of facts is perhaps better worth having than those made by other correspondents. A writer who offers his "Views of the Labor Movement" suggests, as the true method of rearranging the relations of labor and capital, that men should begin again to practise the communism of the Early Church. The "vital conditions" of the kind of co-operative association which he approves are, first, Christian fervor; second, Christian humility; third, Christian poverty—after which the fourth need hardly be mentioned. Other papers are: "The Relations of British Premiers to British Catholics"—which is written in a candid spirit; a third and last part of an Essay on "Church Music"—which raps the Protestants soundly not only for sinning themselves in the matter of choir-singing, but for having caused and compelled Catholics also to sin; a "Historical Sketch of the Rise of the Greek Schism;" another of "The Present Condition of Poland;" an argument which proves that civil liberty was "not born of or with the Reformation, but the Reformation itself was born of absolute monarchy, despotism, or Cæsarism;" several book reviews, some stories, and one or two pieces of poetry.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

LETTERS published twenty years ago, and written, some of them, nearly forty years ago, should, to be republished now, have a quality in them independent of time, or which time improves, likes poesy and wine. Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant's "Letters of a Traveller" (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 1850, 1869) will owe their immortality, if they get it, to the writer's muse rather than to anything notable or memorable in themselves. They are now printed for the third time (as they originally appeared in a newspaper), and bear date of the years between and including 1834 and 1849. Arranged chronologically, they take the reader first to Western and Southern Europe; then to the Southern States of this Union; next to Great Britain; again to the Continent; next to the North-west, New England, the Southern States, to Cuba; to Europe once more and finally. They are slight and superficial sketches, suggestive of no long sojourn or special study, and far from equalling the opportunities which Mr. Bryant often had. In '34, he saw Tuscany under the Grand Duke, and Venice under the rule of Austria; in '45, he was in England during the Corn-law agitation; in September, 1849, he was in Paris under the Republic. His comments on these epochs scarcely heighten the contrast which he and we have witnessed in the events of the last decade. It is otherwise when journeying in this country. Horse-thieves and lynch-law, he found, were the order of the day in Illinois in 1841. In 1843, Florida was recovering from the Seminole war, and there were the same expectations as to-day of a speedy influx of immigrants and invalids, and promises of better accommodations. In 1846, at Lake Superior, there were many "surface indications" that the copper mines were as valuable as any in the world. In 1847, Lawrence, Mass., was only a year old, and still in the confusion of bricks, mortar, and timber. In 1843, Mr. Bryant remarked that the U. S. House of Representatives no longer, as he had seen it in 1832, aped the English House of Commons in sitting covered—perhaps "because it so often happens that all the members are talking together, the rule being that the person speaking must be bareheaded." At South Easton, in Pennsylvania, in 1846, he asked if a certain rolling-mill would stop for the new tariff, and was told: "It costs the iron-masters fifteen dollars a ton to make their iron, and they sell it for forty dollars a ton; if the new tariff obliges them to sell it for considerable less, they will still make money." "So," adds Mr. Bryant, "revolves the cycle of opinion. Twenty years ago, a Pennsylvanian who questioned the policy of the protective system would have been looked upon as a sort of curiosity. Now, the bloomers and stable-boys begin to talk free-trade. What will they talk twenty years hence?" Not what Mr. Bryant probably anticipated; but change in the national policy has not been left dependent on a change in Pennsylvania itself, and the implied prophecy has been nearly enough fulfilled. In New Hampshire—to bring our quotations to an end—Mr. Bryant saw, with admiration, three sisters: "no pallid faces, nor narrow chests, nor lean hands; but forms which might have satisfied an ancient statuary; with a well-formed bust, faces glowing with health, round arms, and plump fingers—such women, in short, as our mothers, fifty years ago, might have been." It is helpful, when discussing the physical degeneracy of New England, to know that already in 1843 the mothers of the last century were held up reproachfully to their descendants, and that Mr. Bryant wrote, apropos of the exceptions just mentioned: "I had not observed any particular appearance of health in the females of the country through which I had passed; on the contrary, I had been disappointed in their general pallidness and look of debility."

So far as we recollect, Mr. Story has never before imitated Mr. Browning so well as in his "Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem" (Boston: Loring). Usually the subtlety and depth of the master is beyond the utmost reach of the disciple—so very far beyond it that there is something painful in noting the surface resemblance. But in this piece there is a good deal of the Browningesque subtlety. It is not, however, Mr. Story's own. For a long time the theory has been the common property of all the pulpits that, in betraying his Master, Judas Iscariot had no very evil design. Judas, say the apologists, firmly believed Jesus to be the promised Messiah; he eagerly wished for and waited for the time when his Master should manifest himself in full power. So the mistaken man, impatient and full of faith, led the soldiers out to the Mount, expecting their overthrow or their instant conversion as soon as they should attempt the arrest. But when he saw his Lord bound and led away in submission, he went in grief and shame and killed himself. Generally, it is said in the pulpits, by way of leaving Judas, even at the very best, still black, that he was a sordid wretch, who desired only the coming of Christ's temporal kingdom—to see the Messiah reigning in glory on the throne of Judea, rewarding his friends with riches and rank, and ruling his enemies with a despotic sway But the ingenious inventors of the "whitewashing" process made it complete. Adopting as his own this now threadbare theory, Mr. Story makes a poem, which is fashioned in the image and likeness of Browning's admir-

able and famous "Letter of Karshish," wherein the Arabian physician tells a brother physician how, in his journeying through Syria, he had happened on a certain Lazarus, a remarkable Jew, who believed himself to have been actually raised from the dead by a prophet and physician who afterwards was put to death, but who still was held by many to have been and to be divine. Mr. Story's Karshish is a Roman Lawyer, and Judas is his Lazarus. Such details as he has put in for the filling out of the outline add nothing to the main conception, but rather weaken it; and the verse, too, is flat and feeble. The poem first appeared about a year and a half ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and is not long.

"The Constant Tin Soldier," that seems to the childish fancy what Napoleon's Old Guardsmen seem to us; "The Ugly Duckling," whom many a homely child has taken to him or herself in consolation—these, and the heroes and heroines of all the rest of Andersen's "Wonder-Stories" (fifty-eight by the tale), will be found in beautiful apparel, of paper, print, and binding, in the edition of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. No more healthful, innocent reading was ever provided for the young, nor much that endures longer in the mind that has received it.

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Greenough (J. B.), Analysis of the Latin Subjunctive, swd	(Cambridge)
Green (S.), Trout Culture, swd	(D. M. Dewey)
Harper's Weekly, Vol. XIII., 1869	(Harper & Bros.)
Harper's Bazar, Vol. II., 1869	" "
Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Vols. 38, 39, 1869	" "
Leland (C. G.), Hans Breitmann in Church, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 0 75
Owen (R. D.), Beyond the Breakers: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Seguin (Dr. E.), New Facts and Remarks concerning Idiocy, swd	(Wm. Wood & Co.)
Trumbull (J. H.), Composition of Indian Geographical Names, swd	(New Haven)
The Workshop, No. 2, swd	(E. Steiger) 0 50

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1870.

The Week.

DEBATE and nothing accomplished, is the week's record of Congress. The chief topics in the Senate have been the Funding Bill, the bill to compensate Southern loyalists, and the bill to alter the judicial circuits. On the provisions of this last will depend, apparently, the confirmation of Mr. Bradley, who, but for a misapprehension of the President's intentions in regard to him, stood a good chance of being confirmed at the same time that Judge Strong was, ten days ago. The House has discussed the Indian Appropriation Bill, the Georgia Bill, and the new tariff, and has considered the novel question whether a member who has resigned his seat, and taken himself off, bag and baggage, and then repented and asked to be taken back, has any right to be heard on the motion. The House decided not, but thought it best to enquire whether its members should be allowed to resign in the midst of such an enquiry as frightened Mr. Golladay into so doing. On Tuesday Mr. Bingham succeeded in fastening an amendment on the Georgia Bill, with which it now goes before the Senate. It completely disappoints the pleasant expectations of the Governor, and of Mr. Blodgett, the Senator-elect, and limits to the present year the term of the Legislature now sitting. A popular election becomes necessary in the fall, and the new Legislature will have full power to choose United States Senators—thus ensuring a change in the entire representation of the State for 1871. It is not altogether certain that the Senate will adopt the amended bill, but we suppose more likely than not.

The new Georgia bill was to have kept Bullock and his friends in office by extending their term, and indeed there was no reason in the world, as matters have gone, why the perpetual tenure of office by these gentlemen should not have formed one of the conditions of reconstruction. The bill had no merit whatever, unless this was a merit. The success, as some people consider it, of the Georgia performance has, it is reported, caused General Butler to make preparations for executing one of his threats, by preparing another bill reducing Tennessee once more to a provisional condition, owing to the defective execution of the laws, and consequent insecurity of life and property in that State. On this theory of Federal rights and State duties, there is no reason why Congress should not occupy itself for the next ten years overturning State governments and establishing peace and tranquillity by military law in various parts of the Union. There is hardly a single State in the North, for instance, in which society is in a thoroughly satisfactory condition. Robbers go unwhipped of justice, wives are unfaithful, taxes heavy, courts lax, ministers prosy, to a greater or less extent in them all. Nor is there any question that these facts show a departure from a republican form of government. Were these States perfect republics, these things would not be. Why not take them all in hand, and make an end of iniquity while we are about it? The time is propitious, and the machinery stands ready to our hands.

Mr. Golladay, of Kentucky, resigned his seat in the House, to avoid expulsion, he having also been dealing in cadetships. Governor Stevenson, however, refused to accept the resignation, saying that Mr. Golladay was bound to stand his trial before the only tribunal which could take cognizance of such a charge, thus showing, we must say, a much better appreciation of the charge, and of the relations of members to the House, than the House showed itself in dealing with Mr. Whittemore's case. Mr. Golladay asked leave to withdraw the resignation, but, of course, as he had been permitted to resign, letting him come back would have been equivalent to letting him and Governor Stevenson fill the vacant seat. A more ill-advised precedent than has now been established is not on record. Mr. Whittemore, as might have been expected, has completely recovered from his fright, and has published a letter, from which it appears that, if his act had any moral quality at all, it was praiseworthy. General Logan, he says, likes him very much, and will be glad to see him back in the House again, which Mr. Whittemore says "brings balm to the wounds inflicted." Other members of Congress feel in the same way; the persons who pushed on the resolutions against him are "a few Hotspurs;" he is "going to appeal to his constituents, whose confidence he never violated," and so on. Indeed, we do not well see how somebody can avoid giving him a dinner and piece of plate. And now let us have no more gratuitous nominations to cadetships. With so much suffering and poverty all around us, so many heathen unconverted, and so many estimable men short of money, the member who fails to raise something whenever he sends a boy to West Point or Annapolis ought to be ashamed of himself.

The proclamation of the Fifteenth Amendment is very prudently delayed, in order to be quite sure about its ratification. There will be four doubtful States in all; that is, four States the validity of whose ratification Democrats will dispute, if not now, before very long, and it would certainly be well to do without them, if possible. There are, for instance, disputes about the certificates of New York and Indiana, and doubts whether the ratification of Georgia and Texas can be deemed valid until those States have been declared eligible for readmission into the Union by Congress. So the President declares that he will not issue the proclamation till these are admitted. There will then be the needful twenty-eight States without New York or Indiana, in the former of which the Legislature claims the right to withdraw the ratification, and in the latter the Democrats withdrew, when the amendment came up for discussion, in order not to leave a quorum, and maintain that they succeeded.

New Hampshire has again gone Republican by a sufficient majority, in spite of divisions sought to be caused by labor candidates and temperance candidates. The result is another proof of the firmness of party discipline in this country, and the practical disposition to do one thing at a time.

We mentioned some time ago, as one of the curiosities of liquor legislation in Massachusetts, that it licensed and prohibited on alternate years. Accordingly, last year having been the prohibitory year, this year a license law has been introduced into the Legislature, with a strong prospect of passing. The difference between the two systems is one of kind rather than of degree; one permits secret and the other open drinking, but that is nearly all. The temperance men apparently are in the state of mind of the uncomfortable little boy, who always "wanted what he hadn't got;" when they have licenses they long for prohibition, and when they have prohibition look fondly back to licenses, and in the meantime the poisonous "bowl" goes round as merrily as ever. It is a good sign of the times, however, that Governor Claflin at last acknowledges that the Hartford and Erie Railroad is something very like a swindle, and that the course which the Commissioners were legislated out of office for following was the only proper one. What makes it more important is, that the Governor himself "lobbied" the whole affair.

Talking of temperance men, we must not omit mention of a large and enthusiastic meeting held in this city on Monday last, at which Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley spoke. Mr. Beecher met the "wedding at Cana of Galilee" argument by saying that when Christ created wine it was 1800 years ago, in a different climate and condition of society, and different surroundings, and that therefore the incident was of no special value in this temperance controversy, which certainly to the carnal eye seems a very just observation. But that profound thinker, Mr. Greeley, who followed after, went far deeper down; he said that it was not generally known that alcohol was poison (which is certainly very surprising), and that he was very sorry to hear it said that Christ created alcoholic wine; he did not believe it himself; he *knew* alcohol to be poison, and ten thousand revelations would not convince him "that Christ created a poison."

This is, of course, conclusive, but then Mr. Greeley must not be impatient if the common run of people cannot follow him in his more abstruse ratiocination. We who know him and read his clear, logical disquisitions in the *Tribune*, of course accept any assertion he makes positively on any subject, just as we accept Newton's on the laws of motion, or Kepler's on the revolutions of the planets; but then the poor drunkards are not so readily convinced, and we fear a great many will still go on doubting about the kind of wine Christ made at the wedding.

The way, by-the-by, in which Christ begins to be used on the political and social platform by some of our agitators (of course we do not mean the calm, judicial-minded, and reverent ones like Mr. Greeley) is, we think, at least open to criticism, not on grounds of taste or regard to other people's feelings (because these are not considerations that weigh much with them), but on grounds of common sense. In other words, granted that it is permitted to them to be indecent, is it permitted to them to make fools of themselves? What are we to say to the young and inflamed divine (he *must* have been young) who, the other day in Boston, cried out that "Christ had died to give the ballot to woman." The only opinion entitled to the smallest respect that the reverend gentleman can have in the matter, is that Christ died to promote good government—that is, government suited to the people who live under it. He did not die to give universal suffrage to the Moors, or an Antoninus Pius to Americans, and the work of finding out what was the government suited to each people he left to be done by their brains. The inconvenience of citing Christ in glorification of every little bee that gets into good people's bonnets, is that it may lead to displays of the most revolting folly. Anybody has just as much right to say that Christ died for legislatures composed of one chamber, or for direct taxation, or for the appointment of judges by the governor and senate, as that he died for female suffrage. If anybody feels troubled by these illustrations, all we can say is, that it is impossible to follow up some of the quacks of the day without passing through puddles, and splashing up a good deal of mud.

The town of Hyde Park, in Massachusetts, has been the scene of an attempt to vote, or rather a rehearsal of ballot-casting, on the part of some of the women, sixty in all, who went to the polls on election-day, and voted in separate boxes. The ticket they supported, and which they are said to have seriously scratched, was elected. They were received in divers manners by the male bystanders, the good and pure applauding, the wicked and licentious hooting and cat-calling. The occasion was dignified and illustrated by what we certainly never expected to hear of—the appearance, in the flesh, as chairman, or "moderator," of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the well-known novelist of the *New York Ledger* and other popular periodicals. Few people, we are sure, have ever thought of him as a palpable substance, or dreamed of his apparition in a town-meeting preserving order for female voting. His exertions were admirable and successful, and his rebukes to the turbulent were worthy of his reputation. One gentleman denied his right to repress expressions of disapproval on the part of the males, and even went so far as to move that the great novelist be called on to resign. A few manly words from that functionary, however, quelled the insurrection. Two or three of the women voters were old, the main body quite young, and the latter carried bouquets of flowers, which, according to the correspondent of the *Herald*, overcame the odor of tobacco and New England rum which had previously pervaded the room.

Another incident, but of more importance, in the Woman's Suffrage movement has been the summoning of a female Grand Jury in Laramie City, Wyoming Territory. The "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury" were charged by Chief-Justice Dowe, who, judging from his effort on this occasion, appears to be a jurist of the same school as our old friend Judge Underwood of Virginia, and to be likely to help on that great movement for the softening and mellowing of judicial proceedings of which we spoke a week or two ago. He said that though he had taken no part himself in the Woman's Rights agitation, he had long felt that woman had been "the victim of the vices, crimes, and immoralities of man," and that she ought to be armed with some means of protection, and that "it had fallen to their lot that day to act as pioneers in the movement and test the question;" and he added "that the eyes of the whole world were that day fixed on Laramie County." After threatening the vengeance of the court upon everybody who annoyed or molested the Grand Jury, hinting, somewhat obscurely, that "the dens of infamy which infested the country" would now catch it, and assuring the men who were on the jury that his compliments to the women implied no reflection on them, and that he was pleased with their "gentlemanly deportment," his Honor turned, doubtless unwillingly, to the sterner and less poetic business of the court.

Captain Hall, the Arctic explorer, has been delivering a lecture in Washington, in which he announced his desire to go on another voyage in search of the North Pole, and declared that his object in going to Washington was to get an appropriation of $100,000 in aid of his undertaking, which, he said, was to subserve the interests of "science and commerce." The way he was to help commerce was by the discovery of "extensive whaling grounds." We do not pretend to be able to say what Captain Hall can do for science by his travels, but we must protest strongly against the voting of any money to aid in the quest of the extensive whaling grounds. Any whaling grounds that have not been already discovered and whaled pretty thoroughly, we may be sure cannot be got at readily by anybody but Arctic explorers, and we have yet to learn that Arctic exploration is a business into which any prudent commercial man would like to put capital with any expectation of return. If the whalers are badly off, and must have some money, we suggest that the $100,000 be distributed amongst them at once, without giving Captain Hall the trouble of going north. In that way much discomfort would be saved to all parties, except the whales, and, possibly, some loss of life.

The Charleston *Courier* has compared the new census of South Carolina with that of 1860, and the result is, that the population of the State has increased during the decade from 703,708 to 706,022, or by 2,314. This, considering the ravages of the war which has intervened, is quite as great a gain as could have been expected. The proportion of whites to blacks is now 295,314 to 410,708. Of the thirty counties into which the State is divided, only eleven show an increase, ranging from 120 (Clarendon) to 65,089 (Charleston), while the remainder have decreased from 472 (Laurens) to 16,570 (Colleton). The upper and middle districts generally have suffered depletion, those on the extreme northern border furnishing an exception; but the white inhabitants of them have actually increased, so that the loss is to be accounted for by a movement towards the coast on the part of the colored people. On reference to the map, however, it appears that this migration has been towards only one of the five coast counties, namely, Charleston, and undoubtedly shows that the same influences which in all the Northern States set towards the large cities, and away from the country, are at work in South Carolina. The field negro, being at liberty, goes down to Charleston, and not to Beaufort and the Sea Islands. As the *Courier* points out, this change of residence on the part of the numerical majority is destined to shift the balance of political power, and to enable the whites to recover some part at least of their former supremacy. But this is a revolution which can scarcely be regarded with apprehension.

Judging by the vote, and by the attitude of the *Courier* in regard to the so-called Phosphate Bill, passed last week over the Governor's veto, the blacks alone were not responsible for this piece of legislation; and, if it was brought about by corruption, were not the only members of the Legislature who accepted a bribe. The bill has caused violent contention for several weeks, as it gives a monopoly—without adequate security to the State—of the business of digging and mining in the beds of navigable streams and other waters of South Carolina, for phosphatic rocks and deposits, which now furnishes occupation to a large number of poor men, who, the Governor declares, would be willing to pay for the privilege. A State which has so much waste land can certainly ill afford to risk stopping up the source of fertility and

wealth, as may result from the negligence or the greediness of the company to which it commits its phosphates. This is so evident, that it would scarcely be doubtful that the law was dishonestly carried, even if we did not know that the way of the lobby is nowhere easier than at Columbia. In a State which pays a million of taxes without flinching, this weakness of legislators is not to be ascribed to general poverty.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte has been committed for trial on the capital charge by the Chambre de Mise en Accusation (the equivalent of a grand jury) of the High Court. There were some fears that he would be tried for simple manslaughter, which are thus set at rest. The position of the Emperor in the matter becomes more and more embarrassing; it is his interest, and that of his dynasty, to have the Prince convicted, and even capitally convicted; but, on the other hand, blood is thicker than water, and the Imperial family could not but suffer somewhat in the popular estimation from having the crime of assassination brought home to one of its members. But it would deprive Rochefort of a large portion of his popularity; he was going down rapidly when the tragedy took place, and the way it at once raised him to eminence is a curious illustration of the way in which eminence is sometimes acquired in troublous times. Rochefort has never uttered one single sentence of which any human being could possibly be the wiser or better. He is neither orator, statesman, scholar, soldier, poet, inventor, manufacturer, nor jurist. His sole claim to celebrity lies in his dexterity as a lampooner, and a kind of smart pluck, such as is generally found amongst the Paris gamins, but the value of which is considerably lessened by the fact that he faints away whenever he becomes much excited. Nevertheless, some of the radicals of both hemispheres have taken this man, and have for some weeks been working him up into a sage and hero, and we doubt if a more melancholy, and at the same time more laughable, process was ever witnessed. It makes one wonder what the ideal human being of his admirers is. Jules Favre, for instance, who for twenty years has toiled for liberty with extraordinary courage and eloquence, wealth of knowledge and patience and hope, sinks into complete obscurity beside this new prophet. As might be expected, Victor Hugo about this time appears on the scene with a letter, addressed to Rochefort: "All I have predicted," he says, "is coming to pass. Your popularity is immense, as are your talents and courage. You are henceforth one of the persons of the future. I clasp your hand, dear outlaw, dear conqueror." We may guess from this what kind of place M. Hugo's "future" will be.

For a wonder, the two great measures now before the English House of Commons—the Irish Land Bill and the Education Bill, the details of which have reached us—seem to give satisfaction to all parties. Their passage, combined with the Church Bill, will give Mr. Gladstone the place in English history which Turgot would have had in French history if Louis XVI. had been a man of stronger character. They really promise the reconstruction of English and Irish society, and, what is their highest excellence, and gives their author one of the rarest distinctions, is, that the revolution they work, they work peacefully. The Irish Land Bill recognizes the vested interest in his farm even of a tenant-at-will, thus at last putting an end to the monstrous doctrine, which, we believe, has never found a lodgment in any jurisprudence but that of Great Britain, that the tillers of the soil may be treated as mere trespassers of it, and driven off it like wild animals. No man, under the bill, can be arbitrarily evicted from his holding without receiving, if he pays between $50 and $250 rent, a sum equivalent to five years' rent; between $250 and $500, three years' rent; and over $500, two years' rent. When it is remembered that the fee of land in Ireland does not sell for over "twenty-five years' purchase," as it is called—that is, the accumulated rental of that period, the small holder may be said, under this rule, to have vested in him a fifth interest in the soil. The landlord's rights are, at the same time, acknowledged and maintained by giving him the right to raise the rent in proportion to the rise of the value of property in the neighborhood, and to evict without cause on paying the penalty, and paying the tenant for his improvements, or for gross neglect or injury to the farm. But all eviction for cause can only take place under the decree of the Courts of Quarter Sessions, which are composed of experienced lawyers, going the circuit, and, therefore, free from local influence; and they are to have the power, too, to judge of the reasonableness of a rise in the rent. In short, the Irish tenant will, if this measure succeeds, be at last placed under the protection of law, and removed from the rule of an irresponsible despotism—the like of which, as we have said, has never been seen in modern times in a constitutional country. Mr. Gladstone deserves as much praise for the comprehensive view he has taken of the tenants' rights as for the ingenuity with which he has managed to provide for the landholding prejudices of English members, which have always constituted the main difficulty in the way of Irish reform; and the speech in which he brought the bill in was one of those pieces of masterly exposition in which he has perhaps no living equal.

Mr. Foster's Education Bill divides the kingdom into educational districts, with local school committees under the superintendence and control of the Central Board, and provides for the establishment of schools by the levy of a local tax, to be supplemented when necessary from the national treasury; but denominational schools already in existence and willing to comply with the requirement of the law, are not to be disturbed, and are to continue to receive Government aid as now, and may even, should the local constituency be satisfied, be converted into the district school. School committees are to have the power to fine parents for not sending their children to school between the ages of five and twelve, and the very poor are to receive their education free; those able to do so, to pay a small sum. This measure, too, seems to meet with general approval, and will probably pass with unimportant modifications. It touches the root of the evils which most afflict English society. The abolition of the law of primogeniture, to which some people attach so much importance, would probably not produce the slightest perceptible effect, for reasons which we have more than once set forth in the *Nation*. The ballot, in the present state of the popular mind, *may* only increase the power of money; in some districts will certainly do so; but popular education is sure before long to change the face of English society. The fact is that all attempts to give legal rights to ignorant people must prove failures, and have always proved failures, and we greatly fear our own reconstruction process at the South will prove no exception to the rule. To enjoy one's rights, one has to know them, and know how to maintain them; indeed, it is just as true that the law helps the educated and not the ignorant, as that the law helps the vigilant and not the sleepers. Forty volumes of statutes and ten constitutional amendments would profit a man little in the absence of the spelling-book.

The Prince of Wales has evidently a hard road to travel. He is so closely watched that he would need to be a very good man—better, indeed, than most men, and far better than any man ever was who had such wretched training, and was exposed to such strong temptations as he—in order to escape censure. A most amusing illustration of the difficulties of his position has just been afforded in the Mordaunt case. When it was heard that he was mixed up in it, and that his letters had been captured and were in court, the curiosity of the public became positively painful—more, indeed, than persons of weak constitutions could long bear. The young profligate was at last driven to the wall, and a lurid light was going to be thrown on the vices of the aristocracy. When published, however, it was found that the correspondence consisted simply of notes, containing polite commonplaces, and all, or nearly all, written in answer to communications from Lady Mordaunt, who was evidently bent on running him down, and even fortified her advances with small presents, including a "muffletee." They were, indeed, just such replies as any sensible, well-bred, and kind-hearted man might be expected to make under the circumstances, and the worst of it was, they were of a positively chilling propriety. This was a little too bad; so it is now said, what a stupid, silly creature he is to have nothing to talk about, when he writes to ladies, but ponies, and partridges, and balls. His defence of his virtue in court, however, seems to have been received with the applause which all audiences accord to personal vindications. It is only in the newspapers that people delight in displays of downright depravity.

FUNDERS AND FUNDING.

Mr. Charles Bowles, the American banker in Paris, publishes in the last circular of his firm a letter from M. Ernest Frignet, one of the council of the house of Rothschild, and a very well-known European financier, upon the condition and prospects of American credit in Europe, which is well worthy of attention. There is no house in the world which has had so much to do with the negotiation of government loans as the Rothschilds, and there is certainly none better able to say what can and what cannot be done in the European markets by national borrowers. We are just now discussing more earnestly than ever the question of funding the national debt at a lower rate of interest, and the public is more than ever inclined to believe that the process cannot be performed at home, but it is still in some doubt whether it is possible or expedient to have it performed abroad, and, if so, whether it can be done on favorable terms.

The difficulty that the public experiences in arriving at any fixed conclusion about the matter is one which surrounds everything connected with the national finances, and it arises out of the peculiar and, indeed, one may say unprecedented, way in which they are administered. We have nominally a minister of finance, but he is in reality a head clerk who obeys the orders of Congress. He has nominally the privilege of framing a "policy" of his own with regard to the mode in which the public obligations should be met, but in reality his policy is a simple expression of opinion in his reports, which exercises no more influence on affairs than the opinion of any other man of equal prominence in public life, probably not nearly so much as that of some editor of a newspaper. People read what he says and discuss it, but nobody feels under any obligation to act on it, or even attach any extra weight to it, because it is an *official* opinion. Each member of Congress, for instance, no matter what the nature of his previous training or experience, feels just as much entitled to regulate the administration of the finances as Mr. Boutwell; and amongst the leading men in both branches there is a sort of impression that they owe it to their position in the eyes of the country to bring in at least one financial measure in the course of the session, and expect the country to receive it with just as much respect as if it came from the Secretary of the Treasury. In fact, many of them bring in financial bills apparently for the sole purpose of illustrating and enforcing their opinions, and without the least expectation that they will be passed; and there is no denying that the public attention is much more readily fixed on a man's "views" when they are embodied in a "bill" and divided into sections, than when merely uttered in a speech. We admit, too, that in so far as the people are trained at all in the comprehension of financial matters by what passes in Congress, they are trained much more effectively by the perusal of bills than of speeches simply. But the result is nevertheless chaos. With ten or twelve totally distinct, inconsistent, and often mutually repugnant plans for lightening the public burdens and discharging the national obligations constantly before the country, each advocated by a man of prominence, sure that he is right and that all others are wrong, the concentration of opinion on any one is impossible. The one man whose special duty it is to look after the finances disappears from view, and his policy disappears with him, and the place he ought to fill is held one week by Brown, celebrated for his devotion to the colored man; next week by Smith, famed for his labors in the cause of temperance; and the next by Baker, renowned for having cowed the Baltimore rowdies—not one of the three having probably ever bestowed a thought on "funding" till the meeting of Congress, or having any better knowledge of financial questions than what he has got from a hasty perusal of adjacent encyclopædias and histories of the Bank of England. Finally, the national policy is settled, not by the labors of one expert, under the criticism of experienced lookers-on, or even by a committee of experts, but by the concurrence of two committees, made up promiscuously of members whose claim to the place rests on party influence, or connection with an "interest," or "claims of locality," and, only rarely, special familiarity with finance or taxation. If we were to go to any business man in this city, and suggest to him that this would be a good way of managing the affairs of a great railroad, or mine, whose receipts amounted to about $400,000,000, and its expenditures to about as much, he would be highly amused, and would be still more amused if we asked him to take stock in it. We are not ardent admirers of Mr. Boutwell, but we do hold that as long as he fills the place of Secretary of the Treasury his scheme, whatever it may be, is entitled to the exclusive attention of the country; his say ought to have more weight than anybody's say, and on it, and it only, judgment should be passed; or if Congress will not support him, and does not like his plans, it ought to select somebody amongst its own members in whom it has confidence, and follow his lead.

There is, perhaps, no prejudice about the public debt more widely diffused amongst those who desire to see it honestly paid than the prejudice against having it held by foreigners. We have frequently discussed it in the *Nation*, and tried to show its unreasonableness, and it is creating just now one of the great difficulties of the funding process. Money cannot be borrowed in this country, it is said, at the rate of interest Government wants to pay; and if it borrows abroad, our debt will be held by strangers, or, it may be, by enemies, who may any day demand payment and plunge us in confusion and ruin. It is to this fallacy that Mr. Bowles and M. Frignet address themselves in the letters before us, showing, as we have often endeavored to show in these columns, that the analogy between the position of an individual debtor and a national debtor, on which this repugnance to foreign indebtedness is based, is not complete, and is, therefore, *pro tanto*, misleading. An individual can be *forced* to pay what he owes by being sold out, and it is, therefore, a matter of importance to him who holds his obligations. A nation cannot be forced to pay, and, therefore, it is of no importance to it who holds its obligations as long as the rate of interest is low. Nobody can compel the United States to pay its bonds till it pleases. The worst dissatisfied creditors can do is to sell their securities in open market; it is true that this might be done at an inopportune moment, and, if done on a great scale, would perhaps cause a financial crash; but then, with peace and ordinarily good government, there is nothing less likely than a rush on the part of Europeans to get rid of American securities; nothing more likely than a steady increase in the eagerness of Europeans to get and hold them. The ordinary result of a European creditor's sending home his bonds for forced sale would be the acquisition of them either by American citizens or by the Government itself, at a very low rate.

The same thing is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of the foreign creditors of railroads and mining corporations. If Englishmen or Germans lend money to make railroads for us at five per cent., we, in the first place, have so much the more of our own capital, on which we can make fifteen or twenty per cent., disposable for other things. They cannot carry the railroads or mines away with them; if they force the sale of their bonds in our markets, we can buy them in at low rates; if they foreclose in the courts, we can buy the roads or mines at low rates; if they do neither one nor other, we have the use of their capital at very low rates; so that the incessant export of bonds, if we were only once back to specie payments, instead of being a subject of lamentation, ought to be one of rejoicing. Bonds are not sent abroad for nothing. They are either exchanged for money, which we sorely need, or they are sent in lieu of money which we owe and cannot conveniently part with. In either case they give us the use of cheap capital; therefore, when we talk of our owing money to foreigners as making us "dependent on foreigners," we talk wildly, as M. Frignet points out. He says:

> "By encouraging foreign investments in its bonds the Federal Government reserves the national capital for private enterprise. It also, to an equal extent, saves its public corporations and citizens from going abroad for the capital which they lack, and for which they would have to pay much dearer, because the credit of an honest government will always excel that of any of its subjects, corporations, or individuals, however rich they may be.
>
> "Finally, it aids directly in the just ranking of the public debt by multiplying its employments and making rare its floating obligations. It augments its credit by the confidence shown far and near, contributing thus to form that double current of favorable opinion which constitutes the good financial renown of a nation.
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> "This is neither an untried policy nor one especially new to the Americans. It has been practised by all European nations who wish to develop more promptly their natural resources and labor. All have sought to join in their capital that of their neighbors, proud to find, in case of conflict, as many partisans as foreign creditors. All have gained, in recompense of this sagacious course, the appreciation of their obligations, far above the limits to which the national capital alone could have carried them.

"As examples, we may take Austria, whose credit must have long since perished had its resources been confined to its national savings; Russia, who owes to foreign capital the greater part of its internal success; Italy, whose credit had never been born without foreign aid; while, as an argument taken from the opposing view, let us remark Holland, who pays dearly to-day for the efforts she has made to concentrate her debt at home. She sees her national savings absorbed by a thousand exterior investments, and, instead of contributing to the expenses of the country, seeking continually outside obligations more easily negotiable, and more available for financial purposes."

Before passing from the subject, we cannot avoid commenting on certain "pivotal propositions," as he calls them, of Mr. Sumner's, laid down, or spun round, or whatever it is one does with a "pivotal proposition," in his late speech. Said he:

"I venture to assert that if we should at an early day reduce these sixes to fives, there are millions which would be released to seek investment in other securities at six per cent., especially to the relief of the West and South. The reduction of interest to four and a half per cent. and four per cent. would release further millions. Therefore, for the sake of public enterprise in its manifold forms, for the sake of that prosperity which depends on human industry, for the sake of manufactures, for the sake of commerce, and especially for the sake of railroads by which all these are quickened, we must do what we can to reduce the general rate of interest which is now such a curb on enterprise, and here we must begin with our own bonds. Without any adverse intention, the National Government is a victorious competitor, and the defeated parties are those very enterprises whose success is so important to the country. A competition so destructive should cease. Keeping this before us in the new loan, we shall adopt that form of bond by which the interest will most surely be reduced. Thus, while refunding the national debt, we shall open the way to improvements of all kinds."

This discovery, we need hardly tell any careful reader, is a pure product of the senator's imagination. No capital at all would be "released" by any conversion of bonds. The bonds lock up no millions whatever. The money they represent was spent in the war in munitions, provisions, and the labor of fighting-men—destroyed just as effectually as if sunk in the sea. When a bond is sold or transferred, what happens is that one man takes a certain sum out of business and gives it to another, who again puts it into business. If the six per cents were changed into five per cents, a certain amount of money would change hands, that is, be transferred from one kind of productive investment to another, but no "improvement" would gain by it, unless indeed the money came from abroad; but the money would not come from abroad nearly so readily for five per cent. as for six; and, indeed, nothing does more to keep it away than "pivotal propositions" of this kind emanating from financial authorities in Congress. A bond is simply evidence that a man is entitled to receive at some future time a certain sum from the Government; but that sum the Government does not now possess and has spent, and by transferring his claim he does not get it back, he simply puts another man in his place. The point is not of much importance in itself, but it is important as illustrating the necessity for leadership on all this class of questions, and the introduction of a new order of minds to the discussion of them in the national legislature. When we see a gentleman gravely instructing the Senate and the country how to "fund" and "convert," and when and where to pay their interest, and what are the conditions of national credit, in a speech in which he shows his own inability to think out one of the simplest processes of national finance, it is a sure sign that something is wrong.

A NEW PARTY.

Not long ago, intimations were heard in no less a place than the Senate Chamber that ideas were afloat which looked to the formation of a new party. Mr. Drake even insinuated that the notion had influenced the course of senators themselves. "I have heard of such things," said he, "as individuals taking it into their heads that the Republican party was to go to pieces, and looking out to see whether they could plant their anchors to windward in the new party that was to come up. Who knows—who can tell but that this idea may have entered the sacred precincts of this Senate Chamber?" Who indeed! The Senate Chamber would, in fact, be the very first place such an idea might naturally enter, since it is the place where party perplexities are most strongly felt. Scarcely one considerable question has been raised in Congress this winter on which the Republican party has acted with unanimity. There is scarcely an important measure now before either House on which party lines are likely to be regarded. Hardly a single recommendation made by the President has been warmly supported by his party friends in Congress, and the Administration has been responsible for a very small share of what its friends in Congress have decided to do. If the President had chosen it, or if he had understood the power of his situation, he might easily have had two Administration parties in the legislature, each swearing its fidelity and devotion, instead of, as now, combining to thwart and humiliate him. There was no reason why the President should have allowed himself to be treated as he has been treated this winter. The Virginia Bill might have been passed as it came from the House. Judge Hoar need not have been rejected. The foreign treaties might have been confirmed. Mr. Dawes's attack might have been avoided. Even Mr. Boutwell's financial policy, if he had had a financial policy, might have been treated with respect, if the Administration had been strong enough to take advantage of the condition of parties in Congress. But such balancing of political combinations was not in the President's character, and he preferred to endure with patience the steady series of slights inflicted on him by friends and enemies alike.

If the Republican party is in trouble, the Democrats are quite as badly off. Their internal dissensions are more dangerous than anything the Republicans have to suffer. If it were possible to throw aside all party affiliations, many leading Democrats would be glad to do so, and take their chance of a new cast of the dice. Now that reconstruction is passed, there is scarcely a point on which Democrats are agreed, not even that of the tariff; and to purify their organization so as to regain public confidence is a long and difficult task, unless they are aided by their adversaries' mistakes.

These are some of the reasons which have led many persons to consider in grave earnest the possibility of forming a new party—an idea which has led more politicians into political bogs and quagmires than even the opposite notion of blind party devotion. One party has commonly little superiority to another in its modes of corruption; and if Tammany belongs to one side, the carpet-bag gentlemen belong to the other. But at least we can measure present evils, and can work for a gradual cure; the swarm of flies that has now settled on the nation's sores, at all events, serves to keep a hungrier swarm at a distance. Old parties, too, have a name to uphold and principles to maintain. If they make mistakes, they can be punished; if they reform, they can be rewarded. Even the old Tammany is not so alarming as a new Tammany would be; and in the upturning of a new party, who can tell what scum would rise to the top? How long was the Republican party pure? and what reason have we for believing that, if the new party is pure, it can be successful, or, if successful, that it will be a shade purer than the present organizations?

But there are reasons, much more urgent than these, for questioning the practical utility of such a movement. The reason why both of the existing parties are crumbling to pieces is, that they are unable to agree within themselves on a course to be pursued. There are two great popular issues on which alone a new party could be based. One of these is, free-trade; the other is, hard money. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic party dares honestly face both these issues at once, and the consequence is that there is no longer any established line of opinion between them. A new party, to be worth existing at all, must plant itself firmly on both these positions, or it will have no advantage over its predecessors.

Now, it is a remark attributed to Mr. Amasa Walker, that, in travelling about the country, he had met many excellent men who were very sound and correct in their free-trade principles; and he had met many gentlemen who held right opinions in regard to the currency; but so soon as the free-trader began to discuss contraction, or the hard-money man to discuss free-trade, there was no possibility of obtaining an agreement. This remark applies to the East, but it applies still more forcibly to the West. The whole Valley of the Mississippi leans to free-trade, but is hopelessly opposed to resumption, if resumption means withdrawal of greenbacks. The public was startled a short time since by a direct vote of the House of Representatives, by a large majority, in favor of expansion, and, although there is some dispute

whether greenback expansion was meant, there is little doubt that most of the members did intend precisely this. The explanation is simple. In the West, the national bank system is excessively unpopular. It is looked upon as an instrument in the hands of Eastern capitalists for grinding down the faces of the Western people. In fact, the operation of the bank system cannot be defended on any grounds, and it is very possible that the East might consent to a free banking law; but this concession, which is mere justice, by no means satisfies the West, where the great mass of voters warmly oppose offering encouragement to capitalists, like Senator Cameron with his bank of $100,000 in capital and $1,000,000 in circulation. They consider bank paper as capitalists' money, and greenbacks as their own money. To withdraw greenbacks entirely is equivalent to substituting bank-notes, whereas they would rather withdraw bank-notes and substitute greenbacks as the only currency. This tendency leads directly to greenback expansion. The current has been flowing in this direction all the winter, until the House of Representatives gave expression to it the other day. Neither party dares face it, and both parties are thoroughly disorganized on it.

A new party, therefore, could not be formed on both the issues of free-trade and hard money at once. It could not be formed on free-trade without going to pieces on the currency; and it could not be formed on the currency without dividing on free-trade. There remains the chance that the expansionists may themselves take the lead, and, failing to control the Government, may go into opposition. If this could be brought about, it would at once relieve the political deadlock; but this cannot be easily done so long as the subject of revenue reform produces a cross issue which requires immediate popular decision. There seems, therefore, no reason at present to suppose that the two existing parties can either be entirely broken up or entirely reorganized. Every one will probably continue to be a party by himself for an indefinite time to come.

These suggestions are offered gratuitously to senators and others who may be watching for a chance to drop their anchors to windward, and with these we venture to offer another which we recommend to their favorable consideration. If, instead of doing what they are now engaged upon since the last month of March; that is, instead of following their own individual devices, the President and his Cabinet and the Republican senators and Congressmen would accept the idea that they have a government as well as themselves to answer for; that the duty of the Republican party is to be responsible for the government; to have a policy, and, if possible, to understand it; to meet important issues, and to meet them honestly; to plant itself on a principle, good or bad, and to stand by it, instead of allowing the President to stand upon one, his secretaries on another, senators wherever they will, and representatives, as a rule, anywhere they can; if, in short, the Republican party will consent to face the future instead of dodging and blinking it, all difficulty will cease in a moment. Under ordinary circumstances, there ought to be but two parties in any healthy country, one that conducts the administration and one that opposes it; but if both these parties at once refuse to accept responsibility, and consent to drift at random or to sink, rather than use oars and a compass and enforce co-operation, certainly neither of them deserves confidence. At the same time, it is easier to find better leaders than better parties, and a mere rearrangement of material would answer all necessary purposes. It is absurd, for example, to separate by artificial lines two public men so closely in harmony with each other as Gen. Butler and Mr. Mungen. Such a pair were never seen so justly formed to meet by nature. Much as we should, on personal considerations, regret the loss of the former to the Republican party, we cannot doubt that he would simplify the situation by uniting with Mr. Mungen to form a new combination, and such a movement would receive universal support. This is the only form of new party which is at once practicable and popular. In time, it may not impossibly be carried out, since the currency question is likely to prove the next dividing line between political organizations, and Gen. Butler's political sagacity has for years foreseen this result. If, then, the Republican party is hesitating for a policy, it can decide upon no more effective course of political tactics than that of compelling the rapid development of this new combination.

THE SECRET OF THE RISE ON STEEL.

Some of our readers may have heard of that ideally happy mining company, with an office in New York and an indefinite location somewhere, which claimed to have struck a lode of gold of infinite richness, in the working of which they experienced but one inconvenience; in order to get at it they had to work through an upper stratum of silver of inestimable value. The situation of these fortunate exploiters was hard poverty in comparison to that of the iron and steel producers of this country in case of the passage of the amended tariff recently reported from the Committee of Ways and Means. Pig-iron will then but obscure the splendors of steel.

It is very safe to say that a quarter of a million tons of new railroad iron are now annually laid down in the United States. This costs in the neighborhood of $80 per ton, and, as a whole, is proverbially poor even at that price. American railroad iron is a class by itself in Europe. Of it Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, in his report on iron and steel in the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867, remarks, not more forcibly than truly, that wherever he went, he found that "the vilest trash which could be dignified by the name of iron went universally by the name of the American rail." Over this ingenious compound, made to hold together until laid down, the citizens of the United States risk life and limb and property with superb recklessness. They do yet more. They further insist on paying for this "vilest trash" at least one-third more than other nations pay for the best and most perfect results of an improved metallurgy. Of course, no one has any right to complain. Patriotism demands a disregard of danger, whether on the field of battle or in the railroad train, and one can never do too much for his country. American industry must be protected even at the price of periodical railway slaughters.

A few years ago our tariff on steel was arranged to meet the views of the steel producers themselves. They pronounced themselves satisfied with it. Well they might! The rates on steel were then increased more than threefold, until they amounted to from 45 to 100 per cent. *ad valorem*. Subsequently, the internal revenue tax was taken off without any reduction of duty, and thus it was not to be wondered at that the manufacturers prospered. We propose just now to confine ourselves to the question of steel rails. Under the present tariff these are taxed 45 per cent. *ad valorem*, which, including the cost of transportation, is equivalent to a protection of 55 per cent. The proposed amended tariff quietly converts this duty from *ad valorem* to specific, and increases it to two cents per pound, or, *at present prices*, about doubles it. What does this mean? The replacing of our rotten iron by steel rails is the greatest present necessity of our railroad system. On it depends the safety of life and limb to all travellers; and what American does not travel? On it, in a great degree, depends the cost of transportation; and on that depends the successful marketing of the future harvests of the West. The present cost of renewing railroad iron, say the Commissioners of Massachusetts, in their recent report on steel rails, "appreciably increases the danger to life and limb of all railroad travelling, and is one principal element of the increased cost of operating American over English roads." Steel rails, which never wear out, which go to the root of this difficulty, now cost, as is shown in this same Commissioners' report, $63 currency per ton, when laid down in the track across our boundary in Canada, or 20 per cent. less than the price with us of that "vilest trash" which is known abroad as "American rail." At the present price of gold (112) the same steel rails would cost not less than $90 per ton when laid down anywhere within the United States, and the proposed and amended tariff would increase this cost to about $113. Why is this? What does it mean? What is the increase for? Why the change from *ad valorem* to specific duties? Last year, it seems, some 40,000 tons of steel rails were imported from abroad, and some 15,000 tons were manufactured in this country. The demand for them has just begun; the necessity of using them wherever iron rails will not last over five years is only just recognized. Experience has shown that a demand for them, far exceeding the present capacity of this country to supply, will exist even at a cost of $100, in gold, per ton. In 1865 they were purchased at a cost of $142, in gold, per ton.

Why is the future price of this article of prime necessity, which is

to-day put on shipboard in Liverpool at $43 per ton, thus sought to be fixed for the future by law in the United States at not less than $100? The answer is a very simple one; science seemed likely to do something for us in spite of ourselves. It is because a suicidal so-called protection of American industry demands that the ripe results of time shall be excluded from America. In May next what are known as the Bessemer patents expire. The world will then be free to enjoy, untaxed, the results of the great inventor's skill, and steel will replace iron on the railroads of the world—America, of course, always excepted. Here is the key to this change from *ad valorem* to specific duties. When the patent should expire, it was found that steel rails would fall to $40, or less, per ton, and the *ad valorem* duty, exchange, freight, and currency combined could hardly raise them above $70 in the tracks of the United States. Here was an appalling danger. This would never do; steel would become common and the "American rail" be but a name. Life would, indeed, be more secure; but what is life to lucre? Instantly the manufacturers of steel flocked to Washington; the Committee of Ways and Means was manipulated; the cry of "British gold" was raised; the spirit of patriotism was invoked—and not without success. While the duty was *ad valorem*, however indirect it might be, we nevertheless could not but in some degree participate in the advantage which the whole other world was freely to enjoy when the Bessemer patents expired. A duty of 45 per cent. on steel costing $40 per ton was, at any rate, less than the same duty on steel costing $60 per ton. The Committee saw to the closing of that loophole at once. A little change from *ad valorem* to specific instantly put a stop to all ideas of America participating in the benefit of an expired patent. The *ad valorem* duty, after next May, would have amounted to about $18 per ton—a mere bagatelle unworthy of the name of protection! The proposed specific duty of two cents per pound acts free from all such fluctuating measures of value, and affords the American producer something worthy of the name of protection. Well may he, strongly fortified behind this Chinese wall of $45 specific duty per ton, in place of, perhaps, $18 *ad valorem*, laugh at the expiring of patents. To be sure, this means an increased number of railway accidents; it means more Carr's-Rock and Long Island slaughters; more murdering, mangling, and maiming; it means less wheat exported; fewer acres cultivated; a perpetual tax on harvests, and the days of specie payment deferred. It means all of these, and it also means a great deal more. It means trial, and perhaps death, to other branches of American industry entitled to at least as much consideration as are the Moloch-producers of American steel.

There is a time-honored injunction which commands us not only to live, but to let live. It is not much regarded in certain schools of economical thought. If there is one branch of American industry of which we have a right to be proud, it is of our success in the manufacture of edged tools, and those other implements into which steel, the raw material, enters as a principal component. No longer ago than the 5th of February last, the London *Times* made this remarkable admission: "The manufacturers of the United States can import iron and steel from this country at a heavy duty, work up the metal by highly paid labor, and beat us out of the market after all with the manufactured article. . . . The Americans succeed in supplanting us by novelty of construction and excellence of make." This is certainly high commendation. The "heavy duty" here referred to on the raw material used by these ingenious and enterprising fellow-citizens of ours, is the present duty of two and a quarter or three cents per pound, equivalent to $50 and $67 per ton; it is now proposed to raise this to three and a quarter and four cents per pound, or $73 and $88 per ton. One class, indeed, is raised from 30 per cent. *ad valorem* to three and a quarter cents per pound specific, or from $13 to $72 80 per ton—a trifling increase of only 460 per cent. This is protection with a vengeance, but not exactly to American industry. The *Times* need no longer fear that the English manufacturer will be driven out of the market by the American. We have bravely provided against that.

While this process of protecting one industry into a costly life and two others into bankrupt graves is happily going on, it may not be out of place to enquire into the relative value and importance of the interests thus dealt with. The returns of 1867 seemed to indicate that the manufacturers of articles into which steel entered as a principal component were to us of at least thirty times the industrial importance of the manufacturers of steel, the raw material. The books of our leading dealers in steel indicate the same results. To one man engaged in the manufacture of steel, the raw material, there are twelve men engaged in manufactures into which that steel as a raw material must enter as the essential component. These last are those men who through "novelty of construction and excellence of make" have, the *Times* tells us made American tools known the world over. These men, representing our best brain and best muscle—the *élite* of American industry and American enterprise—are to be driven from the markets of the world in the name of protection to American industry. "Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me."

Already, as is well known, the trade-marks of these manufacturers have been more than once pirated in England. The English courts have protected them; the American Committee of Ways and Means proposes to destroy them. We ourselves know that certain large foreign producers of steel have already considered the expediency, in case of the passage of Messrs. Schenck and Hooper's bill of amendments, of importing bodily—trade-marks, reputation, workmen, and all—some well-known American manufacturing concerns, and of thus securing the control of foreign markets; to make, in fact, American edged tools by American workmen and American ingenuity, of the untaxed steel of the Old World, and on European soil. Of course, it is argued and iterated and reiterated that our manufacturers should use American steel; that American steel is a "better article" than the foreign. Most unfortunately, those American manufacturers who have, according to the times, driven the English from the markets of the world, are of a different opinion, both they and their customers. They may be all wrong; they may unquestionably be taught to think as they do by "British gold;" we ourselves are neither steel producers nor manufacturers of steel, and can express no opinion as to whether the course of these individuals and those who buy their wares is dictated by natural perversity or simple corruption. The result is pretty much the same in any case, if they actually lose their markets. They generally know their own business pretty well, as is the case with most men who have achieved marked success. When they say that, under certain circumstances, they must surrender the markets of the world, they are to be presumed to know something of that whereof they speak. With the remedy of some recent legislation in protection of the copper interests still green in memory, we are disposed to believe them. We have heard of meats which were one man's food and another man's poison; we have ourselves witnessed before this many specimens of that protective legislation which may be one man's riches and is certainly ten men's ruin.

THE POLICE OF SOCIETY.

We took the liberty of asking last week whether Collector Grinnell had attended an entertainment given by Mr. James Fisk, Jr. We are very glad to say we have since been informed on the best authority that he was invited to it, but declined. It has been reported for two or three weeks that he, with several others who ought to have known better, had attended it, and if he had, it would certainly have been a great scandal. Our enquiry was not an agreeable one to make, and it was one of a class which we as a rule studiously avoid, but the making of which the code on which a good many "prominent men" of all callings seem disposed to regulate their social action will, we fear, force more and more on the newspapers—that is, if the newspapers are willing to do their duty.

To give an adequate idea of what that code is, and how it works, we shall have to give our remarks a somewhat ponderous, philosophical air, but there is nothing in disquisitions of this kind, as all Congressmen know, like laying the foundations broad and deep. We have more than once called our readers' attention to the fact that the rather old and well-known doctrine, that there is no absolute right or wrong, but that what passes under that name is human convention framed for the comfort and convenience of society—and therefore differs, and properly differs, in different places—has been revived, and is now held extensively by modern French materialists. But then these materialists believe that whatever the origin of the moral code of the community in which

they live, its utility gives it an unanswerable claim on their respect and obedience. They, therefore, hold cheating and stealing to be, if not absolutely wrong, wrong *ad hoc*, and they help society to punish these vices not only by enforcing the law against them, in so far as the law reaches them, but by treating those who are guilty of them with disrespect, and excluding them from their society. Consequently, it cannot be said that France or any other country has suffered any perceptible damage from the new school.

Now, over here it is doubtful whether these opinions are held by any one; they are certainly not preached, but they are extensively *practised*. A large and increasing number of persons act, not as if they believed there was no absolute right or wrong, but as if they thought it was a question on which everybody was not only entitled to have an opinion of his own, but to act in any manner he pleased—which is simply reducing toleration to absurdity. That is, A. discovers that B. steals; but he refrains carefully in his intercourse with B. from indicating in any way that he regards stealing with displeasure. He thinks it wrong himself, but behaves as if he thought that B. was entitled to hold a different opinion about it, and put it into practice. A. will hardly defend himself formally in this way—because this would be an enunciation of the Frenchman's theory, which he, as a church-goer, and perhaps communicant, regards at least with *ex-officio* horror. What he says is that, if we knew all, we should probably find that B. was not so much to blame after all; or that, we all feel that under certain temptations we might steal ourselves; or that, B. "will come out all right in the end," and ought to have a chance; or that there are plenty of others just as bad as he, though not so notorious; or that, since he stole, he has given money to an hospital, or educated a poor boy; or, finally, that if the law does not reach him, A. is not going to do police duty about him. The general result is that B. has just as pleasant a time, and enjoys as much impunity, as if his friends and neighbors held the materialist doctrine in its bald simplicity, and that a crop of rogues of unprecedented enterprise, and audacity, and ingenuity, has grown up all over the country, and is putting in peril every kind of property, not to speak of things more valuable than property.

There are some, nay, a great many, good people who excuse themselves for their failure or neglect to support the moral code in their social intercourse by the plea, that they hate sin but cannot hate sinners, and that while they have a hearty abhorrence of thieving, for the thief they can feel and show nothing but kindness and indulgence. Now there is no fact in human experience better settled than that the mass of mankind are utterly incapable of separating attributes from persons, and dealing out different judgments on each. Such feats of distinction and refinement as this have, perhaps, been performed by persons of extraordinary subtlety of mind, and of settled habits of introspection, contracted and cultivated in contemplative solitude. They are possible, in short, to saints of the old type. They are not possible to the average modern man. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand of those who find a thief pleasant company end by thinking lightly of theft. In the stock market, and caucus, and court-room of our day, the vices have to be personified and embodied in living, breathing, acting liars or knaves to call forth or keep up any dislike of them strong enough to be of the slightest value to society. Moreover, it is one of the well-established laws of moral growth, that virtues can only be cultivated successfully by the active practice of them. It is vain to try to be generous, if we never give; to try to be pitiful, if we never succor; to be forgiving, if we never expose ourselves to receive injuries; to be courageous, if we never approach danger; to be strong, if we never strive. Nothing is easier to acquire, and nothing of much less value after it is acquired, and nothing commoner, than "the fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary." We may therefore push our position further and say, that without the active cultivation of dislike of knaves, dislike of knavery will not long survive, except in rare natures, which will, of course, always be found in every society, but can no more save it or govern it than the flute can sound cavalry calls in action. In life's desperate battle, nothing but the trumpet can keep the ranks closed, and the laggards to their work, and even the trumpet must give no uncertain sound.

Whatever increase of dishonesty there is in commerce to-day, and whatever increase of corruption there is in politics, are due, in a great degree, we firmly believe, not so much to any increase in the bad tendencies of human nature, as to the abandonment or neglect, by those who know the right and love it, of the duty of applying social penalties to those who violate the rules of morality on which the social fabric rests. For much of this laches the philanthropic world is, by one of those strange perversions of which history is full, directly responsible, by giving a forced and unnatural value to such virtues as happened at the moment to be most necessary for their purpose, and making zeal in the performance of one duty atone for shocking disregard of most of the others. The result has been that the moral sense of the very best portion of the community has been, if we may use the expression, thrown out of gear, and one of the most puzzling questions of the day to many people now is to decide who is a rascal and who a saint. Fisk has done many doubtful things, but we have all seen, and all see, men who have done, and are doing, things quite as bad, wearing the halo of sanctity for having done something else that was good, and one can hardly open a party paper, or even a religious paper, without finding some very notorious violator of the principal moral canons spoken of with the greatest respect, all owing to his having had the 'cuteness to practise one or two popular virtues.

There are people who think that we can let the moral judgment get into this flabby condition in private life without evil effects on our politics and on the administration of justice. There never was a greater mistake. Politics is not an abstract idea simply; neither is justice. They really mean for social purposes a certain number of acts performed by a certain number of men. Government is not ground off or law administered by machine. They are both the work of men who hold the ideas and live by the morality of their time, and we cannot get any stronger sense of rectitude, any greater hatred of vice, into the legislature or the jury-room than we have in the market-place. We cannot, in short, if we have respectable merchants taking little suppers with thieves, and cheats and panders occupying high offices of government, expect legislators and lawyers to be very eager in hunting down criminals. If we did expect it, we should be greatly disappointed, for certainly people are not as particular about the company they keep as they were twenty years ago, and accordingly the things which depend on the moral fibre of the community are not what they were twenty years ago—the bench, the bar, the prisons, and the legislatures.

The time may come—heaven send it soon—when every man will be relieved from the duty of sitting in judgment on his neighbor, when the individual conscience will keep the world in order, and every man's weaknesses and errors be left between him and his Maker. But that has clearly not come yet. From the efforts which a great many good men have made to persuade people that it has come, and from the selfish laziness with which so many of us have accepted their conclusions, great evil has resulted. The police of society can never be abandoned by individuals until the wicked cease from troubling. That there are still plenty of knaves, and perhaps more able and astute knaves than ever were seen, still at work, everybody knows. There is hardly a field of human activity which does not contain whole armies of indefatigable scoundrels, and any strong man who embraces them and bids them go their way in peace, has on his soul all the spoiling of the helpless and grinding of the poor which they afterwards commit.

FRANCE.—OLLIVIER VERSUS GAMBETTA.

PARIS, February 11, 1870.*

AGAIN the rolling of drums in the streets, and columns of newspapers filled with details of so-called *émeutes!* Yet, according to my belief, all this, far from being dangerous, is full of healthy signs, for it proves to even the most apprehensive of Parisians that what they are pleased to term "revolution" is thousands of miles distant. Revolution is simply *not* "in the air," and that being the case, all the hooting and shouting and crying of "Vive Rochefort!" in the world will not bring it about. There are many practical reasons for the demise of "revolution" here in France, but the one great one is that it is used up. The French people as a mass, as an overwhelming majority of all classes, are tired of it—they have had enough of it. They have had revolutions of every kind and sort in the last eighty years, and that which any violent movement can achieve has been achieved, and what remains to be got cannot possibly be so by violence, but is pre-eminently a work of time.

It is probable that, had the old French *noblesse* been of a different character, all that has been wrung from them might have been peaceably obtained. It was not so, and to establish equality it is said to have been requisite to cut off men's heads. Well, let that pass. The heads were cut off, and the equality exists so thoroughly that in every serious career the man not noble has a better chance than he who is. (I am not speaking of the vanities and fictions of the world, but of serious and laborious

* The publication of this letter has been delayed.—ED. NATION.

careers.) The next thing after abolishing caste distinctions was to equalize wealth. This has been done with a vengeance. A man starts from his village with a five-franc piece, and in two or three years he is one of the "nouveaux riches" and marries his daughter to a duke, which duke's family receive him and his, and live with them now familiarly. All this has been obtained, and up to a certain point the revolutions of '93 and '30 and '48 are all explicable. Then we come to the *coup d'état* and the stolid, weighty despotism of the Second Empire. This, too, has been got rid of in principle and cannot be revived. But what the so-called "Republicans" of Belleville, or "Socialists," or demagogues, or whatever friends or foes choose to call them, are bawling for is something that all the fighting in the world cannot secure. They ask for the equality that nature wills not; for the equality of the strong with the weak, of the capable with the incapable, of the good with the bad; they ask for the absurd; and that is why they are not dangerous, and why the oftener they get up these small *émeutes* the more they show that the "public" is not with them; that the hard-working public has nothing in common with them.

This is an undoubted gain. I am of those who think Ollivier has made many mistakes; but things have been stronger than his shortcomings, and the "logic of the position," as they say here, has supported him through what would otherwise have been his ruin. It was a great mistake to have demanded the permission to prosecute Rochefort, and, had the situation been other than it is, the Ministry might for such a mistake have paid dearly. But, as I said before, violence is dead for mischief; it may make a noise still, but it is all powder—no ball. After Rochefort's prosecution, the mildness of the sentence passed upon him almost remedied the whole evil, and he was beginning to fade away out of the preoccupations of the public mind when arose the question of his arrest. Here the whole glory was for Gambetta, whose speech is still the event of the day. For the first time, Ollivier has seen both sides of the House join together in attacking what he proposed.

"It is *law* which must be upheld," was the argument of the keeper of the seals; "a man has been condemned, he must be arrested—this is *legal*."

"You will be told that mere legality will kill you," cried the notorious Marquis de Piré, a member of the extreme Right.

"For *Law*, in such cases, substitute *Policy*," said quietly Gambetta. "No one disputes your right to do what you choose, armed, as you are, with a legal sentence. You may, *legally*, commit a tremendous mistake, if you don't perceive that it is one. But what kind of politicians are you, if you do not see what it is *wise* to do, and do it?"

In this tone Gambetta made his entire speech, and produced an impression such as no one else has produced for perhaps half a century. It was concise, sternly eloquent, and went to the real core of the question, which all others had avoided. It is the first time that men of this time in France have heard the language of genuine statesmanship, and the effect was such that the very members of the so-called ministerial majority every now and then broke out into irrepressible applause, and only checked themselves when the reflection came that the speaker was not "one of them." I repeat it: this speech of Gambetta's has been really and truly an event, and helps evidently to show what the tendency of the Chamber must and will be in the proximate future.

The falseness of Ollivier's position has not only now been clearly shown, but the combination that will naturally succeed him shows itself also clearly. Had the new Ministry, which (by courtesy) people call the "Ollivier Ministry," gone straight to work and done the duty to do which it was expressly called to office, it would now have been so strong that the chances are Gambetta, with his vigorous political instinct, would have gone over to it. To have achieved this status Ollivier had but one thing to do: he had to frame and present a new electoral law, or to resign then and there. This kind of resolution lies not in his nature, and he allowed himself to hesitate and "the moment" to escape him.

It was not the "dissolution" that was the measure absolutely necessary—that was a contingency. It was perfectly possible to have kept on the present Chamber for a year, so as not to convulse the country by fresh elections yet, and from the present Chamber obtain the reformed law that would eventually destroy it. It would be by no means the first case of an assembly voting its own destruction simply because each individual conceives that the new and reformed state of things will not be unfavorable to him. Well, then, the reformed electoral law was the one *sine quâ non*. Had Ollivier declared this to the Emperor in the very beginning, he would have kept the control over events in his own hands, for either Napoleon III. would have resisted, and Ollivier, resigning power under these circumstances, would have become the Inevitability of a long future, or the Emperor would have consented (which is almost certain), and Ollivier would have at once reigned, and been able to carry out any good France might require.

Instead of this, what has he done? He has consented to "wait," which is always fatal where despots are expected to aid the liberal ministries forced upon them; and he has drifted into an alliance with the Right, under the threat half implied by M. Thiers, that the Ministry and the majority were distinct. The Left, that is, the men whose secon lary consider ation is the precise form of the government, whether monarchy or republic, so long as there exists self-government—the Left has now manifestly the future in its hands. Either this Ministry, to save itself, will, at the last hour, be obliged to dissolve the Chamber and issue the writs for new elections, under a modified electoral law; or it will try to do as M. Guizot did in 1848, and, in the support of the *status quo*, be itself destroyed, though quite peaceably so. In either case, the Left must inevitably be called in; for any attempt to recede and rely upon M. de Forcade and his colleagues would be simply provisional.

The instant the men who follow (and sincerely obey) Gambetta shall be established in power, the electoral reform will be brought forward, and a genuine new order of things will be inaugurated. But for this really new order of things Ollivier has incapacitated himself, and since Gambetta's speech has thrown its broad, steady light over things and men, it is clear that Ollivier's part is played, and that he himself will be "played out" when he retires from office. He who came in as the advanced member of the Cabinet, as the Minister whose ultra-Liberal tendencies his more routine-loving colleagues dreaded—*he* has so completely descended to their level that, in any defeat now, they would regard him as one of themselves.

"He had not the will for this conjuncture," said an ex-diplomat of him, last night, at the fête of the Hôtel de Ville.

"He has not the chin for it!" added a lady sitting close by. "Look at his profile!" It is true, seen in the strong light of a thousand lamps, Ollivier's side-face had the weak, chinless outline of Maximilian, of Mexican renown!

Correspondence.

AN EXPLANATION FROM THE "LOOKER-ON."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I beg the favor of your columns for some reply which I believe I have to make, on my own account, to the attack of the *Woman's Journal* on the first article entitled "Notes on the Woman's Rights Agitation," already noticed in the *Nation*. And first, dropping the grateful mantle of the plural pronoun, I declare that I am she (persistently called a "he" through one whole column of the *Journal*) who wrote the article alleged to be from the pen of a man darkly plotting with his fellow-conspirators in the editorial chair of the *Nation* to stab the cause of Woman's Rights with a blade awkwardly concealed in the folds of a lady's gown.

With the style of compliment heaped on the assumed performance of this precious masquerader, from the elegant heading of the review, "Barking up the Wrong Tree," through all its fables of "Wolf and Red Riding-Hood," of "beggars, uncertain whether they want cider or water," of "Adam's wife, pitched within and without with pitch"—with these graces of diction I feel too utterly unable to cope to propose to recall them otherwise than as it may be necessary in connection with the charge that has moved me to take up my pen in answer. The *Journal* asserts that I have not uttered a syllable which has any bearing whatever upon the Woman's Rights Agitation. This is the affirmation that I would consider.

When any question is brought before the public, involving wide-reaching issues touching the whole social and civil fabric, is not the presentation of all matters affecting that question clearly in order? With the prominence which this agitation has assumed to-day, I consider, when I now read an essay in any journal, book, or magazine, on divorce, co-education of the sexes, employment for women, masculine and feminine distinctions of character, that I am reading an article bearing on that subject known to the general public under the general name of "Woman's Rights." I consider that, if such article has been recently written, the author wrote it thinking of woman's rights, and expected his readers to read it so. And I, as a daughter of Massachusetts to-day, read such article in the view of some added help towards making up my mind whether or not I shall petition the Legislature of my State for the right to vote.

The platform speakers on this question have their place and time, and their own order of debate—an order, too, by the way, which almost inevitably leads to certain faults glaringly conspicuous to those outside the more or less heated arena where they move. These outsiders may, perhaps, be in considerably more sympathy with the essential convictions of the advocates than these latter imagine, and in the very ratio of such sympathy will be their sensitiveness to all the disfigurements with which the orators injure the common truth, which we, equally with them, would like to see elicited and established.

The present writer is not a platform speaker on woman suffrage; if she were, it would become her bounden duty to make some special studies before having a right to enter on the campaign. But any woman who reflects at all has been making some studies all her life, not without relation to to-day's topic; and if she has a fancy for wielding the pen, she has a right to set forth the results of these, and to expect from those of her own sex whose very claim is for freedom, freedom to speak her mind, however poor a mind it may be, without being arraigned on the most odious of all charges, that of dissembling and playing a part.

If marriage and divorce are not discussed in woman's rights meetings, I do not know what is discussed there. If a strained presentation of the depravity of man and the sainthood of woman—not corresponding by any means to the facts of life, as women know them, whether men do or not—if this is not conspicuous in the harangues of the reformers, I know not what is conspicuous in them. And verily, if the scales have not been sufficiently pulled to one side to justify a rather impetuous jerk to the other, by a hand that has some small impulse to set things even, then there never was partial pleading in this world; and it seemed to me that the criticisms which justice required in this direction were more fitting for women to make than for men. I suppose it may be according to the ideas of the *Woman's Journal* to ask me here, Why did you not call your articles, then, "Views on Divorce," on "Female Genius," etc.? Why take the name of the Cleveland Convention and of Woman's Rights in vain at the outset of your irrelevant disquisitions? I answer, because that identical Cleveland Convention was the very thing that wound us up and set us going on these subjects at all. We were not there, certainly, but you were, having a most particular eye on us, too, as we very soon found out. On us, American women, scattered all over these Massachusetts hills—over the hills and through the valleys of how many other States of this Union—you called with a most direct and personal summons to arise and prepare the way for the chariot of woman's suffrage, and make its paths straight. We should have supposed you would have been glad to know that we had received your circulars, and read them; that some of us had verily begun to take a look at the highway, and see what rubbish was there likely to block your wheels. Certainly we could not be sure all in a moment that this was the very celestial advent to our sex; but a good many of us had wished for an advent of some kind. We had realized some pretty grievous bondages, fetters of the old Past, which this more gracious, enlightened Present might have skill to unclasp, with large gain to us and no damage to the race. This last item, however, we believed was to be taken into the reckoning we had to make; that the final interest of humanity includes *our* best interests; that there was no possibility here of a party cause. This was one of our convictions, fixed as the everlasting hills.

You will say, perhaps, that it is in the strength of that very conviction that you fight, that your creed is that not only individual women, but all women and all men will profit by this change; we do not deny your creed, we listen to much that you say with a good deal more attention than you give us credit for, but—we wish to listen awhile longer, and we hearken to the other side also, and ineffably silly things we hear said there, too, very often. But still, to a firm decision we cannot instantly come; be it from superstition, timidity, or crass stupidity, such is the fact.

The word "neutral," then, so reviled by the *Woman's Journal*, is the word which, in the poverty of speech, must needs represent our position, and is it necessary to explain to intelligences exalted to editorial dignities that neutrality in spiritual things, in matters where the soul wavers between conscience and desire, is one neutrality, and neutrality where the understanding is yet perplexed between a thousand conflicting claims is altogether another? Attention to both sides, a suspense of judgment between the two, is the attitude that foreruns all intelligent choice, and I ask, if we who as yet can sincerely take no other on a most intricate question, are therefore in such brimstone company that we must be called "the devil's allies," over Henry Ward Beecher's head, or anybody's else? As for the sacred Teacher also quoted against us, there is one thing for which we do often groan even in our New England spirit, and that is a small dispensation of Romish priests to nail the Bible up on a shelf so high that its divine meanings can no more be plucked out and twisted into profane wads by every hand that has shot to fire.

Well, it occurred to one member of that nether fellowship, so anathematized of the *Woman's Journal*—it occurred to one of that sulphurous society as absolutely the most obedient thing she could do to the call of the circulars to take up her pen and say—what she did say, in short. This response to the summons you had made not to one, but to all women, might not have the perfect fulness that you desired, but the dead are they who answer not at all; even the sleeping (for we are derided as being asleep, among our other deridings) who talk in their dreams and wander as dreamers do are not the most hopeless of subjects, since they at least show themselves alive enough to mutter. Truly, you might have found some scrap of good omen in the bare fact that we were so far alive to your question as to be thinking it over, after our fashion. It was not a deaf and dumb audience that you wanted, and surely you were not seeking the assent of puppets, since the very claim of your cause is that women are beings endowed with the full complement of human faculties, therefore capable of some independent convictions.

For the rest, I named my remarks mere "Notes;" I stated in their beginning the simple, literal fact as to the circumstances which led to their presentation. I chose for the main topic of the first number a topic more fitting, to be sure, for others to argue than myself, but still chose it because I knew of nothing in the whole range of the discussion which so prejudiced the best of the community against the cause as the oracles continually delivered on it by those who professedly fight under the banners of Woman's Suffrage. I know not what there was therein which wrongly accused any; it had no personal applications, save to exhort the true in this army to repudiate most vigilantly all their bad allies, and to warn such allies that we would none of their abominations.

The *Woman's Journal* held its sublime head above all our disquietudes; verily, it had never heard the rumor before of any of these low things; it described itself as being aware only of "the majestic advance of a conquering host which, officered and engineered by the grandest thinkers and purest moralists of the world, with banners flying, the stately music of a full and accordant band, was pressing on to victory;" and it rapped on the head the simple taker of "Notes" as a being emerging from a back alley, breaking in with a horrid "tin-pan and fish-horn clangor," and shrill reports of "vulgar wrangling and misdeeds" to disturb its ecstatic march of triumph. We are glad the *Woman's Journal* finds the world such a glorified parade-ground. It must be very jolly. We begin to have misgivings lest it dwells in a region of vision into which we cannot ascend. The back alleys, however, have got into our wretched heads as places to which the new law will also require to be fitted—yes, to the back alleys and the front avenues, to the highways and the byways, and for all the feet of the weak and the wicked and the miserable that go up and down them, there must be no new snares laid, even that the strong and the pure may walk in more perfect freedom.

But this imbecile man who writes in the *Nation*, struggling to personate a more imbecile woman, succeeding only in being "incoherent, rambling, weak, illogical, and *unscrupulous*." Alas! how shall the suggestions of such an outcast and desperado hope to be heard. "There is another type of woman abroad in the world now," is the smashing supplement to the above string of adjectives, with which we are finally remanded to the depths from which we had dared to arise. Yes, we should say that nobler "type of woman" *was* abroad—very far abroad indeed—out probably on that tremendous training show—most certainly not at home in the editorial chair of the *Woman's Journal* on the day when "Barking up the Wrong Tree" was written.

LULU GRAY NOBLE.

WILBRAHAM, MASS., Feb. 24.

PERSONAL REPRESENTATION AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article of February 3 upon "Personal Representation," you express your surprise that I should take exception to your identifying the New York plan with the "theory of delegation." But at the end of your article you admit that any system of minority representation which will enable "the railroad interest or what not to combine to run in a member" is "just what we want." As this grants all that I could claim, I must conclude that I misapprehended the scope of your original criticism upon this point.

You now say that you had supposed the "theory of delegation" to be

the "peculiar merit claimed for the New York plan; why else should one member of a legislative body have double the voting power of another, if not because he is supposed to reflect the wills and opinions of double the number of votes?" My answer to this is, because we hold (and I shall now indicate the grounds of our belief) that, by giving to legislators the power of voting in proportion to the number of their constituents, we should greatly improve the chances of *securing the presence in the Legislature of members of the highest character*. You will admit that this is the real aim to be sought after in any project of representative reform. Mere numerical symmetry is of comparatively small importance; nay, such symmetry, I am convinced, would be purchased at quite too dear a rate by the adoption of any of the numerous plans of minority representation with small districts. These projects are mostly so contrived that they would practically result in the election *only* of the candidates nominated by the party managers on each side; and as it would be provided by the system that each party should be assured of electing its numerical proportion of members, the people would lose the advantage they now have in the competition of the two parties for each district. For my part, I prefer to bear the ills we have rather than experiment with any new plan which clings to the "small district system." It is the consciousness of the tenacity with which this system is rooted in popular favor that has made many of us unwilling to urge any practical change in the plan of representation, until discussion shall have demonstrated to the public the necessity of yielding its prejudices upon this point.

The most essential feature of a good representative system is, then, that it shall ensure the presence in the Legislature of the highest attainable stamp of men, and I have indicated why most of the plans proposed would leave us no better off, or even worse off than at present, in this regard. It remains, therefore, for me to point out what would be the practical advantage of the New York plan in this respect.

Supposing that the New York plan were now adopted, I would engage that the opening of the fall campaign should see at least two of the foremost men in this State proposed as candidates for the Legislature—men of such personal character, such recognized standing, such well-known abilities—in a word, men so esteemed by all, that each of them would go to Albany as the trusted representative of at least fifty thousand voters. Such men, if once thus enlisted in the public service, would never leave it, save by their own desire. Their conduct of public affairs at Albany might be such as to increase or to diminish the number of voters by whom they would be returned at the succeeding election, but they would run no risk of being "left out in the cold" by the petty manœuvres of a nominating convention at the next canvass. In the Legislature itself they would sway the influence not merely of the large number of votes entrusted to them, but likewise the perhaps greater authority which they would exercise by their presence and their character. They would carry with them what is known among Quakers as "the weight of the meeting;" and I think you will agree that it would be found in practice to be a point of trivial importance whether they gave their votes according to the number of their constituents, "in all divisions," or only "in all votes by yeas and nays." How many a silly or fraudulent project would wither at a word from one of such members of the Legislature!

Now, we claim that our plan would give us not merely two members, but many members of a character corresponding more or less with this ideal. The power and influence which a really first-class man would wield under our system, and the security of tenure he would enjoy, would be such as to justly attract the ambition of men of the highest order.

You will allow that it is no just criticism to allege that in a Legislature chosen on our plan, Mr. Sweeny, Mr. Tweed, the Erie clique, and the Twenty-third Street gang would all be represented. Of course, they would be there, but they would be represented only by the numerical strength of such a number of voters (large at the first elections) as might be induced to give their ballots to candidates nominated under such auspices, when really first-class men of both parties were in the field. And these candidates, when elected to the legislative chambers, would find themselves under the vigilant eye of a class of men to whose supervision (except through agencies like the public press) they have hitherto been strangers.

We shall be accused of extravagance in such prognostications, but to us it seems a practical truth that first-class men can best be secured for our legislatures by offering to their ambition such inducements of great power and fixed tenure as our plan contemplates. You will observe likewise that both the quantity of power thus swayed, as well as the fixity of tenure, are wholly dependent upon the approval of each legislator by the people at large, and are entirely independent of the machinery belonging to any political party.

We further believe that, setting aside all the minor disadvantages of the other plans of representative reform, they will all be found immeasurably inferior to ours in this essential point; for, to state our case in its weakest form, it is undeniable that our plan gives the people at least a chance (whether they choose or not to exercise it) to elect such men as I have described, and we think it equally clear that, as a practical question, such men will rarely be found willing to spend the winter in Albany, representing only a small constituency, and struggling to assert their influence amid a crowd of inferior men, each with equal legislative power.

We want to see in our legislative body many men of *at least* the character and ability possessed by our late senator, Mr. Folger—men who, when nominated by their friends, would be sure of polling a great vote without any assistance from political arts or any need of a canvass. We want to arm these men with the power, not of any restricted constituency, but of all those citizens who respect and trust them. We want to free them from all dependence upon any nominating convention for re-election. All these objects would certainly be most desirable, and we believe that they would be most certainly attainable by our plan.

One of the New York Personal Representation Society.

THE TARIFF ON BOOKS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your comments on my communication—"Ideas by the Pound"—in the *Nation* for March 3 would seem to require a few words in reply. In common, I suspect, with most of your readers, it never occurred to me that your previous articles on the projected book tariff were directed merely against a little tract which summarized the arguments in favor of a specific rate of 25 cents per pound. The *Nation* is so little in the habit of erecting windmills to tilt at, that I think I was justified in asking your attention to the discrepancies between your remarks and the rates actually proposed by the Committee of Ways and Means, together with the details of those urged by the publishers, all of which were accessible to you. They can hardly be called "totally irrelevant" to the discussion of the subject.

You must allow me to assert that my calculations were "vitiated" by no "curious error." I showed that the proposed rate of 25 cents per pound would leave a profit of 73 per cent. between the cost in London and the wholesale price in America of Bohn's Libraries, though, by the importers' own showing, on these books the proposed rate would make an increase of duty double that which would arise on the average of books. Whether the English publisher would secure the whole of this himself by dealing, as many do, direct with jobbers and retailers here, or whether he would divide it with an American importer, is a matter of the smallest possible concern either to the argument or the public. A business which pays 73 per cent. is not going to be abandoned because a proposed change in the tariff may reduce its profit to that figure from 172 per cent., and, therefore, such a change cannot be termed "prohibitory" or "ruinous" in either an absolute or a "relative" sense.

It appears to me that you accept the statements of the importers with very little of the scrutiny which you bestow on the arguments of the publishers. Thus, you quote without examination, to show that no additional protection is needed, a calculation of the importers' memorial which fixes at 55 cents the cost of manufacture in America of a volume similar to those in Bohn's Libraries, when that calculation not only underrates the cost of paper and print, but actually omits altogether the outlay for composition or stereotyping—an item which your printer's bills must probably have shown you to be a most important element in the cost of publication. In the very article in *Old and New* on which you comment, you might have seen a calculation, including all expenses, which shows that on an ordinary edition such a volume would cost the American manufacturer $1 02 if a reprint, and, of course, considerably more if an original copyright work.

Permit me, in turn, to point out a "curious error" which "vitiates" the statement you have endorsed as to the enormous increase of duty consequent upon the specific rate of 25 cents—an increase asserted in the *Nation* and the importers' memorial to range from 41 to 200 per cent., and to average 96 per cent. You quote the "heaviest importers of Bohn's Libraries" to the effect that it is exceptional for the London publishers to give "a discount even approaching 50 per cent." Now, if you will examine the importers' memorial, you will see that in *every instance* the existing *ad valorem* duty is calculated on an assumed discount of 50 per cent., and

that all its assertions of increased duty under the specific rate are based on this assumed existing valuation of 50 per cent. Which are we to believe—the assertion in the *Nation* of March 3 or the assertion in the *Nation* of Feb. 24—the importers' communication to you, or the importers' memorial to Congress? A PUBLISHER.

[If "A Publisher" is satisfied that his charge of "blind denunciation" was unwarranted, we shall not press the irrelevancy of remarks made in support of such a charge. We fail to see how, on his part, he has disposed of the "curious error" we pointed out, or why it is "of the smallest possible concern," in a calculation touching the profits of *American* importers (who certainly have some rights that American publishers are bound to respect), whether or not they are to be identified with the English manufacturers, whose customers merely they are. The assumed cost of making a book in this country such as one of Bohn's, which was set down in the memorial, we had the less hesitation in accepting because, apart from our faith in the honesty of the authors of it, we knew them to be large manufacturers as well as importers. In a dispute of this nature we do not profess to take part as experts; but we can understand the memorialists when they tell us that they omitted the cost of composition and stereotyping (in a word, the cost of making plates) because, first, no publisher would undertake to reprint a foreign work which he did not think would pay for the plates, and, secondly, because the plates, once made, become a part of the capital stock, and are properly reckoned so in the accounts of every publishing house. If this were not the case—if the plates of a book are to be considered as sunk—then we should probably see "A Publisher" giving them away to the first applicant, after the sale of the edition. So far would he be from doing this, that he would sell them for as nearly what they cost him as he could get—realizing two prices for them: that recovered by the sale of the edition, and that obtained from the subsequent purchaser of them. "A Publisher" may perhaps remember that Mr. Abraham Hart, of the firm of Carey & Hart, made himself nearly a millionaire by the sale of his plates alone. The estimate of *Old and New* divided the cost of plates between an edition of 2,500; but it is easy to see that this is quite arbitrary, and that we have only to suppose a case in which the sale of a reprint reaches ten, twenty, or thirty thousand—as it might—to have the cost of the plates reduced practically to nothing. This element, therefore, is properly eliminated from the calculation, as is that other item of "advertising and editors' copies" inserted by *Old and New*. If it is permitted to introduce such variable quantities as these, exact computation becomes impossible, as a book may be made to cost anything. They really are no more in place than would be salaries and store expenses. If it is objected that the cost of the plates might not be recovered, the answer would be that neither tariffs nor any other contrivance ought to shield men from the consequences of bad judgment, and consequently mistaken investments. Finally, the importers assure us that they can make for 36 cents the same kind of book which, out of liberality towards their opponents, they rated at 55—of course excluding the plates, for the reasons given above. And as to the alleged discrepancy between the memorial and the *Nation*, on the point of discount, it is simply necessary to state that both are right; the memorial resting its estimates on 50 per cent. discount, because the Government consents to admit books at one-half the valuation, while the fact remains that this is a discount rarely granted on the other side to American importers. We may add that this is but another instance of the fair and generous dealing of the memorial.—ED. NATION.]

PROTECTION FOR LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was much interested in the article and correspondence on book-taxing in the last number of the *Nation*. The encouragement of American literature by cutting off the foreign means of culturing Americans is truly worthy of the spirit of "protection." So absurd and extravagant do the claims become, that one finds it difficult, without second thought, to tell who are treating the subject ironically and who are not.

Once the dogma of protection takes hold, the mind becomes *enthused;* and for the mental infirmity which supervenes there appears to be no remedy. As in the admission of "spiritual control," there is no stopping till the entire mind is given up as an instrument for the supernal powers to play on; so in the admission of "protection," there is no stopping till there is a universal clamor of all competitive interests for legislative assistance. Each virtually insists that all the others shall be taxed for its own behoof as an indispensable condition of national prosperity. Nothing can be trusted to its own natural vigor. America is assumed to be the weakest of all places on earth, and nothing can thrive here without protection. Even its republicanism must be protected by a tax on foreign ideas. God's law of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, is utterly ignored. There is not the least symptom of consciousness that such a law in nature and life exists now or ever has existed.

In view of the great and pressing need of protection for superexcellent things nowadays, we are led to wonder how ever the geological world got along for so many million years before man came to invent "protection." Indeed, it was for want of this very thing that the saurian supremacy of a very ancient age went down! When those big lizards began to grow weak, and foreign forms, though it may be of a higher type, but foreign nevertheless, began to obtrude on saurian territory, then there was need for protection; but, alas, there was none; and the world and its peopling grew better and better through the workings of a simple law—the survival of the fittest!

Your readers need not be told that this applies to literature; the strongest will survive. If the Government is spoiling for business, let it foster freedom and honesty in the book trade; and publishers and literary men could not do better than cultivate a higher standard of justice in estimating the relative merits of authors as an offset to the prejudice of clique and country. The universal struggle for literary existence demands an "open field and a fair fight."

Do what we will we cannot equalize the chances of individuals. Some of us are poor and have families to support. Our tastes may not attract us to that kind of literature which is in popular demand, and which "pays." We must live where we can most readily earn a living. Hence, we cannot settle around the great libraries and centres of learning. We are compelled to buy the books we use. We want German, French, and English authorities; but our paternal Government steps in and says, "You must pay me first for the privilege." Our misfortune is we are poor, and we bewail anew the fate of poverty in this plain republican country of ours.

A student well known to the writer has special tastes for anthropological studies. There are few American books on the subjects in which he is most interested; the English, French, and especially the German works of most use to him are not sufficiently popular to justify republication in this country, and the consequence is, if he gets them, he must send abroad for them. How else are to be had most of the anthropological works of Huschke, Welcker, Vogt, Wagner, Bischoff, Büchner, and the like? The contemplated tariff imposes a special tax on our student's intellectual tastes, and, because he is poor, it ordains starvation for his brains. He has waited for the appreciation of our currency, so he could afford to take foreign scientific papers, and has now ordered four from the old countries for the current year—ought he to weight them down with gold for somebody's protection before he is allowed to read them?

But what of all this? The fault cannot be in "protection," for protection is the *sine quâ non* of all thrift. The fact is our student has no business to be poor, no business to live away from libraries and have a family to support, no business to love studies that don't pay in available cash; in short, he has no business to be a student at all.

The great trouble with America is not that our bookmakers are not encompassed round about with a bulwark of protection. The trouble lies deeper. The taste for culture of the more solid sort is not yet sufficiently prevailing. There are too few interested in the higher bearings of scientific study to warrant the republication in this country of the solidest of foreign books even when there is no cost for copyright. Hence, to make it more difficult by means of legislation for poor students to obtain such books, is only another instance of the injustice which legislation, under unctuous names, may be made to subserve. The effect of the contemplated tariff regulation would be to cut off a part of the very best literature of the world, thus excluding our people from the rightful means of a deeper and nobler culture. We are not to have free use of all the means of catching up and keeping pace with Germany, France, and England. No; it is contemplated to "canton a little Goshen" for ourselves, that our literature shall drivel eternally. A COUNTRY WRITER.

March 4, 1870.

[We believe the sober protectionists do not contemplate raising the

duty on books in foreign languages; but the wild men, of course, must believe that American institutions run as much risk from Continental ideas as from English ones, and to be consistent ought to keep them out by taxation also. The position in which their demands present the United States to the world would be a painful, if it were not a ludicrous, spectacle.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce as ready for immediate delivery Volume II. of the Journal of the American Social Science Association. From some knowledge of its contents, we can say of it that it more than sustains the promise of the first volume, and has the double character of a periodical that may be read with interest and a work of reference to be carefully preserved. The body of it consists of the papers read at the General Meeting in this city last October, almost every one of which was of first-rate excellence, and even authority, and which together covered a large part of the field of social science. These are followed by an editorial survey of the year, remarkable for its comprehensiveness, both in domestic and in foreign matters; and the points thus grouped together are again separately developed in contributions from specialists in the various branches of reform. Among the tables inserted are the statistics of the libraries in the United States (taken from the Boston Public Library's report), the list of lectures in the several faculties at the University of Berlin, and the statistics of the people's banks in Germany. Finally, the bibliography of the year, so far as it relates to social science, is given with some approach to completeness.——The same house has nearly ready an "Annual Catalogue of Books" for 1869—the first published here in many years. It contains, in a corrected and enlarged form, the very complete monthly lists of their *Trade Circular and Literary Bulletin* for the year just elapsed, with a supplement to cover unavoidable deficiencies; but the obvious inconvenience of the arrangement is removed by two indexes, very laboriously prepared—the one, alphabetical, of every author or book; the other classified according to topics, with alphabetical arrangement under each head. The body of the Catalogue gives full particulars of size, price, place of publication, and publisher's name of each book. Should this deserving experiment be sustained by the trade and the public, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce their intention to make their next Catalogue alphabetical throughout, disregarding the division into months. We trust they will receive the requisite encouragement.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish on the 12th Gail Hamilton's "Battle of the Books," which, under fictitious names, undertakes to set forth a controversy between this lively authoress and her former publishers, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. This roundabout mode of assault is consistent with Miss Dodge's severe literary impersonality or pseudonymousness; but whether it will answer her purpose as well as she anticipates may be doubted.——The First, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth Maine Regiments (Tenth Battalion) have formed a common organization, which embraces all who served in either of them, and intend to publish their history in a single book, which the secretary of the association, Major John M. Gould, of Portland, is to compose. While waiting for those memoirs of general officers, which we spoke of the other day as so desirable, we shall welcome regimental histories, as at least the next best material for the comprehensive war history that will probably not be written till the army of survivors has largely reinforced the army of the dead.——We receive too late for examination a "Catalogue of the Library belonging to Mr. John A. Rice, of Chicago," prepared by Messrs. J. Sabin & Sons, of 84 Nassau Street, this city, for the auction sale which is to take place on Monday afternoon, March 21, and the five following days, at the rooms of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., 694 and 696 Broadway. We can only say now that the Catalogue is in itself worthy of permanent preservation, being admirably printed on fine paper, and that the collection is one of the finest ever offered here.

—In our notices of the March magazines last week, accidental omission was made of two, which we may here repair. *Old and New* being still in its infancy, it is scarcely yet time to say much about it. Thus far it has been noticeable for its Unitarianism and for a sort of hop-skip discursiveness rather than for anything else—unless indeed we think of its cover, which is so neat and pretty that the reading matter under it would have to be specially good to be better in its way than the cover is in its way. The characteristic of *Old and New* which is at once noticeable and of good promise to the reader is the "Record of Progress"—a certain number of pages filled with what we may call social science. This month it has short articles on the proposed museum of art in Boston; on the scheme of the Riverside Improvement Company of Chicago; on the Tosti collection of engravings in the Boston Public Library; on the various public works in Chicago; on a certain "free religious" society at the Cape of Good Hope; on the Lilienthal Hebrew-Unitarian movement in Cincinnati; on Sunday in its relations to society; on some recent discoveries in America of remains of prehistoric animals; and on some of the national legislation of this past winter. A little less variety of topics, if that be necessary for a more exhaustive presentation and discussion of those selected for mention, would seem to be desirable if this department of *Old and New* is to do as much good and be as interesting as it might. "The Examiner" is the title given to that part of the magazine devoted to reviews of new books, and the separate notices in this number are well done. The general character of the department is, however, so exclusively religious and Unitarian that we should suppose it would be easy to make "The Examiner" a great deal more attractive to the majority of the people who will buy it. Of the articles in the body of the number before us none is excellent. The pleasantest is that entitled "In Search of a Climate," which has in it some invalid groaning and growling which is good, though perhaps the evident genuineness of it may offend some nervously sensitive people. The most instructive paper is doubtless Mr. J. H. Trumbull's essay on the Algonquin word "manit" or "manitou," in which the author appears to dispose very conclusively of the notion that the Indians had any clear conception of "The Great Spirit" whom the missionaries used to say that our unaided child of nature had thought out for himself. Mr. Sidney Andrews's account of the operations of the Bureau of Education is also worth having, and connects itself closely with the "Record of Progress"—the portion of *Old and New* which, as we have suggested, seems to furnish the best justification for the existence of the magazine. The only seriously bad articles are Mr. A. D. Mayo's helter-skelter talk about "Religion in Schools," and an equally wild-headed argument (anonymous) in favor of our getting a truly American literature by keeping American men of letters in ignorance of what non-resident men of letters are thinking and saying. There is also some tolerably bad poetry by Dr. Parsons and Mr. Paul Hayne.

—The new *Harper's* is not only good in its own approved way but also has one or two things which will repay the attention of a class of readers who do not habitually read this most popular of the magazines. Mr. M. D. Conway's second article on the Isle of Wight discourses of John Sterling, and contains an excellent long letter by Professor F. W. Newman, who was Sterling's most trusted friend, and who appears to have known him better and appreciated him more exactly than his biographer, Carlyle. Certainly one or two of the biographical strokes which he makes in the letter just mentioned are not equalled by anything in Carlyle's "Life." "What he admired most in some ladies who tried to evangelize him in illness was, he said, 'their timid omniscience.'" This is only one sentence, but it throws as much light on Sterling's intellectual and spiritual nature as any dozen pages of the biography, as we remember that work. It is, however, as a whole that the letter has its value. Of Keats, too, our traveller has something to say; and of course it would not be Mr. Conway's way to go down to the neighborhood of Faringford and not present letters to the poet-laureate. How well that very extremely thin-skinned gentleman will be pleased with his visitor's garrulity we think we could guess. And indeed he seems to be rather sharp in his generation in doing what he can to discourage people who know him from telling too precisely what manner of man he is. "Mrs. Henry Taylor told me," says Mr. Conway, "that she was one of a party with whom Tennyson went to see some grand naval review at Spithead, and that Tennyson seemed to be really hurt at every gaze fixed upon him. 'See those people there—they are looking at us now.' 'Yes,' laughed the lady, 'and we are looking at them.'" Another contribution to the March *Harper's* which will be found profitable and pleasant is Mr. Curtis's criticism of the new comedy "Ours," now playing at Wallack's, and the same writer's remark on Mr. Jenkins and on letters of introduction reminds us to say, what we might say every month, that if the next generation of Americans are very full of good manners it is Mr. Curtis that they will have to rise up and bless. It is not always easy to forgive so very much sweetness of temper as Mr. Curtis inevitably shows, but certainly it stands him in good stead in the "Easy Chair" which he regularly wheels over so many corns.

—The Rev. Dr. McClintock, President of Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, N. J., died last week at the too early age of fifty-six. He was

a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania in 1835, and from that time up to the day of his death was actively engaged in intellectual pursuits, as professor of mathematics and subsequently of Greek and Latin in Dickinson College, at Carlisle, then (1848–1856) as editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist church in this city (1857-60), of the American chapel at Paris during the war, and finally (1867) as the head of the newly-founded institution first-named. He filled all these positions with usefulness and lustre, and especially was able to render great services to the American cause in Europe when it was sadly in need of friends. His scholarship was of a high order. He was one of the translators of Neander's "Life of Christ," and a co-laborer with Dr. Strong in the "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," a novel and important work, which he leaves unfinished. Dr. McClintock's personal character secured him the esteem of all who knew him, and socially, as well as in professional walks, he will be greatly missed and sincerely lamented. It was during his professorship, and probably about the year 1847, that his humanity was enlisted in behalf of a fugitive slave whose case caused some excitement in the border neighborhood of Pennsylvania, and the manifestation he then gave of anti-slavery sentiment, before the public conscience had been stirred by the Fugitive Slave Law, exposed him to odium and even to persecution. The event, perhaps, had some share in his subsequent advancement; but it was none the less a test and proof of his manhood, than which he has probably bequeathed none finer to his children.

—The Maine Historical Society has lost its foremost member, Hon. William Willis, of Portland, a connecting link between the last century and the present, combining the best characteristics of each. He was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1794, was fitted at Exeter for Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1813. For two years he practised as a member of the Suffolk bar, and after that removed to Portland, where he spent the remainder of his days. For twenty years he was law partner of the late Senator Fessenden. He joined the Maine Historical Society some time between 1822–31, and was first its recording secretary and afterwards its president. In 1831–32 he published a history of Portland, supervised the issues of the Society's collections in 1847 and 1853, and the publication last year of Dr. J. G. Kohl's account of the discovery of Maine, to which he contributed the Introduction. Works of his not published in connection with the Society were: 1849, a new edition of the journals of Parson Smith and Dr. Deane; 1863, a history of the courts and lawyers of Maine—a very elaborate work; 1865, a new and enlarged edition of his "History of Portland." Says the Portland *Advertiser:*

"During all this time he was a frequent contributor to the journals of the city. Methodical and regular in all his habits, he had collected a vast fund of biographical and genealogical information, all carefully arranged and available at a moment's notice. He seemed at last to accept it as a duty to write obituary notices from time to time, and if by accidental absence or illness he was prevented, apologized as punctually as if he had been a salaried writer, though the employment of the greater part of his long life was really for the public benefit without fee or reward."

All this occupation did not prevent Mr. Willis from taking part and even the initiative in politics, in business enterprises, and in public charities. He was elected Mayor of Portland in 1857, and in 1868 had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by Bowdoin College. The "Bibliography of Maine" was the work he had last proposed to himself, and in the midst of which he died, retaining the full vigor of his faculties to the last.

—"An Author," whose letter to the Boston *Advertiser* we criticised a fortnight ago, writes us to say that we have fallen into a great error in ignoring the practical side of the book-making and tariff controversy, besides misunderstanding his particular views as expressed in the letter referred to; and as for the pamphlet, "England's New Colony," he sums it up with the statement that "it aimed not at an exclusion of English books with English ideas, but at giving American books with American ideas a fair chance; and it deprecated a tendency in the book market which looks to a transfer of our book stores to the London publisher." He will be glad to learn that want of space alone prevented us last week from considering what he calls the "material influences on literature." In fact, two pages of his pamphlet were devoted to the "taxes on book-manufacture." From these it appears that the type-metal, or the type itself, if imported, pays a duty of twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem;* the plaster for stereotyping, a duty of twenty per cent.; the various acids, metals, etc., used in electrotyping, duties ranging from ten to thirty-five per cent.; the ink, a duty of thirty per cent.; the material of the rollers, twenty per cent. (glue), and eight cents on the gallon (molasses); "the coal which raises steam in his [the manufacturer's] taxed engine, to drive his taxed presses, has paid either forty cents per ton," or else, as Mr. Edward Harris complained the other day in the *Tribune*, is loaded with the cost of transportation from the mines whose owners have kept out the cheaper foreign article. The binder must then pay thirty-five per cent. duty on his boards and on his cloth; forty per cent. on his thread and twine; twenty per cent. on his glue, and a duty on gold-leaf; and, in short, "every American book, by the time it reaches its reader, may fairly be estimated to have paid an average of forty several imposts," of one kind and another, but principally in the shape of duties. That is to say, the book industry exhibits in a striking manner the secondary effects of the tariff upon interests quite remote from those in whose favor it was devised—effects which would never have been known in their full extent and variety, or even suspected, by the public but for Mr. Wells's researches, and which, when made known, have done more, we venture to think, than all other facts or arguments to reveal the contradictory working of a protective tariff, and to increase the sentiment favorable to free-trade. The book-makers, having thus contributed their statistics in support of Mr. Wells's, proceed to furnish another illustration of the insatiableness of protection; and, instead of seeking to mitigate the excesses of the tariff under which they labor—by compelling the Lake Superior mining interest, for example, to relinquish the duty on copper and its sulphate, either wholly or for something lower—they demand additional taxation of rival but legitimate American enterprises, and so enhance the prohibitory tendency of the tariff. But what is to be the end of this sort of thing?

—As all the world knows, Mr. H. R. Revels is a colored man whom the Legislature of reconstructed Mississippi has sent up to the Senate. And as all the world knows, Mississippi is the State which, in the days before the flood, sent to the Senate Mr. Jefferson Davis. When it became certain that Mr. Revels would be admitted, there was at once a curious display of that appetite for the rhetorical which possesses the Congressman: Mr. Revels must not only be allowed to take his seat, but he must be put into the self-same chair and at the identical desk in which and under which "the perjured head of the slaveholders' rebellion" used to sit and used to stretch his legs. And if there is any of our readers, young or old, who cannot sit down and write out a specimen flight of the eloquence we should regularly have heard from certain honorable senators had "this striking act of poetic justice" been done, we disown such reader and advise him to begin his studies over again. As it happens, it was not done. The chair formerly occupied by Davis is now occupied by the Traitor Ross, of Kansas. We suppose we may call him the Traitor Ross; he prevented Honest Old Ben from going into the White House, and Mr. Seymour too. This Ross declined to give up his desk. It is a refusal which, as one of his colleagues civilly remarked, was to have been expected: "Where else should the man sit who saved Andrew Johnson except in the seat of Jefferson Davis?" The wonder is not so great after all that the gods are not fond of "poetic justice," and latterly have given it up to the correspondent and the upper galleries of his Thespian temples.

—Gentlemen who expect to be engaged in "popularizing science" next winter might do worse than put themselves into communication with Professor Richards, of Chicago. As we see him reported in the Chicago papers, he has nothing to learn from Dr. John Lord himself; he appears to be competent to instruct any of the apprentices to "the platform." Hydrogen was Professor Richards's subject last Friday week, as we learn from the *Republican*, and he began by remarking to his numerous audience that he would introduce this gas as the Matter Queen. She might properly be introduced as the Water Queen, or as the Fire Queen; but inasmuch as it was in her alliance with Oxygen, the Matter King, that her regality was most manifest, it was as the Matter Queen that he would ask for her the attention of his hearers. He then proceeded to "present hydrogen in the remarkable properties of extreme levity and inflammability, and playfully defended her from the charge that these qualities were unqueenly." Next came "an exciting account of Messrs. Glaisher and Williams's celebrated ascent in 1862," and the display of some models of balloons. "His description of the nuptials of King Oxygen and Queen Hydrogen in the beginning was very thrilling," the reporter says, but he omits to quote the lecturer's language. In the course of the evening Mr. Richards instructed his hearers as to some of the lighter uses of science: "Remarkable imitations were given of mourning cats, and of the cries of fallen angels," and, as if this were not entertainment enough, the professor mimicked "the plaint of a Bridgeport Romeo, followed by the splash of a bucket of liver," and illustrated "the effect of hydrogen on the voice by means of his assistant, whose remarks sounded like the lucubrations of a hand-organ." The more one hears about it, the more one is moved to enquire anxiously how near its end is our American lecture system.

MODERN RUSSIA.*

THE author of the book before us remarks very truly, in one of his chapters, that "few can surmount the difficulties which a work written by a Russian about Russia must present to German, English, or French readers; *they do not know the premises from which every book starts that is produced by a Russian mind.*" All travellers who visit Russia find the same difficulty in getting true impressions, and it is only by a long residence and constant intercourse with all classes of people that this can be overcome. Even their books and narratives leave very different impressions on the reader who has never been in Russia and on one who has made the country an object of study. But it is equally true that it is necessary to know something of the premises from which any book starts which concerns Russia; for, though the author may write without *animus*, everything depends on the way he will be likely to see things. In this case, for instance, the reader should never forget that Dr. Eckardt is a native of the Baltic Provinces; that he was for a time editor of the Riga *Gazette;* and that, being deeply mixed up with the Baltic polemics, and violently opposed to the spread of Russian ideas and institutions, and charged with intrigues with Prussia, he left Riga and established himself in Germany. This does not imply any intentional distortion—we merely show the color of the spectacles through which he looks.

It is not difficult to expose the argument which underlies the different parts of the book. Under the reign of Alexander II., Dr. Eckardt would demonstrate that Russia is a prey to all sorts of wild socialistic and democratic theories, and that all the reforms are illusory, of bad effect, and of wrong theory, as giving up the whole direction of affairs to the middle and lower classes and taking it away from the aristocrats—the natural governing class. In the chapter on communism, we are taught the bad effect of the agrarian theories now predominant in Russia, and their absolute opposition to civilization. The article on the Greek Church aims to show the incapacity of the Russian for religious development and religious freedom; and, finally, in the concluding part we are treated to a glowing picture of the Baltic provinces, with the feudalism and dark shades put clean out of sight, and we naturally agree that it is an outrage to reduce so much enlightenment—"the outwork of Western civilization"—to the combined dangers of tyranny, anarchy, and socialism.

In spite, however, of his tendencies, Dr. Eckardt has produced an interesting and, in many respects, a valuable book, because it contains accounts of events, like the literary agitation in Russia and the Austrian propagation of dissent, which have never been so well set forth to Western ears, and details which are unknown even to many who live in Russia. If the reader will continually bear in mind the peculiar position of Dr. Eckardt, he will hardly fail to be benefited by the perusal of his work.

One of the strangest parts in the history of the present reign is the Russian uprising in 1863, called out by the Polish insurrection. It is only a new example of how an external attack will unite an internally divided nation, and how an interference by foreign powers in the domestic policy of a government strengthens its power and brings about a reaction on its side. At that time, as we remarked last week, Hertzen and his *Kolokol* exerted a tremendous sway on opinion in Russia—a sway so great that even the simplest story of it seems like a dream. The very silence with which the Government ignored him seemed to add to his power. At the height of his influence he took sides with the Poles, and at once his power ceased. Katkoff, a former professor in the Moscow University, and then editor of the *Russian Messenger* and of the Moscow *Gazette*, attacked him openly in his journal, on the ground that his efforts would tend to destroy the country. It was the first time that Hertzen's name had been publicly mentioned for years, and the revulsion in feeling was wonderful. It was not merely the attack which ruined him, nor the fact that he took sides with the Poles; but the Russians began to see that they were getting a free press at home, where they could express their ideas and their wants, and the need of the London organ was gone. The *Kolokol* ceased to be brought over the frontier, or only in rare copies, and Hertzen had from that time till the day of his death not an iota of influence in Russia. His paper was soon published in French for the benefit of foreigners; and, when he died the other day, all the Russian press noticed his death as that of an agitator who had done immense good, but had never sympathized with the true needs of the country. The Moscow journalist rose in power; and when he came out with his series of articles calling on all men and all parties to unite and crush the rebellion, he arrived at a more enormous influence than any subject in Russia had ever possessed—a great part of which he still possesses. His word was almost law. At that moment, too, the despatch of Prince Gortchakoff, in which he snubbed England and France for their threats of interference, thrilled all Russia, and gave him that personal popularity which he has never lost. All parties united; the nobles, discontented by the emancipation, stilled their cries for more reforms and ceased to ask for a parliament. The very motions which had been received with enthusiasm in the nobility assemblies but a few months before, were voted down by immense majorities. All forces were joined to strengthen the hands of the Government, and the untimely sympathy of England for constitutional government in Poland retarded it in Russia for maybe fifty years.

All this has been tolerably well set forth and explained by Dr. Eckardt, but he has not given Mr. Katkoff the credit for sincerity which he deserves. Katkoff's persistent efforts to Russify the Western and the Baltic Provinces have caused him, as well as Samarin and Aksakoff, to be regarded by the Germans, and by most people abroad, as a socialist and revolutionist. Dr. Eckardt and other Baltic politicians are sincere on one side, but cannot understand sincerity on the other. Katkoff is a mild and amiable man, acting only from a sense of right, and as sincere in his belief as any of our oldest anti-slavery reformers. He moreover aims to be a moderate liberal, and by all the most radical men in Russia, comprising the majority of the very young men, is regarded as a conservative, only little better than the extreme reactionists and Dr. Eckardt himself. Katkoff's party, however, contains the vast majority of thinking men in Russia, and the *Moscow Gazette* very truly represents the bulk of the Liberals. The literary agitation as described by Dr. Eckardt would lead one to think that democracy was more rampant in Russia than is really the case, while the socialistic doctrines of the more extreme journals have really little sway, and their organs are barely able to exist. At the same time, many read them merely for their boldness. It is curious that in many respects the extreme conservatives and the extreme radicals in Russia approach each other, and the *Dyelo*, a very wild "nihilist" journal, is an exception to most Petersburg papers in being under the censorship which is wielded by the reactionist clique.

In the discussion of the emancipation reform, the author has in the main spoken justly, though he has, we think, laid too little stress on the many difficulties which are thrown in the way of the peasant who wishes to quit his land, even after March 3 (Feb. 19), 1870, the period when nominal freedom was reached. These enactments were put in to prevent the northern part of the empire from becoming depopulated, and the peasants from leaving distasteful agriculture and flocking to the cities. The Government, while giving land in large quantities to the peasant, added the obligation to make use of it. The effects of emancipation the author has preferred to discuss in a separate volume (published in German), mainly translated from brochures of Russian conservatives. That the peasant, while morally bettered, is physically worse off now than before, is not the effect of emancipation, but of the present tax-laws, which throw on him nearly the whole burden of the empire's taxation. Until these are changed—and a commission is now at work—we can hardly hope for better results.

The account of the judicial reforms is substantially the same as that which has appeared in these columns (see the *Nation*, No. 200). Not the same justice is done to the *Zemstva*, or diets. The author in one passage (p. 143), says that "matters of a merely agricultural nature were consigned to provincial jurisdiction," and immediately enumerates matters much larger in scope than those belonging to the government of our counties, and almost as large as the powers of our State legislatures, including the building of railways, with what is an anomaly in all minor self-governing bodies—the power to levy taxes for the objects of which they have cognizance without let or hindrance. Dr. Eckardt lays great stress on the fact that the merchants and peasants united can always have a control of their diets—which, considering their number and interests, is but just—but forgets that *in reality* the nobles always have preponderated in influence, and have controlled the proceedings. The diets have done far more than could have been expected in the first four years of institutions so new to the country, as an inspection of any interior province will show.

Of the many minor reforms there is hardly a word in this book, and there is no mention of the desire and efforts being made for the education of the masses. Most political economists will probably agree with Dr. Eckardt that communism produces bad agriculture, and Russians who know most about the present state of Russia declare that communism will

* "Modern Russia; comprising Russia under Alexander II., Russian Communism, the Greek Orthodox Church and its Sects, the Baltic Provinces of Russia. By Dr. Julius Eckardt." London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1870. 8vo, pp. 388.

not last thirty years. At present it seems to be a necessity of the tax-laws; but the author is mistaken in thinking that because the commune is alone responsible to the Government for the taxes, therefore the individuals comprising it share equally in their payment. A member of the commune who thinks to evade his share of the burden will find his horses and cattle seized and sold by his fellow-villagers, and he will be compelled to pay. It would be a little unfair to make the present state of Russia a crucial test for communism, and those who were interested by the arguments of Baron Haxthausen in his last work will not allow that Dr. Eckardt has refuted them with the ease he supposes. After all, is good agriculture or are good manufactures the chief end of life? May not an entire absence of poverty be better than great wealth in the hands of a few, and the proletariat of England?

The chapter on the Greek Orthodox Church and its sects is exceedingly interesting, and the account of the troubles caused by dissent, and the embarrassments with the Austrian hierarchy, will serve to explain the cautiousness of the Government in laying the reforming hand on the church, even in apparently so simple a matter as the change of the calendar or as reducing the number of feast and fast days. Dissent among a population so ignorant as the Russian has disagreeable accompaniments. Our author makes many errors in statement, even in such well-known things as the position of the hierarchy and the state of the clergy, and we have only space to say that when a priest's wife dies, he is not obliged to enter a monastery, but remains as he is, and that the Church-Slavonic "jargon," as Dr. Eckardt chooses to call it, is, so far as the church-service goes, perfectly understood by the peasantry. Even a foreigner who knows Russian can understand it after a few days' practice. The great reform of 1869, which entirely abolishes the priestly caste, and fuses the wives and children of priests, deacons, and church servitors in the other classes of the population, took place too late for mention by our author. And in discussing the evil influence of monasticism, he has made no reference to the bold utterance of Count Tolstoy, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, in his report for 1868, when he said that many people throughout Russia demanded the total abolition of monasteries, that the feeling of the people would never allow this, but that there was the most evident and urgent need of great reforms. This is the first public mention in Russia of this subject.

Dr. Eckardt gives a very interesting account of the settlement and position of the Baltic Provinces, but makes no reference to the Russian version of the controversy now raging about them both in Russia and Germany. We have no desire to discuss these questions with him, for there is much to be said on both sides, and we commend his book to the reader, as giving him more knowledge of Russia than any recent work, asking him only to bear in mind that Germany and civilization are not necessarily synonyms, and that feudal institutions are no better because they are German. We have no space to speak of the curious system of spelling Russian words adopted by our author, which seems due to an imperfect knowledge of English orthoepy.

SHERIDAN IN THE SHENANDOAH.*

It is somewhat strange that almost the completest, certainly the most picturesque campaign of the late war—Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley—should as yet have found no ambitious historian on the Northern side to undertake its separate narration. True, the materials are still wanting for a full and trustworthy history; but enough is known and enough also may well be imagined for a brilliant narrative of historical value or not. The scene and the result would sufficiently excite the writer's fancy when facts were in doubt, and he might hope that details would not be closely scanned in a glowing picture of victory in the plain, splendidly framed by mountains. Either we are very indifferent how our war was fought, or the noise and smoke have dazed all possible portrayers of it, or we should surely by this time have had some sort of sketch, good or bad, of this campaign.

Colonel Walker's book, now before us, is the only substitute we have seen for what seemed likely to be forthcoming. "The Vermont Brigade" belonged to Getty's division of the Sixth Corps, and took part in all that Sheridan's army did in the valley, and in some rapid movements hither and thither before Sheridan was sent to meet Early. The mettle of this brigade was well known "at the front," and it deserved all the applause that can now be bestowed on it. We may cordially agree, as all their fellow-soldiers would, to the modest claims of Colonel Walker for his comrades. In the campaign of 1864, under Grant and Meade, and afterward under Sheridan, in this brigade of six regiments, in fact of five only, for a part of the time, "the total number of Vermonters killed and wounded during that brief period reached the terrible aggregate of *three thousand one hundred and sixteen*." No better troops ever fought under any flag.

The career of the brigade in the Shenandoah Valley runs like a bright thread through the woof of Sheridan's operations there. Following it up, with occasional glimpses at the larger surface in which it is woven, the complete pattern of the campaign may be readily made out. Colonel Walker's account is very intelligent, and he has a good idea of the whole field in which the Vermonters manœuvred and fought, and of the strategy of the rival Generals, Sheridan and Early. He is liberal, and sometimes lavish, in praising his superior officers, and he is perfectly fair in his comments on other troops. His story is graphic, with only an occasional flight into other and less agreeable strains, and he has an edge of that dry humor which was easily caught in army life if not possessed before. We doubt not he has faithfully recorded the gallant exploits of his own brigade, and he mentions himself only as being a Major of the Eleventh Vermont, afterward breveted a Lieutenant-Colonel. He is not always correct when speaking on matters beyond his personal knowledge, but he is a good guide over the field till one shall come whose scope as an eye-witness was larger, and who has seen all the proofs that may happily have been preserved.

We learn from this book that the main body of the Sixth Corps, detached from the Army of the Potomac to resist the invasion of Early, Ricketts's division having already gone on the same errand, reached Washington on the morning of July 12, 1864, and immediately went out on the Rockville Pike to Fort Stevens, where Early's troops were found confronting. There was a grand council of war at the fort, President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, General Halleck, and others assisting. General Wright, commanding the Sixth Corps, threw out a skirmish line, and, a fight ensuing, the President insisted on standing on the parapet to see the result, though an officer was wounded at his side. When Early retreated, General Wright followed rapidly to the Shenandoah Valley, through Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge. There Early was lost sight of, and was supposed to have hastily returned to Richmond; so there was a rapid countermarch all the way back to Washington. Early meantime attacked our forces at Winchester, and the Sixth Corps was hurried again to the Shenandoah Valley, passing through Harper's Ferry, and camping at Halltown, just beyond, "wondering," as Colonel Walker says, "in army dialect, why this was thus." Thence, "the pace almost a gallop," and the heat overpowering, back once more to Frederick City to check Early, who had burned Chambersburg, and was again threatening Baltimore or Washington. The 6th of August brought General Grant, and later in the day General Sheridan, who was left to take charge of all the forces operating against the invaders, relieving General Hunter, who had lately "somehow turned up at Harper's Ferry in command."

The troops were at first a little afraid of Sheridan, "as his only reputation hitherto was that of a desperate, reckless fighter." We have room in our narrow limits for only one or two marginal notes on Colonel Walker's narrative of the stirring campaign in which Sheridan soon won the confidence of those who had most distrusted him; and our few comments shall be on the battles of the Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek. Colonel Walker says that it was noon before Sheridan advanced his line of battle on the 19th of September, at the Opequan. From various causes of delay it was nearly noon, it is true, and Early's army was not caught unprepared or divided. Sheridan reported that it was not until "perhaps nine o'clock" that the order to advance was given, and Early says that the attack on his lines was made "about ten." These generals were busy, and time flew by them fast. Twenty minutes past eleven was the hour, as numerous subordinate commanders have agreed in testifying. Why this first advance was not successful, but terribly otherwise, Colonel Walker plainly shows by simply describing what happened in his own brigade. What could a general do when nearly all his troops, his best with his worst, ignored the line of battle and forsook it, and took to fighting by brigades and regiments, some fighting the enemy, some fighting the air? Sheridan, not being superhuman and able by omnipresence to prevent such madness, could only be as much of a man as was possible while his rash soldiers took the victory into their own hands, and, plunging on disordered into woods and ravines, soon left it in the hands of Early, who hurled out from his lines a superb, audacious countercharge. That Sheridan won the victory back again later in the

* "The Vermont Brigade in the Shenandoah Valley, 1864. By Aldace F. Walker." Burlington, Vt.: The *Free Press* Association. 1869.

day is a feather in his cap quite as fine as that of Cedar Creek. His army at the Opequan was for a time in very little better care than he found it on the 19th of October after his famous ride.

Colonel Walker's account of the battle of Fisher's Hill is excellent. It puts in a clear light the ingenious and dashing manœuvres by means of which Sheridan, with trifling loss, routed Early from an almost impregnable fortress, which nature had provided by closing in the mountains till the valley, compressed into billowy heights, hardly bursts through the gap. "A half-written letter," says Colonel Walker, "found in the works after we had carried them, spoke of the rebel army as secure in a 'haven of rest.'" We doubt if any participant on either side will write a very much better description than Colonel Walker's of this battle.

The best tribute that we can pay to "the Vermont Brigade," at parting, is to say that it stood fast at Cedar Creek with Getty's division when all the rest of the infantry had crumbled away to the rear. Sheridan, on coming up, found only this division, besides the cavalry, confronting the enemy; and if it had not been for Getty's troops Sheridan could scarcely have kept his promise to the retreating soldiers he met on the road, that they should sleep in the old camps that night. The worth of Getty has not been sufficiently noised abroad. The trumpet of fame which blared so many names of mock heroes in our war has been almost silent in his praise. He always proved himself to be a most excellent soldier; and at Cedar Creek, with a lost battle raging around him, he was a model even for the Vermonters to copy. He kept a great defeat alive until a world-famous victory flashed up from it.

Colonel Walker vexes himself with the question: What was the relative strength of Sheridan and Early's forces? We will not follow him into that. There is no record yet available to show what Early's strength for battle really was. It is true, we think, that Sheridan's army outnumbered his, from first to last, but this detracts nothing from the merit of the Union general. If it was demanded of Sheridan that he should answer for his superior numbers in overwhelming success, the annihilated army of Early is an eloquent witness how well this demand was met.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Behind the Scenes: a Story of the Stage	(N. E. News Co.) $1 25
Clyde (A.), Under Foot: a Tale, swd.	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50
Gynæcological Journal, Vol. I., 1869	(James Campbell) 2 50
Hall (Miss M. L.), First Lessons in Geography	(Edwin Ginn)
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), Courtship and Marriage	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Leech (John), Pictures of Life and Character, Fifth Series	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)
Madvig (J. N.), Latin Grammar	(Ginn Brothers & Co.) 2 00
Mulock (Miss D. M.), The Unkind Word, and Other Stories	(Harper & Bros.)
The Sunday-School Teacher, Vol., IV. 1869	(Adams, Blackmer & Lyon)
Winchell (Prof. A.), Sketches of Creation	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50

Fine Arts.

THE CARBON PHOTOGRAPHS.

THERE has been frequent mention in these columns of the photographic pictures taken by the so-called carbon process, and more particularly of the autotypes, or fac-simile copies of drawings, as the most remarkable result of the invention in question; also of what few pictures had been offered to public inspection before the establishment of the agency in Philadelphia, and of the agency itself when it was started a few months ago. Since our note calling attention to it, the agency, under the charge of Mr. C. F. Hazeltine, has got into working order, with sample portfolios of all works produced hitherto, and a stock on hand approximately complete. As a natural result, the dealers in prints and picture-frames all over the country begin to have a few specimens "in stock" and to take orders for more, and the establishments in the large cities for the sale of foreign and domestic works of art begin to enlarge their previously too small assortments of these valuable and inexpensive reproductions. As yet the knowledge of, and interest in, them are not as widespread as they will be; but yet, as anybody in the land can get from one to a thousand of them in a couple of days, the community may be supposed in presence of them—as the residents of a city are all supposed to be in the presence of a gallery of paintings on exhibition in that city—and, in like manner, prepared to read a critical examination of their case. New Yorkers may now study them any day at Goupil's.

The manner in which these pictures are taken is partly known, but some important steps in the process appear to be kept secret. At least we have not seen anywhere any description that can be supposed accurate and complete, either of the invention or of the practical working of it. An interesting article in the *Evening Bulletin*, of Philadelphia, gives some account of the *modus operandi*, but it is not very clear; and, if we understand the writer, he professes to describe a process invented in England, which may or may not be precisely the one employed by Mr. Braun. For it is Mr. Adolph Braun, of Dornach, on the Upper Rhine, who appears as the sole maker of the pictures we are considering. Not that he alone takes photographs by the carbon process; these are taken in London by Candall, and probably by others. The copies of Albert Dürer's engravings, illustrating Mrs. Heaton's book, reviewed in No. 241 of the *Nation*, and the head of Vashti by Mr. Poynter, in No. 1 of the *Portfolio* (Mr. Hamerton's new art journal), are "autotypes." But Mr. Braun has had the sole right of copying the drawings of the old masters in the collections of Paris, Vienna, Weimar, Bâle, Milan, Venice, and Florence; and it is the collection of these copies which is our present subject. Mr. Braun's name must be pretty well known to all buyers of photographs, for it is to be seen printed in pale color on the lower margins of panoramic photographs of the mountains of Savoy, the lakes of Switzerland, and the picturesque towns of the Rhine, which have delighted us all for ten years past. His place of abode is a little village ignored by Murray and rejected by the atlases, but situate in the French department of the Haut-Rhin, some thirty-five miles southward from Strasburg, and as far northwest from Bâle. Thither are brought the negatives taken by his scores of employees in all parts of Europe, and there are printed the pictures we admire. Nothing certainly can exceed the excellence of the workmanship and the admirable skill shown in all the work turned out by his establishment.

The copies as offered for sale are very even in quality, and are carefully and solidly mounted; the color of the boards has been well considered, and the quality assured. So, too, the little frame of black lines and a faint tint of color around each picture, and the name of the artist below in slightly drawn open letters, have been studiously imagined and combined. It would seem that those who have directed the inauguration of this splendid enterprise, the reproducing of the important monochromatic drawings in the galleries of Europe, have felt no doubt of a welcome and none of success in every way; so thoroughly and well the first steps were taken. One assurance they have felt in regard to the permanence of their work. The carbon pictures appear to be proof against the ordinary influences that cause other photographs to fade or change. Perhaps nothing but time can really prove them to be permanent; but meanwhile it is stated positively that the sun cannot dim them, and that two copies of a picture will remain alike in tone though one is kept in a dark drawer and the other exposed every day to the sun's rays. This, however, one can believe the more easily when it is known that the picture is a deposit of imperishable earth-colors; of Indian red, if the original is a drawing in red chalk; umber or sienna (say), if the drawing is brown; lamp black, or, in other words, pure "carbon," if the drawing is black. Anybody can try the crucial experiment for himself; a uniform stripe of Indian red in water-color, laid solidly upon a piece of paper, may be cut in two, and the half hung up in the sun will not be found to have changed when compared with the half put away in the dark. But this same peculiarity which gives to these pictures the permanence of solid, pure earth-color, gives them also their variety of tints; for, as will be seen, a drawing in red chalk can be copied just as easily as one in black crayon, the only difference being in the difficulty there is in reproducing the exact shade of red used, while black is either stronger or weaker, more or less grayish, and not different in quality.

There are, says Murray, fifteen thousand drawings in the Albertina collection at Vienna—the collection, that is, of the Archduke Albert. The handbook continues (and, when a Murray handbook and another authority differ in matters of fact of this kind, we generally find the red manual right, or nearest right) by stating that there are one hundred and twenty-two drawings by Raphael, thirty-six by Angelo, one hundred and thirty-two by Dürer, etc.; and goes on to describe the famous drawing by Raphael, made as a study for his last painting, the celebrated "Transfiguration," in which study the figures are posed and grouped as in the picture, *but all nude*. Whether this was done as a *tour de force*, to show what he could do, or whether he was accustomed to build up his pictures in that way, or whether he tried it for once, to assure the rightness of the pose of each figure, is not now our enquiry. There is the drawing, and all Europe goes to see it, as should be, for it is one of the most curious things that the art student has to study. Another of the Raphaels is that renowned drawing, in red chalk, of two nude figures, which the Roman sent to Albert Dürer, of Nürnberg, "to show his hand;" a friendly gift to a far-away painter and engraver, whose noble engravings had reached and delighted the giver of it. Of Dürer's own work, one of the most in-

teresting pieces is the portrait of himself at the age of fourteen; this is the one which we recently mentioned as forming the frontispiece to Mr. W. B. Scott's delightful book on Dürer, having been etched by that artist from the original. Well, these drawings are all before us. Even in this country, with our tax on intelligence, the three we have mentioned can be bought by any one for less than ten dollars. In the drawing sent by Raphael to Dürer every touch of the red crayon—a rather smooth one, kept sharp and handled carefully, on paper more free from grain than is commonly used for such a drawing—can be understood and felt. The artist's way of work is as visible to us as it was to Dürer, or would be, if we had the same eyes to see it. To a certain extent the lines are rubbed and blurred, and the chalk spread about on the surface of the paper; just how far the photograph exaggerates this indistinctness, if it does so at all, we are not prepared to say, and only a close comparison would enable one to say; but, probably, the difference between original and copy is almost inappreciable. The copy of the "Transfiguration" drawing is not quite perfect, inasmuch as it was not perfectly "focussed," being one of the few which are faulty in any such respect. We expect to hear that another negative has been taken. The Dürer drawing is perfectly copied.

The list or catalogue of the reproductions of drawings in this one collection contains one thousand and ninety-eight numbers of drawings or sheets, some of the sheets being leaves of sketch-books, containing several subjects each. These represent one hundred and thirteen painters, engravers, and sculptors. Ninety-seven of the numbers are under Dürer's name, seventy under Raphael's, sixty-three under Rembrandt's. It is natural to suppose that they are the most showy and striking subjects that have been selected.

This is particularly the case in the Louvre collection. The Musée des Dessins at the Louvre is one of the first in Europe, and especially notable for the high character of the works that it contains. Visitors will remember the rooms where sloping table-cases contain the most interesting drawings, margined with that bluish-grey paper, the color of which Mr. Brown has copied for the mounts of his autotypes. The catalogue of copies in this case contains only nine hundred and twenty-eight numbers. But in looking over the portfolios containing these, one is struck by the large number of life-size and other striking heads, and complete groups of vigorous interest, all highly finished drawings, fit to adorn any walls, however stately. These, though not necessarily the most valuable to artists and to students of art, will probably have the most general educational effect.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1870.

The Week.

THE Senate finally passed the Funding Bill on Friday, by a vote of 32 to 10. It has discussed the House Georgia Bill as reported back by the Judiciary Committee without alteration, Mr. Trumbull paying his respects to Gov. Bullock and defending the shelved senator, Mr. Hill, by contrast with Mr. Blodgett, whose Unionism is not nearly above suspicion. On Thursday, Mr. Ferry tried to introduce a very sensible and practical resolution to the effect that treaties of annexation of foreign territory should hereafter be considered in open session. On Friday, Mr. Fenton brought in an important bill to regulate the use and tariffs of ocean cables. Mr. Sumner offered on Monday a resolution directing the national banks and the Treasury to prepare for resumption of specie payments on January 1, 1871. The Army Reduction Bill has formed the staple of discussion in the House, and was passed on Thursday with feeble opposition. Mr. Kelley, happening to differ with Gen. Logan, was twitted as to his disagreeable and rather resonant voice, which gave him an opportunity of saying that, harsh as it might be, it had never harmonized with the clashing of chains and the groans of bondmen. To this the War Democrat retorted that he had stricken off more chains than Mr. Kelley himself or his ancestors had ever done, and he wouldn't mind even throwing in the posterity of the gentleman from Pennsylvania. The Tariff Bill had a brief period of debate on Friday, the Deficiency Bill getting much more attention. In the course of the debate on the latter, Mr. Cox sought to irritate Mr. Dawes by enquiring why he made so good a financial record for the Administration in New Hampshire, after his famous attack upon it in the House. The question was perhaps not wholly impertinent. The House voted to admit Texas on Tuesday.

Mr. Sherman's funding bill has passed the Senate. Under it, $400,000,000 five per cent. ten-forties, the same amount of four and a half per cent. fifteen-forties, and the same amount of four per cent. twenty-forties, are to be issued, and the national banks are to be compelled to substitute them—one-third of each denomination—for the five-twenties they now deposit with the Government as security for their circulation, and as many new banks as please may start on deposit of the four per cent. bonds to be issued in return for greenbacks. Not one of these loans is likely to sell at par, so that not one of them will pay simply the nominal rate of interest assigned to it in the act, and except as regards the bonds the banks are to be forced to buy, all the interest the Government will save by the conversion will be what it will save on the bonds deposited by the banks, or about one and a half per cent. on $300,000,000, amounting in all to about $4,500,000. Indeed, even this saving will be cut off by the funding of greenbacks for four per cent. bonds by new banks, as this will convert a non-interest-bearing into an interest-bearing debt. This funding of the greenbacks would, of course, involve contraction of the currency—a feature which will probably be stricken from the bill in the House, or cause the defeat of the measure, though it is really in the nature of a compromise, as 80 per cent. of greenbacks called in would be reissued in bank bills.

The Georgia Bill, or rather the Bingham amendment, has been debated vigorously in the Senate, Mr. Trumbull doing most of the work on Monday. The galleries were crowded with colored people, an announcement having been made by mistake in the Washington colored churches, last Sunday, that Mr. Revels would speak—an incident with a good deal of pathos in it, whatever the quality of the speech may be, and however much one may wish, for the sake of his race, that he had fairly won his position, instead of being, as it were, flung into it. Mr. Trumbull went over, once more, the history of the reconstruction of Georgia, the following of which really begins to require mental training of no common order. We have frequently made feeble efforts to carry it down to the reorganization of the present Legislature by military officers, and the election of a second brace of senators. Here we take up the wondrous tale under Mr. Trumbull's guidance. It appears that in this new patent Legislature there are members who never went through the little formality of being elected at all by anybody, but who sit, like the European monarchs, by the grace of God. Nine members got in by having the next highest number of votes to candidates who were afterwards declared ineligible, but whose ineligibility was not known or thought of at the time of voting—an ingenious perversion of the parliamentary rule, which declares invalid all votes cast for persons *obviously* ineligible. One member elect was entrapped into signing a petition to be released from his political disabilities, by being made to believe that he was laboring under disabilities when he really was not, and then, on his petition, was ousted from his seat. And now come Governor Bullock and his confederates in office, and ask Congress not only to admit the State to the Union once more, with a Legislature thus constituted, which Congress, for the sake of peace and quiet, is willing to do, but to seat these worthies in their offices for two years beyond the time for which they were elected. The object of the Bingham amendment is to prevent this monstrous swindle. Mr. Trumbull gave it as his opinion that, if this could be done, there was nothing to prevent Congress keeping them in office for an unlimited time, as we took the liberty of remarking last week. To crown all, the present Legislature has elected two senators, who should rightfully be chosen by the Legislature to be elected next fall.

The whole process, since the Senate decided to begin reconstructing the State the second time, has been one well calculated to alarm as well as disgust every friend of free government on this continent. It has consisted in the surrender of a great community, fresh from a civil war, to probably as bad a lot of political tricksters and adventurers as ever got together in one place, to have all its places of trust and profit scrambled for by them under military superintendence, and by means of nearly every device known to the gambling-house, the mock-auction room, and the thimble-rigger's table; and all this in the presence of a large, newly enfranchised, and very ignorant constituency, to whom the very forms of Government, not to speak of its principles, are still unfamiliar. And to make the shame and humiliation all the greater, all this has been done under pretence of establishing "a republican form of Government," and securing "equal rights for all." We must say, that we think the silence or acquiescence of the Republican press, with a few honorable exceptions, in this disgraceful procedure, does it little credit, and certainly has not helped the party, as time, we know, will show.

The cry now comes from Washington that not only ought the Bingham amendment to be struck out of the bill, but the whole State ought to be relegated to military government, pure and simple, and kept there for the next four years, owing to the outrages on the line of the Brunswick and Albany Railroad, and the threats of the "rebel press" as to what they will do when they get the State into their own hands once more. We should like to ask, seriously, those who talk in this way, whether they really believe that at the end of the four years the condition of public sentiment in the State would be any better than it is now, or as good? Whether they ever heard of a community being trained into peaceableness, love of order, and respect for law by a "military government," which was simply another name for the rule of a hated and despised faction, composed largely of worthless adventurers? Whether there is any State in the Union in which people's blood would not be made to boil in their veins by such a spectacle in their capital as that which the Georgians have been witnessing in theirs during the last three months? Whether they really believe in the old European doctrine that men can be cudgelled and bayoneted into good behavior, and have totally abandoned the American one, that all the political and social virtues, like nearly all the other good things of this world, are the results of growth, and slow

growth too? How long do they think the political habits of the American people—which have hitherto been the salvation of the Government—their respect for the forms of law, their love of peaceful discussion, their willingness to abide by the results of elections, their confidence in official integrity, will survive if the policy now pursued, or threatened, in Georgia be persisted in? If a minority has only to cook up stories of "outrages," of "riots," and denials of justice, and run with them to Washington, to be able to get the State Government overturned, how long would it be before we were in the condition of Mexico, with a distinct and well-marked civil war in each State, our Federal army roaming from one to the other, fighting a little here and fighting a little there; setting up "a republican form of government" in one place, chasing a dictator in another, and so on? General Butler is said to be busy with his bill providing for the application of the Georgia policy to Tennessee, and its introduction may now happen any day; but, if the Republican party commits itself to any more of these follies, it may as well make up its mind to receiving its quietus the next time the country gets a chance at it.

The *Commercial Advertiser*, of this city, by-the-by, expresses its surprise that we should make such frequent reference to this worthy gentleman, and thinks some private grief must be at the bottom of the attentions we lavish on him. Let us say once for all, that the chastisement of personal enemies in the *Nation* is a luxury which nobody connected with it permits himself. We are aware that some members of the editorial fraternity think the opportunities which editing affords for venting private spites one of the principal advantages of the profession, but we believe the better portion of the civilized world looks on all such use of a newspaper as ruffianly and cowardly; and we share that opinion. We have no acquaintance with General Butler, never have had, and never shall have; and have received no injury from him except such as we have received from Messrs. Tweed, Sweeny, Fisk, jr., and Mr. Justice Barnard. The reason why we make such frequent reference to him is, that he is an active and prominent member of the House, makes from two to three speeches a week on public affairs, has a following of Republican members who aid him in attacks on the public credit and other works of mischief, and enjoys the confidence of a great many "moral" brethren up in Massachusetts, and has for some time past been altogether one of the most potent powers of evil in the Republican party. Our political criticism, we wish it to be distinctly understood, we do not serve out, as some people think we ought, like grog in the navy—so many gills a week to each man, and no favor to any; we make distinctions. Upon the lively and restless and influential we expend, as is proper, more than on others; and this is the duty of all newspapers. It is not their business to distribute praise and blame in equal rations, but to inform the public judgment about the most prominent political phenomena, and especially to keep public attention fixed on the knaves. The good men and the simpletons may occasionally be allowed to get out of sight, but your thoroughpaced knaves need constant watching.

The *Worcester Spy* accuses us of having done Mr. Sumner injustice in our comments on his "pivotal propositions" about the conversion of the public debt, and then aggravates the matter by some absurdity of its own. The fact is, we dealt very leniently with the "propositions" in question. We cannot spare space to quote them entire again. They will be found in last week's *Nation*. The first proposition is that, if you "reduced sixes to fives, millions would be released [from what?] to seek investment," etc. The second, that "the reduction to four or four and a half per cent. would release millions more." The *Spy* says that the orator here meant that foreign capital would flow in to take the place of native capital, and thus release the latter—a process of which the *Nation* had just been approving, Suppose he did, what would the propositions amount to then? Why, simply to an assertion that the reduction of the interest would draw foreign capital, and that, the more we reduced it, the more millions of it would come to us; in other words, it is the high rate of the present interest which now keeps it out! The speaker, therefore, became quite pathetic in calling on Congress to cut down the interest, for the sake of enterprise, commerce, manufactures, railroads, and all sorts of things. But we shall now show that the orator did not mean what the *Spy* says he meant. He says, further on, that, "without any adverse intention, the National Government is a victorious competitor, and the defeated parties are those very interests whose success is so important to the country." Now he here evidently supposes, either that the Government has certain money which its creditors would withdraw if it lowered its interest, or that it is in the market trying to borrow at a high rate of interest, neither of which is true. It has no money belonging to anybody, and it is not a borrower in the market. It is, therefore, not a competitor of any kind with anybody. It did borrow money during the war, but it has spent it all, and owes it now. The only competition that goes on about its securities goes on between private investors. If it issued a new loan at a lower rate of interest, it would not affect investors at all, unless it repudiated as against actual holders; new purchasers would only buy at their own rates, and the relation of its securities to railroad and other securities would remain exactly where it was. We have, therefore, not been unfair to Mr. Sumner. No newspaper could pass over such statements, coming from a man in his position, who is actually giving people lessons in finance, without neglecting its duty to the public. He has at this moment two financial bills before Congress, and is evidently devoting himself seriously to the subject.

The so-called Piegan massacre has been much talked of during the week, and Gen. Logan has seized upon it to withdraw the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department from his bill to reorganize the army. It it difficult to consider dispassionately an event which is, and cannot but be, a distressing one, and yet we fear that the blame—as indicated by Gen. Logan's action as well as by the comments of the press—has thus far been fixed upon those not justly responsible. The fact is, that Montana is a military district with probably the greatest number of Indians and the fewest number of troops, and that last summer the Piegans became conspicuous for their depredations and outrages, but, for the reasons just given, could not be subdued. The Interior Department explicitly surrendered the charge of them to the War Department, and the mode of dealing with them then fell under military rules and necessities. Gen. Sheridan's plan was to wait till they were encamped for the winter, and in a condition to be surprised with the least resistance, and then to attack them suddenly and inflict the heaviest sort of punishment. This was what Col. Baker, an able officer, accomplished, though, as it appears, he found but few of the Piegan warriors in camp, and killed a large number of the women and children, among whom small-pox was also at work. His prisoners consisted of about 100 of the latter, whom he presently let go on account of the disease. As there is no evidence to show that a non-combatant camp was purposely selected, the only question is, whether more women and children were killed than was absolutely unavoidable in an indiscriminate attack. On this point we do not get light, and it may be some time before we shall, though Gen. Sherman has ordered an exact report from Col. Baker. Meantime, it is well to remember how difficult it is among Indians to distinguish the sexes by their dress, especially when in their lodges, and in the early hour of morning at which it was deemed prudent to make the assault. That there was some restraint is clear from the fact that the whole body were not sacrificed; perhaps there might have been more, but we have not now the means of judging.

The real cause of grief and shame is contained not in the military manœuvre *per se*, nor even in the excess of bloodshed that may have attended it, but the fact that we are still, after so many years, at war with the Indians, and without any manifest intention, as a nation, to keep our faith with them and protect them from border ruffians. In the fall of 1867, Gen. Sherman, at the head of a commission authorized by Congress to make peace with the Indians, met them and made treaties afterwards ratified by the Senate—all in the most formal and authoritative manner; indeed, the tribes had never before been approached on such an errand by so weighty representatives of the Government and people. The Secretary of the Interior has just called the attention of Congress and the country to the pledge made by both Houses that the treaties of 1867, when ratified by the Senate, should

be binding, and to *the persistent refusal of the House, ever since, to make appropriations necessary to carry them out.* The consequence has been that the Indians who wished to be peaceful have gone unfed, and have had the strongest temptations to plunder. That they have not done so more generally is not to be attributed to the immediate resistance they would have encountered. The House, from its now habitual jealousy of the Senate, by pretending that it never sanctioned the treaties recognized by act of Congress, subject to the Senate's ratification—which was given, as we said—is really responsible for the miserable state of things now existing in the Indian country.

The custom of Congress, if not Congress itself, is chargeable directly with the fate of the Piegans. Last August, Gen. Sully, the Indian Superintendent at Helena, wrote to Commissioner Parker as follows:

"I intend to do all I can to arrest some of the citizens, who, about ten days ago, committed the cowardly murder of a harmless old man and a boy about fourteen years old at Fort Benton. They were Piegans (a part of the Blackfeet nation). These Indians were shot in broad daylight in the streets of the town. I think I can arrest the murderers, but doubt very much if I can convict them in any court. Nothing can be done to ensure peace and order till there is a military force here strong enough to clear out the roughs and whiskey-sellers in the country; but I will do all I can, with the limited means in my power, to prevent a war or any serious difficulties between the whites and Indians."

Now, will it be believed that the Indian Committees of both Houses are generally so constituted as to have a majority of members from the representatives of these "roughs and whiskey-sellers"—that portion, at least, of our border population which is thoroughly and bitterly hostile to the Indians, and desirous of their utter extermination? Yet such is the case, and, so long as it is, we venture to believe that we shall never see the end of our Indian troubles. If the experience of half a century of Indian agencies, broken treaties, squatter encroachments, massacres, and wars little better than massacres, has not taught us that the white population of the border is essentially unfitted to do justice to the tribes or to live in peace with them, then it is plain we shall never learn anything; and the Kansas representative has a prescriptive right to be put on the Committee in whose hands, more than in any other, the American character for good faith, humanity, and belief in its own ideas now reposes.

The heavy fall in gold, mainly owing to our large cotton and other exports, and to the Treasury sales, combined with the slight reflux of silver from Canada during the last two or three weeks, excited the expectation in a good many people's minds that we were going to get back to specie payments by mere momentum, and without anybody taking any special pains in the matter; and sneers at the "political economists" and the "theoretical financiers" began to be heard, and more of that wise old talk about abolishing "the Gold Room" by law, as the cause of all the mischief; on the theory, apparently, that, if you "stand by," as the sailors say, and, the minute gold reaches par, shut up the doors of that accursed den with a bang, at par gold will stay evermore hereafter. Without dwelling upon the plan of getting out of a gale by smashing the barometer, let us say that the gold's reaching par in the Gold Room in speculative sales, or sales of small quantities, would not enable the Government or the banks to resume specie payments. To resume specie payments, it is not sufficient to show people, when they bring in their paper, the latest bulletins of the Gold Exchange; you have to pay the coin over the counter, and not on one day or two, but as long as people choose to demand it. You have, in other words, not only to resume, but to keep resuming. If the Government and the banks were to offer gold for paper, and the public thought, as it certainly might fairly think now, that their supply of it was too small to hold out, there would be a rush to get what there was, and the resumption would last just long enough to create what is called a "financial flurry." A turn in exchange at this moment, which might occur any moment, under the influence of a rapid revival of speculation in Europe, or a falling off in our exports here, would give gold a rapid upward tendency; and, in fact, such a tendency has appeared within the last two or three days.

The report of the evidence taken at Yokohama regarding the loss of the *Oneida*, goes to show that the captain of the *Bombay* knew he had done serious damage to an American ship, an English naval officer at Yokohama proving that he said to him after his arrival that "he had cut the quarter off a damned Yankee frigate," and that it served her right, or words to that effect. This indication of his state of mind undoubtedly goes some way to explain how it was he did not go back to the succor of the crew of the sinking ship or hear her signals of distress. He was evidently in a rage, and was not disposed to hear or see anything that would put him to any inconvenience. Upon the question who was to blame for the collision, we are not competent to pass an opinion, but experts say that the *Oneida*, being under sail, had the right of way. A piece of worse brutality than his performance is hardly to be found in the annals of the sea, and it merits what we fear it will not receive—a conviction for manslaughter, and the heaviest sentence the law allows. But then, if he is not to blame for the collision, the worst probably that can happen him is the loss of his situation and the withdrawal of his certificate, which would also drive him from his profession, and, as he is an elderly man, would not be a light penalty, but yet not a sufficient one. We doubt if he can be made criminally responsible, because the law does not compel a man to be actively humane. The one consoling feature in the affair was the behavior of the *Oneida's* officers and crew, which seems to have been perfect; and to behave perfectly at death's door is all that man can expect of men.

Some of the reasoning on the affair—not much we admit—has been of a slightly mysterious kind. In the first place, the disaster hardly affords a sufficient basis for the generalization, which we have seen hinted at in one or two papers, that ramming the ships of friendly powers at sea, and then leaving the crews to drown, is a common practice in the British commercial marine. Nor do we see why the statement of the captain of the *Smidt*, that, while lying-to in a tremendous gale, two English ships passed him and failed to show their ensigns in answer to his, should, on account of the *Oneida* affair, be printed in italics. Is it supposed they had thoughts of sinking the *Smidt*, and didn't want any possible survivors to know who had done it? Or were they pirates? Moreover, we do not see how the conduct of the *Bombay* strengthens Mr. Pumpelly's account of the running down of the Chinese boat which he witnessed on board the Shanghae steamer. Mr. Pumpelly's position is, as we understand it, that the American and British residents in China, like Americans and Englishmen everywhere, not only disregard the rights of men of races which they consider as "inferior," but do not entertain towards them the common feelings of humanity, and run down junks in the Chinese seas with little or no compunction. Had Captain Eyre thought the *Oneida* was a junk, his conduct would undoubtedly help to support Mr. Pumpelly; but it appears that he knew what the *Oneida* was; and, even if he did not know to what nationality she belonged, his long experience in Eastern seas must have made him familiar with the difference between an American frigate and a Japanese junk, whether seen by night or by day. It is, we believe, not maintained by Mr. Pumpelly, or anybody else, that Americans and English seamen look on each other as only fit to be food for the fishes, or as they look on Chinamen.

A fresh complication has been introduced into Spanish affairs by the killing of Prince Henri de Bourbon, in a duel, by the Duc de Montpensier, the effect on the Duke's pretensions to the throne being likely to prove unfavorable. Besides this, there is no news from Spain of much consequence. Mr. Fish has made a statement of some importance with regard to her relations with the United States, which he declares are very cordial—the Spaniards having shown every possible regard for American "susceptibilities," as the French say, short of stopping the war in Cuba. He also adds, that a large number of the stories received of outrages on American citizens in the island have either been inventions or gross exaggerations.

The remainder of the foreign news is not very interesting, except that from Rome. Count Daru has made, unofficially, some very strong protests against the doctrine of infallibility, and hints that, if adopted, it will be impossible for the French troops to remain in Rome. Austria is said to have joined France in demanding the admission of lay representatives of these powers to the Council. The Pope and his adherents, however, are said to be as obstinate as ever.

THE ROMAN MOTH AND THE ROMAN CANDLE.

It seems that, at the very outset, the public assumed a wrong attitude with regard to the Œcumenic Council. No doubt, to the artist or to the poet who loves the images of the past, such a grand *mise-en-scène* of a long-shelved drama is justly interesting. The philosopher, too, delights in such unsought opportunities to study the workings of that divine instinct which, though dimmed and overruled in private life by man's freedom of will, reappears so strikingly in the collective doings of mankind, weaving "God's garment" (as the Earth Spirit says to Faust) with unconscious shuttles that know not why and whither they move. But this kind of interest is called forth by the mere fact, by the knowledge that in 1869 an Œcumenic Council was convoked, by the strangeness of its avowed aims and purposes, and perhaps, æsthetically at least, by the imposing spectacle of its opening ceremony. The actual *doings* of a Roman Church parliament, the details of its daily history, are not only of very questionable importance, but are, in this case, most carefully and, on the whole, successfully concealed from the world.

Now, in private life, we are in the habit of respecting other people's secrets, provided we know them to be innocent and harmless secrets. When two begin to whisper, the third steps aside or opens a book, and, when the two whisperers have closeted themselves in the adjoining room, who would think of listening at the door or peeping through the key-hole! It is different, of course, in cases of danger. In warfare, espionage and bribery are held legitimate, and nobody would blame an oppressed people for keeping an army of spies round the stronghold of the oppressor. But in this case of the Roman Council we have to do only with a would-be oppressor. Those who are apparently oppressed by him are so only because and inasmuch as they wish to be oppressed. For mental slavery is very unlike social or political bondage. The mental slave *is* free, only he does not know it, as Hegel says. If these slaves became conscious of their freedom, they would, at once, cease to be slaves without any fight or struggle, and would consequently require neither spies nor soldiers. Much less would contented slaves require such services. In the absence of any appreciable danger and of any reasonable ground for defensive espionage, we must conclude that the listening at the door is, in this case, a sign of ordinary curiosity. This is the more probable, as most of those who have gone to Rome for this purpose are persons that have outgrown the object of their curiosity, who neither love nor hate nor fear him, and who would listen to the thunders of the Vatican with the same æsthetic emotions as the Parisians listen to Meyerbeer's perfect thunder in the *Africaine*.

All that is really interesting and noteworthy about this Roman Council lies on the surface, or, at any rate, in depths accessible to any ordinary thinker, whether he be bodily present or not. It lies in the characteristic wantonness and imprudence suddenly displayed by a power which for centuries had shown itself to be a model of tact and shrewdness. It lies in this, that the convoking of this assembly was an uncalled-for, inopportune, and dangerous step, as will at once be seen on examining its possible results. And it lies in the fact that this uncalled-for, inopportune, and dangerous step was suggested and advocated by the adepts of that very order whose leading principles are masterly inactivity, expediency, and caution. When Jesuits blunder—in the highest sense they always do so—but when they blunder in the worldly sense of the word, they must be ill indeed, and badly off. And this is (in medical parlance) an interesting case, which may well test one's powers of diagnosis and prognosis, though it would be an idle occupation to note down every word that falls from the sick man's feverish lips.

But have the Jesuits really committed a blunder? A few considerations will suffice to show that they have.

The Roman Church pretends to be the trustee of absolute truth. Immobility must, therefore, be her principle, or rather her nature. That is consistent. But, if you put anything immovable into this world which cannot help moving, friction is the unavoidable consequence. The Roman Church has not failed to perceive this, either, and to take it into due consideration. She has, from time immemorial, endeavored to lessen this attritus chiefly by retarding the movement of the outer world, but also by lubricating her own surface and by imparting to it a very considerable degree of elasticity. In fact, the Roman Church is easy-going, on the whole, and rarely mean. She is ever ready to waive minor points, and, though shaving and draping her priests at Rome, allows beards in Armenia and secular frocks *in partibus infidelium*. She does not like thwarting or offending anybody. She never says *no*, if she can possibly help it, and, if hard pressed for an answer, does not go beyond the *non possumus*, the mildest form of the negative. To avoid saying *no*, she avoids conflicts, and, above all, discussion, and generally prefers passive resistance to active opposition. This singular aversion to saying *no* has been one of the most characteristic features of Roman diplomacy in secular as well as in ecclesiastical matters. When the name of a foreign bishop or canon designated by his government is sent for approval to Rome (which is done, according to existing treaties, either through the ambassador or through an agent appointed *ad hoc* by the Papal See), the unfortunate nominee has always to wait a very long time, even for a favorable reply. But should he not be deemed acceptable, Rome does not refuse her sanction, but simply confines herself to saying nothing at all either in word or writing. So well established is this custom that it is generally understood that, if no answer has arrived in two years, the chances are against the candidate. And when four years have elapsed, a new nomination may safely be resorted to. Such is the urbanity of the Roman Shepherd; at least the sheep of his flock, however rustic they may be, accept it as such, and it has worked remarkably well so far. Unlike the human eye, which owes its long range of vision to its power of accommodation, the Roman Church owes its power of accommodation to its farsightedness. By never refusing, by never arguing, and by letting well alone as long as possible, it has managed to outlive the intellectual storms that have raged around it, and to preserve, if not its life, an imposing continuity of historical existence.

But, if this oiliness was found so useful in the olden times, when the secular wheel revolved but slowly, it obviously became doubly necessary in the midst of modern fastness. Formerly the axle-tree could, by not oiling itself, act as a brake, and beyond a little creaking there was no unpleasantness. But should it begin jarring now, with a fly-wheel spinning round it, it would "infallibly" catch fire. Hitherto Rome seems to have been rightly guided by its instincts. Up to the sixteenth century, the church used to open her lips for argument and discussion at the rate of rather more than once in every century, nineteen Councils having been held in fifteen hundred years. But, when the day of modern civilization began to dawn, these lips were closed, and have remained closed for three hundred years, no Council having been held since the Council of Trent. Now, it is a fact that, during this long period of silence and passivity, a good many usages and habits of thought have become traditional among the faithful. These usages and habits of thought would probably require revising and sifting in the interest of truth. But the Roman Church itself could gain nothing by such a revision, and might lose much. Even some creeds have become traditionally established. The uneducated masses know nothing about the Pseudo-Isidorian Decretals or about the *Decretum* of Gratian; but a confused echo of those old controversies reaches somehow their unlearned ears. If they misinterpret it, their mistake, *provided they err on the right side*, is not likely to be corrected by the priests, and the consequence is that generation after generation is allowed to grow up in certain ideas, and even doctrines, which become dear to them by the very force of habit, but which never had any legal foundation or official sanction, which were, in fact, never proclaimed by the church, but which, on the other hand, were never refuted, condemned, or even declared questionable.

One of these purely traditional doctrines is that of Papal infallibility. It is quite certain that, until last year, the great bulk of the Roman Catholics believed, as a matter of course, that the head of their church must either be infallible, or cease to be viewed as the vicar of Christ. There was good logic in this. Learned theologians may have had some doubts about the matter, or may have made some subtle distinction between personal and *ex-cathedrâ* infallibility. But, if they made such distinctions or had some doubts, they certainly kept them to themselves. The world knew nothing about it, and the Pope en-

joyed his infallibility as undisturbedly as he could ever reasonably expect.

Why, then, not let well alone? What could the Roman Church gain by swerving from its time-honored habits of caution, to which it owes so much, merely for the sake of ratifying a doctrine which had already become, to say the least, a popular belief, and by thus opening the eyes of the faithful, for the first time in their lives, on the questionable soundness of what they had justly considered as a fundamental axiom, and as a corner-stone of their church? If the new dogma was intended as a means of overawing Gallicanism, and of gradually withdrawing the privileges and concessions granted in former times to the national churches, the miscalculation was so obvious and so gross as to be unworthy of even the youngest of Loyola's novices. The sullen attitude of the German Catholics, and the really threatening attitude of the Armenians, go far to show this.

Again, one must ask, What possessed the sovereign head of the church, who wielded absolute and undisputed power, to rake up the question of competency, and to begin talking of the constitution of the church, of the balance of its authorities, and the rights of the Council? If the Pope, as the whole Catholic world admits, has alone the power of convoking the Council, and if at the same time he has the power of never convoking it at all, the power and the rights of this Council become obviously as nugatory as its existence; and to raise the question as to whether the Council is superior to the Pope, or the Pope superior to the Council, seems idle and fanciful. None of the venerable bishops now assembled in Rome ever dreamt of being invested with legislative powers; and, if they had not been called away from their flocks and homes, such ambitious ideas would surely never have entered into their heads. In 1849, Mazzini wrote a pamphlet, under the title "Dal Papa al Concilio," proposing an appeal from the Pope to the Council. But in 1849 the Pope was an exile at Gaeta, and the Romans, though not appointing an anti-pope, had, in a fit of petulant humor, excommunicated the Pope. Consequently, in the Roman dictator's eyes, there was no Pope at that time, and an appeal to the ever-potential Council, as a kind of constituent power, seemed natural enough. The bishops may constitute themselves as a revolutionary body—the case is at least imaginable. But a Pope cannot be expected to invite them to sit in judgment over him.

One is, in fact, at a loss to understand the motives that may have prompted the Pope to convoke this assembly. The only plausible hypothesis is that the church has lost her old instincts. The Jesuits have for once overshot the mark, and the Pope, who lives in blissful ignorance of the spirit of the age, and who has always been fond of playing with the insignia of his power, has eagerly availed himself of a rare opportunity for displaying the pomp of his court and the vastness of his empire. His famous Encyclical and his still more famous Syllabus show, however, that a wide and deep gulf—nay, a daily widening and daily deepening gulf, separates him from humanity and civilization. Till then the gulf had remained partly hidden and might have been ignored. But now who could walk across it without feeling giddy? The promulgation of the Syllabus was unmistakably a sign of despair, of impotent despair. To see in it an act of aggression or a formidable challenge would betray either a bad conscience or a weak mind. On reading the Syllabus, we know at once that by it the Vatican has played its highest card. It can say nothing stronger. The world knows the worst, then, and has heard the loudest thunder without being the worse for it. What, in fact, has happened during these six years that would not have happened without the Syllabus? Has Rome gained in influence and power, and has the world lost even an inch of ground, in consequence of its promulgation in 1864?

Why, then, protest against it in diplomatic notes, or confute its curious theses by any show of argument in books and pamphlets, in newspapers and public speeches? Even those two learned and accomplished gentlemen who have put their heads together, occipitally, at least, to form a Janus-head, what have they to say worth knowing in their four hundred pages, unless it were some mouldy learning leading to no standpoint and opening no new vista? It cannot be supposed that the Syllabus produced no impression on account of its not having the binding force of a dogma. If it had not, the lay world was not aware of the defect, and accepted the document as emanating from the highest authority on earth. If the Council is now invited to give to some of the paragraphs the official dignity of a dogma, this very invitation, however fully obeyed, must still further weaken the already feeble effect of the Syllabus. The same may be said of the dogma of the Assumption, which, having been *assumed* so long, might have been left untampered with now. After having celebrated the 15th of August for fifteen centuries, the Catholic world must feel shocked and alarmed at the retrospective possibility that so many fireworks may have been let off in honor of an erroneous assumption.

And as to the infallibility, its discussion, having been neglected in the Middle Ages, should never have been brought on in the nineteenth century. If the Council is to decide, it can either ratify the doctrine or abrogate it. In the former case, the Pope would obtain nothing but what he practically had before. In the latter case, he would suffer a loss of power and prestige which might ultimately lead to curious changes in Roman Catholic ideas. In either case, to the outside world, the decrees of the Council would be what the *Index* is to the literary world—rather less than a curiosity.

THE NAVAL CONTROVERSY.

A CONTROVERSY has long existed between the two classes of officers in the Navy known as "the line" and "the staff." Many pamphlets have been written and much ink has been expended in the newspapers on both sides of the question, seemingly without convincing either party that the arguments of the other are inconclusive. During the past year the dispute has waxed warmer and more earnest than ever. Several bills have been presented to Congress, the provisions of which are designed to settle the contest, and the Naval Committees of both Houses have these projects under serious consideration.

The staff-officers—surgeons, paymasters, engineers, chaplains, professors of mathematics, naval constructors—urge that they are essential to complete naval organization; that, inasmuch as all their professional functions are performed for a military result, and under the requirements of military laws and tribunals, they are military men, and that their commands or orders to subordinates of their respective vocations are military, because they can be enforced only through the processes of military law. Their commissions are printed from the same plate, filled up on the same blanks, as those of the line. They are formally and legally alike in this respect. Both are appointed by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; they alike hold their commissions under the same laws and conditions. They participate with the line in all the discomforts, privations, and perils incident to the vicissitudes of naval life both in war and in peace. The records of the late rebellion prove that staff-officers are killed and drowned in battle, die from exertion in the line of official duty, and suffer imprisonment at the hands of the enemy, like those of the line. Only one officer of the line and one of the staff escaped from the disaster which overtook the ill-fated *Oneida* in the waters of Japan. The notorious case of Passed Assistant-Surgeon Green shows that staff-officers are not exempted from the inflictions of military tribunals.

For such reasons staff-officers believe that their right to be considered military men is established. Being military men, they claim a position in the naval organization just as definite and fixed as the position of every officer of the line, which is to him individual and distinct, and impenetrable, for no two officers of the line can occupy the same position at the same time, because each is either superior or inferior to all others. Technically, the position of an officer is termed his rank. Practically, it is the measure of his authority, responsibility, privilege, and immunity; and, incidentally, of his personal convenience and comfort. The staff-people represent that they are unhappy, and suffer many inconveniences and slights at the hands of the line, because they possess no rank which the latter will recognize and respect.

While Secretary of the Navy, Mr. George Bancroft, in the year 1846, conferred on medical officers, in a general order, degrees of "*rank with*" certain grades of line officers; and with a view to abate their opposition to the measure, and in a spirit of compromise, he in

serted in the order a provision that "commanding and executive officers of whatever grade" should have precedence of all medical (staff) officers. Subsequently, the same degrees of "rank with" were conferred on paymasters and engineers; and all those general orders were legalized by Congress. Shortly after the commencement of the war of the rebellion several new grades were given to the line; and Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, in 1863, gave to staff-officers, with the assent of the Cabinet, increased degrees of rank, in a general order or regulation. Within a few days after the advent of Vice-Admiral Porter to participation in the administration of naval affairs, this regulation of Mr. Welles was annulled, and consequently the staff-officers were degraded to the degrees of rank mentioned in the legalized general orders.

The line contumaciously opposed and evaded the practical observance of those general orders. It was, and is still, argued that there are no staff-officers in the navy. In a spirit of disparagement line-officers called them "non-combatants," although they were killed in battle; "civil officers," although they are held amenable to military laws and military tribunals; and, lately, "mere auxiliaries" and "necessary evils in the service." They urge that the words "rank with" mean, at most, "assimilated rank," and really signify nothing. If the Secretary had said, "shall have the 'rank of,'" no one could have cavilled about the meaning of the order. Even had he said "rank of," the proviso giving precedence to commanding and executive officers practically annulled the rank, because all officers in the performance of duty issue commands, and therefore all officers of the line are commanding officers, and, according to the expressed terms of the order, have precedence of all staff-officers. Again, every line-officer who executes an order is an executive officer, and entitled to precedence of all staff-officers. This must be the true construction, because the laws of the navy nowhere recognize or mention a grade of executive officers. The logical conclusion of the line from these premises and arguments is that the rank of staff-officers is purely nominal and possesses none of the properties of rank properly so called.

Another argument is, that rank and command are inseparable, although it is patent that line-officers of every grade are on leave of absence or waiting orders, and, consequently, are without command. Rank is determined by the commission, and is permanent under all circumstances; but command, or right to command, is derived from the orders of the President or Secretary of the Navy, which always describe and limit its sphere. Yet the dogma that rank and command are inseparable is pertinaciously adhered to, and put forward as a conclusive argument why it is impossible to give any rank to staff-officers. They say, to give them rank is, in fact, giving them the right to command ships, which would be most unreasonable, and very dangerous to the nation's interest in the Navy. It is alleged, too, on the part of the line, that naval discipline must be impaired, and the safety of our public ships imperilled, by giving a fixed position in the military body to mere civilians, who scorn to be regarded as men of inferior caste. One distinguished gentleman states that, in times past, he served when naval discipline was in high condition, and then the rank of "civil" officers was far inferior to what it is now, implying that the quality of discipline is contingent upon the degree of rank of staff-officers. "Flogging in the Navy and on board vessels of commerce" was abolished September 28, 1850. Prior to this date, it was urged that the abolition of the lash would be ruinous to "the discipline and good of the service," whatever that may be. But experience has demonstrated that those anticipations were as groundless as the evils which, it was said, must follow the Emancipation Act and the abolition of slavery in the United States.

It is pretended that, whatever degrees of rank Congress in its wisdom may confer on staff-officers, it is absolutely necessary for the "good of the service" that the executive officer, no matter how inferior his lineal rank may be, shall have precedence of them all. This is a pet notion, and has no more foundation in fact than had the arguments against the abolition of the lash and of slavery. There is no grade known as executive officer. His position in a ship is the same as that of an adjutant in the army. His function is to execute the general orders of the officer in command, in relation to the police routine and regulations. His duties could be discharged by the junior as well as by the senior line-officer, and without conferring upon him any precedence additional to that which pertains to his lineal rank. As well argue that letter-carriers must have precedence of all officers to whom they convey orders from the Navy Department. The executive officer is simply the agent or actuary of his commander for certain purposes. The "officer of the deck" or "officer of the watch," who corresponds to the "officer of the day" in the army, may be of any grade or rank in the line. But no one ever refused to obey an order of the "officer of the deck" or of the "officer of the day" on the ground that he was of inferior rank to himself, and could not take precedence of him. By assumption, on one hand, and tame acquiescence, on the other, the executive officer has grown to be a dangerous rival of the commander. He calls himself "second in command." There are instances of executive officers who are said to believe that success in battle was due to themselves exclusively, and that they, and not their commanders, are entitled to the reward of merit.

A consequence of this long-continued controversy is that there are fifty-four vacancies in a body of medical officers which numbers two hundred when full, and there are few, if any, properly qualified candidates to fill them, while there are at least two hundred asking admission into the medical staff of the army. Besides lessening the attractions which belong to an honorable service, and so far increasing the Government's difficulty in procuring suitably qualified professional servants, it is detrimental to that spirit of brotherhood which is an element important, if not essential, to the efficiency and harmony of military organization.

"In the army," General Sherman says, in a recently published letter to Vice-Admiral Porter—"in the army, all our staff-officers have actual rank. They hold commissions from the President as generals, colonels, majors, captains, etc., which fix their pay, allowances, precedence, and privileges generally. But the sixty-second article of war establishes who is to command. If, upon marches, guard, or in quarters, different corps of the army shall happen to join or do duty together, the officer highest in rank of the line of the army, marine corps, or militia, by commission, then on duty or in quarters, shall command the whole, and give orders for what is needful to the service, unless otherwise specially directed by the President of the United States, according to the nature of the case. Therefore—and it frequently happens—when a captain or lieutenant finds himself senior, he commands the whole, though there may be under him surgeons, paymasters, quartermasters, etc., with commissions of colonel or major, who must obey his orders. So long as a line officer is present for duty, he must command. He cannot waive it, for the Government holds him especially responsible for whatever duty or enterprise the command may be engaged in. This is true as to the commanding officer; and is practically true as to the officer of the day, who corresponds with your officer of the deck, as also the adjutant, who simply executes the orders of his commanding officer. In all other respects the staff-officers have the full advantage of their rank. On the whole, our army system seems to work well in practice."

The staff-officers of the Navy ask Congress to place them on the same footing as staff-officers in the army. They feel assured that the system which experience has proved to work well in practice in the army will work equally well in the Navy. At any rate, it might be tried, for, if it should fail after sufficient trial to test it, Congress is always competent to remedy its defects by subsequent legislation. Numerically, the staff-officers are nearly equal to those of the line. They are equally interested in the efficiency of the Navy, and equally delight in the glories and popularity it has fairly won, and may still increase. They know that the brilliant fame of Farragut, Porter, and others throws some of its lustre upon themselves, because they believe that their faithful and zealous labors contributed to our heroes' success in the hour of danger and battle.

THE MYTH OF HAMLET.

How many of those eager listeners who have hung on the words of Booth or Fechter, night after night, have imagined that the Hamlet whom he so well presents to us is only a mythic impersonation of the

ripening ear of grain or of the lightning flash? We bow to the advance of scientific investigation, and give up the pretty fable of Llewellyn and his faithful Gellert, for we find it almost word for word in the *Hitopadesa*, where the Indian story teller narrates it of a Brahmin and his otter. We are even glad to have the contested identity of William Tell settled by finding that he is a representation of the sun whose rays shoot unerringly. But Shakespeare has breathed such life into all his characters—we know so well all their actions, we have seen them so often before our eyes, that we are sure they once existed. We relegate them, perhaps, when hard pressed, to Keltic England or to the early ages of Denmark; but they must have for us a local habitation and a name. We perhaps shall best note what progress mythological science—a creation of a dozen years—is making if we find that one of our most thoroughly-known heroes is shown to be a myth. It is singular what an effect the disproval or explanation of some familiar belief or character has on us; we are at once ready to give up most of our others; we admit, without a struggle, that Homer is a collection of popular ballads, and that the rape of Helen has some connection with the rising of the sun. Seeing that we must give up the theory which some of our pious school-teachers gave us, that Hercules was a reworking of the story of Samson, we begin even to suggest a mythological origin to Samson himself.

The story of Hamlet, as we well know, was derived by Shakespeare from the old Danish chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus, who tells many legends and tales of the old Danish princes. The story, as there given, is much the same as it is in Shakespeare, but the conclusion is different; for Amleth, as he is there called, burns up the palace with all the courtiers, and safely kills Feng, his adulterous and murderous uncle, after which he marries the daughters of the kings of Britain and Scotland, and lives a long time happily and well. The father of Amleth is Orwandil, the mother Gêruta, and the uncle Feng. Polonius and Ophelia both appear, but are unnamed. In the original, as well as in Shakespeare, Hamlet counterfeits madness in order to kill his uncle, and this slyness and cunning was a quality held in high esteem by the northern heroes. There is not in the original story the slightest trace of that indecision of character which in Shakespeare forms Hamlet's chief characteristic; but, at the same time, the long delay in revenging his murdered father, his nearest and first duty, seems to have been regarded by those hot-blooded, quick-willed Scandinavians as a proof of weakness. That is shown from a passage in the Hrôlf's Saga: "This sword is for no Amlôdhi;" *i.e.*, for no irresolute man, as the context makes plain. He is, however, not such a character, but thoughtful, slow, and sure.

Saxo knew but one part of the Orwandil legend, which he to some extent arbitrarily reworked. There is in the younger Edda another part of this saga, which, as Uhland showed long ago, is one of the cycle of myths relating to Thor. It is to this effect: When Thor returned home from his victory over the Giant Hrungni, he still carried in his head the piece of his antagonist's stone weapon, which had entered there during the fight. Thereupon the prophetess Grôa or Grôdha, the wife of Orwandil the Bold, was asked to cure him. She comes and sings her magic runes over Thor till the stone in his head becomes loose. Thor, feeling the relief, rewards her for the cure with the glad message that Orwandil will soon come home to her. He himself carried him in a basket on his back over the ice-stream Eliwâgar, in order to free him from the power of the Frost giant. But one toe stuck up out of the basket and froze. He thereupon broke it off, threw it up to the sky, and made out of it the constellation "Orwandil's toe." Grôa is so rejoiced at this news that she forgets her incantations. So the stone still sticks in Thor's head.

Both Uhland and Ettmüller agree in the explanation of this legend. Thor is the god of agriculture, and therefore fights with the giants who injure it, and especially with Hrungni, the hard rock, that resists all cultivation and breaks him in pieces with his hammer—the thunderbolt. Grôa is growth. Her husband Orwandil (arrow-working) is the embryo which, when the seed bursts, sends up its arrow-like leaves. Thor carries him over the ice-stream; *i.e.*, he protects the seed during the winter. Orwandil sticks out a toe which is frozen; that is, the seed sprouts too quickly. Grôa is a prophetess, because from the growth we know the future harvest. The stone left in Thor's head is what we still find in the fields, and which the growth of the grain cannot wholly overcome.

The great objection to this explanation is that it is too perfect. Pretty as it is, it is not borne out by analogy nor by the necessary explanations of related myths. Orwandil corresponds to the Anglo-Saxon word earendel (earhvendel), a beam or ray, and means the lightning spark; the ray of the spring weather which Thor carried through the winter to join his consort, the green sprouting vegetation. After the darkness of winter Thor relights the moons and stars with his lightning, just as Indra, in the Sanskrit mythology, lights them up after his contest with the dragon. And in the same way Indra carries Kutsa (the personified thunder-bolt) in his car when he goes out to fight the demons.

A relic of this myth is still preserved to us in the legend of St. Christopher bearing Christ over the river: the saint takes the place of Thor, has the "terrible face," the red beard and hair of the old god, is propitiated by the sacrifice of cocks, and is a defender against lightning and hailstorms. By a natural process common in all mythologies, the personified thunderbolt became a hypostase or other form of the thunderthrower, and Orwandil was turned into a second Thor. As Orendel he became a popular German hero—"the oldest of all heroes," the Saga of Trier calls him—wandered throughout the world, and had a series of adventures which bear a striking resemblance to those of Ulysses, so that it is to him probably that Tacitus refers when he says that Ulysses came to Germany, and that there are temples there in his honor. Though perhaps never canonized by the church, he had the reputation of a saint in the middle ages, as many legends and the name "Sant Orendels salle" show.

The god of the thundershower, Orwandil or Horvendill, passed into Denmark, and made himself there a sort of patron and protector of the country. It was but natural to trace the descent of all the Danish kings to him, and through him further back to Thor. We find now told of him nearly the same story told of Thor, which is in the same way a nature-myth, for he goes off on a warlike expedition, and meeting Kallir (the cold), King of Norway, in an island green with the spring, he challenges him to single combat, and, throwing away his shield, wounds him in the foot and slays him. After several such adventures, Orwandil marries the king's daughter, Gêruta (the spear-versed), the Gertrude of Shakespeare, and has a son whom he calls Amleth (old northern Amhlôdhi, one who collects with trouble, the unceasing worker). Dr. Ettmüller would have Amleth represent the grain-ear, but he is only a new expression of the thunderbolt. Feng (the grasper), the brother of Orwandil, envying Orwandil the possession of his wife, kills him and marries her. In other words, the power of cold and darkness, at last, when the year draws to an end, overcomes the life-giving, preserving force, and obtains the mastery of the earth and of its growth. Fortunately, the principle of the good god is still existent in the person of his son, and the contest begins anew.

This time, however, it is not by physical force that the struggle is decided, but by cunning. Hamlet plays the part which we know so well from the familiar tales of Jack the Giant-killer, the Stupid Hans, Aschenputtel, and Tom Thumb, the heroes of which are merely other forms of the same personification, whether we call him Thor or Apollo. The way in which he accomplished his end we all know, but in the legend as given by old Saxo we have no end of sly tricks, such as we find in all the popular tales of similar meaning. The very revenge which Hamlet takes on the courtiers of his uncle by burning them alive points out anew his connection with the thunderbolt. His subsequent career is varied and glorious, but most of the particulars told by the Danish chronicler are parts rather of the heroic legend than of the nature-myth.

Correspondence.

MORE AUTHORS' GRIEVANCES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In one of your recent numbers appeared an "Appeal for American Thought," so clear, so affecting, that I will venture to say not a few of those whose interests it was written to serve rose from the perusal with tears in their eyes. Every word it contained is true. American intellect *is* languishing at the present time, not merely from the detestable free-trade in ideas against which it has to fight, not merely from Shakespeare with ten centuries at his back, but from the grasping and sordid system of our own publishing-houses, and the bargaining spirit of the age, which cheapens ideas as it might a ribbon, and taxes a sonnet as heavily as a cigar. If your patience and courtesy can spare a corner, I should like to tell my experience. It is by no means remarkable. Many of your readers will recognize it as analogous to their own; and for the rest it is well that the public generally should know more of the sorrows of that inky realm whose products adorn and brighten so many of their homes!

I, then, am an author, possessing what may be styled a "fair to middling" degree of talent, which, from the circumstances of my birthplace,

must be distinctively American, and which I constantly burn to commit to paper. Circumstances over which I have no control prevent my being a genius, which fact I lament, but scorn to deny. It is not, therefore, of those who possess this mysterious quality that I venture to write. No eye sees genius when it is a-building, no ear catches the clink of hammers; suddenly and in silence the miracle is wrought, and the astonished world beholds in a tenth edition that being who yesterday was nowhere. But in the case of middle-class talent one recognizes distinct stages of growth. It needs cultivating as much as a peach-tree; there must be approving rustles among the leaves, the sunshine of popular favor resting upon and ripening the blossoms, and liberal nourishment at the root. The first two may be contributed by the public—the last a publisher only can supply. Man shall not live on air alone. It is not enough that "children cry for you." Something more substantial is needed.

Imagine, then, a young and hopeful writer, conscious of something to say and a certain trick or knack at saying it, and starting with these as stock in trade upon the serious business of literature. Every way she—I am a woman—looks the doors seem barred. With fatal facility her MSS., like curses (or chickens, which is it?), find their way home to roost. She tries a lower flight, and at last some "Lines to a Cat" meet the eye of the discriminating editor of the *Blanket Sheet*, and a neat printed form enclosing $5 is the result. Raptures ensue. But "Lines to a Mouse," which follow, are not equally successful, and the idea of converting all the animals depicted by Goldsmith's "Animated Nature" into stanzas is speedily abandoned. However, the children's column presents itself as a mine to be worked. Her stories take. Delightful oblongs bearing the magic words $10 appear not infrequently. What more could be desired? Alas! When is man—still less woman—satisfied? Success intoxicates. Ambitious visions of the *Caribbean Sea*, of the *Bagpipes*, of the pale gray cover of the *Zodiac*, the pea-green of the *Aboriginal*, flit before her eyes. What bliss to figure in those inspired pages! So taking breath as for a "header," she makes the plunge, and comes up in the world of grown-up literature, a MS. in her hand.

Ah that MS.! The *Caribbean Sea* will none of it. Nothing can be more concise or more beautifully printed than the circular by which, after six weeks of alternate hope and despair, this fact is signified. Next the *Bagpipes*, three-headed like Cerberus, samples the article with three several chews and spues it politely forth, accompanied with a neat, wire-wove sheet upon which in well-couched phrases is set forth its regrets and disclaimers of any but the most strictly private and personal reasons for the refusal. At the bottom a few "hints to contributors" stare her in the face. She reads that the editors of the *Bagpipes* desire among other things "short and entertaining stories, sketches of character, etc." "Dear me," she gasps, "how strange! This of mine is exactly what they say they want!" Now she tries the *Zodiac*. Another interval—another circular. Then the editor of the *Judicious Mixture* has the grief of returning it. His sorrow at the necessity is expressed upon satin paper, with a polished amplitude of apology insensibly distressing to the feelings. But by this time circulars have ceased to charm. Their vagueness, their dreadful politeness, chill her very marrow. It is harrowing to receive again and yet again "John's Boot-jack," in which she has laid herself out to be "light and entertaining," and read each time at the bottom of the accompanying sheet that "light and entertaining stories" are particularly wanted by the Messrs. So-and-so. "How can I improve under this sort of thing?" she asks herself in despair. "If only they would write 'Stupid,' 'Improbable,' 'Deficient in incident,' or 'Not enough conversation,' it would be worth something to me—but now!" At last success crowns her efforts. Either she writes better, or her judges, like him in Scripture, are by her continual importunity wearied into compliance. One fine day a delicate rose-colored envelope gladdens her eyes and reflects itself like a bow of hope on her cheeks. What characters were ever more delectable than that well-known signature which has carried peace and plenty, bread and butter, into so many homes? Later a violet and white enclosure begins delightfully to diversify the mail-bag. Modest industry is typified by the landscape which meanders in pleasing arabesque around the address, and, within, a gorgeous monogram in black and silver, whose component letters might do duty for "Peace, Bliss & Co.," presides above an urbane suggestion that a receipt for the enclosure would be acceptable. Ah! with what swift alacrity is it complied with! Lastly a plain white envelope, its contents written, not printed, informs her that Messrs. Blank accept the verses entitled "The Sigh of the Scrofulous," and hope to find space for it in the course of a few months. Could anything at first sight be more charming, more flattering? But the end is not yet. She has yet to learn what *that* means; for, adapting Wordsworth,

"Two years she waits in sun and showers,"

and then the "Sigh" makes its appearance, and contemporaneously a fat package containing two blanks and a bank-note. Blank No. 1 sets forth that the editors of So-and-so have the pleasure of enclosing $3, and request that the "accompanying paper" may be forthwith signed and returned by mail. Said "accompanying paper" is a legal form by which the "Scrofulous Sigh" is bound over for a term of years, like an apprentice, to their sole use and behoof, and is in no wise to be reprinted, either separately or in a collection, without consent formally demanded and given, and affording Messrs. Blank the opportunity of printing said volume, if they should at the time be so inclined. The lips of the author form an inaudible whistle as she peruses this "iron-clad oath." Soon, remembering that "The Sigh" is after all but an example of her "early style," as they say of old masters, and it is by no means likely anybody will ever care to see it again, she rallies, affixes her signature with due solemnity, and despatches the document upon its homeward way. If a similar pledge is exacted from each contributor, and any dependence is to be placed upon the numbered corner (one-billion and-thirty-three, it was) only conceive what stacks and stacks of treasures that editorial sanctum must contain. Let us hope it is fireproof, otherwise a single night's work might scatter these oaths and promises to the wind, and release from imprisonment vast hordes of odes, sonnets, and tales of the affections, to prey afresh upon the community.

By this time "the editor" *per se* begins to loom upon her imagination as a dire, majestic eidolon, to be revered, propitiated, or abhorred, as the case may be.

"Truest friend or subtlest foe,
Best angel or worst devil."

And then perhaps she goes to New York, and, sitting in some quiet corner, sees defile before her in dress-coats and white ties these arbiters of destiny. "What," she cries to herself, "that dapper boy the conductor of the Blank? *that* the celebrated So-and-so? Are these the bolt-laden Joves I have deprecated? Impossible!" But then she recollects that ignorant Irishmen are entrusted with the duty of carting nitro-glycerine about the country, and she lays her hand on her mouth and is silent.

As time wears on, things grow funnier. She gets inside the veil a little. What she sees makes her laugh. She sees editors attaching a new meaning to the word "acceptance." If a thing may in the course of human possibility be wanted—if only it is too good to fall into the hands of the rival over the way—their remedy is easy, they accept, and lay it aside. Should it not appear before the very close of the Christian era, should it linger, as did a certain legendary tale she wots of entitled "The Fair Firebrand," *twelve* long years before making its appearance, what course is open to the luckless author but to pocket his $20, and suppress the rising tendency to "calculate" that put out to usury almost anywhere the sum must at the very least have grown by then to thirty-five. She sees the conductor of that enterprising monthly, the *Flat*, embark for a year's tour in Europe, leaving his organ in the hands of a small boy, who forwards in answer to all applications a printed form stating that during the absence of Mr. G. it is impossible for him to "purchase" any MSS.; but adding in a foot-note, as out of his own head, that, if the article were gratuitous, it is accepted, and will appear immediately! Everywhere she meets the dreadful circular. And what she wishes to ask the editor of the *Nation* is this:

1st. Can anything be done to promote a general adoption of the system of payment on acceptance? or, failing this,

2d. Can a statute of limitations be established which shall force an editor to print or pay for an accepted article at the end of a given time, say one year, and give the author or his heirs and executors the legal right to sue him if he don't?

3d. Can anything be done about the circulars?

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

THE CHINESE AND THE FOREIGN RESIDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter published in the *Nation* of March 3, Mr. Edward Cunningham criticises certain statements which I have made in regard to the relations which existed between foreigners and natives in China, during and previous to the year 1863. In making these statements, I chose chiefly such occurrences for illustration as came under my own observation, and which were attended by no palliating circumstances, and it so

happened that the "main incident" contained in itself abundant material for generalization.

The passengers on the *Surprise* were there as invited guests of one of the most prominent firms in the East, and as they were, I think, more than one hundred in number and included both English and Americans, it seems safe to say that the foreign residents of that period in China were well represented. The fact, which I emphasize again, that there was no expressed disapproval or remonstrance on the part of the passengers, would seem to justify the inference that little value is placed on the life of Chinamen.

Mr. Cunningham thinks there must have been "some peculiar circumstances of tide," etc., which rendered the accident unavoidable. Even if this had been the case, which I do not admit, there was no possible excuse for the absolute and merciless abandonment of the drowning Chinamen. Mr. Cunningham makes me say that "three lives certainly, and probably four," were destroyed; my words were: "Going to the stern, I could see but one of the four Chinamen, and he was motionless in the water. Among the faces of the foreigners on the crowded decks there were few traces of the feelings which every new-comer must experience after witnessing such a scene." The fact is we immediately steamed away so fast that it was impossible to tell whether any of the four could have been saved or not. The whole affair bears an awful resemblance to the abandonment of the sinking *Oneida;* the difference being in the fact that, while the latter was a fine vessel filled with Americans who perished in the dark, the other was merely a scow with four despised Chinamen, whom a pleasure party of Europeans could leave to their fate in broad daylight.

Mr. Cunningham remarks that "Mr. George F. Seward was at that time, as now, the American Consul at Shanghae, and he has so resolutely and persistently defended and protected the Chinese in all such [collision] cases, that he has obtained the reputation in China of leaning to the Chinese side—a reputation he lately confirmed by declaring in a decision on a collision case that he would award to the Chinese, even when at fault, if the foreign navigator had unnecessarily passed so near the native craft as to cause the steersman to lose his presence of mind." The position thus taken by a disinterested official after nearly ten years of experience in China should seem of itself sufficient proof of the unnecessary frequence of these occurrences. There is no doubt that the Chinese are often recklessly slow in getting out of the way of foreign vessels, but it is equally certain that many foreign ship-captains are not overscrupulous about taking a terrible retaliation for this tardiness by needlessly sinking junks. I made five journeys in Chinese waters, including this pleasure excursion; on two of these such "collisions" occurred, viz., the one referred to by Mr. Cunningham, and one in which the English mail steamer sank a dilatory boat, containing one man, on the Peiho.

I was also an eye-witness to another occurrence, of which Mr. Cunningham doubts the possibility. In walking through the crowded streets of the Chinese settlement at Shanghae, I observed a large and rather portly man, past the prime of life, who carried a heavy cane, which he moved constantly up and down before him. Those who saw this badge of foreign superiority in time avoided it and made way; those who did not see it felt it. A friend who was with me told me that this was a respectable foreigner, and that this was his habit, a statement which I thought sufficiently corroborated when I saw him again doing the same thing.

If those things have changed for the better since the time of which I wrote, no one can rejoice more than I. But the improvement has been chiefly effected by the very policy which has made Mr. Burlingame and Sir Frederic Bruce exceedingly unpopular among a large part of the foreign mercantile community in China; and, so far as Americans are concerned, it is due largely to the unswerving co-operation of Mr. Seward in this just policy to such an extent that, according to Mr. Cunningham, he has "obtained" and "confirmed" the reputation of leaning to the Chinese side. There was a time, however, when it was very difficult for a Chinaman to obtain justice, for the foreigner is entirely removed by treaty from Chinese jurisdiction. During that time, some nine or ten years ago, an English merchant punished one of his Chinese servants for falling asleep in a hall-chair by throwing him into a cistern of water and keeping him there till he was almost lifeless. A complaint to the British Consul resulted in a farce of a trial and the imposing of a trifling fine of a few dollars. Fortunately, Sir Frederic Bruce, the British Minister, saw the report of the trial, and *he* found the conduct of the merchant so brutal that he reversed the decision, reprimanded severely the Consul, and inflicted a punishment more in conformity with the character of the offence. This merchant was a Mr. Richardson, who afterward, during a visit to Japan, was killed by the retinue of a Japanese prince, for trying to force his way on horseback through a column of soldiers, instead of leaving the road, as he was motioned to, while the cortége was passing. In retaliation for the killing of this gentleman, the English squadron, with most unwarranted haste, bombarded and burned the large city of Kagosima, destroying thousands of lives. And yet, Mr. Richardson had not the reputation of being brutal, and had he lived he would probably have returned to England, and there been neither better nor worse than his neighbors.

Mr. Cunningham is one of the comparatively few residents of China who have had the strength of character to raise themselves above the prejudice of race, to which most succumb, and he was, and probably still is, one of the warmest advocates of the policy inaugurated by Mr. Burlingame and Sir Frederic Bruce. It is therefore with no little surprise that I find an attack which I might expect from other quarters coming from him. Mr. Cunningham's appeal, in which he asks whether there are any evidences of extreme brutality in the conduct or character of those who return after a residence in China, is one that might equally well have been made in behalf of our former slaveholders, and which in both cases would be answered in the negative.

To carry the parallel still further, I can account for Mr. Cunningham's position in this matter only by comparing him to the many really kind and humane Southerners who could not see the evils around them, because they were blinded by a long residence among them.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY.

FITZ JOHN PORTER'S CASE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a constant and a careful reader of the *Nation*, and I generally like the tone of its discussions. My political conclusions are different, but it is refreshing to read a paper which, while it professes a party bias, yets admits the possibility of an honest conflict of opinion in politics, and is reluctant to stigmatize dissenters as immoral men. Thoughtful, fair, and unprejudiced debate of public questions is not so charmingly prevalent in our newspapers as to have ceased to be a theme for thanksgiving when it occurs. I was therefore a little surprised to read a paper upon Fitz John Porter's case in your number of March 3, which betrayed, I thought, more prejudice than the *Nation* is used to suffer in its columns. I quote the closing paragraph: "We hope that he will not be reinstated in the army, that his disabilities will not be removed, and that he will not be recognized as a person having any claim whatever to the clemency of the Government." And I gather from the whole article that the writer regards Mr. Porter's appeal as a pleading for a favor rather than for simple justice. Now, if I understand the intent of Mr. Porter's prayer for relief, this article presents it unfairly. The real gist of his appeal is to be reheard, and not primarily to be replaced—for a new trial, and not for pardon or amnesty. Undoubtedly he wishes to be reinstated also, but only as a consequence of the restoration of his fair fame. He complains, and, if I am correctly informed, a very large body of intelligent men incline to agree with him, that he did not, in fact, have a fair trial. He says, further, that, by reason of the heats which then pervaded society, men's minds were so warped from a judicial rectitude that it was not possible to try his case fairly. And he urges yet further the fact that evidence essential to his defence which he now exhibits was then absolutely inaccessible to him; and that from this cause, also, the finding of the court was erroneous. Now, new trials, based upon this same principle, are granted daily in the civil courts. But on the wider principle of the general welfare, is it not worth while to set at rest, if possible, the suspicion which so generally prevails in regard to this particular case, that injustice is maintained here to subserve a merely party purpose or to spare a party pride? Surely we agree that the United States cannot afford to do injustice, and I think we shall not differ in the opinion that our system renders it essential that the justice of the Government shall be made plain and manifest. It is not sufficient to tell me that the relief asked is unusual and inconvenient, for the case was essentially singular. Nor can we quash the whole proceeding by the mere assertion that no possible condemnation will ever satisfy the discontented. I firmly believe that substantially all of us malcontents will rest entirely satisfied if, as Mr. Porter himself suggests, the President, the Secretary of War, and the General of the Army, or, as I venture to suggest, the Generals Sherman, Thomas, and Meade, or others such as they, after a full hearing, concur in a refusal to reverse the judgment of the court. I confess that I give but very little respect to the objection to

reopening the ancient strife of parties. I do not see so much of a sweet and lovely communion now between the parties that the prospect of introducing a little more discord need distress any one. And I admit that the precedent may be applied to other cases. If they resemble this case, they are better reopened than kept closed. There is a strong prejudice abroad in favor of fair play, and even the most hardened of us partisans sometimes doubt whether a lie well sworn to is, after all, in the long run, exactly as good as the truth. And pray tell me what the alleged inclination of the court to a death sentence has to do with this present question of a new trial? It is not charged that the court was cruel; it is claimed that it was unjust or mistaken. If it be published now to spread the belief that Mr. Porter had, upon the whole, a lucky escape, I can only admire his moral constitution who believes that Fitz John Porter was guilty and yet conceives that his punishment was mitigated by sparing his life. If he was guilty of the crime for which he was condemned, he should have been shot like a dog. But we have no right to presume that the court paltered with their oaths and were false to their duty in recording a judgment which had been tampered with by the pleasure of the President. And finally permit me, on my side, to make an impertinent suggestion. Is it wise to run the risk of degradation to the morale of the army which would result from the reinstatement of Fitz John Porter as a political and party measure? Yet, if public sentiment is not sooner set at rest, such an event is probable in case the Opposition ever comes to power again. I never saw General Porter, nor ever studied the merits of his case, but, if from any cause there is fair ground for doubt whether the terrible infamy of his sentence was deserved, I think it only common prudence to dissipate the doubt. This is to my apprehension the whole real prayer of the condemned.

Respectfully and truly yours,

J. Q. A.

Quincy, March 8, 1870.

[Courts-martial, especially for the trial of such offences as misbehavior before the enemy, have to be held in time of war, and a time of war is always, or almost always, a time of prejudice and passion. To argue that a tribunal of this kind, therefore, should not sit on charges against a soldier until the public mind has grown calm, is really to argue that he should not be tried till the return of peace. In fact, there is not a single reason given by Mr. Porter for reopening his case now which might not have been urged with equal force against trying it at all in 1862. What would become of discipline, however, if every officer were assured that, no matter what misconduct he might be guilty of in the field, if he were conspicuous enough to rouse popular feeling either for or against him, he could not be called to account till the memory of the affair had grown cold? Of course, any such understanding would have the effect of assurance of impunity. Nobody would obey any orders he did not choose to obey, and would trust to something turning up in the years that would probably elapse before his trial, to justify his refusal. Moreover, if it were well understood that the sentences of courts-martial sitting in time of war were open to review afterwards *on this ground*, no sentence not touching life would carry any weight. Loss of rank or expulsion from the army, under such sentences, would be little or no punishment, for it would carry with it no stigma, and the culprit would believe, and all his friends would believe, that he would yet have his revenge on the scurvy crew who had convicted him. As regards the fresh evidence said to have been discovered, all we have to say about it, and all we need say, is that, if it throws no fresh light on Mr. Porter's *state of mind* on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of August, 1862, it is entirely irrelevant. Whether there were 100,000 or 1,000 men in his front on the 29th, matters not; the question is, What did he believe, and under what motives was he acting? Suppose any officer were found running away after he had received a positive order to advance, and he were tried and convicted for it, would it be open to him to ask for a new trial, on the ground that an overwhelming force of the enemy, of which he only heard four years later, was on that occasion in hot pursuit of him? Consider what monstrous absurdities this would lead to. We do not understand from Mr. Porter's appeal that he is now in possession of any evidence as to his own state of mind on the 29th which was not or might not have been submitted to the court-martial which tried him. It must be remembered, too, that to reopen his case, is to put the members of that court-martial on their trial. It is to cast on them the imputation of having carelessly, recklessly, and passionately, and by an abuse of judicial procedure, inflicted on a brother officer of high distinction a terrible penalty. This, we hold, is a thing not to be lightly done; not to be done at all except in presence of manifest and overwhelming proof of error, and no such proof, if we know anything of the nature of evidence, has Mr. Porter offered. That his state of mind while under Pope's command was one of gross, outrageous insubordination cannot be denied or explained away; and it does help to supply the needed motive for committing the offences—if he did commit them—for which he was convicted. He tries to excuse his scandalous manner of speaking of his commanding officer, who was, at that moment, charged with the very defence of the capital—and who, whatever his military abilities, was in a position in which a Napoleon would have needed all the support he could get, both in soul and body, from every man in the field—by saying in his "appeal," that "if his despatches manifested distrust of General Pope's ability to conduct the campaign, they but expressed the opinion pervading our Eastern armies." His one and only duty with regard to that "distrust," if it existed, was to try and suppress it. To spread it, by word or deed, was an offence of the rankest kind. Mr. Porter seems to have been under an impression that he was in some way responsible for the conduct of the campaign, just as General McClellan, when he wrote the Harrison's Landing letter, seems to have thought himself responsible for the general policy of the Government. But Mr. Porter ought to have known, and undoubtedly did know, that the choice of the Commander-in-Chief rested with others; that his own business was "to do or die."

The review of which "J. Q. A." complains was written by a military man, very familiar with the whole affair, and the partisan of neither of the principal actors. From his closing judgment we see no reason to retreat. If Mr. Porter is reinstated by a political and party measure, the responsibility must rest with those who bring it about. If the Democrats like to undertake the job, let them. The duty of the present Administration, it seems to us, is none the less clear for the existence of any such probability. If every party would only do its own duty, instead of wabbling about for the purpose of "heading off" the other party, or taking the wind out of their sails, our opinion is the country would be better governed than it is.—Ed. Nation.]

RUSSIA AND THE BALTIC PROVINCES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Excuse me for begging once more the favor of your columns for a few lines called forth by your article on "Modern Russia." If "the spectacles" through which Dr. Eckardt is looking be colored, the spectacles of your critic are certainly not colorless. It cannot be my intention here to comment upon all his remarks; all I can do is to pick out a point or two to prove the justice of my assertion. Your critic intimates the idea that Dr. Eckardt is totally blind as to the "dark shades" of feudalism in the Baltic Provinces, or is even an advocate of them. Any one having the slightest knowledge of Dr. Eckardt's literary career as the editor of the *Rigaische Zeitung*—not *Gazette*—will dismiss this indirect charge as absolutely groundless. Really astonishing is the praise bestowed upon Mr. Katkoff for his "sincerity." As great as the talents of this agitator are, as utterly destitute is he of sincerity, if this term include using fair means in a fair contest. His manner of proceeding in the contest with the *Rigaische Zeitung*, and the *fact* that he is continually receiving communications from the *Russian* editors of the *Rigski Westnik*, sailing under the false flag of sentiments prevailing in the Baltic Provinces, cannot be known to your critic, or he would have judged more by the deeds than by the words. And the claim of Mr. Katkoff to get credit for his moderate views and his dislike to socialistic ideas is not better founded. He, indeed, ridiculed these ideas as "confused nonsense" and "brainless dreams" when Herzen urged them in the *Kolokol* in 1862. But already in the next year he was converted by the revolution in Poland. As to the peasants not understanding the Church Slavonic, Dr. Eckardt is certainly right, though an intelligent and well-educated foreigner, like your critic, who is perfectly familiar with Russian, may easily learn it, as far as the *Liturgy* goes. Finally, I beg to state that Dr. Eckardt does not blame the purpose and the end of the reforms of Alexander II., but the means by which the realization of these good purposes is attempted, and he points

out the havoc that has been wrought by these reforms. He is aware that it will not do to jump from imminent starvation to a sumptuous feast, for, if it be true of anything, it is true of progress, that in the sweat of the brow we shall earn our *daily bread*. The Russians think they might acquire by mere *legislating* in two years what the Western World has acquired by *working* two thousand years.

Very respectfully yours, DR. H. VON HOLST.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have in press a work that will be looked for with no little interest: "Correspondence between William Penn and James Logan, Secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania, and others. 1700–1750." The letters thus to be printed are from the original in the possession of the Logan family, with notes by the late Mrs. Deborah Logan; to which others have been added by the editor, Mr. Edward Armstrong, Member of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.——Another book-sale of considerable importance is announced by Leonard & Co., Boston, for April 5 and the three following days. They will furnish catalogues on application, for the sum of one dollar (two, large paper). There are 2,545 lots to be sold, of a "collection of books and manuscripts relating chiefly to the history and literature of North and South America, including the larger portion of the library of the late Henry Stevens, Sr., of Barnet, Vt., founder and first President of the Vermont Historical and Antiquarian Society."——We understand that the proceedings of the London Philological Society will shortly contain a learned paper on Pennsylvania Dutch, contributed by Prof. S. S. Haldeman, who has just been appointed to the chair of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania.

—In justice to "A Publisher," we must state that he has sent us a rejoinder to our remarks on his communication of last week, but does not, however, press its publication. We omit it because it is necessary to end the controversy somewhere, and because this has now wandered from the question of the *Nation's* fairness, about which we are greatly concerned, to that of the importers' accuracy, which is of much less concern, though we do not consider it to have been impeached. "A Publisher" convinces us that we were misinformed as to the fortune derived by Mr. Hart from the sale of his stereotype plates, and says the amount realized for the entire "plant" was very far from approaching a million of dollars. The point, however, was of no importance to the argument, so long as the plates were sold at all.

—The design of "Van Nostrand's Eclectic Engineering Magazine" is most excellent. It attempts to record the progress of engineering and allied branches by means of articles selected from the foreign and home periodical technical literature. The number of technical serials issued at the present day is so very large that a judicious and impartial selection of articles becomes a task of considerable difficulty, and requires no small amount of experience and judgment on the part of the editor. We regret that this magazine does not occupy the high position that a journal of its character might attain. There is too little intelligent discrimination used as to what should be inserted and what omitted, and too little industry displayed in giving promptly "the cream" (to use the publisher's words) of the French and German serials. An arrangement of articles according to subjects would contribute much to its usefulness, and might incidentally indicate to the editor omissions that would not be otherwise so apparent. Separate editorial supervision of the different departments would also greatly enhance its value. We are glad to see evidence on the part of the management of a willingness to correct editorial mistakes. The present number for March contains a review of Osborn's "Metallurgy of Iron and Steel," copied from the *Nation* of December 9 (but without acknowledgment), although the book was, in a previous number (November, 1869), "confidently recommended to our iron-makers, both scientific and practical."

—That wide region which has now ceased to be the West in all but name, and will doubtless not long retain this inappropriate designation, gives frequent evidences of a growth in culture, and the solidifying of society as in the older States of the East. Ohio, in the order of things, leads off, and with no little credit, with an Ohio Valley Historical Society, whose publications are marked by sound judgment, research, and liberality, as we have already had occasion to show our readers. Wisconsin has an Historical Society of twenty years' standing, and which now enjoys the patronage of the State. It has a library of nearly 50,000 volumes and pamphlets, including a collection of 1,545 bound volumes of newspapers, of which 152 belong to the last century—a department in which we should doubt if it were excelled by the largest libraries in the country. It also possesses 1,600 pamphlets and documents relating to the rebellion, the British Patent Office reports, etc., etc. In Illinois we hear of a Will County Historical Society which is taking steps to procure a photograph of every soldier who enlisted from that county, which, we are ashamed to say, we have now first learned the name of and its location on the map.

—A correspondent reminds us that in the *Nation* of February 24 we said that the answer to the question, why "the foremost man of all the world" got from Shakespeare so inadequate treatment in the play of "Julius Cæsar," does not seem far to seek, and wishes us to give the answer. In compliance with his desire we will endeavor to set down what we had in mind when we made the remark cited. That Cæsar is not adequately treated by the poet is, we suppose, not disputed by any reader of the tragedy. He is, perhaps, not made exactly after the pattern of a "tyrant in a tapestry," but certainly, what with his huffing arrogance, his "Danger afraid of Cæsar," and the rest of it, he is a personage rather more like that figure than like the accomplished politician, the wonderful soldier and administrator, the admirable writer and orator, the man of the world as well as the "foremost man of all this world," the warrior and statesman who perpetually commanded success, and is still of all soldiers and writers the most famous. Emerson, in one of his quatrains, seeking to hit upon the essential points of three or four of the most universally known and admired personalities of which history has record, says "Cæsar's hand, and Shakespeare's brain;" and, indeed, Cæsar comes down to us as the name which stands for executive ability—intellectual ability of the kind opposite to that of which Shakespeare, as the seer and expresser, is the pre-eminent exemplification. Now, to the man who lives the life of intellectual contemplation, who habitually Platonizes, whose writing, described generally, is the making out of all the movements of the human mind, the passions of the human heart, the calamities of human fortune—the making of plays out of all these deepest concerns of man—to such a mind, which thinks nothing great or small but by comparison; which can discourse of Queen Mab's team of atomies, as well as of the icy current and compulsive force of the Pontic sea-stream; which is able in the clay in the chinks of the wall to see the dust of imperious Cæsar, and, doubtless, in some moods to think the one as important as the other—to such a mind the greatest career of merely material successes, the career which is, after all, only the excellent adaptation of means to ends, the executive career carried on, as it happened in Cæsar's case, upon a great stage, but not intrinsically different in its spiritual import from what it would have been had Cæsar been in fact but the foremost man in that barbarian village of which he once spoke—such a career, to such a mind as Shakespeare's, we may suppose to have been not very interesting. So in the drama, to which the poet gives the soldier's name, the interest mainly centres in the conspirators and their passions and acts, and not in the dictator himself. It is Brutus, Cassius, and Antony, their characters and their actions, which get the poet's attention, and upon which he expends his force. To Antony he afterwards returns in the "Antony and Cleopatra;" the triumvir's chaotic nature seemingly possessing, as some of the critics have pointed out—De Quincey, we think—a very great attraction for the poet, who so loved to look in upon the workings of human nature. Of course, too, in his capacity of playwright as well as poet, Shakespeare must have found Antony a good subject. That Shakespeare follows Plutarch so closely in his story of Cæsar's death—which fact, also, has not escaped the commentators—would seem to show how little he himself cared to study Cæsar. Of course the necessities of the dramatic art render impossible the adequate presentation in a play of the sort of greatness which Cæsar possessed, and possessed in so eminent a degree that he is, perhaps, the most celebrated of mankind, although his contribution to the world of thought is nothing—nothing, that is to say, but the idea of himself. In brief, to the deep thinker, the doer, though the very incarnation of doing, was not of great interest. Still less could he be of use to the play-writer, who must have primarily and essentially passions, and requires actions only as these produce passions.

—The following extract may serve as a contribution to the recent discussion in England on the ethics of hunting. It is from the memoir of Thomas Bewick, not less than Cowper the pitying friend of the hare:

"At holiday times, and at other times when prevented by the floods of the Tyne from getting across to school, I was sure, with the most ardent glee, to make one of the number in the hunting-parties which frequently

took place at that time [176–]; whether it might be in the chase of the fox or the hare, or in tracing the foumart in the snow, or hunting the badger at midnight. The pursuing, bating, or killing these animals never, at that time, struck me as being cruel. The mind had not, as yet, been impressed with the feelings of humanity. This, however, came upon me at last; and the first time I felt the change happened by my having (in hunting) caught the hare in my arms, while surrounded by the dogs and the hunters, when the poor terrified creature screamed out so piteously, like a child, that I would have given anything to have saved its life. In this, however, I was prevented; for a farmer well known to me, who stood close by, pressed upon me, and desired I would 'give her to him;' and, from his being better able (as I thought) to save its life, I complied with his wish. This was no sooner done than he proposed to those about him 'to have a bit more sport with her,' and this was to be done by first breaking one of its legs, and then again setting the poor animal off a little before the dogs. I wandered away to a little distance, oppressed by my own feelings, and could not join the crew again, but learned with pleasure that their intended victim had made its escape."

The worrying of the other animals mentioned, he says, did not awaken similar feelings in him; not, as has lately been urged, because they have got used to it and rather enjoy it, but because "in the fierce conflicts between them and the dogs, there was something like an exchange of retaliation, and not unfrequently the aggressors were beaten."

—The Rev. George Gilfillan, like several other recent Scotchmen, although he is now of no consideration, once enjoyed a good deal of celebrity in his own country and this, and probably many of our readers may remember having gone through more than one volume of his essays. They may be taken as good specimens of the poorer sort of contributions to English prose literature made by the Scotch of our time. Great heat, little discernment, and conceited narrowness of mind may be said to be the inner characteristics of this class of writings, while its most noticeable outer characteristics are, if we may so speak, noisiness and floridness of style—a style often forcible, but almost always unregulated, inaccurate, and provincial in point of diction, and otherwise "cheap." Professor Wilson and Carlyle may be set down as the giants of the school—though of these, to be sure, each is big enough to contain more than belongs to the school proper—and Mr. Gilfillan may be set down as the dwarf—small, but, like all literary dwarfs, big enough to represent in exaggeration the deformities proper to his masters. He had been as good as forgotten for some fifteen or twenty years, but recently he comes to the surface again, and this time not as a literary character but as a martyr for the sake of theological opinion. Precisely what it is that has brought on him the displeasure of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, of which he is a minister, is not to be made out from the accounts that have reached us; nor is it necessary to care much for this. It is, however, interesting to learn, as we do, that neither his own church nor either of the other two branches of the Presbyterian body in Scotland would be at all disposed to make him trouble because of his round assertion that he disbelieves entirely in the dogma that the world was made in six literal days, and also in the dogma of eternal damnation for "non-elect infants"—a class of children, by the way, not born now outside of North Britain. The United Presbyterians and the "union men" of the other two churches are understood to be willing to admit that, as regards the dogmas mentioned, the Westminster formularies need revision and important alteration. Mr. Gilfillan's action in attacking "the standards" in general is perhaps more important because it will strengthen the hands of the "anti-unionists," who think the United Presbyterians too liberal in doctrine, than in any other aspect of it. Or perhaps its chief importance is that it will lead to a good deal of discussion and will help to strengthen the hands of those Scotchmen who think that the Scotch church is grievously injured by the national vice of dogmatism—the vice whose root is the root of so much of Scotch strength and Scotch weakness. "Modern Christian Heroes" is the title of the book containing the utterances on which is based the charge of heresy.

—There are signs that "the interviewer" is to infest England also; though as yet we do not see that he himself has arrived. He himself condescends to his man; he does not at all conceal the pencil and notebook, but summons you to his presence and puts you to your purgation as one having authority. With the forerunners and heralds of the interviewer himself it is not so, for while he levies his contributions boldly, they are rather of the class of sneak-thieves. One of them is the gentleman who watches you while you are listening in your pew in church, or sitting in the theatre, or dining at the club, or walking in the street, and then records his observations in a brief paragraph under the head of "Personals" in some of the lesser newspapers. Another is the gentleman who makes you a visit, occupies an hour or so of your time, and then, taking himself off when he thinks he has got "points" enough, writes one chapter more of his sprightly correspondence with a country journal, and tells of the looks of your house and garden, of your jaundice, of your tone and manner in speaking to Mrs. Smith, of that lady's somewhat slender claims to personal charms, of your apparent height and probable weight, of your early baldness, of your forcible, not to say profane, expression of your well-known views in regard to the Trinity, of your opinion of Jones's course, of your characteristic liking for old flannel slippers, and of various other matters. This latter forerunner of the full-blown interviewer has recently made his appearance in England, and his advent excites some anxiety. He is probably a Yankee, the London *Publishers' Circular* suggests—this particular individual who has been doing in the most approved manner a newspaper call on a certain famous author. But this, we fear, is a hope on which it will be well if our contemporary does not lean too hard. Great Britain is becoming Little America in bad things as well as good. Just as Britannia adopts our reforms in law and legislation, and steadily goes on conforming her political and social institutions to ours, so, too, she becomes infected with many of our vices, and the "correspondent of a Scottish journal" who has caused the *Circular* so much alarm is in all probability no American sovereign, but a subject of Her Majesty. Considering his nativity, he has done well, and need not turn his back on any one of the American travellers who thirty or forty years ago used to call out the wrath of the British reviewer by their descriptions of what and whom they had seen in the British social circles. He is "sorry to inform" the readers of the journal for which he writes his letters "that the condition of Mr. So-and-so is giving a great deal of uneasiness to his friends." Not that the gentleman referred to is in ill health: it is his moral condition that seems to his friends and our correspondent so bad as to justify anxiety and publication. So-and-so "has very long been known to be an unhappy man;" when in the mood he is delightful company, the most delightful imaginable; but then "it is not often that he is in the mood," and in general his irritability "makes it bad times for those who are beside him." Friend after friend has been alienated from "the grand old man," and now he has left with him to cheer him only "a faithful old Scotch domestic." As for secretaries and amanuenses, none of them has long been able to endure the old gentleman's temper, and after a brief period of service each follows the alienated friends. There is more of it, all similar and all richly suggestive of the nature and character of the average Anglo-Saxon editor—who, whether he plies his vocation in Britain or in Park Row and Printing-House Square, evidently believes that newspapers, like Peter Pindar's razors, are "made to sell," and that he has a sufficient justification for being an impudent rascal in the fact that in the morning a certain number of persons will give him pennies for the impudent rascality which he has printed over-night. We trust that, when the interviewer himself is discovered in England, our brethren may begin with him as we over here seem disposed to end with him. We read that "in Cincinnati, last week, a reporter waked up a bridegroom in the middle of the night with the intention of getting from him some facts in regard to his rather peculiar marriage; he is now in debt fifty cents, for court-plaster, to the apothecary in the vicinity of the hotel." We have our escapades in this country, and we are very good-natured; but we may be trusted to come right at last.

—About the year 1800, Joseph Haydn, on his return from England, stopped for some time at the Monastery of the Premonstratensians, in Ochsenhausen, near Biberach, in Würtemberg. The monks residing there were of a highly musical turn, and the good understanding between them and their guest resulted in a request, at his departure, that he would leave them some original composition as a *souvenir*. In complying, he chose six proverbs as so many themes, viz.: "It is the first step that costs;" "Look before you leap;" "Birds of a feather flock together;" "Suum cuique;" "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing;" "All's well that ends well;" and set them to music for four voices. These compositions are said to bear the stamp of the master, and to be infused with the happiest humor. In "Suum cuique," each of the four voices sings in a different time, as is most appropriate. On the breaking up of the convent Haydn's pieces passed into the hands of one of the fathers, and finally came to be the property of precentor Kaim, of Biberach, who has just had them engraved and published at Munich.

— Of Quérard's "France littéraire" and the work on pseudonyms that grew out of it, we spoke in No. 232 of the *Nation*. The former gives a list of all French works from 1700 to 1842; or, including the two supplementary volumes, 1851. The same author's "Littérature française contemporaine" was begun in 1840, but carried by him no further than page

289 of Vol. II., and was finished in a very unsatisfactory manner by MM. Louandre and Bourquelot, in 1857, in six volumes. M. Gustave Brunet, who is editing the second edition of Quérard's "Supercheries littéraires dévoilées," speaks on the whole very favorably, in the last number of the *Revue Bibliographique Universelle*, of M. Otto Lorenz's "Catalogue général de la librairie française pendant vingt-cinq ans (1840–1865)," of which three volumes (AA–OZ) have appeared. M. Lorenz, unlike Quérard, dispenses almost wholly with biographical details, and makes no attempt to weigh the merits of the works which he registers; it is only in the case of anonymous works that he selects those which seem to be worth recording. Spite of errors which the reader must always be on his guard against in works of this character, the "Catalogue général" will be found invaluable for reference for the period which it covers. Besides all works published in France from 1840 to 1865, it names also those which have been anywhere published in the French language.

—Count Montalembert had, when he died at the close of last week, just completed his sixtieth year. The most amiable and tolerant of Catholics, he ended a long life spent in attempting to hold on to Catholicism without giving up modern civilization, with a protest against the probable assumptions of the Œcumenical Council; while in politics his last significant utterance was that in which he predicted a violent end to the present régime, compared with which, he said, the crises of 1830 and 1848 would appear but child's play. This was nearly two years ago, however, and he survived a revolution as real as that which he anticipated, but happily without ruin either to church or state and with almost no bloodshed. During our war he was a prominent advocate of the Northern side, and recovered among us something of the conspicuousness which he had thirty years previously, as the associate of Lamennais. In him the Academy loses a member whom it will be hard to replace, and the world of letters an author of no mean acquirements and of fine benignity. The approach of death from a lingering disease was long foreseen, and it hastened the publication of the third volume of his work—"Les Moines d'Occident depuis Saint Benoît jusqu'à Saint Bernard"—in 1866. As a religious historian, he will be read less for his facts than for the spirit by which he was always inspired, and which blended faith in the Church with attachment to liberty in a manner which disarmed criticism and extorted sympathy. For a fuller appreciation of his peculiar and twofold character, we may refer our readers to an article in No. 6, Vol. I., of the *Nation*, p. 184.

—The reason why we should submit to the decrees of a General Council is this, as Roman Catholics hold—that when the Council speaks we hear the voice of the Holy Ghost. What a Council says is worthy of attention and of obedience because the Council is the mouthpiece of that Comforter who, it was promised, should be left with us. It is interesting, then, to examine the composition of the Vatican Council now sitting. The Papal States have a Roman Catholic population of less than a million—about seven hundred thousand souls; of prelates resident in the Papal States, who have a vote in the Council, there are exactly 143. This gives about one vote in the Council to every 5,000 Catholics in the Papal States—or would give, if many of the bishops resident in Rome were not bishops *in partibus infidelium*. Still, as the bishoprics *in partibus* are sheepfolds without any sheep, and as the shepherds are appointed by the Pope, we may rightly credit the population of the Papal States with all the 143 votes which will be cast by the bishops who reside in the vicinity of Rome and in the city itself. Austria has a Roman Catholic population of about 22,000,000. France has a Roman Catholic population of 38,000,000. In the Council, however, France is represented not by the 7,600 votes which would be hers if she had as many proportionally as the Papal States have cast, but by 84 votes. Nor has Austria 4,400 votes; 48 is her number. American Catholics are on the whole "Ultramontane," and for this or some other reason the 8,000,000 Catholics on this side of the water count for precisely as much in the matter of expressing God's will in regard to the government of man as the Austrian 22,000,000. In Great Britain and Ireland, also, the Church is Ultramontane; so the 6,500,000 British Romanists have 35 votes in the Council, or nearly twice as many as the 12,000,000 Catholics of North Germany and South Germany united. Whatever may be the upshot of the Council, it would seem as if the 40,000,000 Romanists of America, Britain, and Italy, with their 340 ballots, will have work before them to escape the dangers of spiritual pride, when they think how much they have been preferred as organs for the utterance of eternal decrees to their 70,000,000 French and German brethren.

ART.

Count Bermudez de Castro has been permitted by the administration of the Louvre to exhibit his well-known and exquisite picture by Raphael, in the hall called "des Batailles de Lebrun," preparatory to its sale. The Count, who asks a million francs (about $200,000) for this treasure, became its possessor by gift from Francis, ex-King of Naples. Painted by Raphael about 1504–1505, when he was twenty-one years old, for the high altar of the monastery of St. Anthony of Padua at Perugia, it was sold by the nuns in 1678 to Count Giovanni Antonio Bogazzini, of Rome, for the miserable sum of 2,000 scudi. It then passed to the Colonna gallery, and subsequently, about 1802, became the property of King Ferdinand IV. of Naples. The fine paintings upon the "gradino" were sold by the nuns to Queen Christian of Sweden; and after passing through the hands of the Duke of Bracciano to the Orleans gallery, were sold at London, in 1798, to English amateurs. One of them, "Christ on the Mount of Olives," sold in Edinburgh in 1800 for £42 sterling to the poet Rogers, was purchased at the sale of his pictures by Miss Burdett Coutts, in whose possession it now is. The principal picture, now offered for sale by the Count de Castro, represents the Madonna seated upon a richly adorned throne, holding the infant Jesus upon her right knee, who with his right hand blesses the little St. John, approaching to adore him. Near the throne, to the right, are Saints Paul and Dorothea, and to the left Saints Peter and Catharine. A landscape background is seen on each side of the throne. The style is transitional. The richly bordered vestments picked out with gold, and the lovely heads of the Virgin and Child, belong to Raphael's first, Peruginesque manner; while the saints, and the rich, deep tone of color of the picture generally, betray the influence of the Florentine school under which he formed his second manner. Again, the God the Father, with angels and cherubim, painted in the "tympanum," is, says Passavant, quite in the style of Perugino. The great question now is, Shall France or England possess this treasure? Probably the National Gallery will bear off the prize; for the Louvre (unless the Legislative Chamber vote an exceptional supply of funds) is in no condition to avail itself of so tempting a possibility, as its annual budget amounts only to 120,000 francs, very little more than that of the Museum of Cologne, which for 1870 is 112,500 francs. In England, £53,095 was spent by the South Kensington Museum during the past year, and £15,978 by the National Gallery. To spend such sums as these upon works of art and art institutions will appear to most Americans, who have as yet no conception of the great and legitimate part which art should play in national education, very like madness. Let us hope that we, too, may in time become capable of so sublime a folly.

—The sale of the San Donato gallery was to begin in Paris on the 21st of February and last until the 10th of March. The *Paris Journal*, quoted by the *Chronique*, contradicts the report that the Baron de Seillière had purchased it *en bloc* from Prince Demidoff.

—We notice that "an elaborate and learned Catalogue of Musical Instruments in the South Kensington Museum, compiled by Herr Carl Engel for the Art Department," will shortly be published.

—Mr. Ruskin's inaugural lecture as Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, on "English Art," was to be followed on the 15th of February by a lecture on the "Relation of Art to Religion."

—M. Gallait, the well-known Belgian historical painter, has been elected foreign associate of the French Academy, as successor to Overbeck.

THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.*

The first annual report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts is an able document lately submitted to the Legislature of that State by Mr. Charles F. Adams, Jr., and two other gentlemen, appointed to their offices a year ago. Mr. Adams is the junior member of the Board, and his term, unless he is reappointed, will only be for one year; but, unless we are much mistaken, the main portion of the report is written by him. It certainly bears strong internal evidence of having been moulded, if not composed, by the author of certain railroad articles published at various times in the *North American Review*. We mention this fact, or rather this inference, because, as Mr. Adams's term expires in a year, it will become necessary before long to appoint a successor; and, judging from this report, we should say that a reappointment was the only possible solution of the question. The railroad problems of the next thirty years are likely to be as important as any that have ever engaged the

* "First Annual Report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners, January, 1870." Boston: Wright & Potter, State Printers.

attention of a civilized people; and it is of the last consequence that the country should have in positions of trust and confidence men who have made a special study of the subject. This Mr. Adams has, as all the world knows, done; and he is probably better qualified than any public man in Massachusetts to give good advice to the Commonwealth of which he is a citizen. How sadly she needs it, we have often explained in these columns.

The most interesting portion of the present report to the general public is undoubtedly that in which the Commissioners discuss and formally condemn the traditional railroad policy of Massachusetts. What that policy has been, we cannot describe better than in the words of the Commissioners:

"The traditional policy of the Commonwealth in regard to the development of the railroad system, so far as it has interfered at all with a natural growth through private enterprise, has been simple and based on obvious principles. It took its rise in the condition of affairs which existed in Massachusetts at the time when steam locomotion was first introduced, and has been continued, without much regard to alteration in circumstances, to the present day. The key to that policy has ever been found in a ruling desire to open new and broader channels of commerce with the West. Before the possibility of crossing the Berkshire hills by steam was imagined, a canal had already been projected and surveyed, which was to pierce the mountains by a tunnel, not far from where the work is now going on in the Hoosac range, and was to connect Boston, by water, with Albany and the Erie Canal. This project was conceived by Colonel Loami Baldwin; and the surveys and estimates are still to be found among the archives in the State House. The invention of the railway and steam locomotive superseded this plan, and the attention of the community was immediately directed towards attaining the same end by the newly discovered means. The Western Railroad was projected and chartered in 1833, and the Commonwealth first identified itself with the system of railroad development in 1836 by subscribing to ten thousand shares of the capital stock of the enterprise. The precedent then established has since been followed in repeated instances. State aid, as the loan of the credit of the State to private corporations has been called, has been granted to many railroads, but almost invariably to corporations formed with a view to what is called 'through business;' and, in the great majority of cases, to through business with the West. As a result of this liberal system, without considering the Northern lines, connecting directly with the West *via* Ogdensburg, or the Old Colony and Newport, and Boston and Providence, connecting with the same region *via* Long Island Sound and New York City, none of which lines have ever been subsidized by the State, Massachusetts and its railroad centre, the city of Boston, now have completed, or in rapid process of completion, three distinct through lines connecting with the interior of the continent. To these three lines —the Boston and Albany, the Boston, Hartford and Erie, and the Troy and Greenfield—the State has already involved itself to the extent of $15,000,000. All these lines, be it remembered, have been thus subsidized simply to render Massachusetts and Boston as accessible to the West as the other seaboard States and commercial centres. The whole railroad policy and nearly the whole of the railroad agitation and discussion for thirty years have been directed to this end. Other interests have been ignored or considered only incidentally; but those who have come to the State House with any project of development or reform, whether asking for money, or for special legislation, or for power to take property, or for acts of consolidation, have ever been attentively and favorably listened to, provided only they professed to have this end in view. It will not be denied that an absorbing desire to successfully compete in the field of Western export and import trade has, from the outset, been the leading feature of the public railroad policy of Massachusetts."

This policy has not resulted, the report continues, in any marked success. "Whatever the cause may be, it is matter of record that there are several great trunk lines running to other seaboard cities, any one of which yearly transports to and from those cities and the West much more than all the lines running from Boston to the West now do." Not only so, but the foreign commerce of Boston is at a standstill; Western produce, instead of leaving Massachusetts ports for foreign consumption, is "annually landed at them in great quantities from other cities, to supply the domestic consumption;" and, finally, foreign steamers have been withdrawn from Massachusetts waters for lack of freights.

The conclusion which would naturally be drawn from these facts is that Massachusetts and Boston are, in a material point of view, declining in importance. But this conclusion is contradicted by the most unimpeachable statistics. Although the value of articles exported from Massachusetts in 1855 was twenty-eight millions, and in 1869 this had decreased to thirteen millions; although the imports in 1855 were forty-five millions, and in 1869 still forty-five millions; although the population of the State is to-day not greatly larger than it was in 1855; yet, between the years 1855 and 1865, the value of articles produced had increased from two hundred and ninety-five to five hundred and seventeen millions, and between 1850 and 1865 the valuation of all property had risen from six hundred to a thousand millions. That this increase has continued since the year 1865 no one doubts who has any familiarity with the condition of the State. The evidence on this point, however, is not confined either to State returns or to vague conjecture:

"The returns of sales to the internal revenue officials furnish the most reliable basis of comparison, as representing most nearly the volume of the business transactions of the several parts of the country. In these returns, Massachusetts stands, among the States of the Union, second only to New York, returning ten per cent. of the whole amount returned—sixty-six per cent. more than Pennsylvania, seventy-seven per cent. more than Illinois, and more than three times those of any other State. When it is remembered that these comparative results represent a State which contains about three per cent. of the population, and a quarter of one per cent. of the territory, of the United States, it is wholly superfluous to add any further evidence of the extreme improbability of any present or immediate material decadence."

And now, what is the reason of this strange state of affairs? Why is it that Massachusetts grows rich, while her commerce year by year declines, and her traffic with the West has come to an end? The explanation is a simple one: that she has become a manufacturing community. Passing through three distinct stages of growth, her wealth at first lay in her fisheries, then in her commerce, and now in her manufactures. There was a time when the fishermen of New Bedford, Newburyport, and Nantucket heaped up treasures that vied with those of the "River Gods" of the Connecticut and the baronial lords of the Hudson. There was a time when the sleepy wharves of Salem and Boston were alive with the commerce of the world; but men live in the days of the trip-hammer and the loom; they acquire wealth and renown by industries of which their fathers knew not even the names; their villages have grown to cities, and their cities have become villages; everything is changed.

Massachusetts has been blindly pursuing a policy inherited from the past, unheeding the alteration which time has worked in her condition. "Bring the products of the West to tide-water, and we shall be prosperous," has been the cry raised by every public man in Massachusetts for the last thirty years. It has never seemed to occur to any one that, if there was such a pressure of products from the West as was on every side asserted, they would undoubtedly find their way to tide-water. There was nothing to prevent the railroads already in existence from applying for leave to build to tide-water, if their freights seeking export were really so enormous. But the railroads did not feel any such pressure. A curious story, illustrating the peculiar mode of reasoning employed by active agitators on this subject, is worth repeating. A gentleman owning a wharf in Boston was visited by another gentleman, who informed him of a law recently passed or introduced requiring owners of wharves to build out to a new line, thus extending their frontage and altering the line of the harbor in accordance with a general plan adopted by the authorities. The visitor described in glowing terms the benefits which would flow from these changes, the number of ships which could thenceforth lie at these wharves, and the great increase of rental they would yield. The wharf-owner listened in silence to the eloquent periods of his friend, and then said quietly, "But, my dear sir, as I can only now, by the greatest exertions, get a single steamer to come to my wharf, how shall I benefit myself by building a larger?" But his argument had no effect; what were arguments to Bostonians who

> "Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;"

and saw in these argosies the means of exporting the products of the West? Such happy enthusiasts we cannot hope to influence, but those with whom cold-blooded arguments weigh for something will be interested in knowing that the Commissioners report that "it does not admit of doubt that, if any one of the lines connecting Boston with the Hudson is ever developed to its full transporting capacity, it alone will suffice for the probable future wants of the people of Massachusetts; should the four lines between the same point and the Hudson or the lakes ever be developed even to the present incomplete degree of the Pennsylvania Central, a population and foreign commerce could be sustained in Massachusetts and Boston more dense and larger than that of Liverpool and Belgium combined."

The conclusion to which these facts all point is, that in attempting to build a vast number of through-lines for a traffic which does not exist, in excavating and perfecting a harbor which no ships seek, in building railroad termini to ship the products of the West at tide-water, when the products of the West no longer come to Massachusetts at all for export, the State has been pursuing a mistaken policy. Her true policy, the Commissioners suggest, is to develop her internal traffic, to make her railroads the highways for her factories, to build domestic lines in every direction, to support and be supported by the zeal and industry of the Common-

wealth—her manufactures. This may seem to many persons too obvious for further comment, but it is not so to the Massachusetts public. That public is still persuaded that a commerce can be built up out of nothing, and the greatest Bostonian patriotism of the present day is held to be the building of ships which find no freight to carry, and which six months after their completion must be sold under the hammer lest they rot at their wharves. At any rate, the question will soon be decided for ever; all the through-lines will in a few months have termini at deep water, and after that, if the products of the West do not come, it is clearly nature, not Boston, that is in fault.

And now, some one will say, Why should you put so much faith in the conclusions of these Commissioners? Why may it not be that there is quite as much to be said on the other side? These Commissioners are human, and the presumption is against them in their innovating suggestions. We reply, that the creation of this Commission is the first rational attempt, in our generation, on the part of the authorities in Massachusetts to obtain anything like a fair report upon the railroad system of the State. Since the building of the Western Railroad, in 1833, there has been nobody in the State, clothed at once with authority, intelligence, and honesty, to direct or even suggest a policy. The result has been that designing men, cleverly turning to account the traditions of the State, and flattering her with false hopes, have wasted her energies in impossible undertakings, to their own gain and her great detriment. The very character of such enterprises as the Hoosac Tunnel and the Boston, Hartford, and Erie would long ago have been exposed if there had been a board of efficient railroad commissioners at the head of affairs.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

Among the books destined to popularize the results of Egyptological research, few, if any, will be found so pleasantly instructive as M. de Lanoye's "Rameses the Great; or, Egypt 3,300 Years Ago," which is one of the "Wonder Series" republished here from the French by Messrs. Scribner & Co. It attempts to reconstruct, from the materials already accumulated by that young science, the most brilliant period of the history of the Pharaohs, the period of Rameses II., the Sesostris of the classical writers. And such is the abundance of the materials made available by the skill of investigators and decipherers, that even men of M. de Lanoye's caution in criticism believe that "we have it in our power" to carry such a process of reconstruction "almost to perfection." He bases his attempt, however, on the investigations of others and not on his own, though, in judging the authenticity of records and traditions and in selecting critical explanations, he proceeds with the assurance of a specialist who has fully matured his convictions and has no hesitation in maintaining them, if need be, against the highest authorities. Thus, concerning the more remote periods of Egyptian history he evinces a scepticism almost derisive of the beliefs and labors of the most distinguished Egyptologists of our age, and his view of the origin of the Hyksos, conflicting as it does with the prevalent opinions, is expressed with a positiveness which requires to be supported by a greater display of scholarship than is compatible with the narrow scope of a popular treatise. As such, however, the book is full of information, presented in plain but graphic descriptions, and made more easily intelligible by well-executed illustrations. The translator, we are sorry to add, has done his best to disfigure it by carelessness of execution and revision—the fruit, in part, of ignorance. Forgetting that he writes in English and not in French, he not only uses throughout the author's French orthography in unfamiliar Egyptian and non-Egyptian words, but also gives us *Kou*sh for Cush, Libanus for Lebanon, As*sour* for Asshur, Heber for Eber, Ge*ss*en for Goshen (p. 179), *Cou*dra (*sic*) for Sudra (p. 89), *Indou*kosch for Hindookoosh (p. 118), and so on. Among the misprints, which are numberless, we find such as "*two* leagues from Thebes" for *six hundred* leagues from Thebes (p. 104); "a wall of *one hundred thousand* stadii" for a wall of *one thousand five hundred* stadii (p. 163); and "in latitude 52°" for in latitude 25° (p. 168); not to mention literal errors. The style of the translation is, however, generally much better than might be presumed from the following specimen (p. 128), which we quote without an alteration:

"Nevertheless, it has been repeatedly affirmed by Champollion, who, in the inscriptions at Karnak and in the Rameseum existing side by side, with the names of barbarous nations, in northern costumes, with shaven heads or their hair raised in a single lock or wisp like that of the 'Redskins' of America or the Mongols of Asia, declares that he read the title of these *Iouni* whose blue eyes and golden hair Homer was to celebrate some ages later."

In a plump octavo, of 650 pages, entitled "Bible Animals" (New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.), a well-known author of popular works on Natural History, Rev. J. G. Wood, has condensed a large amount of information concerning every living creature mentioned in the Bible. His object has been not simply to do this in an interesting manner, but to assist in the interpretation of the Scriptures: so that, in addition to his numerous citations from the writings of travellers and naturalists, Mr. Wood treats his readers on occasion to discussions as to the mode in which Samson caught and used his incendiary foxes; what sort of "needles' eyes" camels do actually stoop to pass through in Oriental cities; whether the bittern or the hedgehog is the "Kippôd" of Isaiah xiv. 23 and Zephaniah ii. 13, etc., etc. This sort of exegesis has a recognized value, and has been not a little resorted to by tourists in the East. Mr. Wood has collected his material with a great deal of industry and discrimination. The pictures, large and small, which accompany the text are unusually spirited and truthful; such as, a few years ago, would have been sought for in vain in works of this character. Meantime, the opportunities of drawing from the life have kept pace with the growth of skilful designers and of pictorial embellishment in popular literature; though it should be remembered that Bewick's vignettes on wood, depicting animals, are as yet unrivalled, and are more than half a century old.

The same house have published Volumes I.–VI., of a series of twelve, of Froude's "History of England," which make a good appearance on the shelf, and are as well printed as need be for those who wish to own the work for its contents and to study it, and can only purchase a cheap edition. All the attention which can be given to the wants of this large class of readers is worthily bestowed, and, what is more, cannot fail to be remunerative. Their library edition of Froude is now completed by the issue of Volumes XI. and XII.—the same whose treatment in the *Saturday Review* has so disturbed the author's equanimity. Of Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s "History of Rome," by Mommsen, two volumes out of four have appeared, and may be reserved for further notice. The price in this case would seem to have warranted somewhat better presswork and paper than the buyer will get, as, though a rather more pretentious book than the Froude, it cannot be read with the same ease by any given pair of eyes. The "Ante-Nicene Christian Library," published here through Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co., is continued in two handsome volumes (XIII., XIV.), of which one can only speak in praise. The Fathers whose works are here translated are, Cyprian; Novatian; Minucius Felix; Methodius; Alexander (Bishop of Lycopolis); Peter (of Alexandria); Alexander (of Alexandria); Clement (of Rome), etc., besides numerous fragments variously ascribed.

Very pretty, indeed, is Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co.'s edition of "Christabel, and the Lyrical and Imaginative Essays of Coleridge;" and the essay by Mr. Swinburne is the most satisfactory piece of work from the hand of that gentleman that we have yet seen. In one place he says: "With all fit admiration and gratitude for the splendid fragments so bequeathed of a critical and philosophic sort, I doubt his being remembered, except by a small body of the elect, as other than a poet. His genius was so great, and in its greatness so many-sided, that for some studious disciples of the rarer kind he will doubtless, seen from any point of view, have always something about him of the old magnetism and magic. The ardor, delicacy, energy of his intellect, his resolute desire to get at the roots of things, and deeper yet if deeper might be, will always enchant and attract all spirits of like mould and temper. But as a poet his place is indisputable. It is high among the highest of all time. An age that should forget or neglect him might neglect or forget any poet that ever lived." Barring some of the natural exaggeration of a lyric poet writing about another lyrist, and some of the exaggeration natural to Mr. Swinburne as a man, this seems true enough and well said. But "Poor Lamb" alone would give Coleridge a long lease of men's memories apart from his poems or philosophy.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are publishing, in connection with Mr. John Murray, a new edition of Grote's "History of Greece," in twelve volumes duodecimo, two being issued at a time, and the work having advanced to Vol. IV. Of the history itself it is, of course, superfluous to speak. It is now offered in a convenient form, at the low price of two dollars per volume. The text is condensed, but clear, and the foot-notes also very legibly printed. A more elegant and somewhat cheaper publication is the centenary edition of the Waverley Novels, from the same American house, in connection with Messrs. Adam & Charles Black, of Edinburgh. There will be twenty-five volumes in all, to be completed, if practicable, by August 15, 1871, the centenary of the author's birthday. The size is

crown octavo, the type cast expressly for the edition, and there will, apparently, be one full-page illustration on wood, besides vignettes, in each volume. "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering" are already issued, and are uncommonly handsome books. The literary merit of this edition will consist in annotations derived from Sir Walter's manuscript notes and corrections, and which have never before been published.

Messrs. Sever & Francis publish, under the title of "American Institutions," the first volume of Professor Bowen's edition of "Democracy in America." That is the portion of De Tocqueville's great work in which that philosophic observer sets down his reflections on the political edifice reared in this country by Anglo-American democracy; and if it lacks some of the interest possessed by its author's more general speculations on the influence of democracy upon American society and human nature—upon the American father, child, wife, mother, artist, soldier, business man, man of letters, religionist, philosopher, gentleman—it is even more valuable to the American citizen than those generalizations, as being a textbook in which he may study the nature of the institutions under which he lives, and as being less marred by its author's habit of sometimes petting his theory at the expense of his facts. The book is excellently printed, on paper a little thin, perhaps, is neatly bound, and, altogether, the publishers have done their duty by a book which merits a place in all the schools. A chief danger of our politics at the present time is that the citizens have abdicated in favor of the politicians and the agitators, and that a headlong piling on of fuel and a cunning pulling of wires take the place of an intelligent care for the machinery of government. Perhaps De Tocqueville's work is, not excepting even "The Federalist" itself, the agent best adapted to counteract the folly and the greedy rascality which equally threaten us.

Dr. Hartwig's literary productions deserve a prominent rank among the class of books which combine the highly entertaining with the highly instructive. Their comprehensiveness and solid exactness render them instructive even to scholars; their plainness of diction, liveliness of sketching, and pleasantness of narration render them charming even to children. Their distinctive merit, however, consists in the skilful grouping of an immense variety of natural pictures, embodying, among others, the results of the very latest discoveries into grand, connected tableaux. The "Polar World" (New York: Harper & Bros.) forms a symmetrically executed whole, and although it would require pages to convey to our readers a mere idea of the richness and variety of its descriptions and narratives—descriptions of lands and seas, of faunas and floras, of man and his habits; and narratives of journeys, voyages of discovery, and adventures—yet the author has been able in a few words to characterize its entire scope and range. His object was, he says, "to describe the Polar World in its principal natural features, to point out the influence of its long winter night and fleeting summer on the development of vegetable and animal existence; and, finally, to picture man waging the battle of life against the dreadful climate of high latitudes of our globe, either as the inhabitant of their gloomy solitudes, or as the bold investigator of their mysteries." As in the volume on Egypt, the English editor has made sad work with the orthography of proper names. As Siberia and the other Polar regions of the Russian empire occupy a very important place in the book, the English reader is thus as frequently as unnecessarily tormented with very strange names, the sounds of which, if read in the English way, are often as barbarous and unpronounceable as they are remote from the true pronunciation of the Russian. And no note warns the reader that what he has before him is neither the Russian nor the English name, but a German equivalent for the former, which, if the reader has learned to do it, must be pronounced in the German way: that "*Wasiljewitsch*," for instance, stands for Vasilievitch, and "*Schtsche*golow" for *Shtche*goloff. The American reprint has made the evil considerably worse by "changing the orthography of a few geographical and ethnological terms so that they shall conform to the mode of representation usual in our maps and books of travel," and thus destroying the rule, and making it impossible even to the reader who knows German to find his way through the bewildering maze of unnatural and contradictory spellings. And to make the general confusion still worse confounded, the changes thus avowedly introduced have not been carried through consistently. Thus the "Note by the American Editor" announces the substitution of *Nova Zembla* and *Samoïedes* for Novaya Zemla and Samojedes, and yet in various chapters the last-named forms are repeatedly used. If to all this our readers add a number of misprints, they may be able to form an idea of the orthographical Babel presented by the American edition. The illustrations contained in this reprint have been substituted for the less numerous original ones, and the American editor has also added two chapters on "Alaska" and "The Innuits," the former in the middle of the book—which appears to us a proceeding of doubtful propriety. The additions are, however, very interesting and richly illustrated.

Messrs. Harper & Bros., carrying their war with Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. into Africa, have published, both in cloth and paper, "The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson," with illustrations, in one volume. The page is divided into two columns, like that of the "Monthly," except in the case of "Locksley Hall," and by employing small type there must be an approach to completeness in the collection, though it does not lay claim to it, and we have not examined it to judge. Tennyson's last volume is included, and we still have a thinnish book of but 232 pages.

Mrs. Jerningham's Journal. (New York: Macmillan & Co., and Charles Scribner & Co.)—This "Journal" is a novelette of a kind not different, so far as the story and the characters go, from thousands of love tales that are printed in the magazines, and is written in verse, which, as a matter of fact, may or not be Mr. Coventry Patmore's, but which might be his so far as concerns its qualities as verse. What gives it an interest above that which one ordinarily feels in such novelettes is, first, that it is written in verse, and in verse so good; and, secondly, that it is puzzling to think who did it, and why. Was the writer a man or a woman? Were its successes designed, or are they to be accounted for by the fact that the writer was photographing experiences previously felt? Is the hero of the tale only the hero of the tale, or is he veritably a hero in the eyes of the author of it? In short, is "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" essentially a journal—some writer's actual beliefs, and opinions, and views of life put into print; or is it an artistic composition? Something of both, we incline to think; though, on the whole, we are disposed to leave the reader at liberty to form his own opinion after he has spent his half-hour or so—not an unpleasant half-hour—over the book itself. We fancy that it might have been written by a good-hearted, good-headed woman, unmarried, with a kind contempt for the ordinary "silly girl" who has somehow been made a bride; with a partial pity for the grave man who wears the chains of the heedless creature; with a high idea of woman's duty to her husband; with all the faith of the good woman in the sort of man whom men call a prig; and with a full share of a willingness common among unmarried women to step in and offer up the frivolous wife on the altar of sacrifice whenever they see that the mistaken young pink-and-white thing is causing unhappiness to the husband. The story of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" is, in brief, as follows: Mrs. Jerningham is married to John before she has been in love with him or anybody else—while yet a young girl. He is not the sort of person who makes other people comfortable, and, by-and-by, Mrs. Jerningham is made to feel that her husband is serious and profound, and that she is a slight and trivial creature. He advises a course of solid reading; she prefers balls; he objects to waltzing; she likes waltzing; he approves of solemn demeanor; she has a weakness for flirting—flirting in rather a milk-and-watery way, to be sure, but still flirting; he becomes sulky; she, whatever she does, harmless or otherwise, makes him sulkier; and at last he leaves her in a rage and betakes himself to Spain. All this part of the story is epicene to a troublesome degree, and whether the writer is man or woman is a question about which readers of the quarrel will not find it easy to make up their minds. Of course John comes back at last, and we leave the pair as happy as if the husband were not "insensible" and the wife were not "silly." The extract following is a fair specimen of the author's manner:

> "I learned how deep his love had been:
> Poor love—by folly kept at bay;
> And how his heart had crowned me queen:
> Poor queen—who flung her crown away.
>
> "How wrath and love may be the same,
> And wrath be hard and love be shy;
> And as I learned I blushed with shame
> At such a shallow thing as I!
>
> "Dead fell repentance, fear, and strife,
> Lost in a heaven of delight—
> To be a loved and loving wife,
> Measureless rapture—height of height!
>
> "O John! this sick-room life is sweet,
> Do n't get too well as days unfold;
> I can't sit smiling at your feet
> When in your bank you count your gold."

Twisted Threads. By M. D. Nauman, author of "Sidney Elliott." (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1870.)—This is a little story which has nothing to recommend it but the fact that it is written simply and naturally, and in grammatically correct English. But even

these merits are found rarely enough in young ladies' novels to be worthy of commendation whenever they do occur. For the rest, "Maud Elinor Lennox," the heroine of the book, is a sufficiently natural young woman, who writes weak sentiment in her diary, which we fancy to be not unlike that confided to similar receptacles by her prototypes in real life. There is a plot, which is rather complicated and tolerably silly, and a well-considered conclusion, in which everybody gets what he wants, and the skein of life is fairly untangled. We must have new books, we suppose, or how would native genius be cultivated and the way made straight for the "Great American Novel?" And since these things must be, books like this, which is pure in sentiment, written without affectation, and free from the presumption of ignorance, would be worthy of a word or two of praise if the praise could be quite dissociated from encouragement. Although Miss Nauman has very little to say, and that little is not of overwhelming importance, she expresses herself well and clearly, which, of course, is better than saying equally little in such an awkward, unliterary, or even illiterate way as some other of our ambitious minor novelists do.

**** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

Authors.—Titles. BOOKS OF THE WEEK. *Publishers.—Prices.*

Brown (Mrs. H. E.), Abroad; or, Scenery in Europe	(Am. Tract Society)	$1 50
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Lecture-Room Talks	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	1 75
Coit (Rev. T. W.), Lecture on Ecumenical Councils, swd	(Hartford)	
Chadwick (Rev. J. W.), Sermons and Life of Rev. N. A. Staples	(W. V. Spencer)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Cyclopædia, Nos. 23, 24, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	1 00
Dumont (Mme. M.), Velvet-Coat, the Cat: a Child's Story	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	
Dwinelle (J. W.), American Opinions on the "Alabama" and other Political Questions, swd	(John Wiley & Son)	
Edward Wortley Montagu: an Autobiography	(Turner & Co.)	1 75
Froude (J. A.), History of England, Vols. XI., XII.	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	6 00
Guillemin (A.), The Sun	" " "	1 50
Gage (Rev. W. L.), Studies in Bible Lands	(Am. Tract Society)	2 00
Grey (Hon. Mrs. Wm.), Journal of a Visit to Egypt, etc.	(Harper & Bros.)	
Garibaldi (Gen. G.), The Rule of the Monk: a Tale	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Hart (J. S.), How to Select a Library, swd	(J. C. Garrigues & Co.)	
Journal of Social Science, No. 2, 1870, swd	(Leypoldt & Holt)	1 50
Johnson (Prof. S. W.), How Crops Feed	(Orange Judd & Co.)	
Kitchel (Rev. H. D.), Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, swd	(Nat. Temp. Soc.)	
Potter (Rev. A.), The Drinking Usages of Society, swd	" " "	
Randall (S. S.), History of the State of New York	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	1 75
Steele (Mrs. A. C.), So Runs the World Away: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
The American Catalogue of Books for 1869, swd	(Leypoldt & Holt)	
Tautphœus (Baroness), Cyrilla: a Tale, swd	(Turner & Co.)	0 50
The Bible in the Public Schools; Arguments, and Decisions of the Court	(Robt. Clarke & Co.)	2 50
Waring (G. E., jr.), Earth-Closets and Earth-Sewage	(*Tribune* Assn.)	0 50

Fine Arts.

MUSIC.

OPERA MUSIC.

OPERA this winter has fared badly. Maretzek has fled ignominiously beyond seas. On this side the Atlantic stand his creditors, wringing their hands; on the other, that Napoleon of impresarios is meditating new levies and fresh campaigns. Staten Island was the Elba to which it was once thought he had gone in perpetual exile. But last fall, in an ill-fated moment, he set on foot a new enterprise; and now his forces are scattered, and he, a fugitive, leaves deputy sheriffs and the stockholders of the Academy to mourn his loss.

The disaster that befell the Russian operatic enterprise was no less signal. The poor prima donna of that company came to grief in a New York police court, being charged with running off with the Manager's money-belt; and the difficulty was renewed before a Boston tribunal when the company went to that city. But the opera itself had been a distressing failure before the singers went to law. Finally, some short-sighted persons, mindful of the zest with which the public so short a time ago received opéra bouffe, undertook to revive that hallucination. But the fickle public was sick and weary of the gaudy French folly, and turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of Offenbach and Mrs. Howard Paul. Not that it had become virtuous, but that it was satiated with the sugar-coated musical bonbons.

The Russian opera failed because it was too slow, the French opera because it was too fast, and the Italian because it was too stale. Maretzek had but one tenor whom any one cared to hear. This tenor, Lefranc, had a superb voice, but he had not been musically educated. Rumor said that he had been a farrier in the French army during the Crimean war, and afterwards a conductor on a railway. At all events, he knew only two or three old operas, and when the public got tired of the repetition of these, the doors of the Academy had to be closed, for there was nothing new to offer. Meantime we have not been left entirely without music. There have been concerts both private and public. The principal of the former was that of the Church Music Association, given week before last at Steinway Hall. This was the second concert of this young and prosperous association. It is increasing in numbers, and in the excellence of its work. Dr. Pech, too, has improved even more than his chorus. We took occasion in a former issue to refer to the distressing personality there was in his method of conducting. Pech was so conspicuous, so elaborate, so noisy, and so demonstrative, that it required one's undivided attention to watch his manœuvres, and to wonder what he would do next. The chorus and orchestra became secondary affairs. The director was the all in all. But Dr. Pech has modified himself. He conducted at the last concert with a dignity and quietness that was worthy of all praise. If now he will go to a Philharmonic rehearsal, and watch Mr. Bergmann, he will learn that a baton that traverses two feet of space may be just as suggestive of the proper *tempo* as though the sides of the right angle it describes were twenty feet each.

The pieces performed at the last concert were Haydn's Sixteenth Mass and Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise. The former was very well sung, the latter very badly. The Association was especially unfortunate in one of the soloists in the latter piece. Mendelssohn's work, too, had been very insufficiently rehearsed, and really was cruelly treated in parts. Some of the tenors seemed to be nothing more than baritons forcing their voices. When they could not sing a high note, they took the next nearest within their reach. This plan somewhat interfered with the composer's intentions, and produced combinations that had not occurred to him. The orchestra, however, and the nucleus of professional singers, about which the amateurs gathered, helped the chorus through. The audience was as fine a one as it was possible for New York to gather. The men who stand at the head of their several callings, and the women who give tone and character to the best society of the city, were present. No higher compliment than their attendance could be paid to the Association. What it should give in return is fidelity to the work in hand. Faithful attendance at the rehearsals should, above all, be an obligation paramount to every other social engagement. Only in this way can they avoid the danger of a mortifying failure that so nearly attended their performance of some parts of the *Lobgesang*.

We have one further suggestion to make to Dr. Pech. It is that he attempts too much. A wise doctor used to say that it was far better to get up from the table hungry than surfeited; and it is equally true that a concert had better be too short than too long. Dr. Pech's are too long. His audience gets wearied, and straggles out during the last half-hour of the performance in the most rude and confusing way. This demoralized the chorus at the last concert, they looked wistfully after their retreating friends, and sang *ad libitum*. If Dr. Pech attempts to give, as he proposes, at his next concert the whole of Beethoven's Mass in C, the second part of Oberon, and an orchestral work, the consequence will be threefold. First, he will have given his chorus more than they can properly rehearse in the interim, and some of the pieces will be slurred; secondly, he will give his audience more than they care to listen to, and they will go out; thirdly, he will have to omit something at the last moment, and some of his hearers or singers will be sure to be out of temper in consequence.

MADRIGAL MUSIC.

Let the lovers of English madrigal music take heart. There is plenty of it in store for them. The two rival societies are about to take the field. One of them is the offshoot of the other. The parent-society is a little jealous of its progeny, and more than a little indignant at several things it has done; the progeny in its turn resents the anger of its elder. This little mutual irritability will probably develop itself in a new form—that of hard work. Neither organization will wish to be outdone by the other. Both are coming before the public at the same place—Steinway Hall—and about the same time. Each will attend the concerts of the other as auditors, and in an actively critical spirit. If the tenors flatten, there will be sharp ears to hear. If the basses roar when they ought to coo, some one will smile sardonically. Both societies will therefore be on the alert. Every expressive mark will be carefully looked after; the effect of every note carefully weighed. In this coming duello of harmony the outside public has everything to gain and nothing to lose. The deeper the rivalry, the more they will profit by it. We shall certainly have some famous madrigal singing. And not only madrigals, for the parent society intends to step up on higher ground. Mendelssohn, in one of his classical moods, determined to set to music the choruses to certain of Sophocles's plays. His Antigone and Œdipus music was the result. At Berlin they make it a religious duty to perform one or other of these works every year. The elder madrigal club is to give us the benefit of its studies in

this direction; they will also perform selections from Haydn's passion music, rarely, if ever, heard in this country, and portions of Mendelssohn's psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came."

Finally, in enumerating the musical enterprises for which we have to be grateful, the Parepa-Rosa company now giving performances of opera in English at the Academy is not to be overlooked. They began on Monday of this week with Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," a continuation of the loves now turned to intrigues of the Count Almaviva and Rosina, his wife. The work supplements Rossini's "Barber of Seville." The Parepa-Rosa company sing it exceedingly well, though the work derives no advantage from its English dress, the fact being that the articulation of nearly all public singers is so indistinct that only a word is caught here and there, not enough to enable one to follow the thread of the story.

On the whole, then, though Maretzek has fled, and opéra bouffe is dead, and Russian opera has gone to the burial as chief mourner, we have reason to congratulate ourselves that in the absence of all these foreign tongues honest English has its day, and that we have a fine opera company in the present and some first-class glee and madrigal music in prospect.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Georgia Bill has given the Senate its principal employment during the week, and the House has done little else than listen to long speeches for and against the Tariff Bill, and on the abstract issue of protection. On Thursday, the case of Representative Butler came up for decision, but in spite of its close resemblance to that of Mr. Whittemore, the two-thirds vote necessary to expulsion could not be obtained, and the House compromised, in the worst sense of the word, on a resolution of censure, which, in the circumstances, had the weight, and is likely to have the usual effect, of the censure of railroad companies by coroner's jury. The Senate has shown equal powers of discrimination in at last confirming Mr. Bradley's appointment to the Supreme Bench, though few people have yet forgotten its chief ostensible objection to Mr. Hoar.

The probabilities at this writing are that the Georgia Bill will pass the Senate with the Bingham amendment slightly modified. Mr. Drake, who is greatly excited, and, indeed, seems to be in a chronic state of mental inflammation, wants to add a provision for the despatch of troops, by the President, to disturbed districts on the demand of the governor of the State, the commanding officer being empowered to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and levy taxes on the inhabitants for the transportation of the force. The plans for keeping Bullock in office, and for generally playing fast and loose with the government of the State, were opposed by Mr. Schurz in a very able speech, by Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Edmunds, and, indeed, by nearly all the law, logic, and common sense there is in the Senate. Mr. Sumner and General Butler wanted to have Texas admitted without reference to a committee, under the act which leaves intact the original conditions under which the State first entered the Union, one of which leaves it optional with the inhabitants whether they will have slavery or not. This has raised a good deal of laughter against these gentlemen, and deservedly; but then we fear a good many members have laughed who were not entitled to the full enjoyment of the joke. There has been a good deal in the Reconstruction legislation of overlooking, through frantic haste, things almost as obvious as the provisions of the Texas act.

General Garfield, speaking on the Deficiency Bill, made some remarks on the economical side of Civil Service reform—a subject which we have treated at greater length in another column—which are worth noting. He says that one-half of the clerks employed in the Treasury Department are merely employed in the manual labor of copying, and filing, and counting, and that men to do such work as this can be got all over the country for six or eight hundred dollars a year; in other words, the nation pays this class of employees about double what their labor is worth. He says, too, that in the Executive Departments common laborers are paid double the wages they can get in the market in any part of the country—"thus demoralizing the whole labor system of the country. We pick one man out of a thousand, and give him triple wages, thus making all the rest discontented office-seekers. On the other hand, the men who do the brain labor of these Departments, through whose hands pass millions a day, and upon whose ability and integrity the revenues of the nation largely depend," are paid far less than the employees of private individuals or of the great mercantile corporations receive for similar services. And the fault, as General Garfield alleges, lies not with the Administration or the heads of Departments, but "with the House of Representatives and its legislation." Does not General Garfield believe, however, that the cause of reform would be helped if the Secretary of the Treasury gave in his adhesion, as the Secretary of the Interior has done, to the doctrine that the Government ought to employ, pay, and retain its servants on the same terms and conditions as private enterprises, and not lend his countenance and support, as he does, to the doctrine of "spoils" and "rotation," which he knows perfectly well fills his office with worthless hangers-on, whose wages are literally so much money stolen from the taxpayers?

The dull indifference with which the House listens to the denunciations of these worthies forms a curious and instructive contrast to the holy zeal which animates it against the army officers, the only class of its servants from whom the Government really gets honest service. The bill turning a large body of officers adrift, to begin the world in middle life, and without business connections, with one year's pay and allowances in their pockets, was passed last week with a really refreshing energy. One would think, to read the debate, that General Logan and General Butler had never heard of a drone in the public service, had never quartered one on the public treasury, and, indeed, could not bear the sight of one anywhere, and that the army officers were notorious for their pickings and stealings, and were eating out the substance of the people. Of the public faith pledged to these men, of their singular honesty and fidelity, of the desirableness of putting them in any of the hundred branches of the Civil Service now needing faithful labor —not one word.

The President is said to be trying hard to overcome the opposition which has shown itself in the Senate to the St. Domingo treaty, and at the bottom of which is, doubtless, in the first place, unwillingness to spend the money which will have, in common decency, to be voted to complete the St. Thomas purchase, if St. Domingo is accepted; and, in the second, perhaps a slight unwillingness to carry out any proposition of the Executive. But there is a strong and growing feeling in the public mind that we have had enough of annexing by secret treaty, negotiated not only without the knowledge of the country, but without the knowledge of Congress. Great additions of territory, populated already by voters whose votes are sure to exercise some influence, and may exercise a great one, on the destiny of the country, ought not to be made, every one feels, particularly in the present condition of our home politics, without ample public discussion—enough to draw out the opinion of the country. The worst of the St. Domingo affair is, that Spain got it a few years ago, much as we are now getting it, as a free gift, but had to fight for its possession after all, and finally gave it up as too dear at any price; and nobody knows yet what the result in our case will be. The importance attached to the recent popular vote on the island, which declared for annexation by a large majority, will hardly be justified till we learn whether the voters knew what they were voting about. The Dominicans are not highly educated; in fact, the great bulk of them are brutally ignorant; and one of the peculiarities of the working of universal suffrage in ignorant communities is, that the majorities in the affirmative on propositions submitted to them by those in authority are apt to be immense, inasmuch as they are generally submitted in a form or with accompaniments that make them what lawyers call leading questions, and as differences of opinion on any subject in ignorant communities are rare, because differences of opinion are the result of thinking. If St. Domingo is accepted before it is clear that we shall not have to incur the burden of a military force to keep it in order, it will be a mistake as well as a misfortune.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* has "thought out" Mr. Sumner's financial measure No. 2, providing for the return of the banks and the Government to specie payments—a little process which, it is charitable to suppose, Mr. Sumner did not attempt to perform for himself before bringing in the bill. Under the bill the Secretary of the Treasury is, will-he-nil-he, to resume specie payments Jan. 1, 1871, holding the gold receipts in the meantime for the purpose; and the banks are to accumulate in gold at the rate of one per cent. a month of their liabilities. The *Gazette* shows that, under this arrangement, the banks and Government together would hold about $154,000,000 in gold, being about $6,000,000 less than the total amount of gold in the country, according to the calculation of the best authorities. The price at which gold would then

stand in the New York market, with only $6,000,000 disposable, may be left to the imagination. The total amount of paper outstanding is, however—fractional currency excluded—$694,000,000, and to "resume," the banks and the Treasury would have just 22½ per cent. of this amount, in coin, on hand. Lest the Treasury, as is very probable, however, should find its supply of gold run short, Mr. Sumner sagaciously authorizes it to "buy in open market to meet its deficiencies," a little game which would bear a striking resemblance to the process of trying to fill a barrel by catching what ran out of a hole in the bottom and pouring it in again at the top. The *Gazette* truly says that though these things are laughable, we can hardly afford to laugh over them. The public mind on most momentous questions is confused by such performances, business is deranged, and a general want of confidence in the future diffused through the mercantile community. Why cannot men who do not understand finance, and whose mental powers and training do not fit them to deal with its problems, leave the finances alone?

The *Boston Advertiser* argues against our view of the advisableness of putting as much of the National Debt as possible on the foreign market, on the ground that it is undoubtedly an evil to have money going abroad to be spent there for any purpose; that we should be better off if the eighty millions a year of interest we now pay to foreign holders were paid to natives. This may or may not be true. Our paying eighty millions a year interest to foreigners really means that we spent in war about a thousand millions of foreign capital, in the absence of which we should have spent the same sum of American capital. The *Advertiser* must remember that one cannot eat his cake and have it. If we spent other people's money in preference to spending our own, it showed that there was a decided pecuniary advantage in doing so. The *Advertiser* also draws attention to the fact, that for most of the bonds we sent abroad we didn't get money, and have not money but goods. In the years 1868–9, for instance, our imports of tea, coffee, and sugar amounted to about $120,000,000 in gold, which, it says regretfully, "were absolutely consumed; the debt which represents them abroad has given us no capital for productive enterprises." How can this be? Who consumed the tea, coffee, and sugar? Were they idlers? Were they not productive laborers? and is not the supply of productive laborers and their families with the necessaries and comforts of life a legitimate use of capital? Is it possible to build a railroad, or mill, or work a mine without paying away large sums for tea, coffee, and sugar every day? These are not articles that are wasted; nobody commits debauches in them; and if we buy them with bonds instead of with ready money, it simply shows that we can use our ready money to better advantage than sending it abroad. The *Advertiser* says M. Frignet's talk which we quoted is such as may be "heard from any banker to whom it is proposed to negotiate a profitable loan." Quite true; it is well understood that bankers like to negotiate loans, and make money by it. That is their business. But the *Advertiser* might as well compare the talk of a tailor who solicits my custom to that of the spider to the fly, as compare to it M. Frignet's talk to us. The tailor, undoubtedly, has selfish motives in asking leave to make my clothes, but he does not want to kill and eat me as the spider does the fly; and it would be very silly, the *Advertiser* will admit, for me to sit down and make my own pantaloons because I suspected that he wanted to make a profit on the job. At the bottom of all this reasoning is the old fallacy, that the paying out of money necessarily indicates a loss, and that two parties with opposing interests cannot be the better for the same transaction.

The *World*, of Sunday, raps us over the knuckles for talking of "scientific protection," as we have recently done, as a possible thing. By scientific protection we mean protection which will protect simply what it is intended to protect and do nothing else, which is now unknown in this country; and, to the best of our belief, has never been known anywhere, but which we still maintain is possible. Its expediency is another thing. We may maintain, for instance, that it is possible for a man by using care to hit what he aims at with an old gun; but whether shooting at anything with an old gun is a useful occupation, is a question which would still remain open for argument. Moreover, we were correct in speaking of governments as having the right to undertake "unjustifiable" wars, though, perhaps, not as clear as we ought to have been. The context showed clearly that we were speaking of legal or political right to wage wars not defensible in morals. In a legal sense, of course, wars are "just" apart from the moral character of their origin. All wars are technically "just" when waged by a constituted government.

The trial of Judge Fullerton, on a charge of conspiracy with special agent Belknap, of the Internal Revenue Department, to extort money by blackmailing in 1868, was concluded on Thursday, the evidence for the Government being of so flimsy a character as to make a nine days' trial seem scarcely less impossible than a conviction. The Judge was completely acquitted of any improper or unprofessional action; in fact, he was accused of precisely what he refused to have any part in doing—settling an arrest for money. The actual extortion arose from the opportunities for oppression and corruption afforded by the revenue service in the case of distillers, and from the dangerous powers entrusted to special agents like Belknap, in the exercise of which men have had their books seized, their business closed up, and ruin thrust in their faces, unless they at once submitted to the exactions of the detective in whose grasp they lay. Happily, or unhappily, the public will never know the full extent of this villany. Collector Bailey, of the Thirty-second District, who has hitherto been conspicuous for the energy with which he has prosecuted the whiskey-dealers, and lent all his aid towards the conviction of Judge Fullerton, now turns out to have abused his position as Belknap did, and, having been a defaulter in the Fourth District, and sought to retrieve himself by his frauds in the Thirty-second, has ended by disappearing from the city, leaving a deficiency in his accounts of from $100,000 to $200,000. The Government was just on the eve of removing him, and was only a little anticipated.

We presume there are few persons who have paid any attention to the matter at all who have not been a good deal amused by the efforts the Methodists have been making for the last six months to find out whether any frauds had or not been committed in their Book Concern. The existence of peculation was reported by Mr. Lanahan, a new Superintendent, some time last summer, and an investigation was ordered and took place, but it ended in a report which we never rightly understood, but the general effect of which upon the public mind was, that although there might have been frauds and irregularities in the conduct of the business, somehow nobody had committed them or was responsible for them—Providence, we suppose, having caused certain phenomena to wear the look of fraud for the mere purpose of trying the virtue of the denomination. However, both the church and the world were so dissatisfied that another investigation was ordered, and the majority of the investigators have now reported again that there is nothing wrong, but do not give the evidence on which their decision is based, while the minority report that there is a great deal wrong, and *do* give the evidence on which their decision is based. Now, the weakness which the public has for facts has caused the minority to receive more credit than the majority, but the majority report, of course, stands as the formal verdict of the tribunal appointed by a religious body to investigate a charge of a peculiarly outrageous kind of swindling. The best of the joke—for the affair has really assumed the features of a monstrous joke—is, that the person alleged to be principal defaulter has, since these disclosures, been appointed to a high official position—if we remember rightly, a fiduciary position—in connection, of all things in the world, with the denominational Sunday-schools. The last Conference was moved by this last scandal into taking some decided action against the worthy gentleman, by way of preventing his discharging the functions of his new office, but the frauds remain, in the meantime, really unpunished. In fact, the whole performance, up to this point, has borne a painful resemblance to the way in which the Ring would screen its operations from the prying eyes of its victims, if an attempt were made to ferret them out; and, considering that the organization which bears thus patiently with this great scandal has for its sole object the promotion of religion, and the men

who have been engaged in the whitewashing operation have performed it *qua* Christians, the matter throws some curious light on the condition of the public mind with regard to the great social duty of bringing rogues to justice—a duty hardly inferior in importance to that of being honest one's self.

We bid fair to have a new and interesting "Chapter in Erie," owing to the efforts of the foreign stockholders, two-thirds of the whole, to get repealed the extraordinary bill passed last session by the New York Legislature, by which Fisk, Gould & Co. were empowered to reorganize the Board of Directors without any fresh election, so that they should be divided into three sections, holding office for two, three, and five years respectively. We need hardly say that it so fell out that Fisk and Gould were to sit for the long term, and were thus actually put in possession of the road for four years after the term for which they were originally elected, and without any reference to the wishes of the stockholders. The measure was, in fact, neither more nor less than the concession to Fisk & Co. of legal facilities to rob the stockholders; and Governor Hoffman, not only to his own disgrace, but the disgrace of the country, signed it—his statement of his reasons for doing so being very interesting, as a specimen of the way in which politicians in whom the sense of shame is not wholly extinct, sometimes try to whip the devil round the stump. These reasons were—that there had been no opposition to it in the Senate and no remonstrance from the stockholders, the fact being that two-thirds of the stockholders were in England. The stock having run down from 72 to 46, the foreign owners are at last bestirring themselves, and have sent over an agent, Mr. Burt, to try and get the bill repealed. It remains to be seen whether the Democratic majority will dare to refuse. We presume Mr. Burt has reported to his principals by this time that the expectation expressed at the meeting in London that he would be able "to shame Fisk" into virtuous action, was founded on an imperfect acquaintance with that gentleman's character.

The celebrated Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad continues to entreat the State of Massachusetts to lend it a little more money for the benefit of Connecticut and New York. Meanwhile, the accounts of the railroad have been published, and certainly a more instructive statement has seldom seen the light. The accounts cover the period from July 1, 1868 to the present date. The first item that attracts the reader's attention is that, within this short time, J. S. Eldridge has received $150,000. J. S. Eldridge is president of the road, and has the credit of having engineered all its largest operations. It is not stated for what services this payment was made, but as it is deducted in the account from the money received from the Erie Railway, the public can make its own deductions. Our inference is that this was a payment for Eldridge's part in the "Boston raid" of two or three summers ago, a detailed account of which may be found in the *North American Review*. The item would therefore properly be, "Cash paid J. S. Eldridge for services rendered and character lost . . . $150,000," for the road seems to have been managed very much as the buccaneering expeditions of the Spanish Main used to be managed—every officer receiving from the treasury enough to compensate him for the dangerous character of the employment. Thus, if a man lost a finger, he received a doubloon or two, but if his leg or his arm were taken off, he made a small fortune. Among the buccaneers of our day limbs are not lost, but reputations are sadly damaged; and it is only fair that the old compensatory principle, which once served its purpose so well in the physical world, should be applied now to the domain of morals.

Besides this hundred and fifty thousand paid to Eldridge, it appears that the road has disbursed for "legal expenses" three hundred and fifty-five thousand, and has lost, by speculations in its own stock, conducted by its own officers, two millions. After this, of course, a trifle of ten thousand to Jay Gould for "commissions," or of fifty-four thousand to F. A. Lane for "contract with E. R. R. Co.," is of small importance. Indeed, no individual item is of much consequence when the whole account shows that the road is every day growing poorer and poorer, while Eldridge and Company are quietly enriching themselves. It is the old story—the ward in chancery, the guardians and their legal advisers clothed in purple and fine linen. The most astonishing fact connected with the road is that the Massachusetts Legislature is at present entertaining its petition for a third loan, when it is well known that the State Treasurer has in his hands a bond for two millions, signed by the principal managers, which was executed for the express purpose of guaranteeing the completion of the line without further expense to the State. Why is not some use made of this bond? The men who signed it are wealthy, and no reason has been given why they cannot be sued. We should not omit to state that the assets of the company are one bond, which is worth in the market about $420. If we may offer a word of advice to the directors, we would suggest an immediate sale of this bond. The bond may fall, and the money would be of the greatest value in an emergency.

The passage from military to civil rule in Virginia has given rise to a serious collision of authorities in Richmond, and led General Canby to interpose on behalf of the peace of the city. Mayor Chahoon, the incumbent under the Reconstruction acts, declined to surrender his office to Mayor Ellyson, who had been appointed on the 15th by a Council nominated by the Governor, in accordance with a recent act of Assembly. The ground taken by the former was that this law was contrary to the State Constitution, and he challenged his would-be successor to establish his claims by a resort to the courts. He also addressed Governor Walker for assistance in preserving order until a legal decision could be reached, but of course got only the advice to vacate first and contest afterwards—which seems to have been both consistent and sensible in the Governor. Be that as it may, it was not accepted by Mayor Chahoon, who called his police force about him, with a number of armed negroes, and prepared to hold the station-house in which he held his court. He was at once invested by Mayor Ellyson and his police, and must infallibly have been starved out but for his release by General Canby, who put his own troops in possession of the place. Subsequently, Mayor Chahoon retired to another police-station, beside an engine-house, where, at last accounts, he had barricaded and provisioned himself for another siege. Meanwhile, his counsel, ex-Governors Wells and Wise, sued out an injunction from Judge Underwood, on which the hearing was set down for yesterday. In clearing the streets and in the withdrawal of Ellyson's police at the instance of General Canby, disturbances arose which resulted in loss of life on both sides, though the full extent is not known. The correspondence between the General and Governor Walker shows a substantial agreement as to the right of interference in favor of either of the contestants; but we do not well see how General Canby is censurable for an honest and impartial attempt to save the city from riot and bloodshed, in one of the most difficult and delicate crises that municipal government ever encounters.

The news from Rome is to the effect that the Pope is sick, which, if true, means also that the infallibility dogma is in a bad way. But, then, rumors of the badness of his health have been rife for years, and, in spite of the increase of probability they get from the flight of years, may now be false too. He has at last begun to turn his attention to the newspaper correspondents, and is, it is said, threatening with expulsion the most valuable of them all, Sir John Acton, an English Catholic gentleman, whose letters to the London *Times*, as an "Occasional Correspondent," have been the most valuable accounts of the doings of the Council we have had, though this is not saying very much for them. During the week, there has appeared a very curious despatch from Antonelli to Count von Beust, replying to von Beust's expression of alarm about the possible effects of the doings of the Council on Austrian politics. The way in which he gets rid of the effect of the Papal views of the relations of the Church to the civil authority are quite ingenious. He says that "the supreme rule of conscience, as laid down by the Church, with regard to public and social actions, can be modified in its application" by concordats, and the Pope will have the power to make such modifications in the canons of the Council "as may be demanded by the political necessities of the states."

OFFICES.

THERE have been three or four occurrences during the past ten days which, to say the least for them, are well calculated to set people thinking. One is the practice which the President has begun of going down to his room in the Capitol and remaining there for hours at a time to negotiate with senators about his nominations; another is the confirmation, by an overwhelming majority of the same body which inexorably rejected Judge Hoar, of General Sickles as Minister to Spain; another is the vote on the case of Butler of Tennessee, by which it was decided that a member of Congress may corruptly agree to sell his privilege of appointing cadets in the national naval and military colleges, but, if he has not actually pocketed the money, exposes himself at most to censure; and the fourth is the letter of Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, in reply to his constituents who have asked him to allow himself to be renominated for Congress. They all go to confirm the impression which, more than ever since General Grant's accession to the presidency, has been entertained by thinking men, that the great question of the day is the question of the Government patronage. The more we look at it, the plainer it becomes that, no matter what else we settle, till this be settled all our settlings will be vain. There is nothing respectable in our polity which it is not degrading and debasing, and there is no reform we can make which will be of any but the slightest value till the people take seriously in hand the manner of choosing its subordinate employees. Laws are in themselves but words written on paper. To have any force or effect, they have to be taken up and put into execution by certain men, and on the character of these men it depends whether the nation will profit by the laws or not. Moreover, the President and Congress are the instruments of the national will in framing the laws, and if we allow them to be turned into mere instruments for the division of spoils, our legislation must end in being worthless.

It is notorious that within the last five years the character of the Senate has deteriorated. It has now a corrupt element in it which it previously had not, and it has an ignorant, inexperienced element in it which it previously had not, and, owing to the position it was driven or tempted into assuming during the conflict with Andrew Johnson, it has been seduced into views with regard to the nature and extent of its own powers which it previously was far from entertaining. Along with the stretching of its pretensions from this cause has come strong temptation to stretch them still further, in the shape of a pressure for offices from constituents such as has never been known before in the history of this or any other government. For this enormous development of office-seeking and for the conversion of all members of Congress into what Mr. Kelley calls "general employment agents," to a degree which not only prevents them enjoying social intercourse or keeping up rational correspondence, but, what is still worse, renders the *study* of any of the important questions now before the country impossible—we are here simply repeating in substance what he says—the war, of course, is responsible. The habit of looking on the Government offices as sure refuges for hangers-on of the party in power, existed before the war; but the multiplication of places during the war converted Congressmen into mere agents for the prosecution of the claims of this class of persons, and, like all evils of this kind, it gains strength every day that it lasts. The more a member of Congress finds himself pressed by applicants, the more eagerly he struggles for his "share" of the patronage; the more eagerly he is seen struggling, the better the applicants think their chances are, and the more their numbers increase. As, however, thus far, offices have not increased in number, and as the demand of the country for retrenchment has even compelled a reduction in their number, the competition for them has grown all the more severe. Senators compete fiercely against each other and against the representatives; the representatives against each other and against senators; and the Senate against the House; and as the office-seekers and their friends are the active politicians, and under the caucus system of nominations have really far more influence on the choice of members of Congress than the bulk of the constituency, these affairs absorb far more of the time and attention of legislators than the gravest questions affecting the public welfare.

The temper that this strife has begot is obvious enough. This kind of struggling and intriguing could not go on long without throwing both House and Senate into a childish state of petulance and jealousy, and it has done so already. Each member and each House is occupied with the care of his or its own safety, and acts and thinks accordingly. The "proper" distribution of the patronage—that is, its distribution in accordance with Congressional dictation—has come to be looked on as the only function of the Executive. For its recommendations on the larger questions of public policy Congress does not seem to care a straw, and takes no pains to conceal it. "Don't bother me with your views about Cuba, or St. Domingo, or the tariff," Congressmen seem to say to it; "when are you going to give my man that place in the custom-house?"

It was hoped—as we pointed out two or three weeks ago—that General Grant would have resisted this dictation when he first came into office. He had then an admirable chance of doing it successfully; but, partly owing to bad tact and partly to bad management, it was suffered to pass away. Since then, every attempt to recover the lost ground has been a failure; and the tide rises higher and higher. In the few cases in which he has of late followed his own better judgment, such as the appointment of the marshal in this district, it has been almost by stealth. He now appears to have given up the struggle and accepted his fate, and goes down to the Capitol to make what terms he can with the victors, in other words, to bargain with the senators, and, we may be sure, to bargain most with the most corrupt and unprincipled, for it is they who will be most exacting and hardest to satisfy about the terms on which he will be permitted to perform a duty which the Constitution entrusts to his discretion. Of course, this is an open confession that not merely is the Senate's consent necessary for confirmation but for nomination, and that it has in reality added on to its legislative functions the larger portion of the Executive functions. We shall say little of the humiliation to which the President exposes himself and his office by this step, or of the danger of the precedent he is here establishing. We may be sure his successors, unless his course should rouse the people to the necessity of a change, will push the practice still further; and as the short addresses delivered by Buchanan from his balcony to applauding friends of the Lecompton Constitution were the germs of the blackguard harangues for which Andy Johnson was impeached, we shall probably see the room in which General Grant "exchanges views" with senators in the Capitol grow, in the hands of bolder and less scrupulous successors, into a kind of brokerage office, to which not only senators will come but the whole swarm of political scamps who want to live at the public expense. We sincerely trust he may yet see the impropriety of the new move, and go back to the White House and stay there, and employ the hours which would be spent in bargaining at the Capitol, to the loss of his own dignity and self-respect, and the still further degradation of the public service, in working for a reform of the whole system.

The deplorable influence of the present state of things on the moral sense of the members of Congress themselves has been well illustrated in the Butler case, and still more in the Sickles case. The refusal to punish a man who sells his official patronage because he has not actually received the money, opens of course a ready means of escape to all future sinners, and shows the inability or unwillingness of the House to see that the wrong of these cadet cases lies not in A. or B.'s pocketing $1,000, but in his willingness to receive it. It is from his readiness to take it, and not from his taking it, that the country suffers. So, also, in the Hoar-Sickles case we see the gradual growth of a new standard of morality, under which incivility to members of Congress seeking small offices for their supporters, even when committed with the best intentions by a man of the purest character and highest professional acquirements, and with a long and honorable official career behind him, becomes an absolute disqualification, in senators' eyes, for high public place; while a life marked by every kind of infamy, deliberate murder included, is treated as absolutely no bar whatever to the bestowal of the highest distinction.

In this state of things, it is impossible to speak too highly of the step Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, has taken in refusing a renomination except on the platform of "reform in the Civil Service," which will

relieve members of Congress of their present burdens as "general employment agents," and give them time for the discharge of their proper duties. This is throwing the onus of maintaining the present system, where it rightfully belongs, on the voters, not one in a thousand of whom has the smallest interest in it. Members of Congress cannot be delivered from it without their aid. Against the "managers," who are its principal supporters, they cannot revolt single-handed, and, we fear, will not; and, unless there is a strong movement out-of-doors, we fear the Civil Service bills, which have been introduced in both House and Senate, may hang on indefinitely, not meeting with any open opposition, but still not passing. There are few men in Congress who are more valued, and justly valued, by their constituents than Mr. Kelley is; and we shall be very curious to see the result of his appeal to their patriotism and good sense.

ECONOMY.

Now that Mr. Dawes has smoothed over his little unpleasantness with the Administration, and harmony has been once more established, we seize the opportunity to prove to him that any remarks we may have thought ourselves obliged to make as to the manner of his criticisms were not intended to apply to their matter, so far as economy is in question. That Mr. Dawes was quite right in his general statements we firmly believe, and we believe, too, that his attacks on the President and the Senate were not undeserved, but that he distributed his blame with too little discrimination. That he himself, and more especially his own House, are implicated, and deeply implicated, in the wastefulness and corruption of the Government, are facts to which the partisan press is not likely to call attention, but which are essential in the establishment of sound reforms. If Mr. Dawes is really in earnest, and if the President honestly means to support him, there is hope for the public; but, before promising to believe either of these statements to the full extent of their terms, we should like to have an understanding with Mr. Dawes, and to have Mr. Dawes come to a common agreement with the President as to the meaning of the words earnestness and honesty, and how far they are to be considered as qualified by circumstances.

That the principal and most costly departments of the Government are not economically administered is a fact which no one in the least acquainted with their internal arrangements will call in question. Probably there has been no Secretary of the Treasury or of the Interior, within the last ten years, having even a limited acquaintance with business habits, but has stood aghast, on entering office, at the extravagant scale on which his department is organized. It is said that Mr. McCulloch, who was perfectly plain-spoken in regard to the evil, affirmed that he was ready to take a contract to run his own department at half its actual cost—to run it more efficiently than under the existing system—and he added that he would make an immense fortune by the operation. There can be very little doubt that this was in his time not an exaggerated statement. Mr. Boutwell, on succeeding him, did in fact reduce the running expenses of the department by an amount which was then estimated at half a million of dollars a year, and by no means reached the limits of possible economy.

But there is no occasion for appealing to hearsay authority for proof of the facts alleged. The official report of the present Secretary of the Interior, which was presented to Congress in December last, admitted that the work of the Interior Department might have been done, under a more perfect organization, with one-third fewer clerks than were actually employed; and the Secretary left it to be inferred that he could have done his work better with the smaller force. The sum annually appropriated for salaries in the Interior Department exceeds $1,000,000, so that, in point of fact, the Secretary acknowledged that an economy of more than $300,000 was practicable in his province alone. If this is the case at the Interior Department, the Treasury must afford a still richer vein of economies. The large reductions made by Mr. Boutwell last spring were mere steps to a peace footing, and left the radical extravagance of the office quite untouched. More than this, it is undeniable that while Mr. Boutwell was actively engaged in removing superfluous hangers-on, he was still busier in dismissing a large proportion of the most capable officers under his control, whose place was supplied by very inferior material, so that the efficiency of the bureaus was seriously impaired, and the effect of his economies counteracted. In short, our readers may take our word for it that, of the two Departments, the Interior is much the more economically managed, and that, whatever extravagance exists in it, exists to an aggravated degree in the Treasury. If, then, an economy of one-third can be made in the former, the same economy at least is practicable in the latter. The appropriation for salaries in the Treasury Department appears to exceed $2,500,000, and an economy of one-third would represent a saving of more than $800,000; which, when added to an estimated reduction of $300,000 in the Interior, offers a total retrenchment that may, to keep well within bounds, be confidently stated at one million dollars per annum at the least.

In order to effect this saving, it will be necessary to reorganize the departments, and Mr. Dawes has himself declared that this step is very necessary, though he cannot interfere in it, as it seems. But the essential reform must be to exclude incompetent clerks. We are not now preaching Civil Service reform nor the virtue of competitive examinations. No competitive examination is needed in order to decide whether a clerk is competent or not. Nor do we propose interferences with political removals or appointments. These may still continue to be as meanly political as Mr. Boutwell's heart could wish, provided only that the highest standard of efficiency be maintained. In this case, two good clerks will be fully able to do the work of four bad ones much better than it is now done; and, by a reorganization of bureaus, the work itself may be simplified so as to lighten its burden.

This reform was recommended by the Secretary of the Interior at the meeting of Congress. The facts do not rest on our authority, but are matter of common notoriety. Mr. Dawes knows they are literally and exactly true. There is not an old chief of bureau in the Treasury but will admit their accuracy. Mr. Boutwell, too, knows they are true, and the President ought to know it, if his acquaintance with his own government is not miraculously superficial. In two departments alone, the country wastes at least one million dollars a year, and yet the President, and the Cabinet, and Congress pretend to the credit of good intentions. Is such treatment of the public perfectly straightforward? If possible, we should like to ask the President himself whether he thinks it thoroughly honest?

It is difficult to understand how one Cabinet officer could have been allowed to make such a statement as that made by the Secretary of the Interior without drawing some comments from the President. If the facts stated were true, and the President believed them, he was surely bound to urge this economy upon Mr. Dawes and upon Congress. If they were untrue, they placed the other members of the Administration in a very unfair position. Mr. Boutwell especially, being in charge of the most costly department, was implicated to the extent of nearly a million dollars, yet he made no such recommendation as was made by his colleague in the Cabinet. Surely he might have told the public whether he coincided in the proposal or not. Yet no allusion to the subject can be found in his report, unless it be contained in his proposition to raise salaries. Nor has Congress taken the smallest notice of the matter. With the exception of General Garfield and perhaps one other, neither Democrat nor Republican has thought fit to make a single comment upon an extravagance which costs the public a million dollars a year in two departments alone.

The reason for this suspicious silence is probably to be found in the fact that Secretary Cox coupled with his remarks a recommendation of Civil Service reform, and on this point the Secretary of the Treasury is understood to hold opposite opinions, while Congress is blind to every motion which points to this end. But it does not appear that the principles of Mr. Jenckes's bill are necessarily involved in this economy. All that is needed is the authority to reorganize the bureaus, and to cut down the number of clerks according to a better system of classification. The Secretary must then be held responsible for maintaining a high standard of efficiency among his subordinates, and for this he already enjoys all the necessary powers. The true difficulty rests in the fact that a proper standard of efficiency would, if rigorously exacted, exclude nearly all the political or personal friends of Congressmen, and

cut off their patronage. On this point, members of Congress are as sensitive as the old-fashioned slave-driver on the subject of slavery. Rather than acknowledge their somewhat discreditable love of power, they choose the absurd alternative of persuading themselves that for the work of the departments one clerk is as efficient as another, and that any attempt to raise the standard of efficiency is anti-republican. All the ablest and most sensible members of Congress from the West are, to a greater or less extent, possessed with this notion, which at bottom is pure self-interest. Yet experiments now going on at Washington seem to prove that out of ten political nominations to clerkships, an average of one competent officer is the result; so that under the existing system there must be a proportion of nine incompetents to one thoroughly efficient clerk. It is this standard which Congress proposes to maintain, while in the same breath the Republican majority and Democratic minority claim the credit of honest intentions.

We do not assume to blame the Administration for not making this reform out of hand. We do not even undertake to question Mr. Dawes's honesty for neglecting to take up Secretary Cox's challenge. But in the face of President Grant's and Mr. Boutwell's professions of honesty and economy, and of Mr. Dawes's preaching his economical crusade, it becomes a matter of interest to know why the reorganization of the departments has not been made a point of official policy. If the facts we have stated are true, what excuse has the President, or the Secretary of the Treasury, or Mr. Dawes, for neglecting to require that the reform should be carried out? If the Government were earnest about it, there would be less difficulty in attaining success than the Postmaster-General found in regard to the franking privilege. But if it be asked whether Mr. Dawes's earnestness and the President's honesty in regard to economical reform are absolute or only conditional, we must leave to them the responsibility of supplying an answer.

THE SENATE AND THE CHIEF-JUSTICE.

Nothing has of late occurred to show more clearly the moral disorganization of our day than the talk which is found in the press, and which has by no means been confined to the press alone, in regard to the late legal-tender decision of the Supreme Court. The very suggestion of obtaining a new decision by the means proposed, was an outrage on all the national ideas of respect for law, and the outrage was the greater because there seems to have been no popular uneasiness to justify or excuse it. A few politicians and moneyed corporations alone have made all the noise that has been heard. It is true that a part of the legal profession—certain members of the bench and bar who had strongly committed themselves to the principle of legal tender during the war—were angry with Chief-Justice Chase for overruling their opinion, for which, if it was mistaken at all, he was himself principally responsible; but the bar does not conspire against the bench. This is the work of politicians. The scheme of reversing the decision was a political intrigue, based on the well-known fancy of the Senate for grasping at power, and on the notorious dislike of senators for the Chief-Justice. So far as the public is concerned, there has not been a breath of popular discontent to justify any political movement; and yet grave men have doubted the result; senators have freely expressed their opinion that the decision would be reversed; Congressmen have furiously denounced it as rivalling the Dred Scott decision in bad pre-eminence; and, worst of all, it has been assumed, as a matter of course, that Justices Miller, Swayne, and Davis would consent to join in this conspiracy to degrade their own dignity.

All this is probably empty talk; but, if the Republican senators and leaders are wise, they will put a stop to the discussion at once. Nothing can be more discreditable to them than to encourage clamor of this kind. If any of them gravely entertain the idea of pressing the intrigue to a result, they had better not confess it. There are many reasons why this issue is a very unfavorable one for the Senate to choose as the basis of its assault on the Chief-Justice or on the Supreme Court. The decision in the case of Hepburn *agt.* Griswold has a very narrow scope, so far as the principle of legal tender is concerned. It avoids with great skill any interference with the constitutional power of Congress over the general subject of legal tender, and no issue can be made with it by Congress on that score. All that the Court has ruled is that the legal-tender clause of the Act of 25th February, 1862, as applied to contracts previously existing, was not essential to carry out the constitutional powers of Congress; or, in other words, that private rights should be interfered with by Congress only so far as is necessary; and in this case the interference was not necessary so far as previous contracts were concerned, and was prohibited by the Constitution. As matter of fact, no one doubts that this decision is perfectly true. Neither Mr. Justice Miller, nor the Senate, nor any one else, has ventured to maintain that the legal tender might not without trouble have been made to affect only future contracts. That the objects of the law would have been as well or better reached had its *ex post facto* operation been excluded, is a truth almost self-evident, and until it is questioned, we shall not argue upon it, more especially as its truth or error is not a point on which the dissenters rest. The truth of the Chief-Justice's opinion, as matter of fact, may be freely conceded without affecting the legal issue, and though both opinions argue the general question of necessity, and, on that score, are equally open to criticism, the only solid objection to the Chief-Justice is based on the ground, not that his facts are untrue, but that, whether true or false, it is for Congress and not for the Court to determine, in case an exigency exists, what degree of necessity justifies interference with private rights. It is not insisted that the Court has decided wrongly as to the facts, but only that it had no right to decide at all.

But if the decision were overruled, the result, so far as legal tender is concerned, must be to establish the principle that not only the Chief-Justice's law but his facts are incorrect, and consequently the Court will be compelled to affirm, what every one knows to be false, that the application of legal tender to past contracts was essential to the preservation of the country. It matters little whether Congress or the Court is responsible for this result. It is enough that because Congress originally made a mistake which cannot be defended in reason, the Supreme Court must be compelled to make that mistake law, and decide against truth and equity. We all know that the Legal-Tender Act did not depend for its efficacy on its retroactive application, but the Court must assert that it did, and must reverse the Chief-Justice's judgment given on the opposite understanding.

Of all countries in the world, America is the last where law can be safely divorced from common sense, and where politicians can with safety intrigue to bring about such a result. The law and the public good are far more deeply interested in obtaining justice than in asserting the infallibility of Congress—a dogma that has never been fanatically held by the American public. In the present instance, the attempt to perpetuate as law the mistakes of Congress, may have results much more mischievous than the mistakes themselves—results which may be particularly embarrassing to the very persons who are trying to bring them about. One of these is suggested in a problem commonly known at Washington as "General Garfield's Conundrum," because General Garfield is said to have proposed it in conversation to Mr. Justice Miller. It runs much as follows:

The opinion of the Court carefully avoids the general question of constitutionality. It is confined to contracts made prior to February 25, 1862. The dissenting opinion, on the contrary, covers the whole subject. It rules that if the law was in any sense essential, the degree of necessity was for Congress to determine. It affirms that a necessity did exist; that this necessity was one of war; and that the legal-tender clause was necessary to meet it—the degree of necessity being determined by Congress, and the decision of Congress being final. Now it happens that only a few months since, in the case of the United States *agt.* Anderson, the Supreme Court, Justice Miller and all, unanimously ruled that Congress has by its own legislation fixed the 20th August, 1866, as the close of the war, and the Court went on to say that "there is no reason why this declaration should not be received as settling the question wherever private rights are affected by it." The exigency, therefore, which was the authority of Congress for interfering with private rights in the matter of legal tender as in other matters, was declared by Congress itself, and affirmed by the entire Court, to have terminated on the 20th August, 1866. What, then, asked Gen. Garfield, is the authority which upholds legal tenders since August 20, 1866?

We leave this puzzle for law periodicals to discuss, since our own point of view is rather political than legal, but at the same time we cannot but think that the dissenting opinion of the Court, if established in place of the Chief-Justice's decision, would open the door to some very hazardous results. Either to maintain that the exigency was not one of war, or to assume a subsequent exigency by implication, is equally dangerous, and both lead to the most violent straining of common sense. Supposing the Court were to choose the latter alternative, and were to rule that a necessity not that of war must be assumed, from the fact that Congress acted as though it assumed it! To infer that an exigency exists on the ground that there is nothing to prove that it existed, is very questionable logic, whatever its merit may be as law, and in this case it is all the more questionable, for the very reason that no necessity or exigency did in fact exist, nor has any one ever pretended that it existed, while the dictates of good sense assure us that the validity of legal tender ought in reality to have ended with the war. The constitutional principle thus established would be still more extraordinary. It is, that although an extreme exigency involving the nation's life, and testified by peculiarly solemn legislation, would alone justify a temporary interference with private rights in the first place, yet subsequently the permanent suppression of these same rights may be effected by implying a declaration, never once suggested, of an exigency that is wholly imaginary.

We repeat that senators had better reflect long before attempting to overthrow the Chief-Justice's decision. The ground they will be driven to take is neither solid nor well chosen. If successful, they will find themselves in a still more hazardous position, and, as they well know, the Chief-Justice is more dangerous to them as a politician than he is as a lawyer.

Correspondence.

THE VEXED QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I beg the favor of a space in your columns for a few thoughts on the much-vexed Woman Question. For the usurpations of "tyrant man," as the phrase goes, I have nothing to say, either in the way of defence or apology. The evidence is strong against him, and it must be owned that his condemnation is in the main just. But there is one count in the indictment which does not seem to be entirely well founded, and it is made the basis of charges which as yet have not been distinctly proved. It is that of woman's not being allowed to vote. For this man is held responsible; and he is charged with being actuated in the fact either by selfishness in some one or other of its diversified forms, or by ignorance and prejudice.

Now, it is believed by well-informed people that there is almost, if not quite, as much opposition to woman's voting among women as there is among men. It is true that men make the laws, and that as yet they have made none allowing woman to vote; but it is equally true that woman can have laws made, and that thus far she has asked for none investing her with that power. Not an instance is known in the country's history in which women, duly authorized to speak for their sex, have asked for legislation and been denied; and it is not doubted that, whenever the women of any State, or of the United States, shall demand the suffrage, they will get it. It is not clear, then, that men, as men, are responsible for the exclusion of women from the polls. But, admitting that they are, it remains to be shown that they are governed in the fact by unworthy causes. It is well known that many people, justly regarded as among the most disinterested and enlightened of their kind, agree in the opinion that, as things now stand in this country, the women ought not to vote. This, of course, does not prove the impropriety of woman's voting, nor is it quoted for that purpose; but it does show presumptively that the proposition is embarrassed with very grave difficulties, and that there may possibly be some objections to it which have their foundation in reason and justice.

Let us approach the question, then, in the spirit suggested by these considerations. And that we may the better appreciate the embarrassments which it is alleged surround it, let us put ourselves for a moment into sympathy with the objector. He says—and he appears to be honest—that he sincerely desires to know the truth and obey its teachings; that he needs no argument to prove that woman's sphere should be enlarged to the full width of that of man; nor evidence to show that Government should have the benefit of all the elevating influences at its command. He holds as cardinal principles that the sexes should stand on a level before the law; that woman is clearly entitled to an equal share with man in all the benefits of government; and that no law is just which assigns to her a different place from man, except it be on the ground of proven fitness and with her consent. Still, as the case now stands, it is not clear to him that women should vote. But he does not feel at liberty to take the ground of positive opposition, partly—perhaps mainly—because he does not choose to put himself in a false position toward a movement with which on other points he is in sympathy; and partly because he is not absolutely sure of himself. There may be some lurking prejudice in his own breast of which he is not conscious, or some hidden fallacy in his reasoning which has as yet escaped detection. So he holds the matter in abeyance, and looks on and reads. In this state of mind he takes up a late number of a woman's rights paper, and notes the arguments which are relied upon to sustain the demand for suffrage. They are based on the doctrine of "equality." The sexes are equal; their rights are equal; their privileges should be equal; therefore, women should vote; "otherwise they cannot be equal with men." For "*equality with men*" is emphasized and reiterated as the object and end of the movement.

He is not convinced. On the contrary, new difficulties are suggested to his mind, of which more anon. He takes up the next paper that comes to his hand, which happens to be a "Radical" political journal, containing a plea for woman's suffrage by a distinguished male advocate of the cause. It is a lecture on the subject delivered by Henry Ward Beecher before a Mercantile Library Company. He reads:

"I urge the suffrage for woman," says Mr. Beecher, "on the ground that it is the natural right of woman to vote. . . I would give the suffrage to every intelligent living creature in this country. 'To every one?' Yes, to every one." (After illustrating and enforcing this position, the lecturer passes from the argument of right to that of expediency and says:) "Where you bring the face of woman you bring decency to man. . . . . The very thing we want is to bring into our politics some elevating influences. Do you believe that if women had the right to vote you ever could put up such men as are put up for office? In New York we send to Congress all the men that are foreordained to eternal damnation. The very reason why politics are so base and so bad is that woman is not at the polls; but the moment she comes there, that very moment she brings to politics self-respect in men and a desire to be thought well of by those whom they esteem the models of purity."

Now, how can any thoughtful sceptic on the question of woman's voting be expected to surrender his doubts to arguments such as these? Surely, when Mr. Beecher was talking in this strain about women's influence in politics, he was thinking only of the ladies before him, and regarding them unconsciously as the representatives of the whole sisterhood. But would this be the sort of women, if the change proposed were made, who would attend the ward meetings, shape the primary elections, give character to the general nominations, and be the controlling power around the polls on the day of voting? Where all this time would be the women of the Five Points, the street patrollers of Broadway and Washington Square, the "48,000" strong who figure in the statistics which are now engaging the attention of wise and good women in England? And where the other thousands—native and foreign—who constitute the next, and the next stratum above the grade here designated? As it is now, it is politicians of the lowest type who rule at the primary meetings, and "lewd fellows of the baser sort" who are surest to be on hand on election day. The virtuous and refined, as a rule, cannot be induced to attend a ward meeting, and it is only under the pressure of a special exigency that they can be got out in full force even at a general election. Will it be different with women? If it will, then is woman made of different stuff from man, and the argument in favor of her voting should be, not that she is equal to man, but that she is his superior.

If the Hon. John Morrissey should happen to read this argument of Mr. Beecher, and should be impressed with the belief that the women of his district would soon have the ballot, and if, in consequence, he should begin to have fears for his continuance in office, would not those fears arise from the probability that some other bully, perhaps of a lower grade, might prove a greater favorite of his constituents? Would George Francis Train, who stumped the States two years ago, in the double capacity of advocate for woman and candidate for the Presidency, be much of an improvement on the "foreordained" aforesaid? The stress which Mr. Beecher lays upon the need of "purity"—of "elevating influences" in our politics, is none too emphatic. Undoubtedly this is the prime and supreme need of the country at this moment; and if the admission of women to the suffrage will supply this need, in the name of heaven let them be admitted,

and that without delay. Don't let us stop to haggle about "natural rights" and "equality of privilege." Rights natural or rights conventional —equality or inequality, let us have at once the grand panacea. Let her vote—"vote early and vote often," if that be the way in which the evils which now curse American politics are to be cured.

But is it the way? Let us come down from the realms of imagination and look at facts. The chief drawback upon the happiness of the American people at this moment, in view of emancipation and reconstruction, is the enormous amount of ignorance and incompetence we have taken into our body politic. Not that what has been done is to be regretted. The giving of the suffrage to the freedman was inevitable. It was a matter in which we had no option. Whatever force there may have been in the argument from justice, the overruling plea was necessity. These ignorant black men had to be armed with the ballot to protect their liberty and preserve themselves from personal violence. And having given to them the suffrage, the longer refusal of it to their brethren in the North, few comparatively in number and higher in grade, was a simple impossibility. But it is not to be disguised that our ship of state has taken on a very heavy load. She is freighted to the water's edge, and her timbers creak. That some timid souls on board should quake with fear is hardly to be wondered at; but those who know her strength of keel and the stuff of which she is made have no doubt of her ability to weather the gale, and float safely into smooth waters.

Just at this moment, however, we are hailed with a demand that we shall take on board more than double as much ignorance and unfitness as that which is now putting to the test the ship's capacity. That is to say, we are asked to admit to full political rights the women of the North, black and white, native and foreign, and the women of the South, black and white, native and foreign, just the same as we do the men; and a "Sixteenth Amendment" to the Constitution, as a means of securing this result, is proposed to Congress—Mr. Julian, of Indiana, having the honor of being the first to introduce it. Having, under the pressure of necessity, lowered the tone of American citizenship by admitting 400,000 ignorant voters at the South, we are now asked further to debase it by the admission of 400,000 more of the same class, still more ignorant, and millions besides all over the country, nearly the whole of whom are inexperienced in affairs, and a very large number of whom are at least as grossly ignorant as the men of the same grade who already burden us.*

It is a settled principle in political science that the people of a government are happy, prosperous, and amenable to law, or otherwise, in proportion to their intelligence. "By a natural law," says Horace Mann, "like that which regulates the fluids, elector and elected tend to the same level." De Tocqueville ascribed the success of democracy in America in a large measure to the people's intelligence. When he headed one of his chapters, "The Danger of American Republics the Omnipotence of the Majority," his hope was in the then all-pervading intelligence of American electors. Thomas Jefferson took comfort from the same hope when he said his "principal solicitude had for its object legislative tyranny clothed with power by electoral majorities." This was at a period when the average understanding of public affairs on the part of electors was very much above that which it is now.

John Stuart Mill, whose name is much used by advocates of the American woman's movement, says (see "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform," page 29): "The greatest amount of education which can be fairly regarded as within the reach of every one should be exacted *as a peremptory condition* from all claimants of the franchise. . . . There is surely no reason why every one who applies to be registered as an elector should not be required to copy a sentence of English in the presence of the registering officer, and to perform a sum in the single rule of three. . . . Reading, writing, and arithmetic are but a low standard of educational qualification; and yet even this would have probably sufficed to save France from her present degradation. The millions of voters who, in opposition to nearly every educated person in the country, made Louis Napoleon president, were chiefly peasants, who could neither read nor write, and whose knowledge of public men, even by name, was limited to oral tradition."

These are startling sentiments, coming as they do from the very apostles of democracy, on whom we have been all along relying for justification in our bold procedures. The lesson I would have them teach is not repentance for the past, but carefulness for the future. We are, I trust, equal to the task we have undertaken. A body politic like ours, with unmeasured educating forces and training facilities, and boundless natural resources, can take in, and digest, and assimilate an immeasurable amount of raw material. But there are limits to any body's capacity. I do not say that we have reached the condition which should remind us of the camel and the proverbial feather. Our breadth of shoulders doubtless affords us still some margin. But I do say that, with the weight of ignorance and incompetence which is now upon us, to voluntarily double the one and triple the other would be to act like fools and defy the gods.

This is, of course, to speak as one without faith, which is just the case of the man I am trying to represent. The believing power which does not stop at mountains is, happily or unhappily, not his. If it is said that this talk about ignorance does not touch the abstract question of woman's right to vote, nor meet the issue as it is put by the most intelligent advocates, I reply, that is true. But it does touch the concrete question which is every day brought to our own doors, and it does meet the peremptory demand made by certain leaders for immediate practical action—at least, so it seems to the dissenting person for whom I speak, whose difficulties are not upon the abstract doctrine as held by some, but upon the concrete issue which has been made up by others.

With your leave, I shall continue the subject next week. M.

ORANGE, March 18, 1870.

* Dr. Lee, who has prepared statistical tables under direction of the Department of Education, says that "more than six millions in 1860 (or seven millions now) of the American people constitute a bookless class, shut out from direct access to this main source of knowledge, not counting the million and a half children under ten years of age who cannot yet be said to be illiterate, though they are on the high road to it unless something more efficient is promptly done to save them."

MR. PUMPELLY AND HIS DEFENSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In pursuing the controversy with Mr. Pumpelly upon the relations of foreigners in China with the Chinese, I will not encroach upon your patience by enlarging on the incidents from which he generalizes, though I could easily prove that they were exceptional. I leave to your readers to judge of the justice of such sweeping conclusions upon such slender foundations.

It is as if an European in one of our cities who saw an old woman knocked down by a fast trotting-horse whom his owner could not hold, should write to his friends that such was the common practice in American cities, and draw a touching picture of the decay of civilization and Christian habits in this unhappy land.

I will confine myself to stating that since I wrote my first letter I have received numerous confirmations of my assertions, applying to the period anterior to 1863, from persons who have lived or travelled in China, and that on re-reading Mr. Pumpelly's original statements with his present reiteration, my strongest feeling still is, amazement at such a singular misconception and misrepresentation of communities which, as a whole, are a credit to the nations which they represent.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant, EDWARD CUNNINGHAM.

BOSTON, MASS., March 19, 1870.

CHINESE AND FOREIGNERS IN OLD TIMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Pumpelly doubtless tells what he thought he saw, but every newspaper reporter and every jury trial will tell you with what different eyes the same event is viewed by different parties. When I read his original stories of the *Surprise* and the street behavior of foreigners, I was struck with wonder at the change which had come over that community since the days when I resided in the Celestial Empire; and now Mr. Cunningham tells us that his experience of *modern* China corresponds with my own recollections of what may now be called *old* times there.

A few illustrations will show you how we used to be *educated* in China to respect the lives of the Chinese. All old residents there will remember the case of the British gunner. The East India Company, during the N.E. monsoon, usually had a fleet of frigate-built ships, 15 to 20 in number, lying at Whampoa, armed with about 20 heavy guns and 100 to 150 men each. When celebrating some anniversary by firing a salute, one of their gunners observed a small China boat in range, and called his officer's attention to it, but was ordered to "fire." Immediately the Chinese, under their practice of demanding "a life for a life," called for the gunner's being given up to be tried for homicide, which, under their laws, meant certain condemnation. After much negotiation and delay, the spirit of trade was too strong even for British pride or humanity—*the gunner was given up, tried, and executed*, and this at a time when the Chinese, having no foreign treaties, were usually dealt with by the English as barbarians and their laws in every possible way set at naught.

The Company's fleet had perfect command of the Canton River, and,

with their superior arms and equipments, they could not only have protected their gunner, but could have taken the forts, or perhaps the city itself. Later, a similar, though far less objectionable, surrender was made by the Americans. A sailor on board a little brig, in some petty quarrel, threw a jar at a boat-woman, which knocked her overboard or otherwise killed her. By the Chinese laws his life was forfeited—we had no U. S. ship near—no armed fleet to defend him—no power of resistance; and, assuming the Chinese to be a civilized nation, we had no right to resist giving him up to be tried by their laws; after all possible efforts to save him short of armed resistance, he was given up, tried, and executed.

With such examples before us, it was an axiom with the foreign community to avoid collision with the Chinese, and, if it came, to stand any amount of violence or indignity rather than to take a Chinese life. A story which, whether true or not, is an illustration of the same feeling, was current regarding one of the East India Company's agents: When shooting snipe just before dusk, an unlucky shot killed a costie, working alone in the paddy-field. To leave him there meant stoppage of the trade for two or three months, and either flight or death to the unhappy sportsman; he quietly dug a hole with his hands and gun in the sept rice-field, buried the lonely costie, who in that redundant population was never missed, and only told the story years afterwards when he could safely confess his *bad shooting* to his select circle.

All *old* residents in China will confirm my experience of the *former* position of foreigners, while Mr. Cunningham's evidence shows a similar position in these late years. The readiness of John Bull, and, I am sorry to say, in some instances of Brother Jonathan, to bombard, is no contradiction to this rule. The line is nowhere so strongly drawn as in China between public and private action. The Chinese Government sacrifices human life profusely, yet carefully protects it in private. Foreign governments, or their naval representatives, have done the same; and perhaps it is a natural reaction of the foreign residents from their personal subordination to the Chinese customs that we find them all opposing Mr. Burlingame's policy, and insisting upon having all local outbreaks or invasions of their real or supposed rights dealt with summarily by local foreign consuls, aided by the ever-ready bombshell of the navies.

One word, now, about the *Surprise*. As in the old story of the chameleon, both Mr. Pumpelly and Mr. Cunningham may be right. In these waters the tide runs like a sluice-way; and I have myself seen a case of collision in the old days when to kill a Chinaman was punishable with death, and when the penalty, too, was, as I have shown, *enforced*. The Professor might have seen it and, in his innocence of nautical matters, made a case of foreign barbarity out of it. A typhoon was blowing, the passage narrow, the tide strong, when a frail China boat pulled right across our bow. It was a case for the hardest to fend off. We did all we could to clear him, but we had to brush him away or suffer shipwreck; and we did so, happily, without fatal results.

So, too, I have seen a broad-shouldered foreigner flourish his cane in exceptional cases, but he would be brought to his bearings about as soon as he would in Boston; and the bamboo was always hanging over the foreigners rather than the Chinese. A handful of foreigners in the midst of the sturdy millions of China, it could hardly be otherwise in those days, and I cannot believe it is otherwise now, upon the evidence of a passing traveller, who very naturally generalizes every occurrence that is worthy of his note-book.

TAE-PAN.

THE INSIDE OF "A SHELL-HEAP."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having recently examined an artificial "shell-heap," somewhat peculiar in structure, I will give you the results of my observations.

It is situated on "Big Island," in the Tennessee River, about five miles south of the line where the stream enters the State of Alabama. The island lies north and south, is five miles long, and less than a quarter of a mile broad; is crossed east and west by the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway, which touches the western bank of the river near the village of Bridgeport. Shell-heaps may be seen not only on the island but on the opposite alluvial terraces. I counted twelve from one standpoint. They are alike in their general appearance, and are found, upon being measured, to have about the same proportions. The one examined by myself was twenty feet in its longest diameter, raised in a conical shape six feet above the "river bottom." Upon making an excavation eighteen feet in circumference, from the apex to this level, shell deposits were found to extend three feet below it. We came next to a layer of sandy loam two feet in thickness. Beneath this the remains of four human skeletons were discovered, at unequal distances, resting horizonally upon a shell-bed, which had yielded, in some places, to the pressure from above, leaving the bones in a kind of cist. Portions of them were removed tolerably preserved—including half of a skull, a scapula, femur, tibia, sacrum, and entire under jaw, with the teeth in a sound condition. Fragments of pottery composed of red clay and powdered mussel shells were taken out with the bones, and a whole vessel, of the same material, which would hold a pint. The remains bore the marks of fire—were mixed with calcined shells, charcoal, and burnt earth. Below the bed on which the remains were deposited, which was two feet thick, was another layer of earth, sand, and loam, covering fragments of human and animal bones, and resting on a deposit of shells that extended to the natural clay substratum.

The mound was composed chiefly of separated bivalves of the river mussel—*unio alatus*—mixed with varieties of land and water shells. None of the same species, either in a geological or artificial formation, were found below the surface of the surrounding alluvion. I do not remember to have seen an account of any "shell-heap" so stratified and resting upon a foundation below the soil.

Without taking notice of similar piles in other localities, for controversial comparisons, it may be proper for me to say, after having examined a large number in Alabama and Tennessee, that many of them seem to have been built and not accidentally accumulated—are something more than "kitchen refuse"—*Kjökkenmiddings* of Northern Europe, or the débris of Indian villages, marking the permanent settlements of a fish-eating population. Such heaps may be found, but they are distinguished from structures. I have found in the last almost every variety of weapons, tools, and utensils, in connection with human remains carefully deposited, that have been discovered in those ancient earth-works called tumuli. In the great "shell-mound," which originally covered an area of more than an acre, which gives its name to a village on the left bank of the Tennessee, near the celebrated cave of Nickijack, in the progress of railway excavations startling developments were made of more than a hundred human skeletons, with all their sepulchral possessions, such as stone axes, hatchets, chisels, spear-heads, arrow-points, knives, pipes, shell beads and rings, bone spoons and needles, disks, pestles, bowls, vases, copper bracelets, and the inevitable stone or earthen pot that attends the burial remnants of prehistoric humanity. Many of these relics have been preserved. Many more have been "lost by being found." To ascribe shell-works with their contents to the handicraft of the Indian tribes of the Columbian era, seems to overrate their knowledge of the arts, and confound the signs of the very remote origin of these mounds with the deposits of a recent period. Besides, I can see no reason why these savages of the Mushogee or Cherokee species, who hated labor as they did an enemy—were too lazy to enclose a "corn patch" or remove a nuisance—should have been so particular about the disposal of their clam-shells as to pile the kitchen-heaps of many generations of their race in the form of a circular tower of observation, or "look-out," fifty feet high (such a structure may now be seen, having sloping sides, and a graded pathway to its truncated summit); or why those shells, after being accidentally thrown down, should have assumed hay-cock shapes, in groups of four or eight, or in a straight line with the margin of a river, equidistant from each other, and resting upon foundations unlike the surface soil; or how scattered bones and fragmentary implements could take form and order underground, in a human frame carefully laid under cedar bark, a hatchet in its skeleton hand, a sculptured pipe, arrow-points, and beads made of the column of a large sea-shell, the *pyrula*, by its side, a copper disk upon its sunken ribs, and at its head a vessel of fine clay delicately wrought, containing food supposed to be necessary to sustain the departed warrior on his journey to the spirit-land of his fathers.

VIATOR.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LEONARD & CO., 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, announce that, on account of Fast Day, they are obliged to postpone the sale of the Stevens collection one week—that is, to Tuesday, April 12, and the three days following.——Photographs of the scenery along the line of the Central Pacific Railroad are, we presume, more abundant than those of the country through which the Union Pacific passes; at least, so far as our experience has gone, they are. Undoubtedly, too, the former road offers grander views than the latter; but Prof. F. V. Hayden, who occupies the chair of geology and mineralogy in the University of Pennsyl-

vania, and who has been exploring the Territories for several years, says, in a circular just issued from Washington, that he has often desired that "the remarkable mountain scenery of Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah might be brought to the notice of the lovers of the picturesque in nature," through the agency of photography. The construction of the Union Pacific "led to the production of a fine series of photographs by Mr. A. J. Russell," with whom Prof. Hayden now means to co-operate in preparing a volume of these views from Cheyenne to Salt Lake City. There will be thirty in all, "selected with great care from a large number of negatives, and, in most cases, the preference has been given to those which are characteristic of the geology and geography of that interesting region." Text to the extent of one hundred and fifty pages, "written in popular style," will accompany the pictures, and describe each minutely, and, in more general terms, the geology and resources of the country from Omaha to Salt Lake Valley. "Sun-Pictures of Rocky Mountain Scenery" is the title selected for the volume, which will be a "good-sized quarto," and equal in all parts of its manufacture "to any work of the kind ever published in America." The number of copies will be limited, and sold only to subscribers, at $25 per copy, payable on delivery. Those who wish to subscribe may send their addresses to Mr. Julius Bien, lithographer, at 16 Park Place, in this city, who can already furnish a partial list of the proposed views. "Sun-Pictures" will form a natural companion to the "Yosemite Guide-Book" of Prof. Whitney.——Capt. Raphael Semmes is to write the "Cruise of the *Alabama* and *Sumter*," and has procured Mr. Carleton for his publisher.——Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger announce "The Memoirs of Fifty Years," by W. H. Sparks, the fruit of a long Western experience, and to contain many biographical notices and anecdotes of more or less distinguished Americans.——"Insanity in Women," by Prof. H. R. Storer, M.D.; "Alaska and its Resources," by Mr. W. H. Dall, late of the Russian Telegraph Expedition—a book that will be illustrated with nearly 100 wood-cuts from drawings by the author, and an entirely new map of the Territory; and "Williams College Biographical Annals," by Rev. Calvin Durfee, with an introduction by Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., are the principal announcements of Messrs. Lee & Shepard.

—We hear of one American who says that, having made money enough, he intends to spend some of it, not in fast horses, as some do; nor in building; nor in running for Congress; nor in travelling—but in publishing a magazine which shall be remarkable among magazines for its typographical beauty, if not for the literary excellence of its contents. This is ambition of a sort which does not influence very many of our American rich men. They are as ready as the wealthy of any other country, perhaps readier, to spend their riches for the promotion of moral reforms, or for patriotic purposes, or ostentatiously, and for material comfort; but the expenditure by one person of much money in the gratification of refined tastes has not hitherto been common in the United States, and the intelligent expenditure of large sums in this way has been uncommon. Book-collecting has had more or less of the attention of our men of means; but much of our book-collecting is done lavishly rather than sensibly, and too often our American book-buyers purchase not with a purpose, but whimsically, and buy libraries to show, and not books to be read or selected so as to be useful to the student. Such seems to have been the way in which was got together the Rice collection, which has been sold this week by Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co. It was the property of a citizen of Chicago, and would have been described by the late Artemus Ward as "mucilaginous." All kinds of books were in it—many of them not only expensive but rare, and some, Mr. Sabin says, unique—but it contained, so to speak, only individual books, and had nothing approaching a completed department. We ought hardly to be so sweeping as to say that there was nothing in it which was at all like a completed department; for, three or four years ago, Mr. Rice, the owner, took fourteen thousand dollars and bought in a lump a collection of *Americana*, formed by Mr. J. F. McCoy, of this city—a collection which, Mr. Sabin thinks, is as good for its size as any within his knowledge, and Mr. Sabin's knowledge is well known by book-buyers to be very extensive and accurate. Still, in general, it must be evident to any one who has looked over the catalogue which Mr. Sabin has prepared—and prepared with the unusual care that was to have been expected of him—that the library was bought as merchandise rather than as anything else. Money was not spared, however, and there were to be found in the catalogue, amid a vast number which were not tempting, a good many tempting "lots."

—A tiny publication of eight pages, called the *Phonographic Record*, issued quarterly, has made its appearance here, and tells of what has been accomplished in its first year by the American Phonographic Society. The members seem to be from among the followers of Mr. Munson, as distinguished from the school of Mr. Graham, and Mr. Lindsley and his Tachygraphy are condemned on grounds which we are not qualified to dispute. The society aims to introduce a uniform system of writing phonography, and to organize a system of instruction capable of enabling any one to master the principles of the art and to practise it. We wish it success. Mr. Munson, who already publishes the *Phonographic Advocate* at 117 Nassau street, announces the revival of another monthly, the *Phonographic Magazine*, to be printed entirely in phonographic characters. The mechanical obstacles to such a publication are quite serious, but we understand they have been tolerably met by a new process of reproduction.

—The legal arguments in the late School-Bible case before the Superior Court of Cincinnati, with the opinions and decision of the Court, have been published in elegant style by Messrs. R. W. Clarke & Co., of that city, and the volume deserves to be studied by those who desire to prepare themselves for an issue which will sooner or later become general in all the States. The *Christian World* for February, published at the Bible House in this city, is devoted entirely to "a carefully digested summary of the views and reasonings of all parties to the controversy." A similar digest is in preparation and will be published shortly, by Messrs. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., as Vols. V. and VI. of their pocket "Library of Education;" so that on the whole the average voter will have only himself to blame if not in possession of all the material facts and opinions for forming a judgment. The constitutional ground of debate in Cincinnati was the seventh section of the Bill of Rights, which reads as follows:

> "Religion, morality, and knowledge, however, being essential to good government, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to pass suitable laws to protect every religious denomination in the peaceable enjoyment of its own mode of worship, and to encourage schools and the means of instruction."

The natural interpretation of this clause would be to distribute "protection of religious worship" and "encouragement of schools" between "religion and morality," and "knowledge," respectively. The advocates of retaining the Bible, however, took an opposite view, and held that it was designed to maintain schools in the interest of religion as well as of pure knowledge. Even as thus stated, there is infinite room for debate as to what constitutes religion, and how religion is to be got and taught. But since the inseparability of religion and the "means of instruction" is insisted on, we may as well accept it as an argument why public libraries should be opened on Sunday as regularly and as naturally as churches. If the two do not conflict on week-days—if the library is not *per se* and always adverse to religion—if, on the contrary, it is a recognized aid to every form of theological belief that does not rest on ignorance, then assuredly there is no argument for Sunday closing that will bear examination. The Massachusetts House of Representatives has adopted this opinion by substituting for an unfavorable report of committee a bill authorizing the opening of public libraries on Sunday, and so far modifying the strictness of the statutes relating to the observance of the day. This action we have long expected with confidence; and it matters little, for the final result, that the Senate has disagreed with the House.

—The learned Diedrich Knickerbocker (a correspondent writes us), in his authentic history of New York, relates that Wandle Schoonhoven and Barent Bleecker, having had a dispute about the settlement of a book-account, brought their case before Mynher Wouter Van Twiller, the first Dutch Governor of the province. Having listened attentively to the statements, and carefully examined the books of both parties, "the sage Wouter, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtile idea by the tail, slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced—that having carefully counted over the leaves and *weighed* the books, it was the final opinion of the court that Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and *the constable should pay the costs.*" The historian adds that "the happiest effect of this most sage and righteous judgment, well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, was that the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of these losel scouts known in the province for many years." The Solons of the Committee of Ways (weighs) and Means have not been unmindful of the decision of the worthy Dutch Governor. They have patiently listened to the statements of publishers, and have reported a bill to the House, in which it is solemn-

ly decreed that *the books shall be weighed and the readers shall pay the costs.* And they no doubt expect that its happiest effect will be that not one of those "losel scouts" called students shall be known in the country for years.

—Doubtless the Pacific Railroad is some day going to do for us as much as a year ago we were all expecting—whether or not it is going to do all the things, and the very things, which many of us were a year ago predicting that it would. But certainly, so far, it has not shown that promptness we were hoping for in bringing us our *Overland Monthly.* All the blame, then, is not ours that in talking from month to month about the magazines, we have often omitted mention of the *Overland.* Among its other estimable qualities it has the habit of appearing at the time when it says it does, and the March number is not out till March. Our other magazines offer themselves to the public twenty days, or fifteen days, or a week, before the month of their date—as if our patriotic publishers intended that at least the final number of the American periodical should contain not mere current literature but that literature for eternity which every true American desires to see produced on the soil of this continent. The Day of Judgment can nohow come so late that it won't find *Putnam's,* and the *Atlantic,* and *Old and New,* and *Lippincott's,* and the *Catholic World* some fortnight or so ahead of it. It is, however, of little consequence that the *Overland* fails to get so many "notices" as most of its rivals. It is a magazine which so well deserves praise as to be very well able to dispense with it; and we speak of it now not out of contrition, nor at the demand of justice, but only to express the pleasure we have just been feeling in reading the number before us. The pleasure which we have just been feeling, we say; for we are not so sure about its being a pleasure that will endure; a pleasure that ought to be had, and can be had again; a pleasure that a writer may justly seek to give; a pleasure reconcilable with happiness. We have in mind particularly Mr. Bret Harte's story called "Brown of Calaveras." It is very striking for its freshness of incident, and for the vividness with which it sets its personages before us, and for the skilfulness with which it is told, and for its power over the feelings. But should we—do we—approve of it? For our own part, we find that we do not; and we think that we ought not. Habitually, Mr. Harte takes for his materials a woman who has lost her virtue, or a man who is in most respects rascally, and balances the grain of good still left in the character against its general worthlessness. To be sure, it is true that no good man or woman is all good; and true, too, that there is no man or woman so bad as to be utterly destitute of some sort of goodness. But are not these truths only too likely to secure too easily too much of our attention? Are they so occult and so little regarded that there is need of a captivating writer to urge them upon us? They are truths in human nature which are of a kind peculiarly to attract a writer; but we doubt if the writer is not wise who leaves them alone—or at least we doubt if in the long run writers will not find that it is easy to make them more prominent than is good for lasting fame, which always is seen in the end to be based upon truth to what is best in human nature. Of the other things in this month's *Overland,* perhaps the most noticeable is a piece of verse called "Chiquita," which also we take to be Mr. Harte's. It is in hexameters which would please Dr. John Neale—hexameters which show how perfectly natural the hexameter is in English speech, whether or not people think it can be naturalized in English prosody. We quote a few verses, premising that Chiquita is a mare, and that the speaker is her owner:

> "Morgan? She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers to prove it.
> Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her.
> Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?
> Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in Frisco.
>
> "Hed n't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that 'll do—quit that foolin'!
> Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work cut out before her.
> Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys,
> And 'tain't every man as can ride as knows what a hoss has got in him.
>
> "Know the old ford on the fork, that nearly got Flannigan's leaders?
> Nasty in daylight, you bet; and a mighty rough ford in low water.
> Well, it ain't six ago since me, and the Jedge, and his nevey,
> Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us.
>
> "Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek jest a bilin',
> Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.
> I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey Chiquita;
> And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon."

The last is the only verse of this clever poem in which one is compelled to see that there have been at work in the making of it two people—the horse-dealer, or stage-driver, and the poet. Or perhaps stage-drivers, also, as well as poets, say,

> "And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon."

Perhaps the stage-driver of American real life, like the rest of his fellow-citizens, scorns to talk always in character. Perhaps Mr. Harte may, as a matter of fact, have reproduced in all particulars and with exactness Chiquita's owner. Still, if we drag him into the domain of art, even the American hack-driver we can reduce to subserviency; and if we do drag him there, we are bound so to reduce him. For the rest, the *Overland* for March has some book-notices which, as usual, are pleasant reading, though it may be doubted if they are so good as criticisms; a story entitled "Romance of a Trunk," which may not be very much, but which, nevertheless, is very nice, and will increase the sum of human happiness; a description by an officer's wife of camp life in Arizona; something about the Sandwich Islands; something about Lower California; something about Guatemala; something about British Columbia; some pretty verses called "Not Yet;" and two or three other articles of which none is not readable. We are at all times, when articulate speech, of whatsoever kind, uttered in California either by word of mouth or by published print, is our theme of discourse—we are to be understood as making mental reservations in favor of the humor of the San Francisco *News Letter;* but we desire to give it out as our opinion, that, all things considered, the *Overland Monthly* can hardly be said to have a superior among American magazines. So far, it has at least been a perfectly honest magazine, and has done no puffing, has had no padding, has made no pretense, and has escaped the deadly sin of dulness. This, if it is negative praise, is still, comparatively speaking, very high praise. By way of positive praise, we may say that the *Overland* has had the best short stories ever published in any American magazine; that its book-notices contain nearly as agreeable writing as the *Atlantic's* department of book-notices; and that it is sure to have papers concerning the Pacific coast, the Plains, or the islands of the Pacific, which are almost always fresh and interesting by reason of their subjects, and often are exceedingly well done.

—Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull is reputed to be the only person in the United States who can interpret Eliot's Indian Bible. Those who can appreciate such a distinction, and the labor necessary to attain it, will feel under peculiar obligations to him for his latest contribution to the study of the Indian tongues. He has reprinted from the second volume of the Connecticut Historical Society's Collections his paper on "The Composition of Indian Geographical names, illustrated from the Algonkin Languages." After laying down the rule that "every Indian synthesis, names of persons and places not excepted, must 'preserve the consciousness of its roots,'" and that consequently Indian proper names all have a meaning and a precise one, Mr. Trumbull states the principles which govern the structure of them, and then, in an orderly manner, exhibits the chief suffixes entering into the composition of names of places. For those who have studied the language of the aborigines, the pamphlet will be a guide to the true methods of interpretation; but mere guessers had best beware of it. A large part of Mr. Trumbull's illustrations, drawn from Indian names still preserved, after having suffered more or less of phonetic decay, in our geographical nomenclature, is excellent Old Mortality work, and as trustworthy as anything can be that depends on English orthoepy and orthography of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Of many of the derivations there is no sort of doubt. Whoever prefers the spelling "Alleghany" to "Alleghẽny," can now cite the original *welhik-hannê,* meaning "the best (or, the fairest) river," *-hanne* or *-han* being the suffix for "a rapid stream." What the Delawares called by this name the Senecas in the same sense called the *Oue-yo'* or *O hee' yo,* and we the Ohio. That beautiful New Hampshire lake whose name is a trial to every tourist to the White Mountains, is less near the original when spelt "Winnipiseogee" than as pronounced. "It is compounded of *winni, nippe,* and *sauki,* 'good-water discharge,' and the name must have belonged originally to the *outlet* by which the waters of the lake pass to the Merrimack, rather than to the lake itself." "Connecticut" is from *Quinni-tuk-ut,* "on long river," the last syllable being the locative. "The *c* in the second syllable of the modern name," says Mr. Trumbull, "has no business there, and it is difficult to find a reason for its intrusion;" so that those who *pronounce* the *c,* as some do, are doubly in error, The inseparable ending *-kanⁿtti (-quoddy)* or (Micmac) *-aikadee,* to denote place, when affixed to nouns in the indefinite plural, was of so frequent occurrence as probably to have been taken for the general name of the region inhabited by the tribes using it, and to have led the early geographers and voyagers to call this "L'Arcadia," "L'Acadie," and "La Cadie," by which the country is known to this day.

—Compulsory education has become a concern to Philadelphia, and

the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools have prepared an act to be presented to the Legislature, providing for the enforced attendance, after January 1 of next year, of all children between eight and fourteen years, at some school, public or private. The proposed exceptions, however, will allow a good deal of latitude—possibly too much to make the rule effective—and in a city which furnishes text-books without cost to its pupils, the clause excusing parents by reason of extreme poverty from sending their children to school seems less necessary than elsewhere, and liable to abuse by those classes which laws of this kind are especially designed to reach. If not famous for the character of its common schools, Philadelphia is better provided than most cities with educational resorts for the working-classes; each section having so-called Institutes, with comfortable reading-rooms and a fair amount of books and teaching. A Night School for Artisans, we notice, has just had its closing exercises in the Central High School building, illustrating the courses in geometry, drawing, chemistry, physics, etc. The registered number of pupils (whose mean age was 23) is given as 522, while the capacity of the school was but 250; but the average attendance did not exceed 200. The term lasted twenty weeks, and instruction was chiefly imparted by lectures, the students taking notes. In Boston, a free Evening High School has been opened, with an attendance of one hundred and twenty-five pupils, ranging from eighteen to forty-five years of age. The end of instruction appears to be commercial rather than mechanical training, though there have been "familiar lectures upon the subjects of architecture, history, mineralogy, parliamentary law, etc.," and "among the pupils are representatives of every class of artisans, the majority, however, being employed in the day-time in stores, as clerks or otherwise;" together with some nine or ten young ladies. The attendance has been nearly eighty-five per cent. A much larger school of the kind exists, we believe, in this city, but the Boston experiment is the first in New England. Public Evening Schools in Providence, by the way, are not, as we lately stated, a result of the efforts of the Rhode Island Educational Union, but have been in operation many years, with a single period of cessation.

—It would be an experience worth having to stand upon the exact spot from which Xenophon and his Ten Thousand first caught sight of the sea, and feel something of the thrill which the shouting of the van infused into the rear of the Greek column, when all the weary train broke into a run, the draught-cattle and the horses as eagerly as the men. But then, we should need to feel very sure—quite as much so as when Mark Twain wept at the tomb of Adam—that we were indeed upon the spot and no other; and we might even demand to be shown the mound which the Greeks raised in the hour of their great rejoicing. Unhappily, as yet, no one has been able to fix upon the "sacred mountain Theches" of the narrative, and from the crossing of the Euphrates (Anab. IV., v. 2) to the arrival at Trapezus, there is no part of the retreat that can be mapped with absolute certainty. The number of writers who have attempted it is not few, but great are the differences between them, and we still lack such scientific knowledge of Upper Armenia as to make it easy to decide to which theory probability inclines. The latest authority on this subject, which will always possess an interest for the lovers of antiquity, is Wilhelm Strecker, a colonel in the Turkish service, who has travelled extensively in Armenia, and contributes to No. 24 of the *Zeitschrift für Erdkunde* (New York: L. W. Schmidt) a map of that portion of the country traversed in the Anabasis, with an indication of the course pursued by the Greeks, and an article in support of it. His conclusions, however, are firmly combated by the veteran geographer, H. Kiepert, who agrees with him only as to one point, in the middle of the route, and decides for both another beginning and end. Nevertheless, any one who is engaged as a teacher in expounding Xenophon would do well to procure this number of the *Zeitschrift*, since the general map is no doubt quite correct, and it is instructive to see between what limits the truth may lie. The difficulties of the problem are of course enhanced by the imperfections of Xenophon's itinerary, besides the necessity of making allowances for his estimates of progress on account of the natural obstacles of so mountainous a region.

JARVES'S "ART THOUGHTS."*

Mr. Jarves's book brings up for renewed examination the old questions about critical judgment of the fine arts. The immediate enquiry started by his remarks, and which some of the reviewers of his book have followed, is the enquiry as to whether artists are necessarily the best judges of art, or whether those who approach the subject from a different direction may not get closer to its heart. Mr. Jarves's own position is obviously, and is known of all men to be, that of a collector. The collector's standard of judgment is the historical, so to speak. The most accomplished collector is he who has the quickest eye to pick out and the most unerring judgment to discriminate. The most useful helper to the collector is the expert who can judge infallibly between the work of a master and that of a pupil, between enamel painting of the thirteenth century and that of the fourteenth, between antique engraved gems and Renaissance imitations. This knowledge is the fruit of long and close study. To excel in it requires a natural gift as rare, perhaps, as any. Few are they born to be experts in art; but to be anything in it whatever requires, for born genius and for ordinary mortal alike, many years of devoted application. Moreover, no one can be a first-rate judge of one branch of art, or of the works of one epoch, without having a very sound and well-founded knowledge of the whole field, nor yet without having a tolerably profound sense of what discriminating taste means. There are limitations, and we will not require a Parisian expert to know much about English landscape painting in the sense of having a lively sense of its minute shades of excellence. But to have an intense curiosity always awake, a memory that lets nothing slip, and an indescribable power of distinguishing at first glance the essential from the accidental and temporary characteristics of works of art—to have all this, and to be, what naturally follows, an observer where other men are blind, and a discriminating judge where other men find only confusion, this is essential to the character of the brilliant collector, and of the expert, the less brilliant collector's guide.

Few well-informed persons will disagree with our author in his opinion (pp. 344, 345) that professional painters and sculptors can seldom become judges of art in this sense. "The best judges of objects of art, in general," says Mr. Jarves, "are not found among artists, but among those who stake their money or reputation on them as dealers or connoisseurs. Most artists limit their instruction to a specialty of their epoch. Seldom do they interest themselves in what does not immediately concern their own studies or aims. As a class, they are more indifferent to old art of any kind, and less versed in its history, character, motives, and methods, than are amateurs." It cannot be otherwise; it can never be otherwise. "Most artists" must so limit their instruction, for the simple and sufficient reason that to excel in their art takes their whole time. Painting that is good for anything is the result of constant and unremitted work with the brush, the pencil, the pen, the charcoal, out of doors and indoors, in the life-school and among the casts of "the antique," among the strangeness and novelties of a foreign land, or among the familiar things of home. Daily work and all day long has been that which has made of gifted men great artists, and of less gifted men useful and pleasure-giving artists. If there is one thing noticeable in the lives of those who have become giants in power, and seemingly more than human in their inspired insight into men and things, it is their ceaseless, restless, tireless activity. The autotypes from drawings by the old masters, of which we have spoken with enthusiasm in the *Nation*, would seem to have to teach us for our first lesson that *what* one chooses to draw, and *how* one chooses to draw, is of less importance than *how much* he draws.

This statement, which is not meant to be an exaggeration, may seem so to those who have a somewhat exclusive taste in matters of fine art. But we are speaking not of choice of subjects for paintings, the result and flower of a working life, but of choice of subjects for study and manner of study. To have the pencil always in the hand has been said to be the surest means of becoming all one's nature permits in the way of executive excellence as an artist. The noblest art of the past is of less importance to a painter of our time than the faces and gestures and men and women, the sports of children, the habits and the shapes of birds and beasts, the forms and colors of things in general. Every moment that a Leech takes from the observation of London street-boys and English hunting-fields, and gives to the study of the sacred art of the Florentines of the fourteenth century, is so much taken away from his peculiar strength. He may take recreation in study of the arts of other times, but after all this will not be as good rest for him as poetry or music. The painter who means to make a glorious name for himself by painting must keep his strength and his freshness for the practice of his art, and must make other things help toward it and rest him from it. He must live to his more noble trade at least as persistently as a broker does to his less noble one, and must go outside of it for his recreation only, but for his recreation it is outside that he must go.

* "Art Thoughts. The Experiences and Observations of an American Amateur in Europe. By James Jackson Jarves, Author of 'Art Hints,' 'The Art Idea,'" etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869. Pp. ix., 379.

If there is any truth in these views, the world must look to others than to artists for final judgment on art. But, it will be said, surely no one's opinion on a picture is so well worth having as a painter's. Yes; and no. No one's opinion on a painting is worth much unless he can paint; that is perfectly true. When Mr. Hamerton proposes to write about etching, and, as a condition precedent, buys "coppers" and fits up a press, and goes to etching, and printing his etchings, it is to be admitted that he is taking a good way to prepare himself for sound judgment. One's only doubt is as to the length of life and the amount of time practically available, and the most concentrated ways of self-education. What makes Ruskin a judge of art worth listening to, in spite of his uncritical habit of mind, is his enormous knowledge, gained by a life's hard work. When he wants to study Titian, he copies, touch by touch, the best and least injured work of Titian's he can find; or is it Venetian architecture he proposes to study? he makes careful drawings of all the best work in Venice—taking three winters to it. He is one of the most accomplished and most powerful draughtsmen alive, both in monochrome and in color, and more especially in landscape subject; and he has become so in the course of thirty years' studying nature and art, with brush in hand. But it will be seen that he does not consider himself an artist, that he never exhibits, that this executive power has been gained *by the way*, and to help him to his end. When any man proposes to fit himself for the proper judgment of art, he must learn to produce it, no doubt. As Mr. Jarves well says, a good painter will be an excellent judge of pictures of his own time; probably the best, though to be this he should be a very superior painter, indeed. "Andrea del Sarto could buy for Francis I. the best works of the Florentine school, because he was a competent judge of his contemporaries." Very probably; and no one would have hesitated to accept Mulready's or Dyce's choice of pictures of the English school, or Turner's of landscape painting generally. But (not to speak of the all-accomplished Dyce—that modern Leonardo) any one might have hesitated to accept Mulready's, or even Turner's, selection of works of art other than in their own line. Not that either of these men was incompetent to become a judge. There are no intellectual powers given to men more exalted than the artistic gift in its higher development; and we are of those who look upon Turner as the pre-eminent artistic genius of this century; while Mulready was of the race of Titans, however, one may dispute concerning the exact value of certain of his works. But in order to know, one must learn; and an all-absorbing pursuit, at once mechanical and intellectual, is not the best preparation for a minutely discriminating judgment of a score of other and different, though kindred, arts.

It is not, however, as a critical work that Mr. Jarves's book is to be viewed. The instances are few in which he allows himself to pass judgment upon a work of art. His "Art Thoughts" should rather be regarded as a series of fifteen essays upon subjects connected with the fine arts as they now exist. The view taken in these chapters is that of the studious amateur, desirous to help his countrymen to enjoy the beautiful arts, which they so commonly disregard, but who proposes rather to offer hints for their guidance than to teach them. The standard of judgment may be challenged as being too transcendental and remote. Practitioners of any art are apt to look with suspicion upon discussion of it which goes too far away to look for causes and motives and analogies; and their suspicion is just. This is the danger to which all writers are exposed when treating of arts which they have not practised themselves. Not that there is not a remote cause for every observed peculiarity, and a transcendental side to every meritorious work of art, and subtle analogies between the arts and the men and the literature and the social life of every age; but to see these things aright requires an insight which few men possess. Akin to this is what seems to us an exaggerated admiration for artists of peculiarly unworldly and mystical genius, as notably William Blake. The pages devoted to him and his works are filled with an admiration and reverence, to our mind, greatly exaggerated. Exaggerated in comparative statement they are certainly; as witness the comparison, on page 216, between Blake and Turner. It needs to be said again and again, for it is the tendency of all modern thought to put the fact out of sight, that the formative arts have to do, first, last, and all the time, with the visible. Let it be granted that Blake was wholly a mystic, that he lived an almost purely spiritual life, that his art is one dream of unearthly beauty and unearthly power; let it be granted that nothing in Turner's art shows whether he believed or not, nor in what he believed, if at all. The works of art produced by Turner, taken together, are probably greater than any other body of art whatever that this century has produced. There is the one drawback that many of these pictures are perishable and perishing; there is the fact that his works have not the uniform excellence throughout their united extent which, but for unfortunate education and surroundings, the world would have a right to expect from one of its greatest men; but, after these allowances are made, the conclusion must be that more of that high pleasure which it is the mission of art to give can be got from the works of Turner than from any other mass or group of works of art of our time. As regards the power, imagination, versatility, insight, artistic greatness, in short, which these works would lead us to attribute to their author, there can be little question that, in this regard, Turner ranks with the great of all time—with Titian and Leonardo. Now, to compare Blake, as painter or as imaginative designer, with this colossus, is to seek to establish new canons of criticism; it is to confound mysticism with creative imagination; avoidance of the world and external nature with mastery of them; lovely dreams with matured strength of daylight intelligence.

So far, however, it is only as to degree of approval that we are disposed to question Mr. Jarves's views; so far, it has been delightful to follow and discuss his appreciative criticism. But it is matter of regret that the praise given to Gustave Doré (and not on pages 274 and 275 only, but in many places) should be allowed to remain. We had supposed that Doré was about "given up" by the most enthusiastic of his admirers. That shallow reputation—the reputation of a great artist given to a man who cannot draw the human figure nor the human face, except as a caricature, nor landscape in any form; whose design is the constant repetition of a few not very natural forms of vulgarity; whose greatest and almost sole gift is in the easy and constant reproduction of his own established types—this reputation, non-existent among the artists and critics of art in his own country, it is not necessary to discuss seriously. No designer can produce more rapidly, and no one has so marked a taste for sickening horrors of obscenity and of physical suffering; and perhaps no living artist understands better the knack of producing drawings that shall be clever-looking while really without knowledge or ideas; but these things do not make artists of great importance.

That part of Mr. Jarves's book which, written in the first person, tells of his own experiences as a collector and a student in Europe, is most interesting. The story of the "False Leonardo"—the picture which ingenious knaves had made into a counterfeit presentment of the lost "Saint Catherine" of Francis I.'s gallery—is fully told. It seems that the picture has been, by Mr. Jarves's order, cleaned of all new work and retouching over half its surface, while the other half is left as when it was offered as the lost Leonardo. We are informed that it is Mr. Jarves's intention to bring it to this country, and show everybody by this crucial instance how clever the Parisian fabricators of false pictures have become. Mingled with this are many passages of interesting description of the men and things of Europe, especially of Italy, and the story rises to pathos in the description of the poor women who show pictures in Italian churches. It is one of the most interesting books that the time affords, and we have only to regret that a certain want of arrangement or of sequence keeps one from remembering as much of it as would be well to remember.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WRITERS ON HORTICULTURE.*

"Spring still brings spring to the mind, though sixty years be told;" and when the ash buds begin to blacken, the dogwood twigs to grow red, and the elm to swell, we fall greedily on any book that discourses well on country life, on flowers and fruits, and delight to walk over imaginary fields, with our farmer by our side, laying out drains, filling hollows, sowing seed, or harvesting crops. The smell of the earth, if we walk or drive in the country, as the snow melts away, the fresh greenness of the evergreen ferns, the delicate color of the lichen-clad rocks and trees, appeal to our senses, and put us in the mood when we return home to read books on roses. We can then either make allowances for superabundant enthusiasm, or supply warmth and style to sentences which reveal more of practical than of literary experience.

With such feelings, and with ready-made enthusiasm, we took up the work named below, feeling assured, from the promise of it, that we should be repaid for the time spent on it. Its author is, as he tells us in the preface, a Church of England rector, who not only originated the first rose show in England, but has taken twenty cups awarded at exhibitions open to all competitors. Certainly here, if anywhere, we should expect to learn the practice as well as the refinements of rose culture; instead of which

* "On Roses. By S. Reynolds Hole, author of 'A Little Tour in Ireland.'" London: Blackwood & Sons.

we have two hundred and sixty-seven pages filled with irrelevant scraps of Latin, Greek, and French, and larded with lean jokes. The real matter, properly expressed and condensed, would make about fifty pages of not very good instruction on the subject. It would be impossible by quotations to do justice to this book, since the wheat is inseparably mixed with the chaff. For example, the author is telling us why roses are so often failures:

"Look, too, at those vagabond suckers clustering like Jewish money-lenders, or Christian book-makers, round a young nobleman, and stealing the sap away. Well may that miserable specimen be called a '*Souvenir de Comte Cavour*,' for it is dying from depletion, like its illustrious namesake. The earth is set and sodden; no spade nor hoe has been there. As for manure, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over us, as over Mr. Richard Swiveller when he discovered the Marchioness had passed her youthful days in ignorance of the taste of beer. We know that they have never seen it, and yet they are expected to bloom profusely; and when they are covered, not with roses but grubs, the nurseryman, or the gardener, or the soil is blamed. Then there is dole in Astolat, and a wailing cry over dead Adonis. 'Is it not sad that we cannot grow roses? We have spared no trouble, no expense, and we do *so* dote on them.' The last time I heard a howl of this kind, I felt myself insulted, as a lover of the rose, and of truth; and instead of yelping in concert, as I was expected to do, I snarled surlily. 'I say, old fellow,' remarked to me a friend as we rode together in the Row, and with a tone which, though it pretended a cheery indifference, was fraught with rebuke and anger, 'those rose-trees which you recommended me to get turned out a regular *do*. Lost a hatful of money—precious near a tenner, if not all out—and, by Jove, sir! our curate at the county flower-show came and licked them all into fits.'"

One would hardly believe, unless he read such stuff, that any sensible man could so abuse his opportunities. The pity is all the greater because there is so much to be said about roses, and because no plant better repays the care and love we lavish on it. English writers on horticulture and agriculture in the monthly magazines indulge very freely in affectations of style which diminish not a little the value of their teachings, and place them in striking contrast with our American contributors to the same kind of literature. In fact, considering the unrivalled force and fitness of the writing in the English reviews and the better class of the untechnical magazines, it is amazing that when English gentlemen or gardeners begin to write on horticulture or agriculture, they should generally affect extreme superiority to their subject, and, as it were, excuse themselves for descending to it by a parade of their learning and humor, and by violating, if not the rules, at least the proprieties of composition, all the while flaunting their own merits in our faces. Thus, there have been a series of articles in the *Farmers' Magazine*—a very heavy and solid periodical—called "Textless Notes by a Crotchety Farmer," and others called "The New Farm," relating experiences of some general value, but so mixed with frivolous and impertinent matter, that the reader is provoked to throw the magazine aside without looking further for what may be valuable. In the *Gardeners' Magazine*, a writer goes about England visiting nurseries, and narrating his experience at rustic taverns, telling local anecdotes, praising Lord This or That's gardener, but giving a very meagre account of the practical improvements in horticulture which he sees. In the *Cottage Gardener*, the Man with a Blue Apron or the Yellow Shoe-string tells his experiences in an *ex-cathedrâ* tone, and with a lofty assumption that makes us doubt the value of his directions, as it seems impossible that one so well satisfied with himself can be a good teacher. We find in the strictly scientific and professional articles simple, earnest enquiry for truth, but the defects of the voluntary contributions become conspicuous when we take up a book like this on roses.

Compare with it, for example, "The Book of Roses," by Francis Parkman, of Boston, published by Tilton & Co. in 1866. Mr. Parkman does not pretend that he originated "rose shows," nor that he takes the prizes offered, but in clear, good English tells the story of the rose with just enough enthusiasm to kindle a desire in every reader's mind to cultivate the flower, however small his opportunities. His first paragraph says: "It is needless to eulogize the rose;" and, true to his text, he wastes no space in praise, but, showing how to plant, prune, and cultivate, he describes such an agreeable industry, that the reader believes that Mr. Parkman thinks his subject greater than himself, and becomes convinced that no labor would be too great to spend in acquiring the skill and knowledge which the author evidently possesses. For he tells us further how to protect the rose from insects, to ensure fine blossoms, to save seed, to hybridize, to produce new varieties. He describes the classes, families, and species of roses, and makes us understand the actual difference between the Bourbon and Hybrid China, the Noisette and Ayrshire, the Tea and Bengal families, and points out how we may make new varieties, or get the best out of the old ones. So simply and attractively does he write, that even one not interested in acquiring practical knowledge would find the book good reading; and we are sure that until horticulture makes a much greater advance than it has yet made, Mr. Parkman's book will be such an exhaustive authority as to render new books on roses a drug. The only thing in Hole that is new, or, rather, that is really valuable, is his half-hinted, half-told belief that the English brier makes a better stock for roses than the Manetti or Dog Rose. Even this, which is the author's peculiar belief, is lugged in and out through such a cloud of suggestions and poor stories, that most readers would be excused if they did not know at the end of the book that the Rev. Mr. Hole claims this discovery as his crowning glory in rose culture.

These two books are fair instances of the different ways in which we and the English people look at horticulture. To us it is a business, or at least it is a part of the business of all who follow it, even of the amateurs, and we feel ourselves honored in the pursuit, while the English amateurs treat roses as they do any other pet subject, like pigeons, or donkeys, or pigs. They condescend to notice them, and to mingle familiarly with the laboring men and gardeners, who give all their time to the practical work but when they begin to write on the subject they cannot state with sufficient frequency, indirectly at least, that they are quite aware that gardening, though Adam's occupation, was never intended to rank with the usual pursuits of men of culture. As we do not share in that belief, we should be glad if it were possible to instil enough enthusiasm into every reader's mind to induce him to plant a few roses this spring, in the best manner, and to tend them carefully, so that their blossoms should fill him some June morning with the pure delight which no other flower is so sure to give.

WHITNEY'S GERMAN GRAMMAR.*

THE importance of the publication of Professor Whitney's German Grammar consists hardly more in the intrinsic excellence of the book than in the changed aim and method of instruction in modern languages which it represents. It is almost the first serious effort to break loose from the empirical method of studying these which has held sway now for some twenty years. This "Ollendorff" method was itself a reform at the outset—a reaction against the over-formality of method which then prevailed, and a movement in the direction of more practical results than were then attained. For the mere utilitarian object of learning to speak, for purposes of trade or social intercourse, it has great merits; but the higher aims of education it does not even attempt to accomplish. The result has been in these years an immense increase in the number of persons who have studied French, and especially German, but we fear an actual falling off in solid scholarship in these tongues. Meanwhile has come up the great controversy in regard to the classic languages, and the opponents of these have urged the modern languages as equally well fitted for purposes of mental discipline. Perhaps so, but not in the way they are usually taught.

A reaction, therefore, has again set in, and it is beginning to be recognized that, however excellent the text-books and methods now in general use are for commercial colleges and business men, they are wholly unfitted for institutions of *learning*. What Goethe said, "Wer nicht fremde Sprachen kennt, weiss nichts von seiner eigenen," is only true of understanding the principles, the derivations and connections of words, the correspondence with one's own and the grounds of a foreign language. But that mechanical mode of studying foreign languages has got such a hold on the minds of our students, that many of them will hardly understand what is meant by the expression of a desire to raise the study of German "to a somewhat higher plane." Indeed, it would almost seem that only a man of Professor Whitney's reputation could dare to write a grammar so different from what our schools have been accustomed to. Even he feels "called upon to explain and defend his undertaking—especially when his work is almost entirely wanting in those practical exercises for writing and speaking which make the principal part of the other grammars now most in use." In other words, the "other grammars" teach how to traffic with Germans, while his own teaches the student to unlock the rich treasures of the German scientific and æsthetical literature. And for this latter purpose Professor Whitney's grammar is the best we ever had. "It aims to furnish the best practical aid to the scholar who is trying to learn German especially for the sake of access to German literature, but who would gain, at the same time, such grammatical and philological

* "A Compendious German Grammar. By William D. Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Instructor in Modern Languages in Yale College." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869. 12mo, pp. 248.

training as it can be made to yield, without neglecting the main object, or turning aside for special studies in comparative grammar and the philosophy of language."

An examination of the book itself satisfies us that the promise here held out is well kept. Its most striking characteristic is clearness and precision—just the qualities that are most essential in a grammar. The arrangement and analysis are eminently simple and complete, and the rules are stated with that felicity that results only from thorough and comprehensive knowledge. As an instance of this excellence of arrangement and analysis, we will mention the Subjunctive Mood and the distinction in use of the Preterite and Perfect Tenses, so puzzling to Englishmen. Here we will call attention to the simple rule, p. 150, that, "if the condition be regarded as doubtful merely, and not contrary to reality, the verbs are put in the Indicative Mood"—a principle that holds in Latin, Greek, and English as well, but which many of our makers of English grammar are strangely ignorant of, lumping together all verbs which follow an "if" as subjunctive.

A second striking feature of the book is the valuable information incidentally given upon the history and relations of the language—not excessive in quantity or forced, but sufficient, with the chapters at the end of the book, to give an excellent foundation for "studies in comparative grammar and the philosophy of language." Take, for instance, his note on p. 57—admirable, even if we ourselves should incline to take the opposite view to that which Mr. Whitney forms: "Opinions differ whether the possessive is derived from the genitive, or the genitive from the possessive. Probably the latter opinion is correct; the history of language shows that a genitive is often, or usually, a stereotyped and invariable case of an adjective of relation." We will further remark that the Syntax is not placed by itself, but each part of speech is treated as a whole, the principles of syntax following the etymological treatment.

The "Reader" of Professor Whitney's course requires few words, inasmuch as it is as yet incomplete—the notes and vocabulary, which are to be the most characteristic portion of the book, being still unpublished. The collection is every way good, aiming rather at excellence than novelty, and thus consisting largely of familiar pieces, and making, on the whole, a tolerably complete course of German literature. Thus, we have the "Song of the Bell," the most famous scene from "Nathan the Wise," probably the best scenes of "Faust," and one of the best from Schiller's dramas; as well as prose passages of some length from Goethe, von Raumer, Gervinus, Humboldt, and other authors.

Through Night to Light. A novel, by Friedrich Spielhagen. Translated from the German by Prof. Schele De Vere. Revised edition. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1870.)—Novels like this and the "Problematic Characters," to which it forms a sequel, ought to go a good way towards reconciling us to that threatened "decline of the novel" which is not, in all moods, a thing to be joyful over. They tell cumbrously a story little worth telling, and describe laboriously, yet without great success, characters whose delineation makes no one much the wiser in the secrets of human nature. With the best will in the world to be pleased with a writer who clearly takes pains, and who seems to have given pleasure to many readers, we find ourselves impressed by the cold-blooded way in which Spielhagen constructs his incidents, his plot, his characters, and by the mechanical nature of his contrivances, rather than by anything else in his work. In his minor scenes and characters—as, for instance, in the character of Mrs. Jager, and the scenes in which is introduced the travelling circus—he reminds one of Dickens, and rather as a man who has read Dickens admiringly than as one who out of a kindred nature produces similar work. And as for the hero, Oswald Stein, though he is doubtless the first of his class who has been called a "problematic character," or "one of the Hamlets of our latest civilization," he surely is not the first hero at whose conquering feet all the women he meets, married and single alike, lay down their arms and worship with an enduring passion which outlives all neglect, coldness, and caprice; while he, feeling various shades of interest in all, is unable to find his ideal in any. Such as he is, however, he is pretty much all that is offered us in this novel. That there are in Spielhagen possibilities of better things than those by which our public at present know him, we are much inclined to believe; but whether he thinks so or not, and whether or not he would like to be, he is not a master of morbid psychology.

Day by Day: Being a compilation from the writings of ancient and modern Friends. By William Henry Chase. Third ed. (Auburn, N. Y.: Dennis Bros. & Thorne.)—Had a list of works quoted from accompanied this collection, the editor would have rendered a service to readers outside of his Society, and led many to examine the sources of Quaker doctrine and history, to which here they get no clue except in the name of the writer and the date of the extract. The Friends have a peculiar literature in the journals of their ministers, both male and female, some of which are famous, while others are preserved only in the families of descendants as curiosities, or as part of the genealogical record. The humblest of these are calculated to interest and profit those who approach them in the right spirit, while of the greatest, John Woolman's, Mr. Whittier affirms, in an introductory letter to the volume in hand, that it is the "sweetest and purest of all books outside of the Holy Scriptures." Few who have read Woolman's life will dissent from this praise of the Jersey draper; and it might almost be said that as a psychological study his account of himself is unsurpassed in autobiography. From these journals, Friends' letters, and other utterances of the lights of the Society, from George Fox to Stephen Grellet, Mr. Chase has taken short fragments—often too short—of piety and narrative, and ranged them under each day of the whole year, for family or solitary reading. In an appendix he gives the Orthodox creed of Friends, and some selections in verse, which only confirm the general opinion that Whittier is the single nightingale of this music-repressing sect.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1870.

The Week.

THE House has passed but two measures of national importance during the week, one, the Anti-Polygamy Bill of Mr. Cullom—if, after so much alteration, he would still choose to be called the father of it; the other, a bill fixing one year's residence as a necessary qualification hereafter for appointment to any cadetship from any given district. With this, and with sundry resolutions aimed at parties not members of the House, and asking for their dismissal or court-martial, the investigations closed, and the committee was discharged. The Tariff Bill has been discussed with as much vigor as if anybody expected it to pass, Messrs. Allison and Kelley being the principal speakers, of course, on opposite sides. The President's message on the decline of American commerce was received on Wednesday, but excited no particular interest. It was on the same day that Gen. Ames's case was under discussion in the Senate, with Mr. Carpenter to vindicate the Judiciary Committee and its respect for constitutional provisions. No decision was reached. On Friday, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to reduce the army by one-fifth, but in a way to mitigate the hardships of reduction, spare the feelings of deserving officers, and, at the same time, effect a material saving in that branch of the service. The Senate has, however, been chiefly engrossed, in executive sessions, with the San Domingo treaty, on which Senators Sumner and Schurz have spoken with great force and ability, and Senator Morton at least with a vast deal of patience, since he is said to have traced the progress of the island from its discovery by Columbus to the present day—no slight job, as everybody knows who has attempted to study the history of either half of Hispaniola. On Tuesday, Mr. Sherman pushed the Texas Bill through the Senate, and the proclamation of the Fifteenth Amendment will probably have been made ere this reaches our readers.

The San Domingo treaty seems to have no chance of ratification, the majority of the Senate being apparently, and doubtless, for various reasons, unalterably, opposed to annexations of territory—a result over which hardly anybody will grieve except the President, who, it must be admitted, in getting this scheme up chose a most unfortunate subject for his enterprise. With the South in the condition it is in now, and a committee sitting at Washington to take evidence on Ku-Klux outrages, and the army dwindling to a handful, it would be madness to annex territory occupied by blacks who have passed half a century in intestine war, and whom it would probably take half a century more to reconcile to the humdrum of peace. By the way, we trust that any enquiry that is made into the condition of Tennessee will be conducted with gravity, and in a *sceptical*, and not a credulous, spirit. What has occurred in Georgia has given a large horde of adventurers a direct interest in getting up stories of "outrages," and we trust they will be well sifted before Congress again sets about overturning a State government by way of keeping the peace. We have heard nothing yet said about Tennessee as an excuse for fresh reconstruction which may not be also said of New York. If Senter was elected by fraud, so was Hoffman; and if life be unsafe, justice badly administered, and prisons loosely guarded in Tennessee, so they are here. So if Senter be ousted, and a provisional government set up at Nashville, justice and comity will call for a similar display of vigor at Albany.

The Tariff Bill is making very slow progress, and it begins to appear tolerably certain that there will be no change this session. For an increase of duties, either directly or indirectly, the House does not seem to be prepared, while there is a strong demand out of doors for a decrease; and, under these circumstances, protectionists, for the first time in nine years, show signs of timidity and of willingness to be content with what they have got. But then, with the tariff as it is, rest is impossible; it is only by changes every year or so that its object can be accomplished.

General Sherman has written a characteristic letter on the Army Bill, addressed to Senator Wilson, the Chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate, in which he says, in his usual forcible style, many things which it is very discreditable to the House of Representatives that it should have been left for him to say. He alleges that the law of 1869, which broke up twenty regiments of infantry, prohibited all further appointments or promotions in the staff corps till the prohibition should be removed by Congress; so that the whole staff corps and departments are now disappearing as fast as the present officers die, and the present bill makes no provision for their continuance. He speaks with some bitterness of the proposed absolute discharge of two major-generals and two brigadiers, and the degradation of the heads of bureaus from the rank of brigadier, which they now hold, to that of colonel—this being really, as he points out, in the nature of a penalty which should never be inflicted except by sentence of a court-martial. The saving of $3,000,000 a year, which General Logan promises as the result of the bill, General Sherman declares will not be secured, inasmuch as the money to be taken from the higher grades it is proposed to give to the lower grades. As to the "invidious comparisons" which have been made between the salaries of the Chief-Justice and cabinet ministers and that of the General, he points out that whatever shame there is in the matter arises out of the fact, not that the salary of the General-in-Chief is too high, but that those of the Chief-Justice and cabinet ministers are too low, and that he holds it to be a shame that a country with forty millions of people should stint their Chief-Justice and cabinet ministers as this Government now does. Finally, in an outburst of honest indignation, he says (in substance) what some member of the House should have said for him, that he has earned his pay, be it high or low; that, during the war, when filling the world with his fame, helping in no inconsiderable degree to save the country, and commanding more men than the Duke of Wellington ever commanded, he lived and supported his family on less pay than Wellington's private secretary received, and asks—what the economical saints and purists of the House will find it hard to answer—"What money would pay Meade for Gettysburg? What, Sheridan for Winchester and Five Forks? What, Thomas for Chickamauga, Chattanooga, or Nashville?"

One of the interesting and instructive features about this Army Bill is, that its principal supporters are now or have been also hearty supporters of some scheme for cheating the public creditors, and are among the most hostile or indifferent to the reform of the Civil Service, by which savings of enormous amount might really be made; from which we deduce the conclusion that it is not economy they seek so much as the degradation in the public eye of training, skill, and honesty—three things, the due appreciation of which by the people would drive them into private life. Were these men to have their way in all things, we should present, by the year 1876, probably the most debasing spectacle which God has ever permitted to appear on earth—a powerful and rich people swindling the men who lent them money in their adversity, giving their highest offices to their principal and the lower offices to their minor scoundrels, corrupting their fountains of justice by a parsimony so small as to bring them neither comfort nor relief, and turning adrift on the world some of the soldiers to whose valor and skill they owed their existence, and haggling with the rest in order to ascertain the smallest sum on which the sorrowful souls of their heroes could be kept in their scarred or mutilated bodies. The sweet suggestion which has been made that the discharged officers can go out and get a quarter section of Western land and work it, and therefore have no right to complain, seems to have been conceived in for-

getfulness of the fact that they might have done that without risking their lives on the battle-field or spending the best years of their lives in learning to soldier. There is, indeed, no end to the employments to which they can turn, from grinding a hand-organ up to "politics."

Col. Baker reports to Gen. Sheridan that, "after having made every effort to get the judgment of the officers of the command," he is satisfied that the surprise of the Piegans involved nearly the following loss of life, viz.: in all, 173 killed; of whom 120 were able-bodied men, and 53 women and children. The captives amounted to 140 women and children, subsequently released. "I believe," he adds, "that every effort was made to save the non-combatants, and that such women and children as were killed were accidentally killed." There may be better testimony than this, but we should not know where to look for it, unless from some other member of the expedition.

There is, perhaps, nothing in which Grant's Administration has won such honorable distinction as in its judicial appointments. In this it forms a marked contrast to Mr. Lincoln's, which treated the bench as a retreat for faithful hacks, and gave us Underwood and Busteed. The selection of Mr. Bradley, of New Jersey, to the vacant justiceship of the Supreme Court is probably as good a one as could have been made had the bar been searched over. Curiously enough, too, he has been confirmed without difficulty by the Senate, although under the rule laid down in Judge Hoar's case—that a judge must be a resident in the circuit to which he is assigned—he is incompetent. The disregard of the geographical qualification of course shows clearly, what everybody previously believed, that the objection to Judge Hoar was invented to cover the real and more discreditable one, and that his hostility to jobbing office-seekers was what undid him. It shows, too, that the carpet-baggers, besides being unscrupulous, are unblushing. Decency required them to try and cover up their treatment of Judge Hoar by dealing out the same measure to Mr. Bradley. However, their decision is useful not only in putting a good judge on the bench, but in vindicating Judge Hoar and upsetting an absurd precedent.

The so-called anti-Radical editors of South Carolina have set a precedent which many of us may live to see generally followed, by assembling in conference to decide upon the line of political policy which they shall unite in urging upon the voters of the State. Hitherto, the "Conservative" papers of South Carolina have not been speaking with entirely accordant voices; manifest as it has been for some years that the negro absolutely must be made a friend, there was still left, here and there, a bitter negro-hater who counselled open war to the end—"a square fight on a white man's platform"—until, peradventure, a national success for the Democratic party should give the "Conservatives" a chance to make over their reconstructed State. In the conference, however, more politic views prevailed, and the platform adopted is all that anybody has any right to ask for. The attendance of editors, though numerically small, is said to have represented the feelings and opinions of nearly all the counties in the State. They began by passing a resolution to the effect that "the conference recognized the legal right of all the citizens, white or colored, to suffrage," and proceeded to pass another to the effect that there ought to be "no limitation of the right to hold office except such limitations as are imposed by personal character and fitness." A convention is to be held which will organize a party pledged to these dogmas and acting in the hope of getting a government which shall afford "some degree of security, prosperity, and good government." These proceedings seem promising, and we are not disinclined to believe that they are taken in good faith. South Carolina events have logic, whether or not there is much sense and logic in the South Carolina Democrats, and how other conclusions could have been reached it is not easy to see. Yet, in the same paper which gives us an account of this sensible conference, we find set forth a scheme, looking towards immigration, which would seem to show that the average South Carolinian landowner cannot rid himself of his desire to hold baronial possessions in land. The immigrants he wants are the lowest class of white European farm laborers, and he would have them distributed by bureaus and sub-bureaus to the planters as they are needed, employing them on an experimental farm till they are called for. We up here distribute laborers from Castle Garden, but we send out men whom we know to be seeking work first, and farms afterward.

That there is need enough that somehow South Carolina should get a new government, is not to be doubted. There is no dispute among observers of its performances that the Legislature which has just been adjourned was one of the most corrupt assemblages of men that ever legislated for a State, and one of the most contemptible in point of ability. The Senate was better than the Lower House, for, though it had members who looked for bribes, they did not make a show of their spoils, as did some representatives. No bill, however unobjectionable, could pass, it is said, unless it paid contribution to the "Forty Thieves"—an organized band, some of whom were white, some colored, some Democrats, and some Republicans. Luckily, this precious crew did not value itself at a high rate, and would legislate after being "recognized," or getting "light," to the extent of five or ten dollars a head. These gentlemen are said to have had a captain and other officers, to have regularly sold themselves, and to have divided gains according to rank in the organization. In this indulgent atmosphere, Mr. B. F. Whittemore, by-the-by, is now laboring to secure a return to his seat in Congress. The Republican leaders oppose him, and the meetings that he addresses are not so numerous as his audiences in old times nor so enthusiastic. In fact, they are rather quiet; but the feeling of the negroes is said to be, on the whole, in his favor. It is probable, then, that we shall have him back in Washington, in view of which probability, we would refer any member who wishes to look up Mr. Whittemore thoroughly to Mr. Dirk Teupken, of Salem, Mass., who reports that when Mr. Whittemore was chaplain of the 30th Massachusetts he had some dealings with Teupken, much to the pecuniary disadvantage of that foreigner, who had previously thought that clergymen could be trusted.

In North Carolina, also, the State Government is in a bad way, and its financial policy, to speak euphemistically of what seems to have been mere thieving, has been particularly unfortunate. What Governor Holden is most of our readers know. He is a small, astute politician, with a capacity for turning his coat when that performance can conduce to his comfort; and, though North Carolinians are neither the acutest nor the most suspicious people in the world, Mr. Holden was sufficiently found out, some years ago, to make it certain that, but for the advent of the negro voter, he would now be editing a feeble partisan paper, as he did before and during the war, or be engaged in some similar occupation. The Raleigh *Standard* used to be his paper; but when, after the war, he succeeded Jonathan Worth as Governor, he sold his interest in it to a man called Littlefield, who was hand-in-glove with a "member of the third house," called Swepson, and with these was joined a person by the name of Hawkins. Soon $16,000,000 in State bonds were issued by the Legislature and Governor—bonds to be used in furtherance of certain railroad projects. About $1,500,000 worth of these bonds, it is said, have been satisfactorily accounted for; but as to the rest, that their disposition is a matter open to suspicion, to say the least, has been made so plain—to say nothing of Mr. Swepson's having fled the State—by the investigations of the Legislature now sitting, that an act has been passed with these provisions: "All acts framed at the last session, making appropriations for railroad schemes, are repealed; all bonds of the State issued in pursuance of these acts are ordered to be at once restored to the State Treasury; all moneys levied and collected under the railroad acts are to be credited to the counties of the State, and to be deducted from the amount of the county tax for the current year." It will be a matter of some interest to watch the future political career of Governor Holden. The average white North Carolinian is an honest and fairly intelligent man, and, though not very literate, events of the magnitude of these "irregularities" may be presumed to be now known to him. Nor do we imagine that the Governor will find salva-

tion at the hands of the negroes, though, to be sure, he has opportunely done some proclaiming of martial law.

"In the Northern States the English emigrant now finds himself not only in a foreign but in a hostile country." So Mr. Goldwin Smith writes to the London *News*. "A principal source of the ill feeling, no doubt, are the Irish," Mr. Smith goes on to say; and he is anxious that a counterpoise for the Irish North should be made out of a Virginia composed in great part of English immigrants. The native Virginians, he says, are the most English of Americans; they are very friendly to the mother country; and they informed Mr. Smith that they were very anxious that their State should be filled up by English immigrants; slavery is really dead and buried, and the new-comer who wished to work would not find in his way any of the old anti-industrial sentiment. So much of this letter as praises the natural resources of Virginia is to be taken as close to the facts. That State is one of the very finest in the Union, abounding in all minerals, from gold to gypsum; containing soils fitted for the production of almost any crop known to American agriculture; endowed with a climate probably unequalled by that of any other region on the continent, so far as concerns the breeding of healthy men; half-covered with noble forests; rich in water-courses and water-powers; beautiful for scenery, and so connected with the West and so fortunate in respect of harbors as to seem destined to commercial eminence as decided as its past political eminence. Slavery once thoroughly gone—and it is fast going—there seems to be no reason whatever why Virginia should not be among the chief States of the Union in population, in political influence, in manufacture, agriculture, mining, and commerce. But apart from what he says on this general head, Mr. Smith is very much out. All Englishmen are received here with kindness. Even Mr. Laird and his like, though doubtless they would not be received with effusion, except in certain small circles, would probably get civility. They would be as little likely to find themselves in a dangerously hostile country on this side of Mason & Dixon's line as Mr. Smith when he went down among the Virginians, whose dislike he may be supposed to have earned by his conspicuous zeal in behalf of the Federal Government. The England hated here—and not, as Mr. Smith thinks, most hated in New England—is an abstraction, and very few are the individual Englishmen identified in the minds of Americans with the England of the *Alabama*. Just as far out is Mr. Smith when he speaks of the influence of the Irish in making their American neighbors dislike the English. The example of the Irish is not yet potent with Americans. They may be considered good for any number of terrible "joint resolutions" from the hand of the distinguished chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations—resolutions which the House may very likely pass, but which, nevertheless, Mr. Smith will do better to laugh at than to "keep awake nights" over. Both the Republican and the Democratic parties have much tenderness for the little embarrassments of General Banks and other gentlemen with many Irish constituents, and will not close their mouths when they make the speeches that are to do them good in their own districts; but, also, they are entirely free from anguish of mind when President Johnson prevents Fenians from going into Canada. English emigrants are as sure of a warm welcome from Northern Americans as immigrants from any other country whatsoever; and if we were to say a warmer welcome, we should not, we think, be far wrong.

We have got on so far from the days of the Ostend Manifesto, that the news of the death of one of the chief framers of that once famous instrument has almost an antediluvian flavor. There are some public characters—and in this country examples are only too plenty—whose end for usefulness and for notoriety in this world is reached so much sooner than the end of their days, that they enjoy a temporary resurrection in the very act of dying. Such will have been the curious fate of all three signers of the Manifesto, Mr. Pierre Soulé now having followed Mr. Buchanan. He was a foreign-born Southerner, and as minister at Madrid and plotter at Ostend did much to degrade the diplomatic service of his adopted country and to embroil us with foreign powers; but, except for the strength which his excesses lent to the development of the Free-Soil party, his influence on national affairs is hardly to be mentioned. Nor does he hardly deserve to be remembered as an American. Quite another epitaph must be written for Gen. George H. Thomas, who has also been removed by death during the week, at his post on the Pacific. He was not only one of the greatest soldiers—not the showiest—we have ever produced, but also one of the simplest and truest of men. His modesty was as conspicuous as his merit, while his clear good sense saved him from all the political complications of the last months of Mr. Johnson's incumbency. By birth a Virginian, he served in Florida and in Mexico with distinction, unconsciously in the service of the very power he was afterwards called upon to meet and overthrow. His fidelity to the Government, and his respect for his oath, at the breaking out of the rebellion, stand in vivid contrast to the action of Lee, and will long be a monument of patriotism to his posterity. His loss is almost a calamity, and will be sincerely deplored.

The "Irish Force Bill," as the latest coercive measure is called, has passed in the House of Commons by a large majority, only thirteen members in a full house voting against it. Its main features do not differ much from those of many of its predecessors, but it makes ample provision for imposing the responsibility of crimes on the district in which they are committed. Something of the kind appears to be absolutely necessary, as in many parts of the country society seems to be in danger of dissolution. Murders are committed or attempted every day, but witnesses will not come forward, nor juries convict, through sheer terror; and if the weakening of public opinion and mutual confidence went much further, there would be no knowing when it would be possible to set the peaceful machinery of society agoing again. No matter what reformatory measure is passed, its effects will not be felt for some time, and, in the meanwhile, either throats and skulls must be protected or the Government must withdraw and let the inhabitants fight it out.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte has been acquitted, as it became evident, as the trial progressed, that he would be. This result will doubtless be intensely exasperating to the Paris Reds, and, there can be little doubt, is a failure of justice, and, in some respects, a misfortune for the dynasty. It is due, beyond question, in the main to the thorough disgust with which Rochefort and his company have managed to inspire not only the class from which the jury of the High Court is drawn, but the most sensible and intelligent portion of the French people. In the first place, journalism, as the editors of the *Marseillaise* follow it—fighting, ruffianly, blatherskite, lying journalism—from which all sense of decency and responsibility is carefully excluded, is felt by the sane portion of the public to be a positive nuisance, which converts its conductors into enemies of the human race. For some years back, too, the wilder portion of the adventurers of the capital have drifted into it on one side or other, and produced papers for which the only possible excuse was, that late hours, and irregular meals, and intemperance had robbed the owners of their wits. This detestation of them on the part of the best Frenchmen was intensified by finding, last fall, that these gentry, far from being satisfied with editing silly newspapers, actually aspired to govern the country, and thought Rochefort, and Flourens, and Grousset fit to take charge of the affairs of a great people. As between Pierre Bonaparte and the editors of the *Marseillaise*, there is, perhaps, not much to choose, and probably the French public would have been well pleased if the three worthies who met to arrange the duel about their disgusting abuse of each other on the morning of the murder, had ended their differences by mutual slaughter. But when it came to a judicial process, of course the prince weighed far more in the scale than the journalist. Social influences worked for him with the jury, and court influences told with the judges, and, as if to make his escape certain, Rochefort moved that precious sheet, the *Marseillaise*, down to Tours during the trial, and Grousset and the others behaved as badly as possible in court. Rochefort, we believe, has admirers in this country whose enthusiasm ought now to be at boiling point. As we have remarked more than once before, the world of the future, which will be governed by some of the radical heroes, will be one of the queerest places in which humanity has ever toiled or sinned.

POLYGAMY.

Mr. Cullom's bill for the suppression of polygamy in Utah has been shorn of its most objectionable features in its passage through the House. As he introduced it, it bore a stronger resemblance to those edicts of Louis XIV. which produced the "dragonnades," than to any other piece of modern legislation. The provisions which allowed the testimony of the wife to be received against her husband, and confiscated the property of persons convicted under the act, and empowered the President to employ a large body of troops to harry the Mormons into monogamy, had little to recommend them except that they were such as the earlier polygamists were in the habit of employing against their enemies. To the modern monogamic eye, they bore all the marks of barbarism. As it stands, the bill is simply foolish—which is better than being cruel, but is still an objection. That virtue is at the bottom of it, we do not deny. It owes its origin to zeal for the purity of the family state, which is a very respectable passion; but then, unhappily, some of the silliest pieces of legislation the world has ever seen have come from excited moralists. We are satisfied, too, that the small amount of opposition the bill excited in the House was due to the terror in which so many members stand of the argument *a gaudio infidelium*. The way in which it would have touched opponents of the bill is this: The Mormons would have rejoiced over their speeches; this would have shown that they sympathized with the Mormons, especially with regard to the most striking feature of Mormonism, plurality of wives; therefore they must desire several wives themselves, which in a Christian community is one of the marks of impurity. Any man, therefore, who opposed Cullom's bill, exposed himself to the charge of licentiousness. Most members, of course, know as well as we do that the bill cannot be enforced, and is therefore on this ground alone a bad bill, but they not unnaturally preferred to appear being suspected of obtuseness to being suspected of libidinousness, besides which, the measure has nearly every characteristic likely to commend it to the woman's rights advocates, who are already, if not a powerful body, a body which it is just as well for timid Congressmen to have on their side.

The reasons why it cannot be enforced are easily stated. That juries can be got to convict men of a crime for doing what the great majority of the community consider not only lawful, but of divine ordinance, is very unlikely; at all events, they cannot be got to do so without being packed in the most careful and barefaced manner, and jury-packing is a device very soon exhausted, and which, like all prostitution of judicial forms, rouses popular indignation to an extraordinary degree. We know very well that it is maintained that polygamy is not an essential part of Mormon institutions; that it was Brigham Young that introduced it; but then this only removes the difficulty one degree further back. As long as the Mormon community yields Brigham Young unhesitating obedience as a prophet, we are made no better off by showing that an ordinance only emanates from him, than by showing that no trace of it is to be found in their Bible. Good Protestants have frequently tried an analogous mode of overthrowing some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, but thus far with indifferent success. If it is he who keeps polygamy up, why not either kill him, or wait till he dies, before commencing an organized persecution of his innocent disciples?

If polygamy be practised as of divine ordinance, of course all attempts to extirpate it by law partake of the character of religious persecution; and religious persecution against a community inhabiting a remote territory, and one hundred thousand strong, is not a thing to be lightly undertaken in this age of the world. What the legislator has to consider, it must be remembered, is the light in which the Mormons will regard the measure. *We* may call it what we please; if *they* think it an attempt to interfere with the existence of an institution which they look on as sacred, the law of human nature, which has in every age proved the sure defence of despised creeds, will come to the aid of polygamy, and give it a hold on their affections and on their reverence and fidelity which, it is safe to presume, it does not now possess. That, in spite of this, polygamy will eventually die out, for reasons we shall state hereafter, we do not doubt; but the question, *when* will it die out? is an important one. It would be a very easy thing to give it a long lease of life, of which, if let alone, it has not a chance. The spectacle of one family, really attached to the institution, broken up, and its head put in jail under the bill, might, and probably would, breed in ten others a devotion to it which does not now exist at all.

Let us ask the authors of the bill seriously, too, how they expect to prove the new offence of "concubinage" which the bill creates; for on their ability to get evidence of course the whole value of the measure depends. It will hardly do to treat the presence of several women as residents in a man's house as evidence that they are all his wives, and unless we set up this presumption, the difficulties of getting a conviction will be well-nigh insuperable. In what relations he lives with the members of his family, only its members—that is, his reputed wives or children—can prove. Are they likely to come forward and do so? The Mormon women are all, or nearly all, foreigners, and so are the men. They have no special sympathy with Americans or American laws or manners. The United States officials appear to them as alien enemies and would-be persecutors. This bill will appear to be an attempt to break up their social and religious system. Moreover, every Mormon woman will ask herself what is to become of her in case the family, of which she is a part, is dissolved by law. She is five thousand miles from home, without money or trade, and has a howling wilderness between her and every civilized country. No monogamist husband stands ready to take her to his arms after she has cast off the polygamic yoke. The bill does not provide new husbands or protectors to take the place of the old ones. It offers to the Mormon women the alternative of Young and comfortable homes or Cullom and destitution. The more ignorant and helpless they are—that is, the more probable it is they have been seduced into their present position—the more likely it is they will cleave unto Young and reject Cullom.

The theory which one hears so complacently put forth at the East, that the Mormon women are sensible of their degradation and long for an escape from it, has thus far received no support from facts. It is opposed, if not refuted, by the history of Mormonism. The women are not locked up. The opportunities of flight are numerous; the community, it is admitted on all hands, is thriving, orderly, and industrious, which, with a rebellious and repentant female element, it could hardly be, and has grown, in spite of the fact that it collects its converts mainly from Europe, from a small sect of 4,000 members into a state containing a population of 100,000. The attachment to the monogamic family is clearly not altogether instinctive in women, or else polygamy could never have had the success it has had, and such establishments as the Oneida Community would never have grown as it is growing, and the marriage yoke would be borne more easily than it is borne in various parts of the country. We have no hesitation in saying that we believe the easy divorce of Indiana and some other States, by which the marriage contract is made to depend for its duration on the chances of fancy or of passion, and which gives some men half-a-dozen wives and some women half-a-dozen husbands in the course of their lives, is more destructive of domestic purity and more unfair to children than Mormon polygamy, because it is more specious, and because it involves what must, as society is and must for ever remain constituted, make the family a mere name—frequent change in the head of it, the husband and father, or, if woman's rights advocates like the term better, the strongest member of it.

The true remedy for Mormon polygamy would seem to be the opening of the Mormon territory to the ordinary influences of American civilization, and the influx into it of a large Gentile population. The reason why polygamy does not exist as an institution in civilized countries is not that people are prevented by law from marrying several wives, but that public sentiment is opposed to it. If the great mass of the American people approved of it, large harems would be found all over the country, the statute against bigamy to the contrary notwithstanding. And not only does the general progress of society work against it, but the laws of the social organism. The numbers of the sexes being about equal, and wives being left perfectly free to compete for husbands, and husbands to compete for wives, each husband will have about one wife, no matter how much particular individuals may

desire to have more. The practice of polygamy is only possible where women are either under a delusion or under constraint. Being left perfectly free, and being educated and decently treated, they will always be monogamists, not simply as a matter of prudence, but as a matter of passion. Even a woman who makes no objection to having several husbands in the course of her life, will rarely brook more than one husband at a time, or consent to form one of several wives.

COMMISSIONS.

THERE is a great outcry just now at Albany and elsewhere against commissions, and most people seem ready to admit that they are noxious excrescences on the body politic which ought to be got rid of. Nevertheless, those who have not wholly made up their minds either that commissions are conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, or that they exist by divine right, are here offered a few suggestions as to the nature and origin of these bodies, which may be of value as throwing light on the question of their abolition. Those who have hitherto looked upon commissions as forces of nature—unchangeable and eternal—must already have had their belief sadly shaken by the events of the past few weeks, and those who, with the *Evening Post*, are pledged to the creed that commissions violate a fundamental principle of democracy, will at least admit that such bodies are, like all other political phenomena, worthy of careful consideration and study. Twenty-five years ago, such a body as a "commission" had no existence in the United States. To-day, there is hardly an administrative function which in some one or other of the States is not in the hands of one of these bodies. Here the police, there the parks—here the harbors, there the hospitals—here the bridges, there the railroads, are administered and governed by a board of two or three men, holding long terms of office, sitting in secret, responsible not to the people but to the executive, and clothed with an almost absolute power within the spheres of the administration allotted to them. What is the explanation of this curious phenomenon? Is it that the original framers of the American system, in dividing all the powers of the Government between the Executive, the Legislature, and the Judiciary, omitted a necessary fourth branch—the bureau? Or is it, rather, that unforeseen changes in times and manners have produced the necessity of modifications in our political machinery which the creation of these commissions has effected? For many reasons, we incline to the latter solution.

One of these days, when the history of commissions shall be philosophically studied, it will appear, we think, that the explanation of the rise of commissions into influence and authority will be found in the contemporaneous decline in influence and authority of the executive. Few people will refuse to admit that in the last forty years the executive in all the States has been shorn of most of its prerogatives, not, perhaps, by any open attack, but by a series of covert and far more dangerous approaches. The chief powers of the executive are the veto and the appointing power, and in the appointing power lies hid the whole function of administration, as distinguished from legislation and judicial interpretation by courts of law. According to the system of fifty years ago, the executive appointed judges, sheriffs, and a host of inferior officers, who, together with their chief, made up an effective administrative body; in their hands lay the execution of laws, whoever framed them. To-day, owing to many causes which we have not space to enumerate, the veto is an empty name, and the appointing power is gone. It is true, the veto remains on the statute-book, but it cannot be exercised where it is most needed to check corrupt, partisan, or hasty legislation. This is so patent a fact that examples need hardly be cited, yet the signature of the Erie Bill of last year by Governor Hoffman is so much in point that we can hardly pass it by without a word. There was no reason to suppose that Hoffman cared much to make Fisk's board of direction a permanent one; under ordinary circumstances, he would probably have vetoed the bill; but he knew that, if he vetoed the bill, the pen that wrote the message signed his own death-warrant; of course he succumbed. His success in stopping the passage of ten or a dozen other corrupt bills meant nothing, for not only was the public in those cases on his side, but the politicians of the Ring were neutral. To be able to veto when every one wants a veto, is no evidence of strength; the test of the power is when its exercise becomes unpopular. We say, then, the veto power is an empty name because it can no longer be exercised, except in cases when it is of no use. As to the power of appointment, every one knows that in half the States every judge, every sheriff, every supervisor, every county commissioner, and every register of deeds is elected by the people; in those States such officers are responsible to no one but to their party caucuses. And even in the States which have not adopted the elective system to its fullest extent, the spirit of the times has made such rapid progress that the appointments are rather in the hands of the dominant party than in those of the executive. The popular belief that in the conservative States everything is just as it was a generation back is quite a mistaken one. For example, Massachusetts, though retaining the non-elective judicial system, has within the last few years been hovering on the brink of a system quite as bad as the elective—the system of partisan appointments, nominally made by the executive, but really dictated by a Republican or Democratic, a Prohibitionist or Anti-Prohibitionist caucus. It was only the other day that an attempt in this direction was made in a Prohibitory convention, by the introduction of a resolution condemning Massachusetts judges for their wickedness in construing laws as they thought they ought to be construed, instead of interpreting them as the mover of the resolution would have done in their places. The resolution was voted down, but that there could be a debate on such a point showed that there are plenty of persons in the most conservative portions of the Union who are quite as "progressive" as those who have their homes in regions where "progress" rides roughshod over all traditions. And generally throughout the country it may be said that the power of appointment, as exercised now, means nothing more than the power of selecting from among a worthless class—the cringing hacks of a dominant faction.

As soon as it became clear that the veto and appointing power had no longer any real existence, the executive began to decline in influence and authority, and, as the administration of the laws was of just as much importance as ever, it was necessary to find some appliance to take the place of the machinery which was falling into disuse. The appliance hit upon was the Commission. It was easily seen that commissioners with absolute powers of administration might be called into existence, who should perform within restricted spheres the duties originally devolved upon the executive. No party, no ring, no caucus could influence them. They would have full power to regulate, administer, appoint, remove, and veto, and would have no interest in doing anything except their duty; the office of commissioner would be a purely business office, and the tenure would depend upon ability and efficiency. The innovation once made, its benefits were readily seen, and the result has proved that the commission was probably the most effective agency that could have been chosen for the required work. It has been applied wherever the regular machinery of government has failed. Whether the object was to police a city, to collect statistics, or to build a State-house, the commissioner has always proved a safer public servant than any other, and it has only been when (as in this city) he has been tampered with and seduced into playing the rôle of a partisan that any evil results have followed, or much popular dissatisfaction has been caused by the enormous powers he has wielded. The case of Philadelphia is not unlike that of New York. Within a month the public has witnessed an attempt to place the execution of all the charitable trusts of that city in the hands of a single board, appointed by the judges, the mayor, and the councils. The attempt is very likely to prove a failure, but the creation of the commission is none the less curious as illustrating a tendency of the day.

Let any one select for himself those administrative bodies which in the last twenty years have done beneficial political work—work in the interest of the public and not of rings or parties, and he will find that his list comprises commissions and very little else. In this State, the Central Park Board, the Board of Health, the Board of Emigration, and the Police Commission—who will deny that these have been better than what preceded them? So, also, of the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners. And to turn to the Federal Government, have not the Indian Commissioners proved themselves better administrators than the old Indian agents? Has

not the Special Commissioner of the Revenue done what no other official would or could have done? These facts (and numberless facts of the same kind could be adduced) must be taken into account and explained by those who say that commissions are inherently vicious. How long the bureau system will last it is of course impossible to predict, but it is certainly now in the plenitude of its power, and it is difficult to see, if commissions should disappear, where the country would be able to find in the future as much good government as they have furnished in the past.

FRANCE AND ROME.

PARIS, March 11, 1870.

DURING this temporary "recess" we have passed through every stage of political combination. The cabinet, at its birth, was called with one accord after the keeper of the seals: we undoubtedly began by the "Ollivier ministry." We then passed into a dubitative kind of state, where each minister tried, as far as in him lay, to cast off all solidarity with his colleagues. Next came the speech of Count Daru, on the 22d of last month, and it seemed that definitively the cabinet had a new master and a new name; it was likely to be known as the "Daru ministry." Upon that followed the two speeches in which Émile Ollivier threw the official candidatures to the four winds of heaven and, in some degree, reasserted his right to power. Then the chamber relieved itself of its labors by giving itself a holiday of ten days "to recover its temper," said a well-known diplomatist ("known" for his sharpness of tongue).

Four days since, the deputies met together again, and talked of Algeria! But no sooner had they reassembled in the "House" than one of them, the Marquis d'Andelarre, made a small attempt at cohesion, in the shape of a banquet at the Grand Hôtel, at which all "moderate" parties were to fraternize. Except the extremest Left and Right, all colors and all opinions met, and the first result was a tremendously freezing one. Count Daru was on the right hand of the host, M. Ollivier on his left, and, I repeat it, except the radicals of either shade, every deputy of any mark was present. M. d'Andelarre proposed the usual initiatory toast: "The Emperor and Imperial family." It was coldly responded to by his audience, and the whole thing seemed to hang heavily on hand. Then, Émile Ollivier rose, and with a certain instinct of cordiality, which he possesses in perfection, spoke a few short sentences, which produced a general thaw. He spoke warmly of "conciliation," and of the ease with which parties might come together; of the very slight differences that in reality separated them. Then he boldly touched upon the subject which, in fact, lay at the bottom of every conscience, upon the subject of his own shortcomings. "It is very possible," said he, "that I may have committed faults—every human being is liable to do so—but in truth there is one cause that I shall never cease to serve, and that is the cause of liberty! If, sometimes, when our friends approach us, we seem reserved or anxious or sad, let them not be discouraged—we ministers are fighting conscientiously a hard battle, and we may make many a mistake from our over-desire even to do the right thing—but let them return to us, and not weary of trying to win us over to their convictions. We are open to all honest beliefs, and we entreat of even our foes to be persuaded that, imperfect though it may be, this effort of ours to do the right and honest thing, and to draw men together into one large and strong group, will leave a great and luminous trace in the history of our country."

These few words, uttered with an accent of warmth and sincerity which is peculiarly Ollivier's own, produced an almost magical effect. The very men who at the beginning had held aloof one from the other sought each other out, and in reality M. d'Andelarre's seventy or eighty guests came to a thorough and cordial fraternization.

We are now, for this identical moment, living under the reign of the Daru-Ollivier ministry. The two ministers are perfect equals, and they form a manner of twin government. How long this may last is altogether another question. In this country "situations," as they are politically termed, undergo such perpetual transformations, that from one day to another the same man has a totally different value, and his name a different significance. Probably what will unite and, to a certain degree, knit the cabinet together will be the Roman question, for upon that, in its present state, there can scarcely be a dissension among moderate people. To the Imperial Government the result of the Œcumenical Council would have been a second Mexico had the Emperor still personally "reigned and governed." It is only the modified form of power introduced into France since the ministry of the 2d January that has saved the Bonaparte dynasty from a very severe defeat. No one can exactly foretell what Rome is on the eve of doing, for the form of the promulgation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility leaves some margin still to common sense; but it is evident that the tendency of the impending bull is a retrograde one, and one wholly and entirely at variance with the notions of modern policy above all as they have been adopted for the last century and a half in France. The danger being what it is, and the chances of Jesuitical encroachment being always what they now show themselves to be, Napoleon III. becomes unpardonable for not having recalled his troops from Rome. If the Emperor were still the personal despot he was for ten years after the *coup d'état*, his throne would be at this moment shaken to its base by the blind folly which virtually is protected at the Vatican by French bayonets.

Not only has the change of régime been made too late, but the present ministry allowed time to escape them before they resolved to act, and they are to a certain degree answerable for the pitch of insanity to which the Papacy has allowed itself to be dragged, and for the forthcoming heresies which are about to be proclaimed. Had the ministers on coming into office declared to the Pope that they were about to withdraw the French troops—the military occupation of Rome being hostile to universal public feeling in France—had they done this, Italy would promptly have settled the entire affair, there would not have been a priest left in the Peninsula, and all notion of the present idolatrous worship (which is absolutely impious) would have become impossible. But, far from that, M. Daru's despatches to M. de Bonneville were, in the beginning, quite colorless and vacillating. They were the messages of a minister who seeks to propitiate and to disarm, instead of one who is conscious of his own strength and who is determined to uphold the right.

The really admirable conduct has been that of the French clergy of the so-called Gallican school, and of the laity and clergy belonging to the "liberal Catholic" party. Father Hyacinthe led the van, and it is now beginning to be seen that he could not do other or less than he did. Not long after his forcible letter and retirement from public life, the Bishop of Orleans raised his voice in protestation, and the astonishment and scandal was tremendous throughout the Catholic world. Here, in France, families were implacably divided among themselves, and a sort of moral civil war was declared. But in Rome it was forbidden to publish what Mgr. Dupanloup wrote, so that once *in* Rome and under the Papal grip, the eloquent bishop was reduced to silence, and his arguments were to the world out-of-doors as though they were not.

This raised up in defence the most ardent disciple of Plato and St. Augustine, of Descartes and Bossuet, the Academician and Philosopher, Father Gratry, the Oratorian. In spite of ill-health and a constitutional horror of noise and dispute, Père Gratry plunged into the mêlée, and with his immense talent and science dealt the severest blows of all. He proved historically, and by mere facts and dates, the incontrovertible *fallibility* of the Popes! There being no possibility of refuting him, denial wholesale and stupid was the only weapon left, and to it his foes resorted, thereby disgracing themselves and lending him further force. Upon Father Gratry's four letters the dispute centred down and has raged till now.

Within the last few days M. de Montalembert has descended into the lists and dealt vigorous sword-thrusts all around. Perhaps in his whole long and illustrious career M. de Montalembert never committed a more courageous act nor ever clothed lofty and noble thoughts in nobler and loftier language. He boldly and uncompromisingly declares that he "glories" in counting as his colleagues in the Académie Française two such great and good champions of truth as the Bishop of Orleans and Father Gratry, and he denounces the Jesuit intrigues at Rome as "idolatrous," quoting in support of the word "idol," as applied to the Pope, a most remarkable letter written to him seventeen years ago by the (then) Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Sibour.

Nothing so strong, so decided, or so eloquent has yet appeared on this terrible Roman question as this letter of Count Montalembert. It will be read wherever the French tongue is spoken, and it will support and console all right-thinking, high-minded Catholics—but the obloquy that will be cast upon M. de Montalembert by the Ultramontanes is indescribable. He perceives the bare truth when he says that the "Litany of Abuse" will be lavished upon him. It will be so unlimitedly, and it will require all the genuineness of his faith and all the chivalry of his nature to bear what will be his inevitable fate. However, if Rome should go on blindly to her own undoing, it is scarcely possible that the Church should escape a schism as in the sixteenth century.

Correspondence.

THE VEXED QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In speaking last week of the equality of the sexes, I intimated a purpose to recur to the subject at another time. Allow me, then, to say that, when the admitted natural equality of man and woman is made the ground of demand for identity of political privileges, or when the demand is put into the shape of a watchword, and urged with passionate earnestness, the mind of a sceptical enquirer cannot help but be unfavorably affected toward the argument; and that both on the ground of taste and reason—if the two things can be separated. For taste in its best meaning is not the finical, dilettanteish sort of thing which some fancy it; it is that instinct, partly moral, partly intellectual, which John Foster had to encounter when he wrote his famous essay on the "Causes which render Evangelical Religion unacceptable to Men of refined Taste." A natural reply to him was—I do not say with what justice—the causes are inherent in the subject; the manner is an outgrowth of the matter; the taste which is offended is an intuition of reason In a controversy like this, in which the leading parties, on one side at least, are by nature at home in all that is becoming, all reasons urged in favor of the position become, in the mind of the doubting enquirer, arguments against it when urged in a manner that does violence to taste.

That "something is to be pardoned to the spirit of *liberty*," all admit. Patrick Henry's "Give me *liberty*, or give me death," was simply sublime. When De Tocqueville says, "I should have loved *freedom*, I believe, at all times, but in the time in which we live I am ready to worship it," our feeling is one of admiration and something more. But when equality is the theme, and *equality with men* the passionate demand, even the most allowance-making cannot help saying in his own mind, "On that point, the less emotion the more grace."

To quote De Tocqueville again (and for the same reason which he gives for citing Jefferson on the dangers from an omnipotent majority—"Because I consider him the most powerful advocate democracy has ever had"): "There is," says the French philosopher, "a manly and lawful passion for equality, which incites men to wish all to be powerful and honored; but there exists also in the human heart a depraved taste for equality which induces men to prefer equality in slavery to inequality with freedom. Not that they despise liberty; on the contrary, they have an instinctive love for it; but liberty is not the chief and constant object of their desires—equality is their idol." And again: "It cannot be doubted that democratic institutions strongly tend to promote the feeling of envy in the human heart. They awaken and foster a passion for equality which they cannot gratify." Now, I do not say, nor mean to imply, that the ruling sentiment of the woman's movement is not a noble aspiration. Taking it as a whole, from its "day of small things," twenty-five years ago, to its present imposing dimensions, it has meant *freedom*—equality with man being only its measure and definition. But I do say that the intense craving for the immediate possession and use of the ballot is not a very *high* aspiration, and that the liberty which is symbolized by *ballot*-equality is not the liberty which great men are ready to worship and die for, and which good women are warranted in devoting "life, fortune, and sacred honor" to obtain.

Now for the argument on which the demand is here based—the natural equality of the sexes. Equality of rights does not necessarily imply identity of rights. For if, because the sexes are equal, man has no more right than woman to vote and be voted for at our country's elections, he is, for the same reason, under no more obligation to shoot and be shot at in our country's battles. The arrangements of society, which assign to the sexes different obligations and immunities, cannot be charged with injustice, so far as these arrangements have their basis in a fitness of things which is universally acknowledged. That woman is not fitted for war is a universal admission. The fact that she can fight, and has fought, does not militate against the broader fact that she is not fitted to fight. Her exclusion, therefore, from the army and navy and from military and naval schools is never complained of. But woman has a conceded fitness for an equal part in all associations which are formed to promote the arts of peace; and laws which exclude her from her fair share in these are on their face unjust. That is to say, in war organizations women are justly "counted out;" in peace organizations they should of right be included. But how should it be in an organization half warlike, half peaceful? That is the question, we take it, which lies just back of the one in controversy.

Political society, in the highest form yet reached by any nation, is an organization of this hybrid character—half warlike, half peaceful. It is based upon military power, and daily uses the arts of war to ensure safety and success while cultivating the arts of peace. What, then, is a woman's proper part and place in a society organized both to fight and to "follow the things which make for peace;" in a society which employs interchangeably the ballot and the bullet; police regulations and policemen's revolvers, ministers plenipotentiary and ships of war, Congressional representatives and a standing army? A distinguished leader in the woman's rights movement—one, indeed, who may be said to stand at its very head—recognized the difficulty involved in this question when she said, in a speech delivered twenty years ago in Philadelphia, which has lately been republished: "Far be it from me to encourage women to vote or to take an active part in politics in the present state of our Government. Her right to the elective franchise, however, is the same, and should be yielded to her whether she exercise the right or not. . . . When in the diffusion of light and intelligence a convention shall be called to make regulations for self-government on Christian principles, I can see no good reason why women should not participate in such an assemblage, taking an equal part with man." How far, or in what way, the twenty years which have elapsed since the delivery of the address alluded to may have modified the views of its author, this writer is not competent to say. Certain it is, however, the position here taken is logically inexpugnable, while it affords a base of practical operations in behalf of woman than which none better could be chosen.

But to return to the argument of equality of privilege from equality of rights. As the Government is now constituted, women are not called upon to perform military duty, nor are they liable to conscription under any conceivable circumstances of national distress. But men are; and for this they have no correlative compensation as between the sexes, unless it be the ballot. It is true that in ordinary times it is only males of a certain age and condition that are actually called upon for military duty; but, nevertheless, the whole sex is liable at all times for whatever force may be required. In an extreme exigency boys in their teens and men of advanced age may be pressed into the service. The reproach of "robbing the cradle and the grave" had its sting not in the fact, but in the cause. Such sacrifices, when made by nations struggling for all that is rightfully dear to them, pass into history, and become monuments of honor.

Now, the immunity which women enjoy in this regard may not be a full equivalent for the lack of the ballot—of that they are to be the judges—but it is, nevertheless, no small matter. In the war just ended, rich men were ready to pay any sum required to procure substitutes; men not rich fled to other countries to avoid the draft, and new-comers joyfully waived all the privileges of citizenship in order to escape its masculine burdens. Still, some women will say: "We ask no favors; we demand our rights, which are the same as those of men, and we accept all the logical consequences." And perhaps they will add, as we have heard added: "Remember the useful part performed by women in the late war, and bear in mind the important functions to be performed in every campaign by persons who are non-combatants." Such talk as this is idler than the wind. These women cannot accept all the logical consequences of their position. The idea of their performing military duty, either as non-combatants or as fighters, is simply preposterous. If a change were made in our army and navy regulations which would fill all the non-fighting positions with women, giving us women surgeons, women musicians, women quarter*masters*, women ship-carpenters, women cabin-*boys*, etc., etc., there would still be three-fourths of the female militia who, for want of positions, would be liable to be sent to the front. Now, let it be borne in mind that this war reference is not meant as an argument against woman's right to vote, but as a reply to the argument *for* woman's right to vote on the ground of equality between the sexes.

But, it may be said, wars are unnatural; armies and navies have no place in a normal condition of society; the time is near when arbitration will settle the disputes of nations; meanwhile, one wrong-doing should not be made to justify another; the admission of woman to the suffrage would diminish the liability to war. Passing over the premises here laid down just as though they were unquestionable, the doubter accepts the conclusion for all it is worth. He owns that on its face it is reasonable. But, being of a Socratic turn of mind, he asks for the proof, which is, of course, of an *à priori* kind, and not at all conclusive. Meanwhile, his thoughts revert to salient facts in the late war, when the women of the North

waved their handkerchiefs as our battalions marched through the streets, and when the women of the South, including the most highly educated, having goaded on the leaders before the war broke out, aggravated its ferocity when it was once begun, and protracted its continuance beyond the period at which these same leaders would have gladly brought it to an end.

There is another thing in this controversy that affects unfavorably the thoughtful enquirer. It is the extravagant estimate put upon the value of the vote. The ballot is invested in imagination with a sort of magic power; it is sought after as the pearl of great price, and its possession magnified into the end of the law for (political) righteousness. It is called a "symbol of equality," a "synonym of power," a "guarantee of right," and other poetical names, showing it to be regarded as little short of an actual talisman and open-sesame. Now, certainly, with the French, in the case referred to by Mr. Mill, as quoted last week, the ballot *was* both a "synonym of power" and a "symbol of equality;" but the power which it represented was one which was conveniently used by a despot for his own purposes, and the equality symbolized was that of a dead level of degradation occupied by a whole people.

On this point, at least—the exaggerated estimate put upon the value of the ballot—the objector whom I have been trying to represent is clearly in the right. Twenty years ago, the greatest organized power on this continent, and one of the most formidable in existence, was the Slave Power. Its most effectual antagonists, on every arena, were a band of men and women politically disfranchised. They were the old abolitionists, at that time at the zenith of their power. Holding that the compact to return fugitive slaves and shoot down insurgent slaves was a covenant involving all parties consenting to it in guilt, a few men took their stand beside a few women and negroes, outside the Government, and, flouting the ballot, and spurning party machinery, boldly joined issue with their haughty adversary. They met him on every field—social, ecclesiastical, and political—and gave full proof of their ability to cope with him. To say that Wendell Phillips, at that time without the use of the ballot, exerted as much influence on politics as he now does with it, would be to speak the truth within safe bounds, and would only be another way of saying that the ballot has added nothing to his power. When Liberty Party said—as it did at that time—"In surrendering the ballot you have given up the staff of accomplishment," Mr. Phillips replied, "God did not send me into the world to accomplish an event; he sent me here to do my duty." Then turning with his polished blade to the common enemy, he showed that there was more strength in Truth's little finger than there was in the ballot's loins. Never did any voting anti-slavery man show the possession of greater political power than did the non-voting anti-slavery woman, Miss Abby Kelly, when, twenty years ago, she stood before a Philadelphia audience, and night after night, with maidenly dignity and more than masculine power, proved to politicians, statisticians, party-managers, and others that the anti-slavery cause had its basis in expediency as well as justice, and that it was destined to a certain if not an early triumph. And as for the power of Lucretia Mott, it would be very hard to show how the possession of the ballot could enhance it, politically or otherwise, or increase the influence which she now exerts for the benefit of her sex and for other good purposes.

As "there is a power behind the throne greater than the throne," so is there a power behind the ballot which is greater than the ballot. It is the power of public opinion; a power which ballots cannot effectually baffle nor bayonets resist. In this country it is sovereign; it controls the Government; it uses the ballot, as did Louis Napoleon, for its own purposes, no matter whose hands hold it. Hobbes said, "*Words* are wise men's counters; they do but reckon with them; but they are the money of fools." This aphorism, barring the contempt expressed in the last word, might with a slight change receive a different application. At any rate, the American Republic is, *de facto*, a government of public opinion. In it, as such, "every living, intelligent being," to use Mr. Beecher's phrase, has a franchise; and in it is largely realized the favorite idea of Mr. John Stuart Mill—that the franchise should be proportionate in power to the moral and intellectual weight of the person using it.

I will here stop, intending to resume next week. Meanwhile, as preparation for a new departure, let me quote, with approval, the following expression of opinion from the author of the "Subjection of Women:" "The principle which regulates the existing social relations between the two sexes—the legal subordination of one sex to the other—is wrong in itself, and now one of the chief hindrances to human improvement; and it ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no power or privilege on the one side, nor disability on the other." This, as I understand it, is my doctrine. M.

ORANGE, March 24.

PROTECTION TO AMERICAN SHIPPING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was much pleased by your fairness, a few weeks since, in publishing my plea that the doctrine of protection should be extended to the domains of thought. Your editorial comments, of course, were other than I should have wished; but, provided your readers will listen, it matters little in the end whether you ridicule or discuss. Again, as a protectionist, I venture to trouble you with another letter; and I do so because I know that through your columns my reflections will reach the class I want them to reach—those from whom I differ.

I am glad to number General Grant among those who appreciate the true doctrines of protection to American industry. Neither Mr. Carey nor Mr. Greeley himself ever stated a great economic truth more succinctly or boldly than does the President in his recent message on the decline of American shipping. There he lays down a principle, which I hope will pass into the future elementary political economy of this country;

"It is a national humiliation that we now are compelled to pay from twenty to thirty millions of dollars annually, exclusive of passage money, which we should share with other nations, to foreigners, for doing work which should be done by American-owned and American-manned vessels. *This is a direct drain upon the resources of the country of just so much money, and equal to casting it into the sea, so far as the nation is concerned.*"

This has the true ring—the "fight it out on this line" tone; at last the Executive emits no uncertain sound. I am tolerably familiar with the treatises on economical subjects, but never have I seen this principle stated so clearly before. The President takes the broad American ground that our money is absolutely thrown away where we pay others to do that which we could do ourselves. Every one recognizes and acts on this principle in his daily life, and yet it is denied by many teachers of economy as a science. The distinction, I take it, lies here: If we import tangible property from abroad which we might produce ourselves, we do, indeed, a very foolish thing; but we at least have the property to show for our bargain. If, however, we pay others for intangible services which we might have rendered ourselves, "it is just so much money cast into the sea, so far as the nation is concerned." For instance, to use a homely illustration, if you, as editor of the *Nation*, employ another to do your work, while you sit idle and look out at the window, the loss is absolute. This is just our position as a people. It is notorious that our dockyards are now empty, that our mechanics are idle, that our shipping has gone to decay; it is equally notorious that other nations do our carrying trade, that that trade was never more profitable, that great foreign lines of steamers are coining money out of our paralysis. You free-traders insist that they only do this for us because we are more profitably employed in doing something else. Unfortunately, the facts are against you. I see, by to-day's paper, that "100,000 able-bodied men are without occupation in New York alone," rents are falling, our ships are sold because they cannot be employed to a profit. We are, in fact, sitting idle and looking out at the window, while we pay others to do our own work. Why is this? Why do two noble American steamers lie rotting at their wharves here in Boston, while the Cunarders go in and out before them, ladened down with freight and passengers? Whence this anomaly? Wherefore this unpatriotic absurdity?

If I have not reflected in vain, I think I can at once explain it and point out the remedy. We have not protection enough—our American school of economy is too timid, even in the treatises of its most advanced teachers. Neither Mr. Carey, nor the *Tribune*, nor President Grant suggests what is, to my mind, the one effectual remedy. They lay down several premises, but they do not draw logical conclusions; would they but do so, I do not doubt that the intelligent patriotism of the country would triumphantly sustain them. In this very message of the President, after exciting the highest hopes by a lofty and well-reasoned opening, we are led only to a lame and impotent conclusion. A system of subsidies and drawbacks is suggested. This is at once expensive and corrupting—by indirection they would make directions out. What we want is a vacuum—a demand to stimulate a supply. How to create this in regard to our shipping is the question now, as before it was the question how to create a similar demand for a national thought. I then tried to demonstrate that you could not hope to create a masculine native literature till you ex-

cluded wholly and entirely the results of foreign thought. It is the same as regards our shipping. We must exclude all foreign vessels from our ports, and then native vessels will do our carrying trade. Of course, I would not violate the laws of humanity. Foreign ships in distress should always find a haven and assistance on our shores. Mercy, however, is not trade. So far as landing cargoes, whether of passengers or merchandise, in the ports of this country is concerned, the privilege should by law be confined to American-built ships, manned by American crews. Though you and those who reason like you try to ignore it, I think I clearly see that it is to this that we are steadily tending. General Grant's message, even you will allow, is a long step in this direction. Neither do I think you can honestly escape from the logic of my reasoning. Frankly and fairly, would not a prohibition of any carrying trade to or from this country in foreign bottoms stimulate a prodigious activity in our native shipping and set in busy action every dock-yard in the land? I myself cannot doubt that it would. As a protectionist, I accept gladly subsidies and drawbacks when I cannot get prohibition; but I cannot but lament that inconclusive logic which halts on the threshold of a complete and final remedy.

Before closing this communication, there is one other aspect of the case I should like to touch, though I fear you will hardly care to print even what I have already written, diametrically opposed as it is to the views you wish to inculcate. The vast majority of our carrying trade is now done in English bottoms. In view of the inhuman conduct of an English mail steamship to the unfortunate *Oneida*, I, for one, should not regret to see the red-cross flag excluded from our waters. This is, I am aware, no economical argument; but when at once an act of just retribution can be accomplished and an unlimited demand for American industry created, I hold that we should not hesitate. Let Congress but apply the knife where the President recommends a poultice, and we shall not have long to lament the decline of American shipping or wince under the arrogance of British mail-captains.

I fear you will not print such protectionist doctrines. The *Nation* has, however, as I am glad to acknowledge, been always tolerably fair, even when most, as I think, mistaken. Now, as before, you are welcome to refute or to sneer if you will, but publish.

A Poor Author.

Boston, Mass., March 24, 1870.

[The "Poor Author" has evidently not given close attention till now to this class of subjects, but he is nevertheless on the right track, and we invite the people to rally round him as a man who, whatever becomes of his head, will always have his heart in the right place. His want of familiarity with international usage, not unpardonable in a mere *littérateur*, has led him, perhaps, to overlook the little circumstance that if we exclude foreign vessels from our ports, foreign nations will exclude our vessels from their ports. The "Poor Author" will probably reply that this will make no difference, because although it would prevent our ships from unloading except in the home ports, it would not prevent their *carrying* goods up and down on the sea, which of itself would be a great gain, as it would encourage ship-building and train seamen for the navy in case of war, and at all events show our flag on the ocean. This may be true, but then we doubt whether the country would be long content with a "carrying trade" which always brought cargoes back to the place they started from, or which, indeed, would make one cargo suffice for each ship as long as she was afloat. The moving of things from one place to another place is inseparably associated in the minds of our people with the "carrying trade," and no "carrying" from which this idea was excluded would, in our opinion, long satisfy them. The best mode of applying our "Author's" principle, which we reluctantly admit to be sound, is to negotiate treaties with foreign powers, by which each nation shall have the exclusive right of "carrying" whatever leaves its own shores. This would, of course, bring our ships back from Europe in ballast, but it would diminish the cost to the country of their outward voyage. It would save our "Author," for instance, who is a poor man and has to work all the year round, some of the expense of providing Americans going to Europe for a summer trip with a passage in an American ship, when they might go cheaper in a European one. Smith, for instance, is going to Europe for a year with his wife and four daughters, says he is ashamed to go under a foreign flag, and demands an American bottom for his transportation, but declines to pay any more for it than he would pay for an English one or French one; at this rate he cannot be accommodated, however, so our "Poor Author" has to help to make up the difference out of his scanty earnings. Now, if we had only to pay the cost of getting Smith out to Europe under the national flag, and he had to get home as best he could, we should undoubtedly save something.—Ed. Nation.]

POPULARIZING SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It is really too bad what you said of "Professor Richards, of Chicago." In the first place, I am persuaded you have not the right idea of Professor Richards himself. Though I had not the pleasure of listening to his lectures, yet I heard them well spoken of by those who have some discrimination in such matters. Professor R. is a man of respectable scientific attainments, having been some time a lecturer on chemistry in a medical school in New England, and certainly possesses in a remarkable degree the power of presenting scientific truths in an attractive form. I am sure the editor of the *Nation* does not mean to speak with ridicule of the attempt to "popularize science," and can only be understood as applying a wholesome castigation to charlatanry. To this I am the last man to object, and wish simply to assure you that many persons will think you have applied the whip to the wrong back.

But, Mr. Editor, "the unkindest cut of all" was to "locate" Professor Richards "in our midst." After drawing such an ugly portrait—many will think, a complete caricature—to call it "Professor Richards, of Chicago," that is too bad. We have many things to be ashamed of here in Chicago—and some things, you know, to be proud of—but we can neither be ashamed nor proud of the gentleman in question. He belongs to us no more nor less than to Gotham, or any other city of the country. He is, in fact, by birth and present residence "an Eastern man." He does not, I believe, live in the same town with the popular lecturer, Dr. Lord, to whom you so flatteringly allude; and I am sure he lives a long way off from that eminent statesman, your particular friend, Ben. Butler; yet he is certainly "an Eastern man," and does not belong to Chicago at all, neither he nor the man of straw, to whom, under an erroneous impression, you gave his name.

Chicagoan.

POLITICAL PATRONAGE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your admirable article in the *Nation* of last week, on "Offices," suggests to me to hand you the following extract from a letter which I recently received from a leading member of Congress. It points out very clearly and forcibly one of the evils of our present system which I have not seen elsewhere alluded to. In fact, the contagion of "political patronage" is the source of corruption so various, and of injury to the body politic so multiform, that it is not easy for any one man to exhaust the subject. It is only by combining the experience of many that one can obtain an adequate notion of the complicated absurdity of the system, and of the perverse ingenuity with which it is industriously worked so as to visit full retribution on a public stupid enough and supine enough to permit its continuance.

When Swift described the requisites for official station in the empire of Lilliput, he supposed that his grim imagination had reached the furthest allowable limits of caricature; and yet his bitter humor failed to realize a tithe of the follies which are patiently endured by the shrewdest and most practical of nations. But I did not set out to write a leader on the Civil Service, and will merely ask you to call your readers' attention to the opinion of one who has had ample opportunity of observing how the work of legislation for forty millions of souls is practically carried on:

"Few people have any conception of the baneful influence of the prevailing system of apportioning Government offices and employment in accordance with political influence and exigencies. It enslaves the representative to the substrata of his constituents on the one hand, and to the heads of departments and bureaus on the other, and impairs his independence alike at home and when in the exercise of his representative office. Under this system, many members of Congress vote, not upon their own judgment, but upon the influence they are to have in procuring appointments or causing the removal of an influential constituent, or perhaps constituents."

L.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mr. Wm. Parsons Lunt, of Boston, announces a "Bibliography of the Local History of Massachusetts," by Jeremiah Colburn, a work which will probably serve, as far as it goes, as a useful supplement to Mr. Whittemore's "American Genealogist."

—The American Social Science Association has in active preparation a handbook for immigrants that is destined to exert a very marked and beneficent influence upon the future peopling of this country. It will contain information and statistics such as have never been brought together before in any similar work, and which will direct the intending emigrant as to how best to cross the Atlantic; the relative advantages of the ports of landing; the provision for immigrants there made; the dangers after landing; the routes and costs of travel to the interior; the inducements to labor in the various States; the means of education; the ruling prices of the necessaries of life, of land; the rates of rent and wages; climatic and sanitary conditions; the organic and statute laws of the Union and of the several States. This will all be done impartially, and without reference to any particular interest whatever, whether State, private, or incorporated. Editions will be issued for English, German, and Swedish emigrants, and in appropriate quantities—a total of not less than 100,000 being aimed at. The work will contain endorsements of its good-faith and trustworthiness from the highest authorities, and its distribution be so arranged that the emigrant shall be seasonably instructed as to the steps proper for him to take, and inspired with the fullest confidence in the hand-book itself. The undertaking reflects great credit upon the Association from which it emanates, and to whose character and other labors we would again call attention, recommending our readers to procure the second volume of its proceedings, just issued by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt. It opens, by the way, with an admirable paper on immigration by Friedrich Kapp, whose approaching return to Germany will be cause of regret not only to the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, but also to his fellow-citizens, both American and German. The same subject has since been treated with much greater fulness by Mr. Kapp in a pamphlet entitled: "Immigration, and the Commissioners of Emigration of the State of New York."

—We can promise any one his money's worth who buys Mr. Henry Stevens's Catalogue of the remarkable library which he offers for sale in Boston a fortnight hence. It is, to use the compiler's own words, "made . . . to stand square on its own taps, with a fashion of its own, full of odd titles, quaint conceits, originality, personal anecdote, disjointed historical connections, and general intelligence." The preface contains a very interesting and filial sketch of the late Henry Stevens, sr., the founder of this library, and under the head of "personal anecdote" would probably be classed the attention paid to M. Harrisse and his "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," in their place in the Catalogue. The frank account of the general nature of the "compound"—hardly fair to be called a library, says Mr. Stevens, yet "just the collection by its dispersion to help fill important gaps in public and private libraries"—is full of good sense and the fruit of wide experience, especially in what relates to works pertaining to the early history of America. The notes and dissertations attached *passim* to titles that permit a little explanation or show of honest learning, are readable and instructive, and, together with the preface, ensure permanent preservation for the Catalogue among the appreciative. No. 2,487 (Hariot's "Briefe and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia" (1590), described as "the rarest and most precious book relating to English North America," and No. 2,519 (Nicholl's "Remarkable Life, Adventures, and Discoveries of Sebastian Cabot"), are notable instances of the author's scholarly discussions. The latter should be read in connection with his contribution to his brother's book on Tehuantepec, and the proposed railroad route across that isthmus, which, revised and emendated, was printed last summer by itself in handsome book-form, with numerous fac-similes of the oldest and most valuable maps depicting the Columbian and post-Columbian discoveries in the New World. The "Historical and Geographical Notes" is entered at No. 1,976 of the Catalogue.

—The death of Mr. Gulian Crommelin Verplanck removed the most venerable of the "Knickerbockers" who, half a century ago, gave to New York politics, literature, trade, and social life most of their distinctive features. He never ceased to be a useful and honored citizen, but it is long since he and his like ceased to be influential in politics, and the social and literary influence of the class of which he was so good a representative is so far from being supreme, that we see it fading away under our eyes and going completely out of existence. Old New York is swallowed up in the new more effectually than itself swallowed New Amsterdam. Politically, indeed, the city of his birth must long ago have ceased to be the city of Mr. Verplanck's affections. The New York which is owned by men like Tweed and Sweeny may well have disgusted a man who had taken part in administering her affairs when her politicians were men of honor and education, when a bought Recorder was undreamt of; when to hold the mayoralty was proof of the esteem of all the citizens; when the Common Council was full of character and talent instead of being a den of ignorant thieves; when there was economy instead of rapacious robbery and a riot of extravagance; when voters went to the polls without fear of their lives; when householders decorously cast their ballots, instead of murderers and pickpockets swamping the ballot-box with fraudulent votes; when a man might be an alderman without being presumptively a rogue—a sheriff's-officer without being almost certainly a brute, worse a thousand times than any prisoner he willingly takes to the Tombs—a judge, and not under suspicion of political subserviency—and, in short, a citizen without confessing that he lived under a government that disgraces civilization. Mr. Verplanck was born in 1786, and was therefore eighty-four years old at the time of his death, down to the day of which he was in the service of the public. He was graduated young, as was then the fashion, being but fifteen years old when his degree was given him by Columbia College. He chose the law for his profession, but before beginning its practice he "made the grand tour." Travelling in Europe was not so common among Americans then as it has been since, and when Mr. Verplanck returned he was of the small number of cultivated Americans, and became an authority in the literary circles of New York. On the whole, although he was not a man of extraordinary ability, he was probably better fitted for the censorship than any other of his local contemporaries, his tastes being wider than those of the Pauldings and Irvings by whom he was surrounded. This is attested by his edition of Shakespeare—a work which we do not think of Paulding, or Drake, or Sands as attempting. Politics attracted a good deal of his attention, and he got some reputation as a satirist by two or three volumes of squibs directed against De Witt Clinton and the Clintonians. With these we cannot say that we are familiar, but doubtless the public will, by-and-by, have an opportunity of estimating the author's poetic and satiric qualities. 1817 is the year of "Bucktail Bards," and in 1818 he delivered an address on "the early European Friends of America," in which he did justice to some of the Dutchmen, Huguenots, and others connected with the earliest ages of American history. His treatise gave its author a wide reputation. 1820 found him a prominent member of the State Legislature, and Chairman of the Committee on Education. All his life he was philanthropic and religious, and a worker in behalf of many reforms; very lately he rendered efficient service in the Board of Emigration, and when he died he was a governor of the New York Hospital as well as a member of the Vestry of Trinity, the most powerful of American church corporations. In this year he was called to a professor's chair in the General Theological Seminary of his church—the Protestant Episcopal—and his lectures appeared in 1824, under the title of "Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion;" and, in 1825, he gave further evidence of his versatility by publishing a legal essay on the "Doctrine of Contracts," in which he considered "how contracts are affected, in law and in morals, by concealment, error, and inadequate price." It was in 1825 that he began his eight years of Congressional life, and, as was to have been expected of a man of his character and abilities, he made them useful to his party and the country, and creditable to himself. Literary men are under obligations to him for the interest he took in their prosperity, and for his advocacy of the extension of the term of copyright, which before had been twenty-eight years, to forty-eight. Mr. Verplanck was a Democrat of the Jacksonian side of the House, but was not prominent among the leaders except for a brief period at the close of his last session, when in nullification days he brought in an anti-protection bill designed to placate the Southerners by reducing duties on imports. Mr. Clay, however, stole Mr. Verplanck's thunder, and suddenly springing his famous compromise measure upon the House, it was immediately passed; and we may imagine that even a professor of theology may have been easy to console when afterwards the great Compromiser discovered that after all he was not to have the Presidency. Mr. Verplanck, however, was himself a sort of a Whig not long after the murder of "Verplanck's bill," which occurred in 1833; for, in 1834, he was the Whig candidate for the mayor-

alty of New York, and was barely beaten. It would be long to tell of his after political career, which was never again distinguished by anything very noticeable. He was often sent up to the Senate at Albany, and he filled many local offices with satisfaction to his fellow-citizens. His leisure was spent in literary labor of various kinds, and in the enjoyment of the society of his relations and friends. None of his works will live after him, he himself had, in fact, outlived them; but he leaves behind him, to the shame of the politicians who have succeeded him and his school, and for the profit of the rest of us, the memory of a blameless life of many years devoted to honorable labor in the service of the country, the State, the city, and every good cause that had claims upon him as a citizen and a man. No citizen more generally esteemed or more worthy of esteem has recently died in New York. Mr. Verplanck was President of the Commissioners of Emigration from the time of their organization in 1848 till his decease, and a portrait of him accompanies the pamphlet of Mr. Kapp alluded to above.

—It is just possible that, if Gail Hamilton had sought an interview with Mr. Fields immediately on learning the customary percentage allowed to authors, and frankly put it to him that she had not been receiving her dues from his firm, the "Battle of the Books" had never been necessary to ensure her indemnity for the past and full pay ever afterwards. She showed, instead, the utmost reluctance to meet her publishers, and preferred to conduct a correspondence at arm's length, and often indirectly at that, with the risk and the consequence of being aggravated by the delays inseparable from such a course. We have her apology that she is deficient in conversation and only feels self-confident on paper; and in a controversy of this nature, let us admit that too much could not be set down in black and white. Nevertheless, to avoid inevitable loss of time and temper was worth an effort which does not seem to have been made or even considered. The fact is, we suspect, that Gail Hamilton foresaw the end from the beginning. Her first letter to Mr. Fields was pitched in a key appropriate to the middle or almost to the climax of a wrangle, and it would appear, too, as if she were early convinced that her final appeal would be to the public, and that she prepared herself accordingly. Hence, if we are right, the short duration of the truce that was patched up, after unwilling interviews, and her readiness to reopen hostilities on the ground of defending others as well as herself. It then became a war to the death, and the result was the award to her, by arbitrators, of $1,250 in place of the $3,000 demanded, and this volume of nearly 300 pages. As regards the justice of her general claim there can be but one opinion, if her statement of facts is accepted as correct. In fairness, the public should wait to hear the other side; but has she compelled her publishers to answer her or stand convicted? Has she not rather relieved them of that necessity by her transmutations of names and dates? We think she has, and that both in a worldly and a literary point of view she has committed a serious blunder. One cannot praise the style in which she conducted her controversy and now lays it before the public, and yet neither can she be blamed for it since it is, by every mark, her own. She might, having strictly in mind her duty to other authors and to society, have presented her case in half the number of words, or she might have given it the amplification of the Memoirs of Beaumarchais. But in the first case she must have put away the thought of being, or of proving herself to be, "smart," or "spicy," or "vivacious;" in the latter, she would have had too much humor to be *acharnée*.

—In the discussion relative to the cost of publishing, we quite unexpectedly found a complete confirmation of the facts and figures of the importers whose memorial was lately so vehemently contested in these columns. On pages 48, 49 we have an estimate, from a publisher to whom Gail Hamilton had recourse for information, of the cost of manufacturing such books as hers—whose extra fineness Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are said to have alleged as the reason for reducing her copyright. At all events, they are much more expensively made than the average Bohn volume. The assumed basis is a book of 400 pages, and an edition of 10,000 copies. Each copy will then cost, says "Mr. Campton," whose pseudonym we do not penetrate:

"Paper and press-work,	24 cents
"Binding,	23 "
"Plates (total $500),	05 "
"Total,	52 cents."

It will be noticed that "advertising" and "editors' copies" are not taken account of above. "*The advertising, etc.,*" says Mr. C., "*are part of the usual machinery of all publishers.*" For the sake of comparison, we must also omit the item of plates, for reasons which appeared in our late discussion. But Mr. Campton further "says the books can be made at 15 per cent. less than these estimates, but he wanted to keep within bounds." Now, 15 per cent. of 47 (52 less 5), is 7 cents; and 47 less 7 is 40 cents. To which now add the copyright on a dollar-and-a-half book, 15 cents, and we have a total of 55 cents—*or precisely that adopted by the importers for a book of very inferior quality.* But let us make another approximation. Binding at 23 cents becomes say 20, at 15 per cent. off. Now we presume that the binding of Bohn would not cost more than 15 cents, and the difference between 15 and 20 we may, therefore, admit as representing the cost of the plates; *and still the cost per volume does not exceed* 55 *cents.* A similar reduction on the paper and press-work would give a still lower estimate, but we forbear to make it. We only ask such of our readers as are disposed to follow up the argument to read carefully pp. 42, 103, 104, 203, 204, and 205 of the "Battle of the Books," where it is proposed to heap upon the estimate for a given work the advertising; the salary of the person who attends to getting books "properly noticed in the papers;" the editors' copies; the discount to the trade; the Government tax on manufactures; the interest on stereotype plates; and, finally, the expenses of doing business. "Then, of course," says an "inspired" article in the Boston *Transcript* (?), after enumerating most of the above items,—"then, of course, store rent, clerk hire, and packing expenses, including paper, twine, and boxes, should be reckoned as part of the cost of getting up an edition of a book." And finally, see, on page 65, the offer of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields to "sell [not to give away] the stereotyped plates" of Gail Hamilton's works.

—We had been hugging to ourselves the pleasant fancy that *we* had originated the active verb "to interview," for the benefit of the reporters, who seemed to be suffering from want of such a word, and that the next edition of Webster or of Worcester would name the *Nation* as authority for inserting a vocable not to be found in the King James's Version of the Holy Scriptures or the collected works of Shakespeare or Milton. The gratitude of the "reportorial corps," we felt sure, would be ours in any event; but it now appears that we are to have even this laurel plucked from us. The *Pall Mall Gazette*—no doubt from a kindly feeling towards this country—undertakes to rescue our supposed offspring from the list of Americanisms, and says: "The verb 'to interview,' which has been lately conjugated in all its moods and tenses by American correspondents, is, it seems, not a transatlantic invention after all. It occurs in a passage in *Hall's Chronicle*, which was printed in 1542, and claims, therefore, a higher antiquity than the noun, which we use without hesitation." This, we must say, seems to us like misplaced erudition, and we would ask a suspension of the public judgment till our claim to the word can be fully established.

—An asylum for deaf-mutes will soon be the only place where a man with any sense of what is due to himself, and any respect for the public, will venture on forming acquaintances. And even then it will not be long before some "spicy paragraphist" or "brief jotter" will learn the sign language, and persons of reputation be driven to fall back for friendship on the village idiot, unless they are content to be taken for idiots themselves. To be saved from one's friends was always desirable; but it is nowadays more than ever necessary to look sharp after the understanding of one's admirers; everybody has access to the newspapers. Fancy, now, the feelings of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Page as they see this precious bit of imbecility making the rounds of the press: "Wendell Phillips has been sitting to William Page for his portrait. Last week, being in New York, James Russell Lowell visited the painter, and, on seeing the picture, said emphatically to Page, 'That is the best portrait that ever was or will be painted of that or any other man.'" Of course he said so. When left to himself that is how he talks. He constantly "slops over" in that manner. If there is one thing he is fond of, it is helter-skelter bosh of that kind, delivered emphatically. He would not make a bad editor of a good, earnest organ, such is his habit of making slap-dash general assertions mixed with prophecy. Mr. Page, too, who knows something of the past of portrait painting, and who, like ourselves and the paragraphist and Mr. Lowell, knows as much about the future of it as the late Mrs. Nickleby—he, too, must be highly pleased at seeing in print this judicious praise. To be serious, it is evident to those who know Mr. Lowell and Mr. Page, by their works or personally, that this speech represents not their opinions, but the opinions of some gentleman of the press who judges of the human mind by the workings of his own; and it is one more illustration of the beauties of that personal journalism against which society will have to devise some protection. It is a kind of journalism which no man will

pursue who is fit to be entrusted with a journal, or with whom any ordinary method of dealing with men of decency will be effectual. We are not saying that it is one of the worst examples of this sort of—private war, we may call it. But it is in essence the same with much worse examples. All alike, the personal journalists, disregarding private rights, make that their own business and the public's which is purely the victim's own.

—M. Ernest Vinet, the eminent French archæologist, the accomplished librarian of the Bibliothèque de l'École des Beaux Arts at Paris, and the author of many valuable articles in the *Revue Archéologique*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, the *Dictionnaire des Beaux Arts de l'Académie*, and the *Journal des Débats*, has nearly completed a "Bibliographie des Beaux Arts," which promises to fill, in the most satisfactory manner, a long-existing hiatus in the literature of the fine arts. This work, which is to be prefaced by an introductory chapter, and to be enriched with important notes, will have its contents rendered easily available through a triple index. Its pages will contain more than six thousand titles of books upon art, translated from ten languages, and a synoptical table divided into three or four hundred sections.

—We quote below a paragraph concerning the probabilities of a future when art will be valued in America as it is in Europe, taken from that lively little French journal, the *Chronique*, which is always on the alert for the promotion of art and art reform in France. The leader from which it is taken expresses great regret that the administration of the Louvre stands aside during the Demidoff sale, indifferent to the expatriation of such French masterpieces as the "Death of Poussin" by Granet, and the "Satyr and Bacchante" by Pradier, and advises the expediency of securing for national and municipal museums in France all fine works by French artists of renown, lest, being more and more sought for by foreign countries, they should eventually become extremely rare. "Let us not wait," says the writer, "until America, recognizing in her turn the necessity of forming museums, shall enter into the lists, and thus give a still more enormous value to works of art. The day cannot be far distant when the United States will desire to form public collections; for it is impossible to admit that so intelligent a people can long continue to ignore the fact, that the fine arts make men moral by raising them to a comprehension of the beautiful, and that they increase the wealth of nations by developing good taste in their artisans." The narrow view of self-interest which dictated these lines is short-sighted, like all views founded upon such a basis. France may, indeed, lose a few fine pictures when the time which the writer fears, and we ardently hope for, comes in America; but she will gain a noble ally in a cause which is connected with the progress of mankind, and this will be a gain of such value as amply to counterbalance her trifling material loss.

MISS MITFORD'S LETTERS.*

Miss Mitford's life was one of high moral interest. Perhaps, if funeral orations and catafalques were bestowed on all who deserved them, and not confined, as they necessarily are, to a few representative cases of merit, she would hardly have been carried without pomp to her grave. Her mother was an heiress, too plain to be married for anything but her money. For her money the heiress was married by a physician, ten years her junior, and a man of extraordinary personal beauty. Dr. Mitford's character is thus frankly painted by the present editor of his daughter's letters:

"He had excellent natural abilities, and, though they had been but little cultivated, and his reading was not very extensive beyond Whig newspapers and party pamphlets, he possessed a certain kind of tact, by which he seldom failed to discern and appreciate merit in any work of literature or art. He had high animal spirits, and a joyous constitutional good-humor so long as he was pleased, but it was accompanied by a corresponding amount of irascibility if his wishes were thwarted. He was not devoid of generous emotions; and, partly from good-will, and partly from an irrepressible desire of action, was ready to volunteer his services for any neighborly, kind office. But he was, at the same time, utterly selfish at heart, and incapable of sacrificing the slightest inclination of his own for the welfare of his wife, or even of his daughter. His manners were easy, natural, cordial, and apparently extremely frank; but he nevertheless met the world on its own terms, and was prepared to allow himself any amount of insincerity which seemed expedient to the occasion. And, though a very brief career of dissipation had reduced his pecuniary resources to the lowest possible ebb, he was not only recklessly extravagant, but addicted to high play."

He soon ran through his wife's fortune, and was found living with his family in a poor quarter of London, and seeking a refuge from his creditors within the rule of the King's Bench. He however had wherewithal to buy a lottery ticket, and to that mode of redeeming his affairs, rather than to labor, he characteristically resorted. Under the influence apparently of a gambler's superstition, he made his little daughter choose the ticket; and it turned out a prize of $100,000. After telling his friends that he would settle the same on his daughter, he of course proceeded to squander the second fortune as he had squandered the first. As though to get to the end of $100,000 were impossible, he bought a beautiful old manor-house near Reading, pulled it down (the neighborhood not having in those days taste enough to lynch him), and built at great expense a frightful modern house in its place. At the end of his $100,000, however, he speedily arrived, and he and his wife were destitute. The duty of supporting them, as well as herself, devolved upon their daughter and only child, a spoilt, petted, and excessively conceited girl, who had figured as an heiress, fond of lounging, dress, and all the vanities of life, but with an aptitude for literature of which she had already made some essays, not unpromising though of a rather unimportant kind. She accepted the duty heroically, and through thirty years of unremitting literary labor, to which was added at last painful attendance on the infirmities of age, heroically discharged it. The secondary character of her literary gifts and the smallness of the measure of success within her reach only rendered her pious industry more admirable in a moral point of view. Her mother appears to have been an amiable and well-educated woman, though there is something in her closing scene suggestive of a lack of sentiment, and of a ruling passion for eating and drinking, strong in death. In her father there was nothing except the relics of his beauty and a superficial good-humor, which evidently failed when the means of animal enjoyment were withdrawn, to aid filial duty by exciting personal affection or respect. He evidently remained, in his callous selfishness, wholly untouched by his daughter's devotion, and ready to squander on his own low pleasures every penny of her earnings on which he could lay his hands. While she is sighing over her literary grindstone, he is at the county-town boozing with the squires, among whom, having been made a justice of the peace in his more prosperous days, he has managed to keep his place. After her mother's death, Miss Mitford has, in addition to her daily labor, to bear alone the depression, the occasional violence of an exhausted, distempered, and ruined man of pleasure—to wait upon him, to read to him, to play cribbage with him, to sit up at night with him watching for his fits of cramp. Yet, if she allows a word about his failings and her sufferings to escape her, it is only that she may again sacrifice herself to him by persuading her trustee to let her have a part of the little sum which was held in trust for her, to pay her father's debts. Nor did a bride ever bewail her husband, snatched from her in the marriage hour, with anguish keener or apparently more sincere than the anguish with which this most worthless and intolerable old man is bewailed by his daughter, when at last he departs in extreme old age, and leaves her to pass in peace the remnant of a shattered life. When Mr. Mill has dealt with the devotion of wives, he will have to turn his attention to the devotion of daughters.

If these two volumes of letters were, as the title-page implies, the record of this life, they would indeed have a singular value. But if the life had been recorded in letters it would itself have been spoilt; for it would then have been a life of moral ostentation, not of silent duty. Miss Mitford's history is told in the editor's preface, and a few words suffice to tell it. The letters contain occasional allusions which the facts known to us from the preface render pregnant and touching; otherwise they are merely the correspondence of a literary woman, clever and vivacious, but without genius, without any intellectual gift of special value, without anything specially interesting or important to tell us. In her own rural neighborhood, Miss Mitford was a literary lioness, and she enjoyed the satisfaction of complaining that she had seven carriages at once at the door of her cottage; but she very seldom went into the great world, and then only on the absorbing business of the representation of her own dramas; and the denizens of the great world very seldom came to her. Her letters, therefore, are gossip, social, personal, and literary, of a tolerably readable kind. Literary men and women—especially those who live by literature—keep their best thoughts for their books. The most pleasing, perhaps, of the letters are those which are most like the most pleasing of Miss Mitford's books—"Our Village," in which she has exhibited her graphic appreciation of what is beautiful in the country and country life, the only faculty of high value, in fact, which she possessed. These two passages, for instance, describing two cricket matches—the gentlemen's and the peasants'

* "The Life of Mary Russell Mitford, authoress of 'Our Village,' etc. Told by Herself in Letters to her Friends. Edited by the Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.

—and taken from different parts of the book, form a pretty and amusing pair of vignettes:

"'Pray, are you a cricketer?' We are very great ones—I mean our parish, of which we, the feminine members, act audience, and, though we do not play, o'erlook the balls. When I wrote to you last, I was just going to see a grand match in a fine old park near us, Bramshill, between Hampshire, with Mr. Budd, and All England. I anticipated great pleasure from so grand an exhibition, and thought, like a simpleton, the better play the more enjoyment. Oh, what a mistake! There they were—a set of ugly old men, white-headed and bald-headed (for half of Lord's was engaged in the combat, players and gentlemen, Mr. Ward and Lord Frederick, the veterans of the green), dressed in tight white jackets (the Apollo Belvedere could not bear the hideous disguise of a cricketing jacket), with neckcloths primly tied round their throats, fine japanned shoes, silk stockings, and gloves, instead of our fine village lads, with their unbuttoned collars, their loose waistcoats, and the large shirt-sleeves, which give an air so picturesque and Italian to their glowing, bounding youthfulness—there they stood, railed in by themselves, silent, solemn, slow, playing for money, making a business of the thing, grave as judges, taciturn as chess-players—a sort of dancers without music, instead of the glee, the fun, the shouts, the laughter, the glorious confusion of the country game. And there were we, the lookers-on, in tents and marquees, fine and freezing, dull as the players, cold as this hard summer weather, shivering and yawning and trying to seem pleased, the curse of gentility on all our doings, as stupid as we could have been in a ball-room. I never was so much disappointed in my life. But everything is spoilt when money puts its ugly nose in. To think of playing cricket for hard cash! Money and gentility would ruin any pastime under the sun. Much to my comfort (for the degrading my favorite sport into a 'science,' as they were pleased to call it, had made me quite spiteful), the game ended unsatisfactorily to all parties, winners and losers. Old Lord Frederick, on some real or imaginary affront, took himself off in the middle of the second innings, so that the two last were played without him, by which means his side lost, and the other could hardly be said to win. So be it always when men make the noble game of cricket an affair of bettings and hedgings, and, may be, of cheatings."

"I was this afternoon for an hour on Heckfield Heath: a common dotted with cottages and a large piece of water backed by woody hills; the nearer portion of ground a forest of oak and birch, and hawthorn and holly, and fern intersected by grassy glades; a road winding through; and behind us the tall trees of Strathfieldsaye Park. On an open space, just large enough for the purpose, a cricket match was going on—the older people sitting by on benches; the younger ones lying about under the trees, and a party of boys just seen glancing backward and forward in a sunny glade, where they were engaged in an equally merry and far more noisy game. Well, there we stood, Ben and I and Flush, watching and enjoying the enjoyment we witnessed. And I thought if I had no pecuniary anxiety, if my dear father were stronger and our dear friend well, I should be the happiest creature in the world, so strong was the influence of that happy scene."

The fox-hunt at Bramshill is another good breath of the freshest country air; it deserves to be taken into consideration in the controversy which is being carried on between Mr. Freeman on one side and Mr. Anthony Trollope and other literary sportsmen on the other, touching the moral effects and the lawfulness of fox-hunting. The following obituary of a British yeoman also claims attention when Tennyson's Lincolnshire farmer is in everybody's mind:

"I was greatly shocked last week, my dear Sir William, by the sudden death of a most kind and worthy friend, Mr. Newell, of Whitby Park, near Reading. He made a coursing-party for me on Thursday, and on Sunday he was in his coffin. Active, cheerful, hospitable, intelligent, he was one of the most respectable of that respectable class—the great English farmer. I never, indeed, knew any one so thoroughly English, in person, manner, and mind. Firm, stout, and upright as one of his own oaks, he had a countenance combining a great deal of weather-beaten, middle-aged beauty with a look of irresistible kindness, frankness, and good-humor—a voice that might have hailed a ship at sea without the assistance of a speaking-trumpet, and a heart that trusted to that voice every movement of its honest and generous feelings."

A power of painting is shown in this description of Southampton Water:

"I have just returned from Southampton. Have you ever been at that lovely spot, which combines all that is enchanting in wood and land and water with all that is 'buxom, blithe, and *debonair*' in society—that charming town which is not a watering-place only because it is something better? Do not be afraid of a long description. The scenery of the south of Hampshire is of all others the most difficult to describe; for it is not the picturesque, which may be thrown off in a few careless strokes, or the sublime, which with the wish to delineate it almost inspires the power, but the beautiful—sometimes in its gayest and sometimes in its softest dress—but always the beautiful, of which the prevailing and pervading charm is not the woods or streams or villages, nor even the sparkling ocean, but the exquisite arrangement and combination of the whole. Southampton has, however, in my eyes, an attraction independent even of its scenery, in the total absence of the vulgar hurry of business or the chilling apathy of fashion. It is, indeed, all life, all gaiety; but it has an airiness, an animation, which might become the capital of Fairyland. The very motion of its playful waters, uncontaminated by commerce or by war, seems in unison with the graceful yachts that sail upon their bosom; while the shores, fringed with oak to the very margin, and studded with the fairest vestiges of ancient magnificence and modern comfort, seem to connect the past with the present like the wild yet bewitching imagery of a poet's dream."

The "wild yet bewitching imagery of a poet's dream" almost spoils the whole passage; but take those words away and you have a good example of a description which gives the spirit as well as the form of a landscape, and presents not only the parts but the whole.

There is in these letters, of course, plenty of talk about the literary men of the day and their works. But the criticisms are ill-considered, impulsive, wavering; sometimes tainted with jealousy of greater reputations, sometimes with direct rivalry, for Miss Mitford betrayed in her literary character the human weakness which in her domestic character she either never knew or heroically repressed. The criticism on Dickens and Tennyson is self-contradictory. The criticism on Mrs. Beecher Stowe seems to us tainted with jealousy; there is a very angry allusion to the great fortune which Mrs. Stowe was said to have made. Direct rivalry, we fear, inspires the odious remarks on Talfourd, who had once been Miss Mitford's peculiar protégé and bosom friend. It is difficult for authors to criticise their competitors in the same department, even if they have the critical faculty by nature. But Miss Mitford had it not. She speaks of Addison as "Bacon much diluted," and of Johnson as "Bacon on stilts" Of Walter Scott, she says: "Besides being in his Life of Dryden and elsewhere as dull as the dull weed that grows on Lethe bank (he never could have written 'Guy Mannering,' I am sure, it is morally impossible), is the most egregious, unblushing flatterer that ever poured his slimy nonsense into a monarch's ear." Her criticisms on men are of as little value as her criticisms on books; she adores and hates with energy, but without reason. She is a vehement partisan of Napoleon and Lord Byron; and if the Stowe-Byron controversy had not happily run its unlovely course, she would probably be called into court as a witness for Lord Byron against his wife, though she has not a particle of real evidence to contribute. But in both cases her partisanship is based on nothing; it is the mere emotion of a Whig lady. Americans will note with interest her testimony, with which all other testimony concurs, to the immense sensation produced in England by Daniel Webster. One gentleman who had heard him speak at Oxford told Miss Mitford that he would go to hear him make the same speech over again—a compliment higher, probably, than any which an English orator ever drew from English lips.

The early letters are frightful specimens of precocity and conceit. In her eleventh year the girl writes to her father of her aunt: "I hope that I may be wrong in my opinion of my aunt; but I again repeat that I think she has the most hypocritical drawl that I ever heard." As she has said it before without effective rebuke, we know where the fault really lies. It is wonderful to see such a character as portrays itself here, and in the frivolity and apparent egotism of some of the subsequent letters, suddenly, on the arrival of overwhelming misfortune, reveal a latent strength, meet ruin without a murmur, write a strong business letter when you would have expected a fit of hysterics, and take up with serene cheerfulness the burden of a life.

Private letters or diaries ought never to be published while they can give pain to any living person; literature can never gain half what society loses by a violation of this rule; literature itself could lose greatly if a restraint were placed by the fear of publication on the intercourse of eminent men. The editor of Miss Mitford's letters seems to have recognized the rule and tried to observe it, but he has not always been quite successful. There must be living persons who will be greatly pained by the aspersions on Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Judge Talfourd, and Mr. Valpy, the eminent scholar and publisher, if anything can give pain which is marked as much by levity as by passion. One of the letters contains a frank and very honorable apology to a friend, whom in one of the outbursts of her temper Miss Mitford had justly offended. The editor should have given her credit for the right feeling which, upon reflection, would have dictated a similar retractation in other cases, and he should, at all events, have suppressed the names.

In point of composition, the letters have no merit. Frequent posts, telegraphs, and the publication of all the news, have nearly put an end to elaborate letter-writing; and probably the epistolary form of composition is becoming obsolete. But when it flourished it required, like every other kind of composition, literary effort to make it perfect, not the less because its peculiar grace is ease. The gods have given nothing to man

without labor; least of all, the unlabored. If people believe that there is no literary effort in the letters of Madame de Sévigné and Horace Walpole, they never were more mistaken in their lives. Cowper avows that he was a paragon of the *limæ labor*, and that his manuscripts were masses of blotting and interlineation—a fact of which the delightful ease of his writings would in itself be sufficient to apprise us. If he did not compose his letters in the same way, we may be sure that those of them which charm us most were cast in his mind before they were written. Miss Mitford had not time to be a good letter-writer; her day was taken up, her brain was jaded by work of another kind. "I am now chained to a desk," she says, "eight, ten, twelve hours a day, at mere drudgery; all my thoughts of writing are for hard money." How, then, could she in her correspondence find mental power for the happy expressions, the graceful turns, and the artlessness so full of art, to which, no doubt, Madame de Sévigné's whole mind was given. The letters of Miss Mitford have no pretension to the character of works of art; they are mere medleys, such as one scrawls off in an odd half-hour to an uncritical friend; more, perhaps, because something must be said than because one has anything to say, and rather following one's pen than guiding it. We cannot say, therefore, *materiem superavit opus:* if interesting matter is wanting, the form will not atone for its absence.

To review Miss Mitford's other writings is beyond our present purpose. She had, we repeat, talent and facility, but no genius; she wrote for bread, chained to her desk all day long. She produced, under these adverse circumstances, dramas which had and deserved a temporary success, and one of which is even yet not dead. She produced, no doubt, a mass of contributions to periodicals, which have perished with the periodicals themselves. The best of her works, as we have said before, is "Our Village," and the next best is "Belford Regis," in which she photographs (for she had not imagination enough to paint anything but portraits) the life of a country town. In "Our Village" one finds, among other things, a religious enjoyment of the beauty of nature which, if we do not mistake the general cast of Miss Mitford's character, would scarcely have been expected by her friends, but which has its explanation and the warrant of its sincerity in the history of her devoted life:

"What a sunset—how golden, how beautiful! The sun just disappearing, and the narrow, liny clouds which a few minutes ago lay like soft vapory streaks along the horizon, lighted up with a golden splendor that the eye can scarcely endure, and those still softer clouds which floated above them wreathing and curling into a thousand fantastic forms, as thin and changeful as summer smoke, now defined and deepened into grandeur, and edged with ineffable, insufferable light! Another minute, and the brilliant orb totally disappears, and the sky above grows every moment more varied and more beautiful as the dazzling, golden lines are mixed with glowing red and gorgeous purple, dappled with small dark specks, and mingled with such a blue as the egg of the hedge-sparrow. To look up at that glorious sky, and then to see that magnificent picture reflected in the clear and lovely Lodden water, is a pleasure never to be described and never forgotten. My heart swells and my eyes fill as I write of it, and think of the immeasurable majesty of nature and the unspeakable goodness of God, who has spread an enjoyment so pure, so peaceful, and so intense before the meanest and lowliest of his creatures."

We will not insist on the theological form of expression if the Positivists object. But Nature, whether it be owing to anything divine in her, or merely to some physical correlation, yields no such gladness, no such cause for thankfulness, no such swelling of the heart or filling of the eyes, to any but those who are essentially pure in heart, and whose feet are on the path of duty.

Search for Winter Sunbeams in the Riviera, Corsica, Algiers, and Spain. By Samuel S. Cox, author of "The Buckeye Abroad," "Eight Years in Congress," etc. With numerous illustrations. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.)—Hon. S. S. Cox—whose name in full, we venture to suggest, might henceforward as appropriately be read Sunbeam-seeking as Sunset Cox—has travelled through a part of the ground described by Dr. Henry Bennet, of London and Mentone, in his work, recently introduced to our readers, on "The Riviera, Mentone, Italy, Corsica, Sicily, Algeria, Spain, and Biarritz, as Winter Climates." A part of his journey he made in company of that physician himself. While the learned doctor searched for winter climates, the pursuit of the learned Congressman "was for Winter Sunbeams." We have no hesitation in saying "learned Congressman," strange as the association of the two words may appear, for the Hon. author, whose exceptional attainments are well known, actually opens his book with a Hebrew quotation, "Yehi or vayehi or," printed in real Hebrew letters—evidently for the benefit of the Hebrew portion of his "constituents of the Sixth Congressional District of the City of New York," to whom he has "the honor and pleasure of dedicating these 'Sunbeams of travel.'" And this learned and sacred quotation is immediately followed by a remark taken from the Greek of that "heathen teacher, Longinus"—teacher of Zenobia, Queen of the East, let us add, in order to prove our own scholarship—which is not given in original Hellenic, probably because Mr. Cox numbers few Hellenes among his constituents. Then comes, in the third line of the book, an allusion to a tender illustration of "the poet Campbell," and on the fourth page we already read of grave "discussions which Hippocrates, Newton, Mead, Jackson, Lardner, Brewster, Lindley, Balfour, Draper, Hammond, Page, Herschel, Arago, Florence Nightingale, Sanson Alphonse, and Dr. Forbes Winslow have considered in elaborate treatises." And if anybody still doubts the extensive lore of our author, let him advance as far as page 10, where, in a few lines, he can read of "prehistoric and historic nations;" of "Phœnician, Hebrew, and Egyptian; Greek, Roman, Goth, and Moor; Frank, Spanish, German, and English;" of "Homer and Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton;" of "Joshua, Charlemagne, Abderrahaman, Bonaparte, and Wellington;" of "Mahmoud [meaning Mahomet, we suppose], Henry IV., Charles V., Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Gonsalva;" of "Columbus, de Gama, Angelo, Murillo, Gutenberg, and Newton."

We must, however, hasten to add that Mr. Cox has also had the less learned portion of his constituents, and of the public at large, in view when writing his book, for it is not in every part as fully stuffed with scholarly reminiscences of a more or less hoary past, but also abounds in descriptions—here and there plain, instructive, and full, more often humorous, racy, and seasoned with puns—of things seen and seeable in the interesting and so widely diversified countries washed by the Western Mediterranean. It has also a full supply of fine and very characteristic illustrations, some of them taken from other books on the same subjects. The descriptions may be said to be readable throughout, even after Dr. Bennet's much less witty and funny, and therefore generally much better, sketches of the same localities and things. Mr. Cox is a keen and diligent observer, and would make an excellent tourist were he not apt to drown his observations in floods of humor, and that a humor more often indifferent or bad than felicitous and tasteful. Few will relish a description of an amphitheatre of rocks "likened to a grand granite Congress," the rocks "silent as Congress is not," "their postures rather stiff for eloquent gentlemen;" among them "one half-boulder, half-granite sort of member, whom . . . all agreed was a general as much renowned in debate as in war, in discussion as in concussion;" upon whose "bald head" the traveller clambered, when "the surf below bellowed its applause," "the lizards, which were lobbying around, came out to see," and "an occasional goat looked down from the galleries," until "down came the gravel"—an allusion to the Speaker's gavel—"and down came" Mr. Cox, as funny as ever. Nor do we find much beauty in a piece of Algerian history told thus: "The old Dey lost his temper, and slapped the consul in the face with his fan. It was 'all Dey' with him then. The consul retired without saying 'good Dey,' and (if I may be again permitted) the prospects of that Dey were not afterwards so brilliant." And still less can we admire that sketch of a scene in Algiers (p. 132), in which the words "rag," "ragged," and "raggedness" have been crammed more than twenty times into less than twenty lines. There are, however, some good puns—as when he speaks of the "date-palms in fruit and flower, and some so old they are *without date*"—and some good descriptions, though none better than the following:

"To an unaccustomed tourist, almost the first object on the route to Fort Napoleon [near Algiers] is the cactus. It is so common and so high. It is the hedge or dividing line between farms. . . . Lions, tigers, hyenas, and jackals, yet in plenty here, hardly dare attack a cactus fence. We perceive, also, some bamboo hedges. Upon the road we meet a team which smacks of the Yankee—a wagon drawn by two oxen, and a horse in the lead. It is driven by a Kabyle sometimes, but generally by a French colonist. We meet heavy wagons with ten horses or mules. The animals are feeding out of baskets as they go. Now and then, a big bird—the heron—dashes by us and lights in a distant marsh, or presents a good shot from the top of a haystack. Sheep and goats are seen. Charcoal in loads, in wagons, and on donkeys, passes by. In the early morn the blue smoke of the charcoal-burners is seen curling through the mists of the distant mountain. The Atlas range seems far upon out right and front. Great shadows hang down its sides, like the furrowed folds of a garment. The clouds to the south, towards Blidah and Milianah and the desert, lead us in our imagination thither, though our course lies towards the Kabyle land and breakfast. We pass by houses—long, one-story houses—walled in. In fact, they are known as 'fortified farms.' . . . In the fields of the Metidji Valley, over which we are rolling, we perceive the ploughs at work. Far up into the mountains, five, six, and sometimes ten ploughs are going on one farm. . . . You perceive in yonder field, walking with dignity, holding one handle—the only one—some Kabyle Cincinnatus, robed in his flowing burnous, every inch a Roman, clad in his toga."

Principles of Domestic Science. By Catherine E. Beecher and H. B. Stowe. (New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1870.)—Montaigne tells us that Francis of Brittany replied to one who informed him that his contemplated spouse was home-bred and unlearned, that he liked her the better for that, since it was sufficient for a woman to distinguish between her husband's shirt and his doublet. It will be seen that our authors and this feudal duke entertain the same general idea of woman's province, but the difference in their view of its dignity and demands is the work of five progressive centuries. Woman's profession, they say, "is to sustain the many difficult and sacred duties of the family state."

Hitherto the professional assistance which women have received from books has been almost wholly confined to collections of receipts for the various departments of housekeeping. But as these receipts are simply *rules* of domestic art, to be memorized and employed for a stated purpose, they can never stimulate intelligence; whereas scientific *principles*, when once mastered, can be variously applied. These principles it is the aim of the work before us to elucidate. Thus, when its writers consider the subject of ventilation, they do not merely inform us where one register is to be placed and another is to appear, which would be simply a receipt for ventilation, but they give us the law which regulates the relation of hot and cold air—a law with whose aid an intelligent mind can solve many domestic problems not specifically treated, as, for example, why a fire consumes more rapidly in cold than in mild weather. Again, in their consideration of health, they give us the physiology of the skin, the lungs, and the stomach, the composition of the air and of food, and their relations to our organism; and in their chapter on Charity they confine themselves to no Jewish receipts for giving, such as tithes and first-fruits, but expound those principles which should govern all Christian benevolence.

We regret that a book which is almost original in its application of the only true scientific method to woman's profession should not have been written with exclusive reference either to school or library use. As it is, much of the work is too little compact for a text-book, and too elementary when regarded as a series of scientific essays for adult reading. But be this as it may, "Domestic Science" is a serious literary effort which is calculated to inspire women with reverence, taste, and capacity for their life work, and we trust that it will prove the pioneer of many more books of its kind—books which shall make women independent of empiricism, and teach them that their calling is above even an intelligent trade, and may be exalted to a learned profession—which shall show them that this profession, like all others, has its own code of etiquette and honor, and that they who undertake its responsibilities should feel bound to help the needy and those less skilled than themselves, to eschew all jealousy and slander of sister practitioners, and to keep good faith in every professional relation.

But, say the strong-minded, is a woman to have no thought beyond the four walls of home and the province of charity? We answer, is a merchant to enjoy no conception outside of his shop, or a lawyer beyond his reports? In truth, both men and women who would attain dignity and influence must seek the wide nurture of religion, science, politics, literature, and friendship, and with all the powers of this expanded being devote themselves to their profession.

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Bland (T. A.), Farming as a Profession, swd	(Loring)	$0 30
Büchner (Dr. L.), Die Stellung des Menschen in der Natur, Part 2, swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)	
Commercial and Financial Register, 1870	(Wm. B. Dana & Co.)	1 00
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Hagans (Judge M. B.), Opinion in J. D. Minor vs. Board of Education, swd	(Robt. Clarke & Co.)	
Kapp (F.), Immigration, and the Commissioners of Emigration of N. Y., swd	(New York)	
Littell's Living Age, Vol. XVI., Jan.–Mar., 1870	(Littell & Gay)	
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1870.

The Week.

THE work of Wednesday week, by which Texas was admitted and the proclamation of the Fifteenth Amendment procured on the same day, may serve as a sufficient apology for Congressional inaction during the past seven days. Not absolute inaction, of course, but no great thing accomplished. The Senate admitted the Texas Senators on Thursday, and Gen. Ames on Friday, the latter against the votes of the Judiciary Committee and of one or two others who thought the precedent not a good one. For the rest, it has chiefly discussed the Georgia Bill. On Friday, Senator Morton introduced a bill to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment. The Texas delegation in the House were admitted only after a "scene" in the case of one of them—a Mr. Conner, who proved to be the smallest sort of game, but who was, nevertheless, attacked and surrounded by three or four members, including Mr. Butler, who showed up the young man's immoralities and inhumanity, and called for his exclusion on account of them. A House which reckons John Morrissey among its members, and which has more than once received back an expelled member when re-elected by his constituents, absolutely declined to set up a standard of private character by which to qualify, and left Mr. Butler and Mr. Shanks in a ridiculous minority. Mr. Conner, on being allowed to speak, after admission, soon showed what sort of a constituency had sent him to Washington, and how little mischief he was likely to breed by his example or by his words. On Friday, Gen. Garfield closed the general debate in Committee on the Tariff Bill, which will now be discussed in detail till disposed of.

The Connecticut election took place on Monday, without the benefit of the negro vote under the Amendment, and in inclement weather, which has always in New England been favorable to the Democratic polling. The result is that Gov. English displaces Gov. Jewell, the rest of the Democratic State Ticket is elected, and only the House is Republican. We leave our readers to make the proper reflections on this event, and to judge for themselves how much it was due to the apathy of the Republicans, or to the reaction on the part of the weak-kneed against negro suffrage when it actually loomed up in the near distance, and how much to Democratic misrepresentations and tactics generally. The position of the negro a year hence, not only in Connecticut, but in every Northern State where his enfranchisement is reluctantly endured, will be something curious to observe, the law having done all for him that it can in the way of removing the senseless prejudice against him. If there is one thing more absurd than the late trifling in the Illinois Constitutional Convention about retaining the word "white" in the new instrument, it is the first of April conduct of the directors of the Philadelphia Academy of Music, in refusing to permit Senator Revels to appear there in a very popular and highly respectable course of lectures. These gentlemen are, we believe, all Republicans, with one exception, and *he* voted to admit Mr. Revels like any other of the lecturers. It is fair to say that public sentiment in Philadelphia is decidedly against the directors.

The Supreme Court, we are—for reasons we have given more fully elsewhere—very sorry to say, has decided to reopen the legal-tender cases. This result is of course ascribed, and doubtless correctly, to the votes of the new judges, and the application for a re-hearing to the knowledge possessed by interested parties beforehand of what the opinions of the judges on this legal-tender question is. The report is current that Judge Bradley, before mounting the bench, called a meeting of the Camden and Amboy directors—for whom he was counsel—at his office, and advised them to disregard the late decision of the Court. We do not believe this; but the very fact that such a story can get afloat and receive credence, is a sufficient illustration of the danger to the Court of the process through which it is now going. It will never long survive the loss of popular respect, and there is no surer way of destroying this respect than giving people reason to believe it can be packed for the purpose of procuring a particular decision on a particular question. There is some consolation in the fact—for such it is said to be—that the cases which are now to be argued are two old cases, which were passed on the calendar for the purpose of reaching that of Hepburn *agt.* Griswold, by the decision in which the legal-tender question, in so far as it arose in these two, was to be governed. So that what the Court is now going to do is to allow points which it was understood Hepburn *agt.* Griswold would settle, to be reargued in two other cases.

The arguments in the case of the contending Mayors of Richmond before the U. S. Circuit Court lasted an entire week, Judge Underwood having rendered his decision and granted an injunction against Mayor Ellyson on Thursday last. The facts of the controversy appear to be these: that the new State Constitution prescribes that the election of mayor shall take place in May by the people, but that after Gen. Canby remitted the State to the civil authorities the Legislature passed an enabling act, in accordance with which Gov. Walker appointed a new city council for Richmond, and this council chose Mr. Ellyson for mayor during the interim between March 17 and the May election. Mayor Chahoon held that this enabling act was unconstitutional, and that he was entitled to retain his office until a *legally* qualified successor was appointed. The jurisdiction of the Court to which he appealed for protection was the question first in order, and the most interesting and difficult. It was argued by the defendant's counsel with great clearness and force, and in a strictly professional manner. They properly bestowed their chief attention upon it, and treated as secondary the constitutionality of Ellyson's appointment. They denied that Chahoon was a Federal officer, or, if he was, that that afforded ground of jurisdiction to a Federal court so long as he was a citizen of the same State with the defendant; or that a title to office could be tried in equity, instead of at common law. They maintained that the plaintiff had his remedy in a *quo warranto*, which might be used as well by the incumbent as by the person claiming the office; or in a *mandamus*. But, in fact, he was not the incumbent, his office having been vacated under the Virginia code, which made him ineligible, as a United States Commissioner, to hold a State office; under the enabling act; and by the expiration of the Reconstruction acts.

The plaintiff's counsel manifested far less ability in this part of the argument, and indeed was saved all trouble by the undisguised leanings of the Judge. They neither met the point squarely nor improved all the opportunities which their side afforded, while the Judge himself simply dismissed the matter as not needing argument, giving no reason for his decision. On the other head—the constitutionality of Ellyson's appointment—the advantage was not so decidedly with his counsel, but both Ex-Governor Wells and Ex-Governor Wise disfigured their arguments with stump and street-corner oratory, and the latter especially bored the court—or would have bored any other than Judge Underwood's—with long-winded digressions, in which he frequently found time to announce that he was "a poor naked rebel, and still a rebel, too." In granting an injunction, Judge Underwood seemed to wish to put his action on the same ground as Gen. Canby's interference in behalf of the public peace, and he utterly refused to allow an appeal to be taken. He even closed his court and left the city, while the marshal sought to execute the injunction. After a counter-injunction from the State Circuit Court, the case has been carried up to the United States Supreme Court, on a motion to dissolve the injune-

tion; and, as we write, both mayors continue to exercise a distinct and separate authority as heretofore.

The Mormons held a mass-meeting at Salt Lake City last week, at which a long remonstrance against the Cullom Bill, now before the Senate, was drawn up. It is very strong and animated, and claims divine origin for the institution of polygamy, which, the remonstrants say, "was given by God, through Joseph Smith, to the Church of Jesus Christ's Latter-Day Saints." They denounce the bill, therefore, as a measure of persecution, as unconstitutional in a variety of particulars, as cruel, and as likely to encourage "prostitution and corruption." The provision that marriages must be celebrated as civil contracts before civil officers, they call "a discrimination against the officers appointed by Almighty God," and allege that the bill deprives them of "an ordinance, on the administration of which their happiness and eternal welfare depend." They then stand on their rights, as owners of a Territory settled and cultivated before the United States took charge of it, and cite the tolerant example of France and England in dealing with polygamy in India and Algeria. They are evidently thoroughly in earnest, and are ready to suffer for "the principle of plural marriage," as they call it. The only one of their arguments, however, which it is difficult to meet, is that drawn from the divine revelation to Joseph Smith. When a man says in a political discussion that he does a thing because he has been directed to do it by a message from on high, one has either to withdraw from his presence and leave him his liberty, or take a stick to him. There is no middle course, and the statesman must be guarded in deciding which course he will follow by a consideration of the probable result, and not simply by his own feelings about the character of the message.

General Logan replied very tartly last week to General Sherman's letter. The body of his speech was devoted to an attempt to show that his statements regarding the comparative size of "the staff" of the American army and of that of European armies were correct, but it was not successful. There is no doubt that in his first speech he did include under the term "staff" large numbers of persons who are not so included in European military nomenclature. He also fell, in the last speech, into a curious error about the English army, laying it down as the result of his investigations that not only "the colonel of a regiment is, in nine cases out of ten, a general," which is true, but "that the man who commands a regiment is for the most part called a general," which is untrue. "Colonel" is, in England, practically an honorary title, indicating very much the same relation to a regiment that the title of "proprietor" does, or did before 1866, in the Austrian service. "The man who commands the regiment" is the lieutenant-colonel, and he is a bishop about as often as he is a general.

General Logan says he went with his bill to the War Department before he introduced it, and went over it, section by section, with General Sherman and General Belknap, and that the former made only two objections—one of which was that it mustered out general officers; the other, General Logan did not state. The reason why he introduced the provision prohibiting all army officers from holding any civil office, however humble, in addition to their military rank, and thereby displacing the pure and enlightened patriots who now claim those places, was, it seems, that there are several officers in Virginia who now hold staff appointments in the army while drawing pay as State officers; he furnished a list of these villains, from which it appears that they number ten in all. The only portion of the speech which was really successful was his vindication of himself and the Military Committee of the House from the charge of cruelty or inhumanity toward the soldiers. He pointed out that they were all soldiers themselves who had seen hard service, many of them having been scarred or mutilated on the field, and all of whom had retired into civil life, without other reward than the consciousness of having done their duty, content to let others carry off the glory of the fields on which they had helped to conquer. In talking of all this, General Logan was simple, modest, and dignified, and at times eloquent; but at the very close he broke down, and became transformed once more into a War-horse, and reared up in defence of democracy against the British army, "titled nobility," "dukes," "marquises," and other pernicious persons. He snorted out an enquiry "whether this attack on him meant that this country was to be subverted into the hands of powerful military men, who are to become aristocrats here as they are in Europe;" "whether titles are to be established here;" and "whether a body of nobility are to grow up here?"

We are sorry to say, from all we see and hear, that the answers to these questions must be in the affirmative. It has been commonly supposed hitherto, by theoretical men, that "aristocracy" or "caste" was the result either of conquest or difference of race combined with conquest, or of long ages of turbulence, giving decided advantages to the strong hand and clear head. But it seems impossible to deny any longer that facilities for the growth of caste exist on American soil, such as the territory of the Old World has never offered, and that "a caste" can be got up here, even among men of the same race, within five years, such as paltry old Europe could not turn out in a thousand. The proofs of this we find in the widespread dread of aristocracy which exists among politicians, and politicians are usually shrewd men, who know what is in the wind. There is nothing for which they are so constantly on the watch, and against which they deem it necessary to take so many precautions. For instance, when a reform in the Civil Service was proposed in the House last winter, General Logan opposed it violently, on the ground that it would result in the establishment of an aristocracy; when, last summer, Mr. Curtis, of Boston, had a scuffle in the cars and pulled a man's nose, and had to go to jail for it, three or four hundred indomitable Massachusetts politicians petitioned the Governor not to pardon him, on the ground that he had pulled that nose with the design of "establishing caste in America." We find, too, that nearly every attempt to exact any test or qualification of anybody for the performance of any public duty, has to be given up through fear of "caste." All this shows that the air is thick with "caste," and that it only needs the turning of a hair to convert us all into noblemen and commoners. We are glad, therefore, that the politicians are keeping a bright lookout; but then we should be guilty of unpardonable deception if we professed to believe that they will succeed in warding off the catastrophe. "Caste," we fear, has to come; and when General Logan asked whether the generals "were going to become aristocrats," he may depend upon it he startled many a guilty conspirator in his gilded saloon. He alluded, and not inaptly, to General Sherman's "receptions." What do those "receptions" mean? Where does he get the money to pay the fawning caterer who supplies the suppers? What has a soldier to do with "receptions?" Do the hardy privates who won his battles for him give "receptions?"

The Boston press ought to take notice that its silence regarding the Hartford and Erie swindle, which is now fully exposed, is producing a very unfavorable impression in this sinful part of the world, and is shutting the mouths of those reformers who have been in the habit of pointing to Massachusetts, and especially Boston, as a place New York would do well to copy. The relations of the Hartford and Erie corporation to the Governor and State Legislature have been marked, at least, by extraordinary simplicity on the side of the latter, and most audacious rascality on the side of the former, and have now furnished subject for scandal, to which we have repeatedly called attention for over a year; but all the people have ever learnt of them through the Massachusetts press has come from the *Springfield Republican*. Now, people are very apt to believe the worst of a community whose press is silent about its abuses, the existence of the abuses being known, and we therefore invite our Boston brethren most earnestly to reinforce the *Republican*. It is a little late, we admit, and the *Republican* may not be willing to share its honors, but decency requires some little burst of indignation before the affair blows over.

Some evil-disposed person, writing in the *Times* on Sunday last, makes a most disgraceful assault on the Hon. Horace Greeley. Our readers may remember that Mr. Greeley had a controversy of a very animated kind some time ago with Mr. D. A. Wells about the wool-clip for the year 1868. Mr. Wells set it down, in his last report, at 177,000,000 lbs. For making this statement, Mr. Greeley, in the *Tribune*, heaped ridicule on him—called him a "Munchausen Special," and, sarcastically, "an accurate and accomplished Special Commissioner," and recommended his figures to the Committee on the United States Census, if they desired something "remarkable" for "the introductory remarks for the volumes of the Census Reports in 1870." To this Mr. Wells replied that he had taken his figures from the Report of the President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, namely, that highly respected protectionist, Mr. E. B. Bigelow. The *Tribune* conscientiously refrained from publishing Mr. Wells's letter, and for a time did not even notice his reply, and, when it did so, gave Mr. Wells to understand that the learned and thoughtful conductors of that paper considered him an ass. The dastardly writer in the *Times*, however, has now gone and ferreted out the following passage from Mr. Greeley's great work on the "Science of Political Economy:"

"Mr. Erastus B. Bigelow, an eminent inventor of machinery adapted to the production of woollens, and President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, reports our aggregate product of wool in 1868 at 177,000,000 pounds, or nearly thrice the amount we produced in 1860; while the value of our annual product of woollen fabrics is given by him at $175,000,000, against a like product of $68,865,963 in 1860. And this increase in value is made in defiance of a very considerable reduction in the average price of those fabrics since 1860.

"I have termed the above statements estimates, but they were founded on returns made to the National Association from the various manufactories throughout the country, with nearly all of which it is in correspondence. Their general accuracy is confirmed by the officially reported fact that, while our annual consumption has largely increased, our importation, whether of wool or woollens, is actually *less* in 1868 than it was in 1860."

The discreditable feature in this transaction is, that the *Times* makes no mention of the note in Mr. Greeley's volume, nor yet of the handsome editorial paragraph in the *Tribune*, in which he apologizes to Mr. Wells for insulting him and accusing him of falsehood and misrepresentation. Cannot the *Times* be fair to a great controversialist?

The farce known as the Red River rebellion has at last culminated in bloodshed, the pretender Riel having shot without trial—though with the forms of an examination before a non-English-speaking "court" or "jury"—and in the most brutal manner, one of his opponents by the name of Scott. The news of this outrage will strengthen the purpose of the Home Government to send out an expedition this spring to the Winnipeg country to reassert its supremacy; but the Government of the Dominion gives no sign of being roused even by this extreme of insult and cruelty on the part of "the young Napoleon of the Northwest." Its vacillation and hesitation and concessions through all this business have been thoroughly disgraceful, and its agents have only reflected the timidity and incapacity of the ministry.

The more detailed reports of the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte which continue to come in, furnish curious reading for persons not familiar with French criminal procedure. The examination or cross-examination of witnesses by counsel is unknown in France, that duty being reserved to the Court, and dexterity in it is one of the qualifications of a good judge. But the result is that there are no "rules of evidence." Everything that has the remotest connection with the case is welcome, hearsay of all kinds included; and the witnesses mix up their opinions with their facts somewhat in the style of a parlor narrative, broken by attempts on the part of the judge to trip the narrator up, or point out the moral of what he is saying, or indicate the course which virtue ordained under the circumstances described. At the Bonaparte trial the excitement of the occasion led to nearly everybody having his say, the prisoner included, who from time to time gave the witnesses a piece of his mind, and was "sauced" by them in return. The "statesmen" of the *Marseillaise* covered themselves with glory. Rochefort was "quiet and dignified"—though one part of his testimony was that another man had once told him to beware of the Prince, because he was a sorry rascal. The hero of the occasion was, however, that renowned publicist, Paschal Grousset, also of the *Marseillaise*, whose challenge the unfortunate Noir was carrying, the cause being the Prince's having expressed a desire, in a Corsican paper, that the entrails, or "tripes," as he elegantly expressed it, of the persons connected with that organ, of whom Grousset was one, might be used as manure on the exhausted fields of the island. At the trial Grousset was hilarious; and being asked, as is usual, if he was a relative of the prisoner, replied gracefully that "his [the prisoner's] mother had so many lovers, he could not tell." He followed up this witticism by a vigorous denunciation of the Empire, and had to be removed by the police. Under the radical régime which was to have followed the overthrow of the Empire had the Flourens insurrection succeeded, this man would probably have occupied some high office in the government. Considering that every pains was taken to make the trial decorous and solemn, the report suggests some amusing speculation as to what would have been the nature of the proceedings had Rochefort's demand in the Chamber been complied with, and the Prince been "tried by the people"—that is, by a public meeting of Rochefort's friends and admirers.

As regards politics, it is many a year since France enjoyed so fair a promise of peace and good order. The Emperor has displayed a capacity for giving way which apparently has no limits short of abdication. The Ollivier Ministry, having got over the difficulty of which Jules Favre made so much, about dissolving the Chambers, and taking the sense of the country on the new régime, there remained only the reservation to the Senate of the right of proposing amendments to the constitution to be got rid of to make the Government really and truly constitutional, and this the Emperor has now surrendered. Count Daru's menacing letters about the doctrine of infallibility, which first saw the light in the London *Times*, have, it is said, been repudiated by his colleagues at least as expressions of the sense of the Cabinet—that is, they are not disposed to make any possible action of the Council a reason for withdrawing the French troops. The hopes of the Liberals with regard to the doings of the Council seem to decline as time wears on, and it is more and more doubtful whether anything can shake the Pope, and whether the dogma of infallibility will not after all be adopted, and "the thrones, principalities, and powers" left to make the best of it. The Jesuits argue that several such risings against the Papacy as that in which the Döllingers and Montalemberts and Hyacinthes are now engaged, have occurred already in the twelfth, thirteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and, though powerful at the time, they came to nothing, while the Papacy lived on; and this, they predict, will be the result in the present case.

The troubles in Ireland seem to grow with the trouble taken to appease them. The murders and other agrarian outrages have risen steadily and gradually from 87 in 1866, to 767 in 1869, and they go on increasing in number. The Church Bill and the Land Bill, indeed, appear to stimulate the lawless classes to fresh activity, and not unnaturally. The absence of all serious attempts at Irish reform until the Fenian disturbances began has driven the people, by a very legitimate process of reasoning, to the conclusion that it was the disturbances which brought about the reform, and that, as a corollary from this, the more disturbance they make, the more reforms they will get. They evidently expect, now, as our English Correspondent has pointed out, the transfer of the land in perpetuity to the tenants, and are adopting what appears to them the only efficacious mode of bringing it about. O'Donovan Rossa, who appears to be as troublesome a customer as ever fell into a jailer's hands, has been sending to the *Marseillaise* a highly ornate account of his sufferings in prison, which, if true, would show that English prisons are managed on what might be called demoniacal principles. One of his stories is, that he was yoked to a two-wheeled cart, by a rope run round his neck, and attached to the end of a long pole; when the cart, being loaded with stones, was suddenly allowed to tilt up, with the evident design of hanging him. The prison authorities have published a reply, giving the foundation of this and some other stories, and denying some of his statements point-blank. He is evidently a not over-scrupulous gentleman; but then there is no excuse for treating political prisoners as ordinary convicts.

THE REOPENING OF THE LEGAL-TENDER CASE.

The Attorney-General has applied to the Supreme Court for a re-opening of the legal-tender case, partly because of the importance of the question involved, and partly because of the existence of two vacancies on the bench when the judgment was pronounced, and which are now filled. The Legal-Tender Act was pronounced unconstitutional by four out of seven judges; that is, by a majority of one—the opinion of this one thus outweighing that of a large majority of Congress and of the President, besides that of every State tribunal which has passed on it except one. Upon the decision of the Supreme Court, too, depend not only millions of money, paid or payable under contracts made between private parties, but the exercise by the Government of a power which many consider absolutely necessary to the national safety. Mr. Hoar, therefore, desires to have the question settled by the full Court after another argument, and the Court has granted his request.

Mr. Hoar is not a man from whom any intelligent persons will venture to differ lightly, and especially on a question of law; and even on questions of policy there is no surer or sounder guide. But, then, it is permissible to believe that in making his present application he is acting ministerially, in obedience to a decision of the Cabinet that it is the duty of the Government to sustain, by every means in its power, the presumption on which the legal-tender currency was issued. Moreover, his argument, or at least that portion of it which most interests the public, touched questions of general expediency rather than of interpretation; and we shall, therefore, venture to point out some causes of anxiety, on the part of a large portion of the public, with regard to the whole proceeding, which he has done nothing to remove.

That the Legal-Tender Act has been declared unconstitutional as regards debts contracted before its passage, by a majority of only one, seems an indifferent reason for asking for a re-hearing, inasmuch as the same result may attend the deliberations of a bench of nine. There is in the nature of things no greater reason for respecting a majority of five to four than a majority of four to three. It would, in the former case, be just as great a scandal as in the latter that the judgment of one man should be allowed to outweigh the decision of a majority of Congress, the approval of the President, and the judgment of nearly all the State courts. Indeed, if we come to estimate the judgments of the Supreme Court—as is growing more and more common—by counting the number of heads which concur in forming them, it is almost ridiculous to talk of a majority of eight being in any perceptible degree more respectable than a majority of one, especially if the Court is to be weighed against the Executive, the Legislature, the State courts, and the people. To the arithmetical lawyer or politician the full Court is, even when unanimous, a contemptible body. What are nine judges, after all, as nine *objects*, compared to the millions of voters to whose breath they owe their existence, and from whose pockets they draw their pay? Nothing; and on a count of noses it will always be absurd to ask the majority to pause and abandon its designs because even the whole Court pronounces an act unconstitutional. In short, popular reverence for, or confidence in, the Court cannot possibly survive the addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division which it has been undergoing during the last five or six years. It is only by treating it as a *court*, one and indivisible, and treating its judgment as the voice of the Court, whether pronounced by five, six, seven, eight, or nine judges, that its usefulness as an interpreter of the Constitution can possibly survive. We understand very well, as we said when treating this same subject two years ago, the position of a man who rejects *in toto* the theory that the Court can invalidate an act of Congress, but we do not understand the position of a man who frets and fumes and talks of resistance when only four judges declare a law unconstitutional, but declares his readiness to bow humbly to a similar decision emanating from five judges. There is nothing magical in the number five or in the number nine. Indeed, for mystic power three or seven has claims to respect to which no other arithmetical quantity can make any pretension.

The argument that the decision of the Court should be reconsidered because, when pronounced, two seats on the bench were vacant, would be a cogent one if the number of judges was fixed by the Constitution, and was, therefore, beyond the control of the very body which it is expected to restrain—the majority for the time being in Congress. But, for the very reason that Congress has in its hand the composition of the Court, and can increase the number of judges at pleasure, and that the propriety of increasing their number, by putting on the bench men whose opinions on certain prominent questions had been ascertained beforehand, as a means of reversing disagreeable decisions, has now for several years been talked of by politicians as a legitimate weapon of party warfare, or a legitimate means of evading troublesome constitutional restrictions, we cannot help considering Mr. Hoar's application to have a judgment reopened, for the purpose of getting at the opinions of two new judges, very unfortunate. Should it result in a reversion of the legal-tender decision, we may depend upon it the lesson will not be lost on that active body of gentlemen, in and out of Congress, who hold that all is fair in politics. If the judgment of the Court can be overturned by the advent of two judges to fill vacancies already existing, it can also be overturned by the advent of two, three, or four judges to fill vacancies created by Congress *ad hoc*. And we venture to predict that, should success attend the present move, persons now living will see this done. It may be that the results attained in this way will be useful; that what Congress seeks will always be better than what the Supreme Court thinks lawful; but there is no question that a court manipulated in this way would be one of the most debasing and perverting institutions ever inflicted on a free country. Not only would it make justice a mockery, and bring judicial proceedings into contempt, but it would carry the popular mind further and further away from that sound view of the judicial function and character which is not only one of the noblest and most precious elements in our jurisprudence, but which all calm observers concede to be, combined with popular education, the great, and indeed the only, safeguard of democratic civilization. We may add, he is not a wise friend of the Union who believes that respect for the Supreme Court, and the habit of bowing to its decisions, will play no part hereafter in preserving the Union. The authority of the Court overthrown, the law would often have no better claim on the respect of dissatisfied sections of a vast continent than what the brute force of an excited Congressional majority would give it; and we believe that, as the world grows in wisdom, the calm deliberations of trained interpreters will count for more in securing men's obedience, and the weight of numerical majorities for less, than it now does. We believe this because we believe God intends the human race to be governed finally by what is best in intellect, and not what is most voluminous in sound or most intense in feeling.

Lastly, we think large numbers of thoughtful men feel that Mr. Hoar enormously exaggerates the importance to the Government of the power of making paper a legal tender. He looks at it, if we may judge from his argument, with the eyes of 1862, when he ought to look at it with the eyes of 1870. Judged by history and principles of human nature, the power of making anything which has no intrinsic value a legal tender in payment of debts is one which no civilized community ought to concede to any government, and which no enlightened government ought to ask for. The history of the power in other countries is one of the grossest fraud. The exercise of it is in fact nothing better than legalized cheating, and has always produced the most calamitous effects on public and private morals and on industry; and the efforts of all jurists and politicians should be directed to building up and strengthening, and not to weakening, the presumption that it is neither necessary nor justifiable. Moreover, the very best minds in the country are now divided as to the effect of the legal-tender feature in keeping up the value of the Government notes. It is very doubtful whether the facilities it offered to knavish debtors for paying off their obligations at a heavy discount, in any considerable degree prevented the decline of the greenbacks, and whether they did not owe almost all the value they have at any time possessed to their cheapness as a circulating medium, and the popular confidence in their final redemption.

But however this may be, the magnitude of the evils they have

caused, in lowering the tone of commercial morals and in deranging business, nobody denies, and considering how wildly remote the contingency is that the Government will again find itself in the straits which led to their issue, the question arises whether it is worth while now, by way of provision for it, to break down the Supreme Court, in order to obtain a decision that the perpetration of gigantic fraud is amongst the "necessary" powers conferred by the Constitution on the Government. Why not, in the interest of good faith and of financial order, act on the maxim, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof?" The question may never come up again; let us hope it never will. But if it does, let us labor that the Government may have at its back, in dealing with it, what it had not in 1862—the confidence of the world that when it issues promises to pay they will be redeemed. We may depend upon it that if it should ever issue greenbacks again, the discount they will suffer will be regulated not by what the Supreme Court now says as to its powers of making paper a legal tender, but by what men will remember of its manner of paying its present debts.

It is an immense delusion, to which we are sorry to see Judge Hoar lending his countenance, that the value of Government paper can ever be made dependent on anything but the state of Government credit, *i. e.*, the popular confidence in its honesty. "We care nothing about its legal right to issue this paper," owners of commodities will always say: "what interests us is, whether it is likely to redeem it at par."

SOME CONSIDERATIONS FOR PROTESTANT CONTROVERSIALISTS.

The controversy about the Bible in the schools is rapidly spreading. In this State it promises to furnish, before very long, one of the most exciting political issues we have ever had, owing to the unscrupulousness displayed by the Catholics in obtaining from the Albany Legislature large votes of money—amounting in the present year to half a million of dollars—for the support of their schools. Their success in this sort of operation, too, not unnaturally renders them less disposed than ever to aid their Protestant neighbors in the discovery of a *modus vivendi* on the school question. They do not care whether Bible-reading in the public schools is abandoned, and, indeed, show some signs of being as much opposed to it as the High Protestant party, who consider the Bible-reading one of the most important parts of the school curriculum. As long as the Bible is read at the opening of the school exercises, and is read for the reasons assigned by Judge Storer in the recent decision of the Superior Court in Cincinnati, and by some Protestant clergy, the priests have an argument in favor of separate Catholic schools such as nothing else could furnish them. All the good which, according to the Protestant view, a Catholic child gets by listening to the Scriptures is, according to the Catholic view, so much poison; and, the more eager Protestants show themselves for its administration, the more frantic are Catholics bound to become in escaping from it. The reason, too, is obvious—it is drawn from the very constitution of the Catholic Church. She is, on the Catholic theory, the sole teacher of truth. Nothing which reaches the soul through any other channel, however respectable, is instruction in righteousness. She knows nothing of morals apart from dogma. She recognizes no man as good who is not a good Catholic. The Bible is a good book in the hands of a priest, expounding it in the manner directed by the church; in the hands of a layman, and, above all, of a heretic layman, it is nothing but a snare and stumbling-block.

There are some Protestants, we are sorry to say, into whose heads it seems impossible to hammer a proper comprehension of the Catholic position on this subject, and who, nevertheless, as might be expected, insist on taking a heated and active part in the pending controversy, and never open their lips without making a settlement of it more difficult and more remote. They talk of the Bible as if it occupied the same position in Catholic that it occupies in Protestant theology, and as if the differences between the two churches were simply differences of interpretation—the fact being that the Catholics do not, and never have acknowledged it as a final authority, or as the sole basis of the claims of their church to the respect and obedience of Christendom. All they draw from it is corroborative evidence as to the correctness of the church's own account of its origin and history. For instance, Christ's well-known declaration to Peter, so often cited in support of the supremacy of the Roman See, they treat simply as a corroboration of what has "always, everywhere, and by all" been received and acknowledged as Catholic truth, or, in other words, of ecclesiastical tradition. It is this distinction which gives an air of positive self-stultification to a large number of the arguments in favor of compulsory Bible-reading in the schools, which one hears both from the platform and the bench and the press. Nobody has a right to attack a position, or, at all events, nobody can attack it with success, without understanding it. It is melancholy to listen, as one has nowadays sometimes, to a long string of reasons for not yielding to the Catholic view, every one of which helps to confirm the Catholic in his view—the Catholic being the only person who needs to be convinced, or who is giving any trouble.

The very first thing to be done by Protestants before engaging in the warfare which is now apparently before them, is to strengthen the one weak point in their own case, and that is the removal from the state education of the one feature which prevents it being really and truly secular education simply. It must be remembered that it is not enough that Protestants should acknowledge that the common-school education is simply secular; Catholics must acknowledge it; and Catholics cannot be expected to acknowledge it, on the Protestants' own showing, as long as Bible-reading forms part of it. The very tenacity with which Protestants cling to it they justify on the ground that it *is* religious instruction, and, of course, religious instruction of a Protestant complexion; without it, Judge Storer says the children would be "left without a God in the world;" or, in other words, without a religious creed. The whole system of school instruction should be such that no sect can say that it contains anything likely to help to spread the tenets of any other sect. It will, doubtless, still be said that schools in which no religion is taught are "godless schools," but this we cannot help; for the "godlessness" of schools all sects have a ready remedy by teaching religion at home, or by clerical instrumentality out of school hours. If a system of this kind does not satisfy all, nothing will. No nearer approach to a satisfactory system of state education can ever, in the existing condition of the human mind, be made; and when we have got it into working order, we have the consolation of knowing that it cannot be assailed by any argument which does not touch its very existence; that, in short, there is no pretence or deception about it.

The second thing Protestants have to do, if they mean to bring this controversy to a reasonable and satisfactory settlement within the lifetime of the present generation, is to avoid talking of and treating Catholics as necessarily enemies of free government, and their religion as incompatible with true allegiance to the state in which they live. One hears a good deal of this just now from the pulpit as well as from the platform, and it is both misleading and inexpedient. Nothing can be more absurd, for instance, as well as unfair, than Mr. Hepworth's performance in citing the Pope's Encyclical and the appended Syllabus by way of proving that Catholics are not likely to be good citizens, or are likely to bear divided allegiance, or, in case of a conflict of authority, to side with the Pope rather than with the American Government. All that the Encyclical proves, in the eyes of the best observers, is what the proceedings at the Œcumenical Council are proving every day, that the Pope is a very simple-minded and somewhat fanatical old monk, in the hands of very bad advisers, composed, in the main, of Roman Jesuits. The anxiety the most enlightened Catholics feel about his course is due not to their fear that he will reduce the Catholic world to slavery, but to their fear that he will alienate the Catholic world from religion itself. Nothing can be more preposterous than the assumption that any government is afraid that the Syllabus will weaken its authority, though many Catholic governments do fear that it may complicate their relations with the Catholic clergy, already made very troublesome by the process of secularization through which even the most bigoted Catholic states are passing before our eyes. In no countries is the Papal authority so weak at this moment as in Catholic countries —countries which the Pope has had for ages at his feet. If the Syllabus be a laughing-stock in France and Austria and Bavaria, and even

in Spain, and the greatest Catholic theologians of the European continent make light of Papal pretensions, it is a little too bad to have it used as a red rag in American pulpits to rouse the Protestant bull into fury. The Catholic laity have never in any country, or in any age, accepted the ecclesiastical measure either of the province of the church or of the dues of the state, and they are not likely to make a beginning in the United States. But there is one striking example in history—perhaps the most awful of all the lessons history has to offer—of the folly of treating Catholics as if they *did* believe all the worst and wildest doctrines that could be dug out by controversialists from the ponderous tomes of Catholic theologians and canonists, and that is Ireland. Ireland is what she is to-day because Protestant England has persisted for two centuries in legislating for her on the hypothesis that everything the Pope said, Irish Catholics believed, and that any order he chose to issue they would surely execute. We all see the result; pleasant and successful, is it not?

We do not believe that a true and satisfactory reconciliation of the Catholic Church, as its doctors define it, with modern society will ever be effected. This reconciliation is a dream in which many great Catholics of recent times, from Lammenais to Montalembert and Father Hyacinthe, have sought refuge from distressing internal doubts and conflicts; but one has only to read even a moderate statement of the church's claims, and take even an imperfect view of the condition of modern states, to feel that a dream it must for ever remain. The relations of the Catholic clergy to the state must always be, as they are now, marked by hostility and aggressiveness on the one side and suspicion on the other; but this furnishes no excuse for attempts to drive the Catholic laity into their arms, by pretending to regard them as being in all things the humble and submissive sheep the priests would like to have them. The way the Catholic Church gets along in modern society is by letting the laymen manage politics pretty much as they please; and the only true and statesmanlike course for American Protestants to adopt in dealing with the Catholic laymen is to treat them as men like ourselves, permeated like us by the modern spirit, treading the solid ground of utility in dealing with secular affairs, ready to argue and open to conviction, and not as a parcel of devotees, led by the hand by the monks, fed on legends, and requiring to be followed to the polls by a spiritual director.

We say this on the supposition that no Protestant gentleman has as yet discovered any short and speedy method of getting rid of the Catholics, and that we have to live with and make the best of about 8,000,000 of them, who, if not educated or attached to the Government somehow, are pretty certain to furnish a considerable supply of robbers and murderers, and a disturbing element in our politics of no mean power. But, if anybody has hit on any plan of rooting them out before the next Presidential election, of course we are willing to see it tried, provided it be not too inhuman or treacherous, or does not involve the slaughter of young children. These can, of course, be saved, and brought up in the common schools as indomitable Protestants.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, March 18, 1870.

SINCE I wrote to you, the two great measures of the session have been introduced, and we can form some estimate as to the success by which they are likely to be attended in Parliament. What will be their ultimate effect upon the country is another and, I need not say, a far more difficult question. I will, however, confine myself for the present to the indications thus far afforded by the debates that have taken place. The first point which is obvious is that we have no longer an Opposition. The demoralization of which I have already spoken has shown itself in the most unequivocal manner. The debate upon the Irish Land Bill was simply the dullest that has taken place for many years upon any important topic. Mr. Gladstone succeeded in working himself up to what I may call peroration pitch, and concluded with an elaborate passage, which, partly from its contrast with the dead level of previous oratory, struck most people as a little too highflown in its language. The debate had been rather a conversation; it had resembled a technical discussion between a party of land-agents rather than an animated parliamentary struggle, and, accordingly, Mr. Gladstone's appeal to justice, which would have been effective enough at the critical moment of a protracted contest, fell a little flat. Mr. Bright's absence (which I fear is likely to be prolonged for some time) was, of course, a great injury to the discussion; but the real fact was, that it was a sham battle, and that nobody—not even an excited Irish member—could demean himself quite as if it was the real thing. Mr. Disraeli's assault had lost its usual point, and he confined himself chiefly to some rather harmless epigrams, and to one unlucky suggestion, which Mr. Gladstone easily exploded. There was no heart in the fight, and the insignificant minority of some twelve members could hardly make head to any purpose. The same phenomenon has not quite reproduced itself in the education debate, which is expected to close to-night; but here, too, there is a want of any marked animation. Mr. Forster, to whose rising influence I have more than once called your attention, spoke in his usual style of rough, honest sincerity, which always seems to be specially attractive to the House of Commons, and a few other old stagers came out in their ordinary character; the House, however, was for the most part only half attentive, and was chiefly occupied by the performances of some of our youthful Radicals. None of them, with the exception of a Mr. Winterbotham—who speaks as the representative of the dissenters, and produced a considerable effect—had a very decided success; and, in short, so far as talking is concerned, the session may be said to have been hitherto very dull. The effect of the late Reform Bill seems to be that the House has an unusual proportion of men of business rather than orators; and the atmosphere seems more congenial than of old to quiet, matter-of-fact discussion, and less fitted for bursts of rhetoric. This, however, may be merely apparent; and, if no great vivacity has been hitherto exhibited, there are evidently the seeds of future discords.

To explain this, I will attempt to point out what is, in my opinion, the true position of the Government. They have, as you know, an overwhelming majority, and Mr. Gladstone is probably more omnipotent than any minister has been since the days of the younger Pitt, unless Sir R. Peel's administration before the corn-law difficulty be an exception. Moreover, a very large number of members are specially pledged to the support of Government, and, indeed, of Mr. Gladstone personally, owing in a great measure to his extraordinary popularity throughout the country. Finally, the independent Liberals have suffered from the elevation of Mr. Bright, and the absence of any good leader in his place. The consequence is that Government may do pretty much what they please. Two main courses, however, were open to them. They might have relied upon their majority to force through strong liberal measures, with the possible danger of encountering a strong opposition in the House of Lords. They may also rely upon their strength to neglect the Radicals instead of the Conservatives, with the danger, in this case, of separating themselves from the most energetic and thoroughgoing members of their party. As a matter of fact, it is this last course which they have chosen, and I do not say that they are wrong. The advantage is that, by offering a fairly effective measure, though not one calculated to please extreme politicians, they are certain to get something done. The Conservatives will accept their offer, for fear of something worse behind; and a knot of discontented Radicals can do nothing but grumble and appeal to the future. In the Education Bill, the main points at issue have been two: Shall we have compulsion? and shall we have denominational or secular schools? Government would have satisfied the Radicals by going in distinctly for universal compulsion and for a secular system. They have preferred to shelve the responsibility by leaving the question in all cases to the districts concerned. The Conservatives see that this will give a great advantage to the Church of England schools, which are the chief body now in possession of the field, and which, resting as they do upon the support of the clergy and the richer classes, will probably be able in most cases—especially in country districts—to secure the support of the proposed school-boards. Accordingly, bigoted Tories such as Lord R. Montagu and Mr. Beresford Hope have accepted the Government measure, and were its warmest supporters in the debates. The Radicals have been furious, and have moved an amendment upon the second reading (rather an unusual course), with a view of expressing their own views. Their amendment will, of course, be rejected by an overwhelming majority; but there is a strong and growing feeling in the country in its favor. The desired alterations, or something equivalent to them, will perhaps be carried in committee, for Government seem to show themselves tolerably squeezable; but, if they should be thrown out in the House of Lords, Government can hardly reject the measure in the form in which they originally brought it forward. Accordingly, it is highly probable that, in this education matter, the ultimate result will be the passing of a bill which will cause great dissatisfaction to a large number of the Liberal

party, and may possibly lead to a continued agitation. Without, however, going more fully into the question, it is, I think, clear that even the present scheme will be a great step in advance; and I could not condemn Government for having rather secured what was practicable than aimed at an ideal perfection.

The course pursued in regard to the Irish Land Bill is substantially similar, though the body of malcontents will not be large. The measure is accepted even by some extreme Radicals, such as Mr. Maguire and The O'Donoghue, subject to certain proposed alterations in committee. The Irish national party in Ireland itself, of course, continue to protest, and I do not fancy that they are likely to be soon appeased. I asked a very experienced Irish land-agent, the other day, what effect the bill would produce amongst the peasantry, and his answer was very simple: "They will not be satisfied. And why? Because their rents may still be raised." That is about the long and short of it. The peasantry really wished to get hold of somebody else's property. Whether they were right or wrong is more than I can say; but no measure which did not amount to giving it them would really meet their demands. They required confiscation, and they have merely got a simplification and improvement of existing rights. There is also the fact that evictions will be rendered much more difficult, and, in this way, some of the scandals which have previously caused so much indignation will be avoided for the future. As a general rule, however, landlordism will still be maintained in Ireland, though some of the more offensive manifestations of the landlord spirit will be restrained or annihilated. People whose object it was to get rid of the landlords will therefore not be satisfied. I think that any plan which would really have gone any way towards satisfying them would have been impracticable without something like a revolutionary spirit in England. Mr. Mill's scheme would have done something; but, short of that, all that we can anticipate is that a measure of reform will gradually commend itself to the people, if firmly enforced by the authorities. In this case, as I have said, little or no Parliament opposition is to be dreaded. On the other hand, the feeling in Ireland continues to be extremely unpleasant. Government have been forced—and it is an unpleasant coincidence with the proposal of pacificatory measures—to introduce a bill for preserving the peace. Numerous murders have lately been committed, and no convictions have been obtained. The agrarian offences of all kinds, which in 1866 were 87, were in 1867, 123; in 1868, 160; and in 1869, 767. Since 1852 and 1847 there has not been so much crime, and even then the agrarian crimes were not so numerous. To meet this, it is proposed to add a special force of detective police, to put the sale of arms and ammunition under very severe restrictions, and to give powers for proclaiming certain districts as disturbed, in which these rules and the right of searching houses will be made more stringent than elsewhere. There will also be additional powers for examining witnesses, arresting suspicious strangers, and, in certain cases, sentencing culprits in a summary way to short periods of imprisonment; of trying them in places beyond the range of local intimidation; and, in some cases, of raising compensation for injuries from the districts in which they occurred. Finally, additional powers are asked for the suppression of treasonable newspapers.

This measure is, it must be confessed, a tolerably strong one; but the case is one which will not admit of temporizing. Government will, I have no doubt, be supported in their policy, and I hope it may produce a good effect. Meanwhile, it is plain that Ireland is not yet pacified by the reforms we are trying to carry out. A dark and troubled future is still before us, though we may hope for an ultimate improvement with the removal of the worst grievances. Upon this, however, I will not dwell. I have tried to point out the present attitude of our Government, and I must leave the task of commenting upon it to your readers. I will content myself with saying that they promise to do a good deal of work, but whether that work is as thorough as might be desired is a matter for much discussion.

Correspondence.

STEEL RAILS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The reputation of your journal for intrepid facing of facts shall be my apology for asking space to reply to the article in your number of March 10 called "The Secret of the Rise on Steel." You say that A. S. Hewitt, in his report, remarks that he found "the vilest trash which could be dignified by the name of iron went universally by the name of the American rail." You then say that Americans not only risk their lives upon this trash, but insist upon paying more for it than other nations pay for the best rails, and you add, "Patriotism demands a disregard of danger. . . . . American industry must be protected even at the price of periodical railway slaughters."

This appears exactly fitted, if not intended, to convey the idea that Mr. Hewitt declared rails of American manufacture to be universally regarded as the vilest trash, that such American-made trash is the cause of railway slaughters, and that the protectionists, by their success in maintaining a duty upon iron and steel rails, have forced the country to use this home-made trash, and are thus responsible for those slaughters, as also for the costly transportation brought about by accidents and by speedy destruction and renewal of roads.

I will now quote Mr. Hewitt's own words, of which you give but a part (see his Report, pages 10, 11, and 12): "In the Welsh iron-works it is notorious that the quality of the article produced is directly proportioned to the price paid for it, and in my visits to those gigantic establishments which have grown up in the mountains of South Wales, it was humiliating to find that the vilest trash which could be dignified by the name of iron went universally by the name of the American rail. This is no fault of the Welsh iron-master, but has arisen from the almost universal practice of late years on the part of American railroad companies and contractors of purchasing the lowest priced article that could be produced." To the stupidity and reckless extravagance of those customers more than to any other cause, Mr. Hewitt says, "is due the necessity of almost annual renewals of rails in the United States, and the financial troubles of so many of our leading lines of railway." The Welsh iron-masters, he continues, would greatly prefer to make good iron. "But the inexorable law of competition and the unremitted cry for cheap iron in America have left them no choice."

Further on, Mr. Hewitt says that there is no difficulty in making in America the best qualities of iron and steel "with as little expenditure of human labor as the most favored countries of Europe. But the problem presented for solution to the American iron-master has not merely been to procure this labor at as low a cost as it is obtained in Europe (a requirement utterly impossible to be met), but to produce the highest grade of material in competition with the price of the poorest foreign article." "For the difference in the price of labor a remedy may be found in the tariff, but for the other exaction there is no remedy but greater intelligence on the part of the consumers," and responsibility at law.

Having thus shown what your own witness really says, I state of my own knowledge, as director in an American iron company producing rails, what is well known to all makers and consumers of rails in this country, that the Welsh-made "American rail" is being driven out of use in this country by the superior American-made iron rail, by a "guaranteed" English rail of really good quality, by European steel rails, and lastly by American steel rails. American-made iron rails have all along commanded a higher price here than the Welsh-made rails, and have been habitually used by those companies which had the common sense to prefer and the means to pay for them, as, for instance, the Pennsylvania Central; while other companies not possessing those advantages, as, for instance, the Erie, bought the English-made rails of which Mr. Hewitt speaks, and which have been latterly known as the regular Erie rail. Several of the worst accidents upon American roads (among them, I believe, those very Carr's Rock and Long Island slaughters which you charge by implication to the tariff) have been clearly traced to the breaking of cheap English rails, and the Erie Company at least has since been laying down both American and English rails of better quality.

Permit me to say that you entirely misapprehend the question when you conceive that the proposition to set a duty of 2 cents per pound upon steel rails is inspired by fear on the part of American rail-makers of the effects to flow from the expiration of the Bessemer patent, and is advocated by none but those selfish and bloated American rail-makers. I have now before me a copy of a memorial to Congress, signed by twenty-one presidents of leading American railroad companies and by other prominent men interested in American roads, showing that until the Americans seriously undertook the making of Bessemer rails, the English charged $150, gold, per ton for those rails; that the American competition has brought down that price to $79, gold, per ton; that the railroads of this country cannot afford to see the American works destroyed; and finally *urging upon Congress the imposition of this specific duty of two cents per pound* which has so excited your wrath. Jay Gould, the President of the Erie Railroad, having been applied to for his signature to a memorial

asking for the removal of duty upon steel rails, refused to sign it, on the ground that such a tariff ought to be levied as would permit them to be made here.

The fact is that the English expected to derive great spoils from this country by the sale to us of Bessemer steel; they have had but limited success, and now see the sceptre departing from them. "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*" The process was so novel, it involved so many points of chemistry which were abstruse if not mysterious, it required so great a plant of capital, the suitable materials were so comparatively rare, that a dawning monopoly opened to the English gaze, and no means were spared to fortify that monopoly. One of the devices employed was the reiterated assertion that certain peculiar substances were indispensable to the manufacture: the refractory English ganister, the German spiegeleisen, ores and coals free from phosphorus and sulphur. This was a very effective bugbear, as I well remember, for my company intended to make Bessemer rails, and the chemical questions involved were usually laid before me. We could afford the outlay, we could master the construction, a refractory material to replace ganister could be found, spiegeleisen could be imported, ores and coal nearly free from sulphur were plenty enough, but phosphorus—there was the rub. All accessible American ores contained phosphorus in excess of the very limited percentage which English authorities declared to be fatal. As I had, in introducing another industry, encountered and overcome similar gloomy prognostications, the great phosphorus ghost did not greatly abash me, and it was at last laid when a railroad company sent to our mill to be punched a large quantity of the most approved Bessemer rails: an average sample of the bits of steel punched out contained by analysis a percentage of phosphorus far in excess of the orthodox limit. My company finally decided, however, not to adopt the Bessemer process, believing that better results could be attained by other methods which we are now building for, and this fact may aid in showing the irrelevancy of your idea that the approaching expiration of the Bessemer patent alarms American rail-makers into calling for a higher duty. I have never heard that reason suggested except by you.

The buyers of steel rails desire, as has been shown, to have the duty of two cents per pound levied upon them when imported, and this for the purely selfish reason that they know the maintenance of American establishments at a fair profit to be the only means of escaping from the exactions of foreign rail-makers. Another fact, demonstrating in like manner the substantial unity of interest which American consumers and producers have in sustaining a protective policy, as the condition of low prices to the former and of reliable hold upon life to the latter, may interest you, since you speak also of pig-iron. When it became known that the Committee of Ways and Means had reported a Tariff Bill proposing a reduction of the duty upon pig-iron (ostensibly that the great consumers of pig-iron, the rolling-mills, might have relief), the American Iron and Steel Association addressed to every important rolling-mill which was accessible to them the simple question whether such a reduction was desirable.

Among more than a hundred of answers, only one replied favoring the proposed reduction. Not only did all the others oppose any reduction, but many of them took the pains to express most emphatically their conviction that in no other way was cheap pig-iron to be had in the present or in the future than by maintaining the duty, and thus tempting capital into extending the manufacture of it. Be it remembered that these were the answers of the largest consumers of pig-iron, who were not interested in its production, who know as well as most men upon which side their bread is buttered, and who, looking merely to their own interest as permanently wanting abundant and cheap pig-iron, opposed the moderate reduction of $2 per ton from the import duty which the committee had proposed. On the other hand, I know that certain colossal producers of pig-iron felt quite indifferent, if not indeed distinctly favorable, to the reduction, on the ground that it would, by checking some of their smaller rivals, bring about a better future for themselves.

This communication is already so long that I will abruptly conclude it with the remark that the protectionists who are practically interested as producers in the maintenance of a strong tariff are surprisingly undemonstrative. They feel well assured that the common sense of the country will not permit its industries to be ruined for the benefit of its principal rival and enemy; resting in this assurance, they look upon the attempted free-trade reaction as a rather harmless pastime, not hurting them, but amusing the free-traders, and therefore make little active resistance.

For my own part, I echo the desire you expressed in your number of March 3, that the vexed question may now be arranged in such manner as to remain undisturbed for some years at least.

A Metallurgist.

[The above is but one of a number of communications of like character called forth by the article criticised. As it is of general interest and value in other than its tariff aspects we publish it, one for all. If our language was "exactly fitted, if not intended," to convey the idea that all American-made rails were vile trash, we certainly were very unfortunate in expressing ourselves. Not only are as good rails made in America as anywhere in the world, but, in the passage criticised, we expressly limited our remarks to what is made and known in Europe as the "American rail." No one but our correspondent, we imagine, misunderstood us. That rail he denounces as severely as we. To it he attributes the Carr's Rock and Long Island slaughters. Well, that rail, truly called "vilest trash," under our tariff system probably cost the American people as much as steel rails are now selling for in Liverpool. We know, as well as our correspondent, something of that now famous memorial of railroad presidents in favor of the increased duty on steel rails. Is our correspondent aware how many of the signers of that memorial were themselves interested in making steel rails? Does he know who declined to sign it, and how many signed it out of sympathy for old friends caught in a bad scrape? Does he know how many railroads have sent in officially strong protests against that curious document? If he has information on these points, we are somewhat surprised at his reference. We are equally surprised at hearing him quote Jay Gould as an authority on any subject relating to the *honest* management of railroads. Mr. Gould is a very able man, we believe, and also quite an astute one; we have never heard of his being peculiarly noted for disinterestedness.

The fundamental fact on which we insist is this: steel is essentially a raw material. In the form of rails, it is the raw material of transportation; in other forms, it is a raw material essential to innumerable manufacturing industries. That raw material, on which both life and prosperity so intimately depend, it is proposed to heap all over with taxation. That taxation is directly responsible for the loss of their foreign markets to those who outnumber the producers of steel fifty to one; that same taxation, by making us pay for the refuse of foreign foundries what other nations pay for the highest class of rails, is directly responsible for those slaughters to which we have referred. This is no question of protection or free trade, properly speaking. The protectionist bases his whole argument on the encouragement of industry, which cannot be reached by the taxation of the raw material which is essential to that industry. Steel is especially such a raw material, and to tax it is contrary to every cardinal principle either of free-trade or of protection.

As for the "harmless pastime" to which our correspondent refers in his closing paragraph, he is welcome to his little joke; only we beg to assure him that certain unfortunate makers of edged tools, etc., to whom we could refer, and who represent more American capital and American industry than all the steel producers of the country told three times over, regarded that rise on steel against which we protested as anything but a "harmless pastime."—Ed. Nation.]

OPPOSITION OF WOMEN TO FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of March 24, an article headed "The Vexed Question" demands some notice, though evidently written by one who has not kept pace with the history of the times or with the question which has claimed his reluctant attention.

It is no new assertion, nor is it denied, that "there is almost, if not quite, as much opposition to women voting among women as there is among men," though it would be difficult to prove it. Ignorant and superficial and frivolous as so many women are under the operation of unjust laws, shut out from so many avenues to improvement, and anxious only to please men, is their opposition strange? Many, even of those who did think, were unwilling to subject themselves to contumely and ridicule by a demand for suffrage, and the right to help to make the laws under which

they were taxed and imprisoned. Was it any argument against emancipation that the slaves were contented and did not wish for their freedom?

At a woman's rights convention, held in Syracuse in 1852, the following resolution was offered by Lucretia Mott:

"That as the imbruted slave, who is content with his own lot, and would not be free if he could (if any such there be), only gives evidence of the depth of his degradation; so the woman who is satisfied with her inferior condition, averring that she has all the rights that she wants, does but exhibit the enervating effects of the wrongs to which she is subjected."

The writer in the *Nation* asserts that "not an instance is known in the country's history in which women, duly authorized to speak for their sex, have asked for legislation and been denied." For more than twenty years "women duly authorized to speak" have reiterated their demands, which, except in a few instances, have been denied or ignored. He who denies or ignores this fact reads our country's history to little purpose.

In the first Woman's Rights Convention, held at Seneca Falls, in 1848, James Mott, of Philadelphia, in the chair—Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and others assisting in the deliberations—the following resolutions, among others, were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That all laws which prevent woman from occupying such a station in society as her conscience shall dictate, or which place her in a position inferior to that of man, are contrary to the great precept of nature, and therefore of no authority.

. . . "*Resolved*, That it is the duty of the women of this country to secure to themselves their sacred right to the elective franchise."

At the Worcester Convention, in 1850, it was

"*Resolved*, That every human being of full age, etc., who is required to obey law is entitled to a voice in its enactments; that every such person, whose property or labor is taxed for the support of government, is entitled to a direct share in such government. Therefore,

"*Resolved*, That women are clearly entitled to the right of suffrage, and to be considered eligible to office; the omission to demand which, on her part, is a palpable recreancy to duty, and the denial of which on the part of man no longer to be endured; and that every party which claims to represent the humanity, civilization, and progress of the age, is bound to inscribe on its banner, 'Equality before the law, without distinction of color or sex.'"

In that convention many women, "duly authorized to speak for their sex," asked for legislation, but asked in vain.

In the Worcester Convention for 1851, one of the resolutions claims "that, while we would not undervalue other methods, the right of suffrage for women is, in our opinion, the corner-stone of this enterprise, since we do not seek to protect woman, but rather to place her in a position to protect herself." Another: "That it will be woman's fault if, the ballot once in her hand, all the barbarous, demoralizing, and unequal laws relating to marriage and property do not speedily vanish from the statute-book."

I will not take time to quote from the many admirable resolutions passed at that time, and subsequently, from year to year, enforced by petitions to State and national legislatures, and advocated by many women "duly authorized to speak for their sex," who still ask that the word "male" should be stricken from every State constitution, but ask in vain. It seems very clear, then, that "men, as men, *are* responsible for the exclusion of women from the polls."

The "thoughtful sceptic," who is unconvinced by Mr. Beecher, Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Livermore, and others, and who fears that the heavens will fall if justice is done, is still distressed lest politicians of the lowest type, men and women, would for ever rule, and believes, or seems to believe, with some of the subjects of monarchical governments, that "every one who applies to be registered as an elector should be required to copy a sentence of English in the presence of the registering officer, and to perform a sum in the single rule of three." The same fear has always beset "the ruling classes" when the question of equality has been under discussion, but the results, so far as tried, have proved their fears to have been groundless.

"Our ship of state has taken on a heavy load," it is true, but her timbers are staunch, and when she is fairly on her right course, we must trust that she will float smoothly into safe waters, so that timid souls need no longer quake.

It is yet to be proved that we have, "under pressure of necessity, lowered the tone of American citizenship by admitting 400,000 ignorant voters at the South." The ignorant slaves, men and women, knew enough to be loyal, which was more than their masters did, and it is paying a poor compliment to the schools and press and pulpits of our land to imagine that our ship of state must inevitably sink under its load of ignorance and crime, if the principles of republican government are fairly carried out. Let us hope, then, that our timid sceptic may have more courage and a fuller faith.

M. C. W.

[The space accorded to the above letter had been set apart for the conclusion of the series of our Orange correspondent, which is now, however, postponed till next week. After that, we must ask to be spared discussion on the woman question, in order to give proper attention to other topics of immediate and perhaps not less importance.—Ed. Nation.]

MINORITY REPRESENTATION—OBJECTIONS TO THE BUCKALEW PLAN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The question of minority representation has of late been discussed with such earnestness and candor, and the principle, wherever it has been tried, has worked so well, that the time cannot be far distant when an experiment will be made on a large scale, and a chance given to prove the adaptability to our institutions of some one of the many schemes which have been brought forward—all with the intention of giving the minority in politics a chance to be heard and felt in executive, judicial, and legislative proceedings. Assuming that the principle is correct (though many politicians will deny this on the start), it only remains to decide which of the various methods which have been proposed is best adapted to the use of the people of this country.

The method proposed by Mr. Buckalew, and which he calls the "free and unrestricted vote," is perhaps as simple as any, but still does not have all the advantages which he claims for it. A voter needs to be of more than average intelligence to be able, without assistance, to "cumulate" his votes properly so as to subserve his party ends. And here is where this system must inevitably fail. In the first place, it will be necessary to inform the great mass of voters what is to be done, and to direct them how to perform the mere manual labor; and, secondly, it will be found that the whole cumulative process must be directed by one head. For, let us suppose that, in a State where 500,000 votes are cast, of these one party polls 260,000, and the other 240,000. If, then, 150 members of Assembly are to be elected, the first party should be represented by 78 members, the second by 72. Now if the first party, either presuming on their strength, or from want of a concerted understanding in regard to their action, should attempt to elect the whole of the 150 candidates, each candidate would receive 260,000 votes. If, at the same time, the second party, strictly obeying orders, should concentrate their votes on 138 candidates, each of these candidates would receive nearly 261,000 votes, and would thus be elected, while their opponents, though in a majority, would have but 12. This is an extreme case, it is true, but yet one not unlikely to occur, if the cumulative process is left to the individual voter. But a further case will make the failure of the system no less evident, by enabling a minority of the people to elect a majority of the legislature. Let the parties and number of votes thrown be the same as before. If then the first party should attempt to elect 85 candidates, each of these 85 would receive nearly 459,000 votes; while the second party, voting for 78 candidates, would give each of them 461,000 votes. Thus, 78 of one, and but 72 of the other party, would be elected, thus reversing the true proportion. This would be "minority representation" with a vengeance. And by just as much as parties approach equality in numbers, just so much more chance is there that such a state of things might occur.

Now, what is the remedy? There is but one, and that is a perfect subordination to a general headquarters or committee, who should issue orders as to how many and what candidates should be voted for. Thus, the right to choose on whom to confer a vote would be practically taken away from the individual voter; and where the right of choice is denied, all interest in voting would soon disappear. Every man would be compelled to vote as the central committee might dictate, for fear of injuring or destroying the power of his party. Some advantage would be gained by making the districts in which a general ticket was to be voted on as small as possible; but still the central committees of these districts must needs have almost supreme power. And, even after surrendering his right of choice in all but local elections, the voter might find that, by a carelessness or rashness on the part of the central committee—as, for instance, by ordering a larger number of candidates to be voted for than it was in the power of the party to elect—the surrender of his rights had produced only evil effects.

The general expenses of elections would also be increased; as, in a population like ours, always open to new ideas, and ready to adopt the most opposite principles in close succession, the vote in an election which took place a year before would not be sufficient to decide on the relative numbers of political parties. Extensive and careful canvasses must be made, at great trouble and expense, in each year, and under the superintendence of the controlling committee.

Moreover, it has been found that corruption steals into politics more easily when the power is in the hands of a few than when it is distributed among a large number. The tendency towards corruption in elections already calls for the interposition of some barrier against the powerful few; and if, instead of interposing this barrier, and calling on the people to exert their rights, and to overthrow the oligarchy, which rules by cheating, and cheats by ruling, more power than ever is placed in their hands, where the power must be placed if the principle of the cumulative vote is to prevail, no one can tell to what depths of degradation politics may be brought.

B.

PROTECTION TO ALL INDUSTRIES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I must confess to considerable amusement in reading your comments on my last communication. You free-traders cannot understand logic. When I say that the most effectual way to protect American shipping is to prohibit by law all carriage, whether of freight or passengers, to or from American ports, except in American bottoms, you, with a comical air, as if this time you had propounded a clincher, reply, "Want of familiarity with international usage, not unpardonable in a mere *littérateur*, has led him, perhaps, to overlook the little circumstance that if we exclude foreign vessels from our ports, foreign nations will exclude our vessels from their ports." My dear sir, it is just here that the logic of protection comes in. This is just what we radical protectionists want. On the point of limiting the carrying trade to and from our own ports to American owned and manned vessels we are, I admit, a little in advance of public opinion; not so in regard to non-intercourse. Repeatedly and fearlessly has Mr. Greeley maintained of late years in the *Tribune* that it would be a blessing to this country if all imports could be shut out for the next ten years. The contingency which you so complacently assume I "overlook" would accomplish this very result. "Mere *littérateur!*" Let me assure you, sir, logic on this question has no terrors for me.

Let foreign nations shut us out, and let us shut foreign nations out. What other or better protection can we protectionists desire? This goes to the root of the free-trade fallacies, and secures American industry from competition with pauper labor. Whom, I ask, would this harm? Would it harm America, with its boundless production of food, merely shut off from exchanging it for European luxuries? Not much, I opine. The free-traders would doubtless say that the agriculturist would not raise food if he had no market to which to send it. Another fallacy! Why need he raise food which he cannot sell? These things settle themselves if they are but left alone. Let him turn his industry to smelting pig-iron. He will do it fast enough if it is as profitable as Mr. Wells asserts. Give the country but protection enough, and it will not lack industries. It seems to me as if the *Nation* did not understand the versatility of the American character. There are to-day hundreds of branches of industry which do not spring into life simply because they are kept out of existence by the blighting influence of European pauper labor.

I do not, for one, believe in silence on these subjects; nothing in the long run is gained by blinking one's logical convictions. However it may be with others, I have not studied and pondered Carey and Greeley in vain. I want protection that *is* protection. I want it for myself against the Grub-street hacks of London. I am willing to concede it to all others against every form or result of foreign industry. Taking this position, I raise my voice everywhere and at all times against the existing dilution of a good strong draught. I want the iron people, the coal-miners, the wool-growers, the cotton-spinners, the salt-producers, all and each, and as many more as come, to have full and satisfactory protection; I ask the same for myself. I use their iron and wear their fabrics and season my food with their salt; do they read my books? I would not take from them, why should they not give to me? My profession of author is to-day the worst paid and least protected method of earning one's bread which any American can select; I have myself worked, and done good work, for the wages of a hod-carrier at the very time that my publisher (bitter mockery lurks in the expression!) was coining money by stealing the labors of foreign authors to drive me out of the market. Is this right? is it fair? No, sir; protection is like Mr. Bob Sawyer's punch: if it does you any harm, it's because you fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough. Protect everything, say I; and what more efficacious way of doing this can be suggested than by bringing about that very non-intercourse which you supposed I had overlooked?

That the good day is near at hand when America may be reserved wholly for Americans, is the confident hope of

A Poor Author.

Boston, Mass., April 4, 1870.

A CRUEL HOAX.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I was not a little amused at your reception of the communication from "A Poor Author" in your last issue. The New York *Times* indulged in a good laugh the other day at our English cousins, some of whom had accepted sundry of our political sarcasms as veritable statements of fact or opinion. Clearly, my dear sir, you have been very neatly "taken in and done for" after this fashion by this "Poor Author." I am very well aware that a Boston "protectionist" is a most absurd creature. But "you may bet your bottom dollar," as they say out West, that he is not equal to quite so sublimely absurd a thing as that letter in dead earnest. You have been victimized, and I have no doubt this perfidious "free-trader" is at this moment chuckling over the success of his operation.

Yours sympathetically, A. B. Hervey.

Peabody, Mass., April 4.

[We have received several other warnings against this "Poor Author." If he has really taken us in, and is simply a free-trader, all we can say is that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that we pity him. The real sufferer in cases of fraud is not the victim, but the heartless perpetrator.—Ed. Nation.]

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AND ENGLISH EMIGRATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In commenting on my letter on the subject of emigration, you speak of it as addressed to the London *Daily News*. I think it right to state to you that it was addressed not to the *Daily News*, nor to any journal, but to a friend; and that it was not intended for publication.

Yours faithfully, Goldwin Smith.

Ithaca, March 31, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. began, with No. 15 of their illustrated *Every Saturday*, the new story by Mr. Dickens, called, not after his usual fashion, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Along with the advance sheets, they have also—and we think wisely—secured the English illustrations drawn by Mr. Fildes under Mr. Dickens's supervision. No American artist is competent to this task, or could be. As if to prove this, Mr. Sol Eytinge, who made the designs for the "Diamond Dickens" of this house, furnishes a cartoon, "Mr. Pickwick's Reception," for the number of *Every Saturday* referred to. Mr. Pickwick, seated on a little knoll, passes in review the legion of Mr. Dickens's characters, with Sam Weller at his side to point them out. The familiar faces are neither Mr. Eytinge's nor Mr. Dickens's; they are the creations of Cruikshank or of "Phiz," and not to have borrowed them would have been simply impossible. In them the novelist and the artist have a curious "divisum imperium" and joint immortality.——Of late there have been published by respectable physicians several medical treatises, designed for popular reading and instruction, of notably good intention, if not in all cases to be entirely approved for judgment or scientific accuracy. To this class must now be added, apparently, a work announced by Messrs. Wood & Holbrook: "Talks to My Patients; or, Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well." The author is Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M.D., of the Elmira Water-Cure, and, as is natural, it is her own sex that she undertakes to instruct in the knowledge needful to women as a preparation for marriage, and a guide afterwards. We believe the book is the first of its kind written by a woman, and if well done, it will probably effect more good than any written by a man of equal attainments could do.——It will be good news to everybody who has "wept at the grave of Adam" in company with Mr. Mark Twain, and has

laughed everywhere else with that light-minded young man, to hear that he is going to edit a department of the *Galaxy*—or rather that he is going to write a department of the *Galaxy*. We do not hear that he is to have any assistants or contributors, though that he should is perhaps to be desired.

—We have not infrequently called attention to various modes of advertising by which the human mind is sought to be seduced into purchasing this or that man's wares or services. None of our readers but has seen the colored lithograph or oil print of the insurance company, the illuminated calendar of stationer or tradesman, the colored perspective of the "only feasible metropolitan railway," the hatter's mock gold coin which serves as his card, the photograph of the new building of the daily paper—in short, the thousand-and-one devices appealing to our love of art and of the beautiful. In the midst of these lately appeared the advertising sheet of the *Aldine Press*, which at first was chiefly remarkable for the quantity of ink lavished upon the blackest of Doré's designs, and for typographical inaccuracies in the text. It has since improved in these respects, though its faith in much ink is still strong, and though the toned paper on which it is printed is calculated to deceive the unskilled as to the character of the press-work. From the University Press at Cambridge has been issued, within a fortnight, a still more novel illustrated advertising sheet called *American Enterprise*, consisting entirely of full-page engravings—all the work of Mr. Linton, after Hennessy, Darley, and Bellew—without other text than the legends affixed to each plate; it being left to a plain supplement to describe the enterprise more particularly, and set forth the merits of each advertiser. These elaborate cartoons are not given away, but sold at a moderate price. We commend the press-work of them to the proprietors of the *Aldine Press*.

—A late number of *Nature* describes an important undertaking of the Geographical Society of Bombay. It is nothing less than a complete geographical index of India, "in vernacular and English spellings, with memoranda—geographical, etymological, antiquarian, and statistical." How vast and minute the scheme is will appear from the first section, which embraces "names of towns, villages of any size or note, railway stations, etc., with the taluka and district or state in which each is situated, its longitude and latitude; the population; name of the river or stream on which each is situated; altitude above the sea-level; the dates and names of founders; the etymology of the name, the Sanskrit or ancient name; notes of connected events, peculiar products or manufactures; places of note, temples, commemorative pillars, etc., in their vicinity, with references to fuller descriptions already published." Shrines, rivers, springs, mountain ranges and peaks, valleys, plateaux, tribes, sects, etc., etc., are other objects of the proposed census which, if it ever be carried out, will produce a gazetteer such as no other country can pretend to. Naturally, geography and etymology will be first in the Society's thoughts, and the combination of these enquiries certainly offers one of the most fascinating pursuits a scholar can engage in. What might be done in this country, Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull has shown in his recent pamphlet. In France, we observe that M. Joseph Garnier, keeper of the archives of the Department of the Côte-d'Or, published at Dijon last year a "Nomenclature historique des communes, hameaux, écarts, lieux détruits, cours d'eau et montagnes" of the department just named. His particulars are almost as numerous as those of the Bombay Society's schedule, while his method has been first to treat of the communes, arranged according to arrondissement and canton, giving their population, area, with distances from the capital or county-seat, etc., etc.; then to trace the nomenclature of basins and water-courses, with the ancient names when discoverable; and, finally, to present, in two alphabetical tables, the ancient and modern names of the inhabited and uninhabited places previously described. He has, of course, shed a good deal of light on mediæval geography, while providing philologists with interesting and highly suggestive material.

—The learned world is justly excited by the discovery, within a few months, of "the very oldest Semitic lapidary record of importance," as Mr. Emmanuel Deutsch proclaims it, in a letter to the London *Times*, of March 4. This is a stone stela, originally about a yard high, and the sides a little more than half a yard wide, found at Dhiban, the ancient Dibon, by M. Clermont-Ganneau, dragoman of the French consulate at Jerusalem. By this gentleman, and by Captain Warren, of the Palestine Exploring Society, "rubbings" and "squeezes" of the stone and its fragments have been sent to Paris and London; but it will require considerable time, and probably the aid of the photograph, to decipher the inscription, and to settle the proper arrangement of its parts. Nevertheless, it is considered certain that the stone celebrates the victories of Mesha, King of Moab, over the Israelites, and enumerates several well-known Biblical cities which, after taking, he "built"—meaning, perhaps, fortified—as he repeatedly says. This is the substance of the record, in which there are many lacunæ. Whether Mesha is the king of the same name mentioned in 2 Kings iii. 4–27 is uncertain, though probable. The historical importance of this discovery is quite secondary to the philological. "The gain to Palæography and Semitic science is," says Mr. Deutsch, who has been eminently cautious in forming his judgment, "already enormous." "Nearly the whole of the Greek alphabet is found here, not merely similar to the 'Phœnician' shape, but as identical with it as can well be." The letter Ξ, supposed to have been a comparatively recent addition to the alphabet, occurs along with the digamma in the form of Υ. Another fact elicited is that "the more primitive the characters, the simpler they become; not, as often supposed, the more complicated, as more in accordance with some pictorial prototype." Those on the Moabite stone, according to a French authority, are quite small and not deeply graven; the words are separated from each other by dots, and the sentences by vertical bars. Dr. Neubauer states that it appears that "the Moabites spoke a pure Hebrew, with a slight infusion of Arabic or Nabatean, acquired, no doubt, from their proximity to Petræa."

—We find in the last *Exposé de la Situation de l'Empire* some interesting statistics bearing upon the spread of popular education in France. During 1868, the number of school libraries was increased by 1,296; the number of volumes lent was 206,161. (This, to be sure, is only 7,186 more than were lent in 1869 by the public library of one American city—Boston, to say nothing of those read in the building.) Of the 12,713 school libraries now existing in France, it appears that more than half were founded by the Minister of Public Instruction, and of the 988,728 volumes which they possess, 678,000 were the gift of the state; the remainder were purchased by the communes, which in the first six months of 1869 spent 96,480 francs in this way. One would like to know what sort of books are purchased, what are read most, and what classes of people read them. The Government appears well satisfied with the experiment. One hundred thousand francs were appropriated for this purpose in 1869, and before July 1 books had been distributed to 1,500 new libraries.

—When France, in the course of the last century, had lost her colonies, there was a great falling off in her publication of books of foreign travel. With the exception of the *impressions de voyage* of a small number of tourists, generally men of letters or men of wealth, the works of missionaries, such as the "Lettres édifiantes," the adventures of some Father Huc, or the translation of German and English books, the Paris press rarely issued a work of French travel. Of late years there has been a notable change, however, and French accounts of foreign countries have greatly increased. Besides those mentioned in previous articles in the *Nation*, we notice among the latest publications the following: (1) "L'Italie et Constantinople," by Charles Asselineau, who comes to the sensible conclusion that nothing more remains to be said on Italian scenery, art, or monuments, and therefore occupies himself with men—contemporaries especially. (2) "Orient et Italie," by Maxime du Camp, which we take to be not a veritable book of travels, but the result of the author's reading and study. (3) "Voyages dans les royaumes de Siam, de Camboge, et autres parties centrales de l'Indo-Chine," by Henri Mouhot. This work is edited by F. de Lanoye from the notes of M. Mouhot, who may be fairly counted among the martyrs of science. In his zeal for research in natural history, he lost his life among the unhealthy forests of Siam. The natives in his service carried his manuscripts to Bangkok with the announcement of his death. M. Mouhot speaks with enthusiasm of the beauty of the vast architectural ruins he found in the depths of the forests of Siam, and in particular of the magnificent remains of palaces and temples at Angkor. (4) "Aventures d'un Voyageur en Australie: Neuf Mois de séjour chez les Nagarnooks," by M. H. Perron d'Arc. Our English friends have been so liberal in their supply of books on Australia that we begin to look at such works with a rather languid interest. M. Perron's experience, however, is somewhat out of the beaten track. He was a gold-hunter on Swan River, when a fancy seized him for a taste of savage life, and he joined the tribe of Nagarnooks, remaining nine months with them. His account of the Australian native is much more favorable than the average English estimate. (5) "Le Liban, la Galilée et Rome: Voyage en Orient et en Italie;" a scholarly work by the Vicomte de Basterot. (6) "L'Italie et Rome en 1869," by M. le Comte de Warren, contains some interesting pages on the late discoveries made among the excavations of the Cata-

combs and at other points in Rome. (7) "Cochin-Chine Française et royaume de Camboge," by Charles Lemire, discusses well and intelligently Egypt, Suez, Aden, and the province of Annam. (8.) "Le Montenegro—le pays et-ses habitans," by Dr. Alfred Boulougne. The author went to Montenegro on a scientific mission, and remained in the country as the physician of the reigning prince. The book is very satisfactory and quite readable. (9) "A travers l'Amérique: Le Far West," by Madame Olympe Audouard, lately among us with her "conférences." (10) "L'Amérique actuelle," by Émile Jonveaux. The intrinsic value of this work is enhanced by an introduction from the pen of Edouard Laboulaye, who says that books on the United States are now sought for with avidity. America is *à la mode*, "and in my opinion the fashion is likely to endure." "We admire the American people," he continues, "not only because they have conducted a civil war that has no precedent, but also, and above all, because America presents us the spectacle of an all-powerful democracy whose greatness and whose prosperity are due to herself alone." M. Jonveaux's work is not so much a book of travels as a disquisition on American institutions; the author devotes himself mainly to the consideration of the three great elements of American political existence—liberty, education, and religion. He presents a fair appreciation of the condition of the South, of slavery, reconstruction, and the future of the negro, and gives a chapter on the Shakers and the phalanstery at Oneida Creek. (11) "Le Grand Ouest des États-Unis," by L. Simonin, a mineralogist of distinction and well known as the author of "L'Histoire de la Terre," "Les Merveilles du Monde Souterrain," and "Les Pierres." At the Paris Exposition of 1857, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Whitney, commissioner for Colorado, who invited him to pay a visit to the Rocky Mountains. M. Simonin did so, writing letters home, and giving his experiences and impressions day by day. Of these letters the volume is made up. As to mineral wealth, he says that he finds all the dreams of Law realized.

THE NEW EDITION OF BROWN'S "CHOATE."*

Rufus Choate has been made the subject of two biographical works, of which one is very bad, and one is to be called good, but both of which it is well to have if it is desired to estimate him exactly. Of the men who are not by nature always of necessity important and interesting to their fellow-creatures, but who, nevertheless, had success in their day in making themselves a name, it is particularly worth while that we should have various accounts; because in the case of such men we desire information concerning the people who called them great as much or more than we desire it concerning the men themselves. Mr. E. G. Parker's book about his master and guide has, then, a real value. It is a help to any one who is making up his mind about Choate and Choate's contemporaries, albeit there can hardly be in the world another book at once so friendly in intention, and, in fact, so unfriendly, as the record which makes it manifest how untaught and weak were many of the people on whose authority we are asked to reverence Mr. Choate. The book before us, President Brown's "Life," now and again does its subject the same ill turn that is constantly done him in the reminiscences of his pupil—making "foolish, fond record" of things which subserve the truth of history rather than reflect credit upon the man of whom they are told, and forcing on our attention the fact that much of our American biographical literature bears witness to the secondariness of American biographers and readers rather than to the firstrateness—if such a word is permissible—of the men whose biographies we write, and read, and applaud. What, for instance, is the kind of man who, out of admiration, sets down in the life of his hero this?

"Attending the opera on one occasion, and being but indifferently amused by the acting and music, which he did not understand, he turned to his daughter and said, with grave formality, 'Helen, interpret to me this *libretto*, lest I dilate with the wrong emotion.'"

It is not so bad as Mr. Parker's lauding his chief's familiarity with the Latin, and then, when he had talked himself hoarse, letting out that the "brilliant scholar," the son of Dartmouth who had so astonished his mother, did not know the quantity of the penult in *Neptunus*. But though not so bad as the *Neptunus* story, the opera story really is not essentially different from that performance of the Colonel's, so far as regards the light it casts on Mr. Choate and his admirers—or, to speak more correctly, on our American society of twenty or thirty years ago. Another such rather injudicious tale is this one, related to President Brown, with impressiveness, by some acquaintance of Mr. Choate's: "The qualifications of a certain office-holder being discussed in his presence, Mr. Choate said, 'Yes, sir, you may sum them up by asserting that he is self-sufficient, all-sufficient, and *in*sufficient.'" Conversational strokes of this kind do not strike into admiration the generation of Americans now in being.

It was inevitable that Mr. Choate should suffer from this undiscriminating admiration. Not only were we undiscriminating, but he was a man to conciliate affection. He had a tender and excellent heart, so that it was impossible to know him and not feel for him personal affection; he had the glittering brilliancy of mind which dull men and untutored men value at so high a rate; and his profession laid on him the necessity of making constant displays of his peculiar abilities—or, rather, gave him the opportunity of doing so; for to be rhetorical was his nature. De Quincey himself hardly had in a higher degree the passion for rhetoric, pure and simple—even seemingly had it in a less degree, his mind was so much richer, and subtler, and better trained, and better stored than Choate's, and so constantly makes itself perceived, even when it is most elaborately painting. Whether he was in the Senate or before a half-dozen railway directors or a country jury, Mr. Choate was for ever "driving his substantive and six" adjectives, and making people stare at intellectual pyrotechny. For this his reputation now suffers, and is indeed a reputation that one does not like to think of as that of so able and good a man. That he was an astonishingly able lawyer, as well as the most effective and brilliant of advocates, there would seem to be no doubt. Webster said of him: "As a mere dry lawyer, he was equal to himself as an advocate." Mr. Richard H. Dana said: "He was the greatest master of logic we had among us. No man detected faallacy so quickly, or exposed it so felicitously, as he. Ask those venerated men who compose our highest tribunal, with whom all rhetoric is worse than wasted when their minds are bent to the single purpose of arriving at the true results of their science—ask them wherein lay the greatest power of Rufus Choate, and they will tell you that it lay in his philosophy, his logic, and his learning." His learning in the law was, as of necessity such learning must be, the result of untiring, wearing study, and a chief merit of this book—a better thing about it than any of the things in it which may seem more important—is the lesson which a young lawyer may learn from it of the carefulness and laborious industry with which Mr. Choate laid the foundations of his fame and usefulness. When, at the age of thirty, he was elected to Congress, he made a memorandum of *facienda ad munus nuper impositum*, which begins as follows:

"1. Personal qualities. Memory. 'Daily Food' and Cowper *dum ambulo*. Voice; manner, *exercitationes diurnæ*. 2. Current politics in papers—*cum notulis*, daily. Geography, etc. 'Annual Register,' past *Intelligencers*. 3. District: Essex South, population, occupations, modes of living, commerce—the Treaties—and principles on which it depends. 4. Civil History of the United States in Pitkin and original sources. 5. Examination of pending questions: Tariff, Public Lands, Indians, Nullification. 6. American and British eloquence—writing, practice."

Then follow, says the editor, "more than twenty pages of the closest writing, with abbreviated and condensed statements of results drawn from many volumes, newspapers, messages, and speeches, with propositions and arguments, for and against, methodically arranged under topics, with minute divisions and subdivisions; as, for example, a discussion under the head of "The Tariff," beginning with an analysis of Hamilton's report, made in 1790, followed by a history of internal improvements, a statement of their cost, a discussion of the constitutional power of making them, and a history of the legislation affecting them. A good deal of worse rhetoric than Choate's would be required to overlay such preparation as that.

Choate's political career, ending as it did with his alliance with the Democrats, whom he had all his life been fighting, though never acrimoniously, appears to have been governed throughout by that sentiment which was so ardent in all the politicians and statesmen of his generation, except the moral reformers—and, indeed, we are not justified in excepting them, equivocal as was the position taken by some of them when the conflict with slavery was at its hottest; the sentiment, namely, of extreme attachment to the idea of the union of the States. There need be no doubt now that in the breasts of Webster, Choate, Everett, Clay, Jackson, Pierce, Cass, and their contemporaries—the men whose fathers had seen the Revolution—Americanism, patriotic pride in their country and warm affection for her, burned with an intensity for which not all of us were, ten or fifteen years ago, giving them full credit; and this partly because we did not quite understand them. Probably some of us had a rather less acrid love for the Union, and a rather less uneasy faith in its permanence, than the men who, in old Federalist and Republican days, had been charging each other with desiring the overthrow of the Union, for the sake of introducing in its place British monarchy and French anarchy respectively. Choate we suppose to have been perfectly honest in his belief that the

* "Life of Rufus Choate. By S. G. Brown." Second edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1870.

Union was in danger from the Free-Soilers, and that it was infinitely better to keep the Union safe than to free negroes. He was one of the kindest of men, but was not a humanitarian in any sense of the word, and, indeed, was not a wise politician. Perhaps nothing of a political character that he has left behind him is so likely to do good, or rather so capable of doing good, as his frequent exhortations against that school of thinkers who wish for "government by the first shriek of the people," so to speak; the school which, like a Boston blatherskite in the *Springfield Republican*, avow a "willingness to submit themselves in all cases to a show of hands," no matter what the problem may be on which "the sense of the meeting" is to be taken. This to a man of Choate's turn of mind seemed the worst possible mode of government, and he was never tired of urging on his professional brethren the duty of the bar to make itself the vigilant antagonist of such "democracy run mad." Here are some remarks, sensible and witty, upon the "hundred-handed assembly" which in Athens grasped all the powers of the state:

"I wonder how long that incomprehensible democracy would have hesitated upon our Spot Pond, and Long Pond, and Charles River water questions. This intolerable hardship and circumlocution of applying to a legislature of three independent and co-ordinate departments, sitting under a written constitution, with an independent judiciary to hold it up to the fundamental law—the hardship of applying to such a legislature for the power to bring water into the city; this operose machinery of orders of notice, hearings before committees, adverse reports, favorable reports rejected, veto of governor, a charter saving vested rights of other people, meetings of citizens in wards to vote unawed, unwatched, every man according to his sober, second thought—how long do you think such conventionalities as these would have kept that beautiful, self-willed, passionate Athens standing, like the Tantalus of her own poetry, plunged in crystal lakes and gentle historical rivers, perishing with thirst? Why, some fine sunshiny forenoon you would have heard the crier calling the people, one and all, to an extraordinary assembly, perhaps in the Peiræus, as a pretty full expression of public opinion was desirable, and no other place would hold everybody; you would have seen a stupendous mass-meeting roll itself together as clouds before all the winds, standing on the outer edges of which you could just discern a speaker or two gesticulating, catch a murmur as of waves on the pebbly beach, applause, a loud laugh at a happy hit, observe some six thousand hands lifted to vote or swear, and then the vast congregation would separate and subside, to be seen no more. And the whole record of the transaction would be made up in some half-dozen lines to this effect—it might be in Æschines—that in the month of ——, under the archonate of ——, the tribe of —— exercising the office of prytanes ——, an extraordinary assembly was called, to consult on the supply of water; and it appearing that some six persons of great wealth and consideration had opposed its introduction for some time past, and were, moreover, vehemently suspected of being no better than they should be, it was ordained that they should be fined in round sums, computed to be enough to bring in such a supply as would give every man equal to twenty-eight gallons a day; and a certain obnoxious orator having enquired what possible use there was for so much a head, Demades, the son of the Mariner, replied that that person was the very last man in all Athens who should put that question, since the assembly must see that he himself could use it to great advantage, by washing his face, hands, and robes; and thereupon the people laughed and separated."

In religion as in politics, Mr. Choate held to the ancient landmarks, being a Calvinist of the ordinary New England type; and in literature his taste was that of the Dartmouth College of his day. Shakespeare he admired; but we may suppose Byron, Scott, Campbell, Moore, and their brethren to have been a little closer to his heart than any other writers, except perhaps Burke. He seems to have been a sedulous and multifarious reader rather than a good scholar in any department of learning or a man of delicate taste. On the whole, it is as a lawyer that he has his best title to respect and remembrance; but it is only as the skilful and fluent advocate that he will in fact be remembered by most—a fame fleeting and vague. The men are now living who will see an end of the little procession of sea-side pleasure-seekers who each summer visit the solitary farm-house on the island in Essex River, where, in the sound of the sea which he loved so much, he was born and nursed. President Brown's book, however, ought to keep his name alive in the ranks of the legal brotherhood, and prolong the influence of his example.

MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

The *Catholic World* for April we confess our momentary unfitness to criticise. That periodical, of which we have our own opinion, calls us "the wise critic of the *Nation*;" and the state of rancor we are in may be imagined. Yet we scorn injustice too, and wish to deny flatly that we have ever at any time said that "a young man ought to be like a ship, and devote his existence to sailing about on the boundless ocean of infidel nonsense." If we know our own heart, we shudder as much when we hear nefarious sentiments as any of all the *Catholic World's* staff of contributors We did, we admit, say something about its being as well, if one *is* a ship, to keep afloat as to beach one's self on the "Rock of Peter;" but we are much too shrewd to think of arguing in tropes. It is Saint Cyril of Jerusalem, and not we at all, who says, "And now I will convince you by a figure"—and then does n't do it, by-the-by. We merely made the passing remark above quoted by way of reply to an equally inept piece of metaphor in the article under review. It is not over and above honest in our contemporary, we must think, to call us "wise" when we had been doing nothing out of the way. Our readers may fancy, then, the pleasure we got on reading along into the essay which thus raps our knuckles, to find that we knew a deal more than the essayist. That purblind creature, if he will allow us to call him so, is actually ignorant of the notorious fact that Mr. Baring-Gould, whose book he is abusing, is what is called "a bad case of Ritualist," and as far as Cardinal Antonelli himself from being "a materialist." In fact, he would, no doubt, make a rather extreme Catholic if the Vatican Council should assert the validity of English orders, and should refrain from asserting the infallibility of the Pope. Rejoiced we were, too, when we found another contributor to the *Catholic World* so led away of the Adversary as to lay down the rule that "under Protestantism there is and can be no freedom of conscience;" and another declaring roundly that the school fund must be divided; and another advising the *New Englander* "to subject, in future, the articles of its unfortunate correspondent, of whom it is evidently ashamed, to the revision of a professor of mathematics;" and another, first boasting that every portion of the world is represented in the Council, and then citing as representatives of the "East" such imposing hosts as "the Chaldeans, Maronites, and Armenians."

However, it is the duty of the reviewer, as of man, to forgive, and not to rejoice over the calamity of enemies, so we will say that the number of the *Catholic World* now before us, while marked by some of the pitiable subterfuges and some of that polemical discourtesy and bad temper which always interfere with our enjoyment of this magazine, nevertheless contains some good writing. Aubrey De Vere has a beautiful poem, "To the Rainbow," which, of course, is made to do duty for the Virgin; but the transformation, so to call it, is managed with surpassing skill. Mr. Miles Gerald Keon, the author of a striking story called "Dion and the Sibyls," which is out of print in England, permits the *Catholic World* to reproduce it in this country. It is a severely classical tale, and weighted cumbrously with erudition; but it opens promisingly with a striking scene, which introduces to us Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus, and other famous personages, and gives us an extremely effective bit of sword-play. "The Iron Mask" is of the nature of a review of M. Topin's new book, and is worth reading, though the reader may find the work reviewed in a livelier manner—in a manner a shade too vivacious, perhaps—in the current *Hours at Home*, where Colonel Meline treats of the mystery. Other articles of interest are "The School Question;" "Religious Liberty;" an attack on the *New Englander*, which has been praising Protestant morality; a translation of the "Stabat Mater" into Greek and English; Father Hecker's Roman letter, and several lesser matters.

A better subject for a magazine writer than the English governess in Siam has got hold of, it would be hard to find; and we hope future numbers of the *Atlantic* will tell with fulness the story of the remarkable life of the court. Some tales we have heard of events occurring in the palace which would make the fortune of a poet; and, judging from the pages before us, there must have been nearly as much that was amusing as there was of the terrible and pathetic. Another Oriental article in this number of the *Atlantic* is "The Gods of Wo Lee," which is civil to the Chinaman, who, however, is not, Mr. Andrews thinks, the coming Perfect Servant that some have been fondly imagining. "A Lumberwoman" is to be commended to the attention of the aimless woman, who is anxious about her rights, for it is radical and conservative and sensible. Likewise the unregenerate disbeliever in woman's rights, if he has any taste at all, will be pleased with it for its liveliness and pleasantness. Mr. Parton has been "doing" Virginia, and into a short article, called "Reviving Virginia," he puts the ordinary information concerning that State, but seems to have nothing new to say. As for the April *Atlantic* poetry, everybody will be pleased with Mr. Whittier's verses, entitled "My Triumph," in which the poet is as benignant and cheerful and unassuming as always. Less would have to be said in praise of the other poets of the number.

Lippincott's for April is a much better than average number of this magazine, which is apt to contain so many pieces that are slight and that appear to be the work of unpractised writers. "Luck in a Shadow," and "How I became a Pagan," are both agreeable little stories; "Two Old

Up to '59, Only 3 graduates had ranked "1 no 1". Choate was the 1st. Prof. Putnam 2d + W.H. Field, new Assistant Sec. 3d

Heads," by Grace Greenwood, is a chat about that aged profligate, Prince Corsini, and about a very different character—the son of the Albert and Lotte of Werther; pleasant in the same way is Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clark's paper of reminiscences of Noah Webster; "Our Credit Abroad" is calculated to do good wherever it is read. For the rest, *Lippincott's* has a tale by Mrs. Harding Davis, the end of Trollope's "Vicar of Bullhampton," and a promise that the May number shall begin a new novel by the same perpetual story-teller; a funny article, called "About Hogs," by Mr. Donn Piatt, who seems to have a sort of an attachment for the unclean beast; a full and loud confession by Mr. Edward Pollard that he has all his life been mistaken in thinking that free negroes must of necessity slip to destruction, moral and material; a few pages of gossip about Washing ton society; some poetry, and a little very good book-noticing.

Hours at Home opens with a well-written story by Mr. N. S. Dodge, who relates the adventures of the ship that first entered Czar Peter's new port of St. Petersburg. "How I became a Scout" is an exciting chapter—and a true one we take it—of the secret History of the War, and has not, we think, been surpassed in interest by any of the numerous similar narratives which the war has called forth. "The Literature of our Sunday-schools" we continue to praise, and we sincerely hope all of the papers, of which this is the last, may be read and pondered. Much that Mr. Bacon has said is profitable for instruction and reproof to other writers, as well as those who debauch the minds of the children, and ought to get a large circle of readers. Not unprofitable is the last of the twelve essays on "Books and Reading," and these, we suppose, are sure to reappear as a book. It will be a book that will do some good, though probably it will not greatly increase its author's weight with the critics. Dr. Holland perhaps meditates a new volume of poems. Last month we had from him that gem in which the mother decides that the "limb" of her babe shall not be the place for the dimple; this month, from the same excessively delicate lyre, we have "Merle the Counsellor." If we are virtuous we shall be happy, it appears. The piece is worth looking at, as a perfect marvel of commonplaceness.

Any one who is taking much interest in Mr. Charles Reade's Grace Carden and Henry Little and Jael Dence is probably in rebellion and wrath against that author for the villany he has perpetrated in the last *Galaxy*. The hero is away in America, the heroine is just married to the wrong man, and the breathless reader who has hurried with the good doctor to prevent the wedding, and arrives just a minute too late, is left waiting for a month to know whether Mrs. Grace is going to lynch the designing Coventry or make a violent end of herself. But for that matter, people are beginning to care as little for Mr. Reade's later personages as he apparently does, whether or not they care as much as he does for his incidents. Association with Boucicault seems to have corrupted him thoroughly. "Ten Years in Rome" is still good Protestant reading, of which a certain portion we swallow out of hatred and contempt for the Pope of Rome, but all of which we do not find ourselves receiving as sworn evidence. Mr. Fechter of course comes in for notice in the *Galaxy* as well as in other magazines of the month, and his *Galaxy* critic, who seems very intelligent, appears to have a better opinion of the great actor than Mr. Grant White, who in his "Case of Hamlet the Younger" declares "the thoughtful, sensitive, graceful, and courtly impersonation of Edwin Booth" to be first among the "Hamlets" of our day. We do not see the need of the "odious comparison;" but now that it is made it becomes necessary to say that there are many people to whom Mr. Booth's "Hamlet" seems in almost every way so inadequate as to make the witnessing of it a serious trial to the feelings; while Mr. Fechter's, mistaken as no doubt it is, yet, as Shakespearian criticism, is at times so intelligent, not to say subtle, as almost to redeem the actor's misconception of the Prince's character, and his acting has at times a force which makes comparison of it with the prettinesses of Mr. Booth's picturings and posings seem almost ludicrous. A criticism of Fechter which more nearly than any other that we have seen accounts for the pleasure which the actor gives is Mr. Woods's article in the April *Old and New*. Besides these writers and pieces in the April *Galaxy*, Mr. L. J. Jennings writes well about the late Mr. Raymond; Mr. Justin McCarthy writes in his accustomed manner of the French Empress, for whom he shows more respect than do most people who talk of her; Mr. Anthony Trollope begins a story entitled "The Spotted Dog;" there is some more of the very pleasant "Letters from Havana;" "Philip Quilibet" writes energetically about officers' pay; and there is various other matter.

Putnam's contains several articles which are readable—the one which is perhaps most so being Mr. Vila Blake's collection of stories about old sensation preachers. Good too is the account of a horrible "night on the Mississippi when most of a castaway party of soldiers perished miserably of cold." "American Dress" is one of the cleverest of Professor Schele de Vere's very numerous essays. Any one who wants to read a "vigorous" article on the American doctrine of neutrality and in favor of Cuba may find one in the April *Putnam's*. The new "Editorial Notes" make a parlous beginning by taking, of all topics in the world, that dismal old topic of "American writing," "more boldness," "independence," "incisiveness," "individuality," "intensely individual life," "new life," "turbulent forces," and so forth. All this we seem to ourselves to have heard ten hundred thousand times before. The "turbulent forces" young man also, who writes to the editor asserting that "the time has come to give us a new and bold expression in narrative fiction" we seem to recognize, and if it were any affair of ours we should warn the editor to look out for such. The "ideal which ennobles every outbreak and lessens the harm of every transgression" wears a dangerous look, and hints at certain little dangerous deviations into that indecorous field of narrative fiction which is "ideal" chiefly in the sense of being not real except when really dirty.

As we have said, Mr. Woods's article upon Fechter in *Old and New* is a good criticism; though perhaps there is not in it anything so acute as a point made in Mr. Grant White's *Galaxy* article, where he remarks that the ghost which the Prince thinks he sees when in his mother's closet he does not really see, for it wears not the elderly Hamlet's armor, as the true ghost did, but the dressing-gown appropriate to the place where the Prince at the moment was when his excited fancy conjured up his father. The other papers in *Old and New* are on "Man and Mankind," by Dr. Bellows; "New England," which defends that region of the earth against certain wicked aspersions; "The Universalist Centenary," by Mr. J. M. Atwood; more of Elise Polko's story; some fairly good reviews of books; and a dozen short essays composing the "Record of Progress," of which the most noticeable is Mr. Sidney Andrews's "Views at the Capital"—a record which partly shows how useful might be a perfectly fearless, courteous account of the proceedings of the men whom we send to Washington.

Harper's has for its most interesting article a sketch of the last few years of the life of a Mr. Fuller, who has been going "around the world on skates"—that is to say, travelling here and there and everywhere as the whim took him, and paying his way by giving exhibitions of skating on wheels. The narrative does scanty justice to the extraordinary adventurousness and adventures of the "showman," but it will be found amusing, and will leave readers wishing for more. So, perhaps, will General McMahon's "War in Paraguay," which is illustrated profusely, and somebody's "Otto von Bismarck;" but not all readers. Still, both of these articles appease the American citizen's desire for information, more or less useful; and a desire for that very useful information which nobody ever uses may be satiated by a long pictorial article concerning the silk-worm. The "Editor's Easy Chair" is noticeable for some remarks called forth by the death of Mr. Wesley Harper. Nothing could be at once more graceful and more feeling than what Mr. Curtis says of his friend.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
A Woman Cannot Practise Law or Hold any Office in Illinois, swd.	(Chicago)	
Allen (Dr. N.), Population: its Law of Increase, swd.	(Lowell)	
Bergeret (Dr. L. F. E.), The Preventive Obstacle.	(Turner & Mignard)	$1 50
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 26, swd.	(T. Ellwood Zell)	0 50
Christine Thornton: A Child's Story.	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	
Duffield (S. W.), Warp and Woof: Poetry.	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)	
Draper (Dr. J. W.), History of the American Civil War, Vol. III. and last.	(Harper & Bros.)	3 50
Flagg (W. J.), Hand-book of the Sulphur-Cure for Vines, swd.	(Harper & Bros.)	
Hamilton (J. A.), Martin Van Buren's Calumnies Repudiated, swd.	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	0 75
Holtzendorff (Dr. F. von), England's Presse, swd.	(Berlin)	
Hymns to Jesus, from the Early English.	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	
Huntington (Rev. W. R.), The Church Idea.	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	
Lyman (T.), Papers relating to the Garrison Mob, swd.	(Cambridge)	
Markham (C. R.), Life of the Great Lord Fairfax.	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Mulock (Miss D. M.), A Brave Lady: A Tale.	(Harper & Bros.)	1 50
McCosh (Prof. J.), The Laws of Discursive Thought.	(Robt. Carter & Bros.)	1 50
Patterson (A. W.), Onward: Poetry.	(A. Roman & Co.)	
Quincy (S. M.), The People's Banks of Germany, swd.	(Little, Brown & Co.)	
Rogers (Prof. J. E. T.), Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, 2 vols.	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Schieferdecker (Dr.), Horrors of Vaccination, swd.	(Am. News Co.)	
Strawberry Hill: A Child's Story	(D. Lothrop & Co.)	
Thomas (Dr. J.), Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, Part 5, swd.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	0 50
The Christmas Tapers, and Other [Child's] Stories.	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)	
Tales of European Life, swd.	(Loring)	0 50
Taylor (S. H.), Classical Study.	(Warren F. Draper)	2 00
Townsend (G. H.), Everyday Book of Modern Literature.	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)	
Whately (Archbishop), Peculiarities of the Christian Religion, and Historic Doubts concerning Napoleon.	(W. F. Draper)	2 00

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1870.

The Week.

SINCE the General Deficiency Bill was passed in the Senate, on Wednesday week, and sent to a committee of conference, Congress has done no business that calls for especial mention. One step has been taken in the Senate towards settling the interpretation of the law providing for the income tax, by a joint resolution authorizing the Internal Revenue Department to collect the tax for the past year. In the House, the tariff has continued to undergo revision, and on Thursday the Diplomatic Deficiency Bill was passed. It was the day before that Fernando Wood started up to make a "personal explanation," which turned out to be a formal arraignment of General Howard. He accused that officer, in brief, of making himself rich by employing the funds of the Freedmen's Bureau in various religious and educational enterprises, and in land and building speculations at the expense of the Government; of having discharged his duties as Commissioner "with extravagance and negligence, and in the interests of himself and family and friends;" and of being in favor of the Freedmen's Bureau ring, and connected with all the machinery in the Southern States which has served "to devote the official authority and power of the Bureau to personal and political profit." The founding and management of the Howard University furnish a large part of this formidable indictment, which the House entrusted for examination, not to the Committee on Freedmen's Affairs, as Mr. Wood desired, but to the Committee on Education and Labor. If the investigation should reveal abuses on the part of employees of the Bureau, we should not be surprised; but that General Howard's personal integrity will be impeached we do not believe, however he may have conducted the finances of his bureau, or however much his subordinates may have failed to imitate him, or he may have been deceived in selecting them.

The week has been remarkable for a great number of rejoicings over the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment by the colored people, and their white friends and champions. The Anti-Slavery Association has celebrated the event by disbanding, after thirty-seven years of existence. Its founders, a large proportion of whom have, with rare good fortune, not only lived to see its extinction, but to see the object for which it was established accomplished, had little expectation of witnessing the abolition of slavery; and during the greater part of its existence felt that they were rather bearing testimony for the sake of their own souls than achieving results. Its leaders, however, during the last five years, have enjoyed the luxury of feeling that they were doing the whole work of securing the fruits of the war, and were mainly instrumental in preventing the restoration of the peculiar "institution," and procuring the passage of the Amendment. So that in the dissolution of the Association they have tasted both the "pain and bliss of dying." Their forces will now be transferred to other fields of reform. The woman's suffrage movement will probably receive the greater portion of them, and they will, no doubt, be divided pretty evenly between the three camps into which the friends of that cause are now found. We do not pretend to give the exact titles of the three divisions; but roughly, they may be described as the *Revolution* Society, of which Susan B. Anthony is the head; and the Cleveland or National Association, of which Henry Ward Beecher is the head; and an association of which Mr. Theodore Tilton is the head, and which is the result of an abortive attempt on the part of that gentleman to unite the other two. We are sorry to see that, judging from their public addresses to each other, Mr. Tilton's association is the only one which feels kindly towards the others, and there promises to be warm work between them all during the coming summer.

The Cincinnati municipal election on Monday week resulted in the choice of the entire Republican ticket, and, what was the chief bone of contention, in placing a majority of Bible men on the School Board. The vote on the latter issue, however, was a very close one, and if the Board had been chosen at large there would actually have been a popular anti-Bible majority of 1,500. In fact, considering that the colored voters, some 1,200 strong, generally supported the Bible candidates, and in at least three wards held the balance of power, it is not too much to say, as the *Commercial* does, that the Bible majority in the Board is due to them. It is also pointed out that the colored people, being confined to separate schools, should properly have taken no part in voting for other trustees than their own; so that, subtracting them altogether from the canvass, it appears that the legal constituents of the old board show a majority of nearly three thousand out of twenty-five, in favor of the action condemned by the court, and that the accidental triumph on Monday is calculated to inspire serious reflections in the winning party. Already the *Gazette* "would adopt such rules with reference to the use of the Bible in the schools, and what is called religious instruction, as to remove all ground for reasonable objection on the part of any class." The day following the Cincinnati vote, an effort was made in St. Louis, where the Bible has long been excluded from the schools, to get a division of the school-fund in favor of the Catholics. It was defeated, however, with some *éclat;* but the *Gazette* does not draw from this result the obvious moral, which is, not that the Catholics or their priests are likely to be placated by secularizing the schools, but that when sectarianism can find nothing in the schools to object to but their non-sectarianism, the attacking party is at its weakest, and the ground of the defence as solid as it can be made.

We find very little difference of opinion in the press as to the gross impropriety, to use a very mild term, of the reopening of the legal-tender decisions in the Supreme Court. It is, in every way one looks at it, a blunder, and, moreover, a criminal blunder. What aggravates it is, that the interests affected by the decision are really found on examination to be very small in amount or importance. There are now very few securities extant which were issued before 1862, and are, therefore, under the decision, payable, either principal or interest, in gold. Most of the obligations of that date, national, State, municipal, or railroad, have been paid off or converted, so that the rehearing has not even the poor excuse of being called for as a relief to debtors. There has been an unseemly squabble on the bench in open court as to the understanding between the judges touching the legal-tender point.

The Chicago *Tribune* speaks very slightingly of the Funding Bill, characterizing it as "a piece of charlatanry—a mere game of swapping jack-knives, and an attempt to circumvent the laws of political economy and repudiate the National Republican platform." The bill is stuck fast in the House, partly because of the little contraction of the currency it does, and partly because of the fierce opposition of the National Banks. It is said, and we believe correctly, that the Government has the legal right to force the banks into the conversion of their bonds at a lower rate of interest, which is one of the principal features of the bill, but then it has also the legal right to repudiate the whole debt, interest and principal. What throws discredit on the whole scheme in short is, that one-quarter of the bonds proposed to be issued are to be forced on people who don't want to take them. This, of course, is injurious to the Government credit, and lays the plan open to all that the Chicago *Tribune* says of it; but Senator Sherman has long had a hankering after a compulsory mode of improving the public credit, and he is probably now as near success as he will ever get. It is said that the Committee of Ways and Means now wants to sugar the pill for the banks by offering to relieve them from State and municipal taxes if they will only submit to the reduction of their interest. In this way the credit of the

Congressional "funders" would be saved in the eyes of innocent people, and it would seem as if they were really putting off bonds in the market, as they said they were going to do, at four per cent. interest. In reality, they would be simply robbing Peter to pay Paul, or drawing out at the spigot to pour in again at the bung. But this has really been the great aim of most of the financial schemes introduced in Congress this session.

It begins to seem as if *something* was coming to an end in Cuba—whether the rebellion or not, we cannot say. General Rodas telegraphed on the 8th instant that the war was over, and Spanish columns appear to have traversed the insurrectionary districts or whatever they are without seeing any enemy; and Quesada has left the country; and it is said that Cespedes is leaving; and Col. Ryan is said to have fought a duel with a Cuban warrior; and, in fact, the whole thing—whatever it be—looks blue. The New York *Tribune* requested its readers on the 8th to suspend their judgment over the Rodas despatch, but nothing has since come to light to throw doubt on its correctness. There has been a curious discussion going on between the *Christian Union* and the *World* and other papers about our treatment of Cuba, in which the *Union* takes ground which amounts in substance to saying that each nation defines the extent of its international obligations, and that when we want to learn what are our duties as neutrals we have only to look in our own statute-book, and if we don't like what we find there, we have only to alter the statute to suit ourselves; all of which, or something like it, was asserted boldly by the English crown lawyers during the *Alabama* controversy, but the American Government steadfastly and wisely refused to admit it.

Mr. Vanderbilt was asked to sign the petition of railroad presidents to which our correspondent "Metallurgist" recently referred, asking Congress to substitute a specific duty of two cents a pound on steel for the present *ad valorem* duty. He refused, on the ground that, though he can see very well what American steel-makers would gain by the change, he is at a loss to see what interest railroad presidents can have in it. Their business, he says, is to get steel rails as cheap as they can, and to increase the duty is to place them in the hands of "home extortionists, who would undoubtedly be as exorbitant in their demands as foreign manufacturers would be, were the same protection given to them." A monopoly in steel rails, he says, would often compel them—the railroads—"to take an inferior article at any price the monopolists might please to put upon it;" and he insinuates that it looks to him as if the signers of the petition—thirty-three out of the thirty-six being representatives of roads located in or running through Pennsylvania—were more interested in the manufacture of steel than in the laying down of steel rails. To this the *Tribune* replies, that if Mr. Vanderbilt knew what was good for him and for the hundred million dollars' worth of railroads over which he presides, he would not only help to shut out foreign steel rails, but make his own; but he, being a simpleton, and not understanding his business half as well as Mr. Greeley, will probably go on doing as he has been doing—that is, buying his steel rails where he can get them cheapest and best. This suggests the question, Why not force Vanderbilt and the like of him by law to make rails, whether they like or not? Why not oblige him to lay every mile of his tracks with his own manufacture? Of course, he will try to sneak out of the job, and, as he is rich and unscrupulous, he will probably be somewhat successful; but the people will yet bring him to justice. Mr. Felton, who asked Mr. Vanderbilt to sign the paper, replies, coherently, if not forcibly, that the proposed duty would not keep any foreign rails out, would encourage the production of American rails, and would lower prices, in which case it would certainly be the most wonderful tax ever devised, and everybody ought to favor it.

The contest in Albany over the New Charter, or rather arising out of the Democratic attempt to restore "self-government" to the city, has at last come to a close, ending in the complete triumph of the Ring, and leaving Tweed, the head centre, a more powerful man than ever. The high hopes which were excited some weeks ago by the uprising of the "Young Democracy," headed by O'Brien, whose appearance in the character of a reformer was a curious spectacle, and cheered on by the *World*, which really made heroic efforts, have all been dashed. The plans of the Ring were at last carried out with extraordinary unanimity. The causes of this were various, but the principal one was that, the reformers not being a whit better than the "corruptionists," reform was impossible. The "Young Democracy" were of exactly the same cloth as the Ring, differing from the members of that body simply in being generally poorer. A quarrel of this kind among thieves would have promised some advantage to honest people, in an age when political passions run high; but a *real* quarrel among knaves is now almost unknown. Politicians have no passions now. They occasionally simulate hate and fury, but only for the purpose either of imposing on the simple-minded bystanders, or else of raising their price when they come "to sell out" to the opposite party, which they always do eventually. The spectacle of honest reformers trying to cheer them on to the assault is always a curious mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. The *World* appears to have really thought that the "Young Democrats" were close behind it as it was yelling on the assault, the fact being that they were already drinking in the trenches with Tweed, and arranging the price for which they would cry quits. The bargain closed, the opposition vanished like a mist, and we have a New Charter which is really not bad, and which the Mayor has put in operation by a set of, on the whole, creditable appointments.

It is quite within the bounds of probability that Tweed may now do better than the "Young Democrats" would have done, inasmuch as he has made his fortune, and is on the lookout for what even to the worst of men is sweeter than fortune—consideration. The Union League Club has fared nearly as badly in the affair as the Young Democracy. They drew up a really excellent set of amendments to the Charter, and sent a deputation, with Mr. Greeley at its head, up to Albany to urge their adoption. On hearing the deputation, however, the Senate almost immediately and unanimously passed the Charter as it stood. Mr. Greeley has since been savagely attacked for his manner of executing his mission, on the ground that he really threw his constituents overboard, and said the contrary of what he was directed to say. His opinion of the Union League Club is so low, and its adulation of him so unceasing and unreserved, that it would be nothing wonderful if its instructions made little impression on him.

Amongst the latest accessions to the woman's suffrage movement in England is Mr. Maurice, the well-known Broad Church clergyman, and now a professor of Oxford. He has given in his adhesion on the special ground of woman's great conscientiousness, which is probably the very strongest ground its advocates can take; and it is ground, too, justified by experience of actual life. Mrs. Fawcett, the wife of the professor, has also, it is reported, been delivering some very able lectures on the subject, and the cause has been helped indirectly, but very opportunely, by some really powerful argumentation from her sister, Miss Garett, against the Contagious Diseases Act, the ladies' attack on which was growing very feeble, under the influence of the *à priori* declamation of which the denunciations of it largely consisted. Mr. Mill, too, has been making one of his longest speeches in support of the suffrage. By the bye, we wish he knew the mischief his book was working here, in satisfying numbers of slenderly equipped people that, he having spoken, there is no further need on their part for thought or logic, and that they may devote themselves to what, in the old stage directions, is called "excursions and alarms." His theory, that, owing to the ingenious tyranny of man, we know nothing of the nature of woman, and that, therefore, the fact that she has never done a thing ought not to raise a presumption that she is incapable of doing it, has opened up a field of wild speculation, which we are sure would grieve him could he look upon it, and which his teachings on the method of reasoning in sociology ought to have rendered impossible.

Some of his followers are now boldly defending ignorant suffrage, and scoffing at the notion that an educated man has any more value in politics than a man that is not educated; a result for which he can

hardly have been prepared, as he writes recently (Oct. 20) to a member of the Social Science Association in Boston:

"The great desideratum in America, and, though not quite in an equal degree, in England too, is the improvement of the higher education. America surpasses all countries in the amount of mental cultivation which she has been able to make universal; but a high average level is not everything. There are wanted, I do not say a class, but a great number of persons, of the highest degree of cultivation which the accumulated acquisitions of the human race make it possible to give them. From such persons, in a community that knows no distinction of ranks, civilization would rain down its influences upon the remainder of society, and, the higher faculties having been highly cultivated, the most advanced part of the public would give forth products and create an atmosphere that would produce a high average of the same faculties in a people so well prepared in point of general intelligence as the people of the United States."

We are bound to say that this reads very like a proposal "to establish caste in America." The phrase "raining *down* influences" strikes us as peculiarly suspicious. If he had said "raining *up*" or "raining *around*," we should have less hesitation in accepting his theory. But we fear, if his highly cultivated class were allowed to rain things *down* on "the poor man" when Congress was not sitting, they would crush him.

A vast movement is going on at the South, almost unobserved except by travellers who are brought in contact with it, by which the white population is transferring itself from the east to the west bank of the Mississippi, and more particularly to Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. The place of the class that thus migrates is partly filled by negroes from Virginia and the Border States—Virginia alone having sent more than five thousand over one road during January and February—and partly by settlers from the North; and a year or two more of these substitutions will cause marked changes in the political aspect of the South. The report of the Emigration Commissioners of Louisiana, for the past year, estimates the white exodus from the Southern Atlantic States, Alabama, and Mississippi, to the trans-Mississippi regions, at scores of thousands, and attributes it to the natural reluctance to cultivate worn-out cotton-fields and clear the forests in the rich river-bottoms, when fertile prairies lie beyond, all ready for crops of cotton, sugar, rice, and fruit. Louisiana has retained but a small portion of these wanderers, but her population has been swelled in a noticeable manner by other streams. From abroad, direct to the port of New Orleans, there have come, since March of last year, nearly four thousand emigrants; and of Germans, Swedes, and others, some three thousand by way of the West. The colored people, either hired or settled in the State from other States, make about five thousand, and the estimated number of native white immigrants is ten thousand. There were also not less than three thousand transient laborers from the West, commencing a practice familiar in Europe—as between Ireland and England, for example—but comparatively unknown here; that is, after the wheat harvest was closed at the West, the labor released found itself in demand to pick cotton and help to take care of the cane in Louisiana. Besides an agreeable change of employment, a not less agreeable change of climate attends a winter trip to the Gulf.

It is interesting to learn from the same report that there are about two hundred Chinamen in Louisiana, some of whom are registered voters. They are chiefly to be found in two colonies of Catholics from the Philippine Islands, who "live in comfortable cabins, and have thrifty patches of corn, cotton, and rice, but subsist mainly by fishing for the New Orleans market." The stragglers are employed as plantation hands. The commissioners pronounce the attempts to introduce Chinese laborers on a grand scale perfect failures, and, for the present, in decided disfavor. In fact, the warning lately extended by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society against this Southern enterprise has proved to be hardly needed. Still, it may be well to remember that all the precautions and stringent regulations of the British Government in regard to the coolie traffic have not availed to prevent kidnapping, oppression, and fraud, and that coolie mortality on shipboard rivals that of the African slave-trade. Above all, it ought to be borne in mind that involuntary emigration excludes females, and hence directly feeds the worst forms of immorality and vice, by creating an abnormal numerical disparity between the sexes.

The latest reforms in the French Constitution are not to be carried out, it seems, without serious convulsions in the ministry. The Emperor's letter to M. Ollivier, of March 21, expressed his desire to have all "required reforms adopted at once, so as to put an end to the immoderate desire for change which exists in certain minds." He accordingly ordered the ministry to prepare a Senatus-Consultum which was to divide the constituent power between the two chambers, instead of confining it to the Senate, as at present, and this the Senate was of course expected to adopt, *nolens volens*. Thereupon arose dissensions both in the ranks of the ministry itself and between the ministry and the Senate, as to what the Senatus-Consultum was to contain. One party wanted simply to have the Senate give way to the extent of giving back the election of mayors of municipalities to the people. Another wanted almost a complete recasting of the constitution, leaving the Senate little or nothing of its present power or dignity, and indeed reducing it to the position of the Chamber of Peers before 1848. The Senate, on the other hand, headed, and, it is said, egged on by M. Rouher, its president, the well-known ex-minister of the personal régime, is trying to surrender as little as possible, and Rouher is said to have still the ear of the Emperor. Another cause of dissension in the Cabinet is the unwillingness of the advanced section to leave in the hands of the executive that power of appeal to the people, known as the privilege of ordering a *plébiscite*, as being in reality a covert right of making *coup d'état*, but this the Emperor hesitates about giving up. So there is, according to the latest news, a crisis pending, which has already brought about the resignation of M. Buffet, the Minister of Finance, and threatens that of Count Daru, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The question on which the country is most strongly excited is the 57th article of the constitution, which gives the Government the power of appointing anybody it pleases mayor of a municipality; the moderates would be content with a compromise by which the Government would have to confine its choice to persons nominated by the municipal councils, while the advanced section insist on the relegation of the choice to the council or the people.

Affairs at Rome have become highly interesting. The French Government held off from any interference touching the deliberations of the Council for a long time, and, beyond Count Daru's private letters to the Marquis de Banneville, gave no indication of its feeling about the dogma of infallibility. On the report of the ambassador, however, that the dogma was making rapid headway, and that Antonelli even, who is not supposed to be burdened with much religious enthusiasm, had gone over to it, a Cabinet Council was held, at which it was determined to announce to the Pope that the French Government would send an ambassador to the Council, in accordance with the earlier practice. The ambassador hesitated about presenting the letter, but did present it; and, when he called for a reply, was put off by Antonelli, who had the gout. The same day, a protest was signed by the French bishops, and was threatened by the German bishops, against a new rule of procedure still further curtailing their liberty of debate, and the three things combined provoked the Pope into the issue of a decree containing the proposed form of promulgation of the much talked-of dogma, and a copy was promptly served on every bishop. The form of the dogma is said to confine the infallibility to matters touching "faith or morals"—terms which, of course, are capable of indefinite expansion—and it contains no *ex-cathedrâ* proviso. So the Pope under it can be infallible whenever he pleases, and there will be no outward sign by which the human eye can tell whether he is acting in the capacity of a god or only of a man. That he will be a somewhat narrow-minded and capricious deity may be inferred from the fact that he forbade Montalembert's funeral mass being celebrated anywhere but in one of the smallest and most obscure churches in Rome, out of revenge for his having denounced the great dogma before his death. The latest report is that, all things being now ready, the dogma will be adopted by acclamation on Easter Sunday.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT AND HIGH TARIFFS.

THERE is one view of the tariff controversy which is every day taking hold of a larger proportion of the community, and which we earnestly commend to the consideration of thoughtful protectionists, and that is, that the uncertainty in which, under a popular government, a high tariff involves all commerce and industry, renders the thorough trial of the protectionist experiment almost impossible in this country. Granting everything that Mr. Carey and Mr. Greeley or any of their disciples claim for their theory; granting that if we kept on excluding foreign products by high duties, we should eventually build up native manufactures which would be able to hold their own without protection, does not the experience of the last ten years justify us in concluding that it is useless to make the effort, that the people will not submit to it, and that it involves a derangement of the machinery of business which nothing but the extraordinary material wealth of the country enables it to bear up under, and which even this will not enable it to bear up under long? To all arguments drawn from the one or two successful attempts made to naturalize branches of industry by means of state fostering—such as the beet-root sugar industry in France—it is a sufficient answer to say that these are examples of what a despotic and highly centralized government, exempt from the control of public opinion or only slenderly influenced by public opinion, can do if you give it half a century to work in. We might nearly as well cite the spectacle of the half-million of men which France or Prussia keeps constantly under arms in support of the theory that we could draft and maintain a similar force here. The American tariff is, on the other hand, the work of a large popular assembly, the composition of which almost completely changes in the course of eight or ten years, and which every two years receives from its constituents a fresh set of moral and mental impressions. The trial of an experiment requiring an indefinite period of time for its completion, and inflicting on the bulk of the community during the whole time a present and perceptible loss as the price of a remote and invisible good, it is useless to expect from such a body. It is with great difficulty that even small institutions, the advantage of which to the community is immediate and evident, but which entail more or less expense, such as the naval and military schools, the Coast Survey, and the army and navy, are kept on foot from generation to generation. Every decade sees an attempt from some quarter to get rid of them; that immense monopolies from which all the *immediate* benefit is seen to go to individuals, while the public is put off with promises, can fare even half as well, it is useless to expect.

To the element of uncertainty created by the fluctuations in public opinion and in the character of the governing body, must be added the still greater ones created by the very nature of the protective policy. To one of these we have more than once alluded—namely, the impossibility, when you put a heavy duty on any commodity extensively used in a highly complex commercial society like ours, of foreseeing all its effects. The result you aim at is pretty sure to be only one of a hundred produced; what the other ninety-nine will be, you can hardly ever tell beforehand. For instance, you tax foreign iron heavily in order to build up the manufacture of native iron, and this your tax may succeed in accomplishing; but iron enters largely into nearly every branch of human industry; it furnishes the tools of all trades, and in our day is the great instrument of locomotion. Your tax, therefore, produces most important effects on a great variety of manufactures, of which the legislator, perhaps, never thought when he was imposing the duty, but which, after it has worked a year or two, he finds clamoring round his door for revision. Sometimes, too, a duty on one commodity strikes others with which it does not seem to have the remotest connection, thus producing a result which nobody but a very thoughtful expert could have foreseen—as in the case cited by Mr. Wells, in which the duty on copper, to the astonishment of everybody, nearly ruined the manufacturers of wall-paper, owing to their having begun to use an alloy of copper and zinc, called "Dutch metal," for their decoration. The extended application of chemistry to the arts, of which modern industry is full, and the close interrelation which science is establishing among all the arts, prepare multitudes of these snares and surprises for the financial legislator. Some of them might be avoided if the tariff were committed, both for its preparation and enforcement, entirely to the hands of a commission of scientific experts holding office for life, as the judges do under the Constitution, and sitting constantly to watch over and revise it. To expect the Committee of Ways and Means, the House, and the Senate, and the lobby, all pulling in different directions, to avoid them, is simple folly.

Another element of uncertainty is due to the tendency of every tax imposed on one article to diffuse itself over all other articles. The rapidity with which this diffusion takes place depends on the extent to which the article enters into general consumption, and to which it is difficult to dispense with its use. A tax on iron or leather, for instance, is felt with great rapidity in the price of all commodities; a tax on tea or sugar, much less rapidly and less perceptibly. The result of this diffusion is, however, always to render the protective effect of the tax very brief. The rise of the cost of other things which it creates speedily puts the protected industry in much the same relation to its competitors in which it previously stood, and makes a still further rise in the tax necessary. The consequence is that a protective tariff is never a finality; and in default of the acquisition of some extraordinary natural or mechanical advantages, protected industries are never found either content with the protection they have or ready to do with less. This is true of protection in all countries in which it has been tried. The history of the tariff during the last ten years affords a remarkable illustration of its truth in this country. Every year since 1860, every protected interest in the United States has had a lobby at Washington clamoring for higher duties, and showing that unless they got an increase it was all over with it; and every year the tariff has been overhauled and modified, and always in the same direction.

Now the overhauling and changing of the tariff, which is now as regular as the return of the spring, *means a change in prices of nearly every article of commerce and industry*—of all the more important ones, at all events. It means the subjection of every trader's and manufacturer's operations to the control of secret agencies, over which he has no control, and the operations of which he cannot calculate or foresee, and which may ruin him, particularly if his business is one of those in which the returns on investments are slow, and the combinations need long periods of time to be worked out. The meeting of Congress, therefore, actually produces on industry some of the effects of war. In December, after the representatives of the various "interests" have assembled at Washington, in that city rumors begin to circulate as to what the committee are going to do, which naturally excite more or less alarm and uncertainty all over the country, and consequently exercise a more or less repressive influence on enterprise. Then the committee settle down to the revision of the tariff—that is, to the work of lowering the value of some kinds of property, and raising that of others—with as much equanimity as a farmer sets to work at his spring ploughing, although their action in its general effects resembles nothing so much as the appearance in the populous districts of a strong body of hostile cavalry, moving swiftly and plundering as they go. As their work goes on, of course the anxiety and uncertainty of the business world increase, under the influence of the reports from the committee-room. The attention of the great industrial chiefs is called off almost completely from their callings, and transferred to Washington. Some go on there, and harangue the committee and buttonhole the members, and write letters to the newspapers; others stay at home, and prepare for the worst, by restricting their operations to the narrowest limits—"making things snug," as it is called, till "the new tariff bill" is either killed or passed; but this rarely happens before June. Six months of the year, therefore, business is kept in a kind of semi-paralysis, as it is at this moment; those who go on at the old rate have to have the hearts and heads of gamblers.

We have no wish to depreciate Congress unduly. We have no doubt its desire to do right is generally underrated by the newspapers, but nobody claims for the great body of the members familiarity with financial history or political economy. There is nobody, too, who has ever attempted to master these subjects, or who knows anything of the

lives of the great explorers of these fields of political science, who is not aware that proficiency in them is only to be bought by years of laborious study and constant observation of all their phenomena at home and abroad. Now, as Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, pointed out the other day as the result of his own sad experience, members cannot, in the present condition of the Civil Service, give even the smallest amount of serious attention to the great economical problems now before the country. All the time they spend out of their seats is devoted to interviews with the worthless class who are hunting for offices, or to correspondence with constituents on the subject of "claims." They are, consequently, as helpless in the presence of tariff speculators as a band of untutored savages in the presence of a body of skilled riflemen, armed with repeaters. And yet the re-valuation of the property and business of every man in the community is committed every winter regularly to this body. At the present moment, it is not only engaged in rearranging the whole system of taxation, but in providing for a total change in the nature and value of about $1,200,000,000 worth of securities now in the money market; and, to add to the uncertainty thus created, and weighing heavily on the business world, the Administration has called the Supreme Court into the field, and is getting it to reverse a decision only a few weeks old, and which affects the value of the whole circulating currency of the nation. In other words, the taxation, currency, and a large proportion of the marketable securities of the country are at this moment afloat on an ocean of uncertainty.

We have no desire to see any violent measures taken towards any industry which the tariff has either called into existence or forced into unnatural activity. All violent changes are dangerous and unjust; but the high-tariff men must make up their minds that the present state of things cannot continue; that the country is growing disgusted and will soon insist on getting down to "the hard pan" somehow, and having the tariff element of uncertainty taken out of its affairs. If protectionists are wise, they will prepare for this change; it depends on them whether it will be sudden and violent, or gradual and smooth. They might have saved themselves years ago, by letting the tariff alone, and giving the business community at least certainty; but it is now doubtful whether even the chance of compromise has not passed away.

WHAT "THE SHIP OF STATE" NEEDS.

Harper's Weekly, speaking, a fortnight ago, of the confirmation of Sickles's nomination by the Senate, on the report of Mr. Charles Sumner, dwelt in very strong terms on the serious nature of the injury done to the Republican party, whose strength has been so largely moral strength, by such open denial of the value of good character to public men, or, in fact, of the existence of any relation whatever between morals and politics. Of course, the confirmation of such a man as Sickles, on the cordial recommendation of such a man as Mr. Sumner, brought out in the most striking possible way the curious ethical position into which the party has gradually worked itself; but the importance of the incident lay, after all, mainly in its value as an illustration. The state of things which it brought prominently before the public eye is now of old date. The party managers began to cultivate unscrupulousness, and laugh over objections to the character of "faithful men," and cry up "soundness on the main question," almost immediately after the close of the war, or at least as soon as they found they were going to have a tussle with Andrew Johnson. Previously, they had passed a large portion of their time with their Bible or Epictetus on their knees, and relied a good deal on the "mill of God" and its slow grinding, and were apparently content to wait an indefinite period for the triumph of truth and right. Dirty tools and dirty tricks they eschewed vigilantly. The struggle against slavery did undoubtedly raise those engaged in it into a serener and purer air than the merely party politician has often an opportunity of breathing. During the war, too, the heart of the country was too deeply stirred, and too much of the work of Government was done by the army and the Executive, to leave much room for mere intriguing. But what did most to preserve Republican morals during the war was the fact that the powerful reinforcement of knavish politicians which it received from the ranks of the Democratic party, after the secession of the South, was mainly in the field, either fighting or going through the motions of fighting. When peace came, these worthies came back home, and not only had to be provided for, but began to take an active part in the management of the party.

The change they brought about very speedily in the Republican moralists was very curious to witness. The contest with Johnson once begun, they rapidly taught them all their best tricks, and in particular taught them the old Democratic drill and discipline, and especially that very marked feature of the old Democratic discipline—indifference to personal character of "fellow-soldiers." It was very interesting to watch the Republican saints after they began to wink at each other, and grin, and point with their thumbs "over the left," when simple-minded persons called their attention to the fact that A., whom they had just nominated to high office, was given to having drunken sprees in brothels; or that B. was not generally believed on his oath, and had certainly been guilty of trover and conversion, as the lawyers say, with regard to C.'s funds; and that D. had committed a murder, robbed a till, and acted for some years as a professional pimp—not to speak of various minor delinquencies. They were much too 'cute to attempt refutations of these charges or even to take any notice of them. They simply were silent when they were mentioned, or laughed, and called for a vote. If they did notice them, it was much in the style of a henchman of a prominent New York politician, who, defending his chief, some years ago, when candidate for mayor, against some unpleasant charges in the nature of forgery and embezzlement, met them with the simple declaration that they "were an eternal lie against humanity." There was nothing more amusing, however, than their mode of dealing with cases of intemperance. The party, and especially the party managers, have always had a leaning to temperance, and, if not ready to legislate against intoxication, have always shown strong sympathy with the teetotal sentiment of the country. But, of course, it was impossible to prevent cases of drunkenness occurring in their own ranks, and even among leaders, and drunkenness is not so easy to overlook or cover up as theft or fornication, nor could it be fairly set off by loyalty or hatred of "the traitor in the White House." So they issued certificates that the accused had never been *seen* drunk by this or that prominent man. In one case the accused person's habit of drinking to excess was so notorious that his failure to get drunk could only be accounted for on the supposition that liquor did not affect persons who were "sound on the main question."

In the Butler contest in Massachusetts in 1868—the most serious danger threatening the country being, as was plainly to be seen, repudiation of the public debt, and the party being on the question of reconstruction firm and united as a rock—the managers deliberately aided in every way in their power in returning to Congress one of the foremost and most unscrupulous apostles of repudiation, who has ever since been engaged in breaking down the public credit—*i.e.*, in preventing the funding of the public debt at a lower rate of interest and the reduction of taxation—and thus diminishing the defensive power of the Government in all future wars or rebellions. At that time Mr. Sumner had made such progress in the new code that he laid down the doctrine, as an excuse for not using his influence against Butler, that the senators and members of the House were "officers of the party" and not officers of the whole people, and therefore bound to stand by each other—probably as debasing and mischievous a view of a legislator's position as could well be propounded. Of course, under it all things are lawful.

Mr. Sumner has ever since acted under it. He canvassed actively for Ashley after the publication of the Cox correspondence, which showed that Ashley had actually entered into a formal partnership to trade in lands in the Territories, on the strength of the knowledge which he acquired as member of the House Committee, and has left nothing undone since to whitewash that worthy—the moving consideration being apparently the noisy zeal which he displayed in Andrew Johnson's impeachment, so that the confirmation of Sickles is in reality but the legitimate result of a process of degeneration long going on.

We recur to the subject, which is not a pleasant one, and which we have already discussed frequently, for the purpose not only of corro-

borating what *Harper's Weekly* says as to the extent to which the Republican party is dependent on its morals for its strength, but of pointing out that the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, and the failure of the party thus far to exhibit much skill or courage in the treatment of financial questions, renders good morals more than ever necessary to its existence; and the only effective way in which any party can show the goodness of its morals, in the present condition of the country, is in the choice of public officers, or, in other words, in the purification of the Civil Service. The laws are all good enough; at all events, they will do for the present; what we need is better men to execute them. In the present stage of the voyage "the ship of state"—to use an old and well-worn simile—has had prayers and articles of war read on the quarter-deck often enough; we now want good seamen to work her and keep the reckoning. With eighty-odd members of the Legislature of South Carolina unable to read or write, and in nearly every other Southern State adventurers of the lowest class fighting for the possession of the government, under the superintendence of Congress, it is clear that it is not so much declarations of principles we need as the recognition in practice that the Government requires, in every department, upright, honorable, and instructed men to do its work, and has absolutely no accommodation either for penitent rakes or ignorant old hacks in search of an easy living.

BABY SUFFRAGE.

It would seem as if there was no way in which a man of reformatory turn could do as much just now for humanity as by contriving some mode of giving the ballot to babies—that is, some mode of enabling them to get the ticket into the box. Of their fitness to vote, in all other respects, it is happily not permitted to us any longer to doubt. According to the arguments by which many great men and still greater women have been for the last five years advocating the extension of the suffrage, a voter does not need to have the power of judging of measures or of forecasting consequences. He does not need to know how to read, write, or cipher. All he does need is the capacity of liking certain men and disliking others; and this is compatible with the very lowest condition of the human intelligence, nay, is not entirely incompatible with idiocy. When, for instance, our correspondent, "M. C. W.," said last week, using one of the stump phrases in common use during the war in support of the theory that a voter does not need education, "that the ignorant slaves knew enough to be loyal, which was more than their masters did," what she meant was, that the negro disliked the people who kept him in slavery and flogged him, while he liked those who he believed were going to deliver him from that condition. Now, of this like and dislike of persons, of a partiality for those who give them food and fondle them, and of a repugnance to those who do not give them food and pinch or spank them, there is no denying that the mass of babies are fully capable. Amongst very young babies, we admit, this power of discrimination is not always apparent; but it would be wonderful if it were. The cause of their indifference is to be found in the fact that, up to the present, they have had no motive for exercising the faculty of discrimination. Let them like or dislike ever so much, it could make no change in their condition. The detested nurse was still sure to be left in charge of them; they were allowed no liberty of choice among possible nurses; so they very naturally fell into the habit of making the best of their lot, or, when badly used, indicating their dissatisfaction by apparently senseless and inarticulate cries. We say "apparently" senseless and inarticulate; to those who have studied the problem of the baby's condition in society, those cries always have been full of very deep meaning.

The way to induce the baby to occupy itself seriously with the character and qualifications of those who have charge of it, is, as it seems to us, to furnish it with some formal and organized means of indicating its preferences. The means of exercising the faculty of discrimination once supplied, the faculty itself, there is good reason to believe, will show itself, and will grow rapidly. That very young babies have never shown this faculty hitherto seems rather a poor argument against the theory that it exists. Nothing, or very little, is as yet known, let us say, about the nature of babies. Their condition is what women have made it. Swaddled, cabined, cribbed, and confined from the moment of their birth, and deprived of the power of speech, it has been open to their mothers and nurses to spread and perpetuate any notions they pleased about their needs and capacity. Give them the ballot—that is, a legal means of indicating to whose hands they wished to be entrusted, with what kind of diet they wished to be sustained, and of what process of training they wished to be the object, and, our word for it, the literature both of physiology and of education would be greatly enriched, and the mawkish stuff which one meets with so much in books and periodicals, and in society, about baby "innocence," and "prattle," and "dimples," and "sweetness," and "pretty ways," would be heard no more. Moreover, we should have an end of the corrupt jargon known as "baby talk," in which mothers and nurses now so largely indulge, and which, as it consists simply in the debasement of the popular speech, and is used freely in intercourse with children who either understand no language at all or understand correct English perfectly well, is plainly used as a means of retarding the development of the infant mind, and thus strengthening and protracting adult ascendancy.

It is, however, when we come to consider babies as a class affected by maternal control that the necessity for arming them with some means of protecting themselves against their mothers becomes most apparent. It is constantly said that we can rely on the natural instinct of parents to have justice done to the offspring; and that this may be relied on in a great number of cases is no doubt true. The babies of sensible, intelligent, and kind parents of course need nothing more, but what about that immense class of babies whose parents are neither kind, nor sensible, nor intelligent, and who, far from desiring or loving children, feel them to be a burden and a nuisance? That the number of adults who do not like or want children grows in every country, and grows, unhappily, in the ratio of the culture and thrift of the community—or, in other words, in the ratio of its civilization—is unhappily too true. It is what statistics tell us every day. Ministers are preaching about it, philosophers discussing it, and doctors denouncing it every week. In short, it looks more and more as if babies would shortly be not only the one class in the community unprotected by legislation, but the class most needing legislative protection.

Their position in all ages has, it is true, been unfortunate. The mortality among the babies of the poor of civilized countries has always been tremendous, and indeed furnishes the one painful feature in the rapid increase of population which is set down as one of the signs of national strength and prosperity. In old countries, this increase is kept up solely by keeping a steady pressure of numbers on the means of subsistence; and those who are nearest the barrier, and they are mostly young children, leave their bones on the ground in enormous numbers. Parents have always pushed them out in the advance, and they have consequently been the first to succumb. Passing over all this, however, and passing over, too, the awful stories of child mortality in the old foundling hospitals, and coming down to our own day, and to that country in our own day in which woman has succeeded in securing the most prominent part in the transaction of the active business of life, we find some very powerful arguments for baby suffrage. The custom has long prevailed in French cities, and particularly in Paris, of giving babies out to be nursed in the country by peasant women. It originated ages ago, and was the subject of Government regulation as early as the fourteenth century, but it is only in our time that it has grown into a flourishing industry—so flourishing that it affords a subsistence in Paris to a large body of baby-brokers, who bring nurses and parents together. The Government, too, has a great nurse-bureau in Paris, in which it provides nurses, and guarantees their health and good character to the parents, and guarantees the nurse a certain sum per month in case the parents fail to pay, and keeps up a mild inspection of the children in their rural homes. But the greater part of the business is done directly between the parties. The mortality amongst the infants thus sent out is, as might be expected, tremendous. It is the subject of an elaborate article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of March 15, from the pen of M. Léon Le Fort; Dr. Berthillon has just written a book about it; it has been of late vigorously discussed in the Paris Academy of Medicine, and is shortly to be brought before the Corps Législatif. According to Dr. Berthillon, in the seven departments round the capital a third nearly of the children under a year old perish annually, and the proportion goes on increasing, and has increased greatly within the last twenty years.

The custom of handing over the babies in this way, as soon after birth as they can leave their houses, to strange and ignorant peasant women, to be carried off, often in the depth of winter, to filthy, ill-ventilated homes, to be treated in such manner as these ignorant peasants may think proper, with one chance in two of perishing miserably, and seeing father and mother no more, all the authorities agree, is now all but universal amongst all Parisian women who can afford to pay the customary four dollars a month. Some do not nurse their own children because it is not the fashion; others because they are not strong enough; others because their

professional duties will not permit it—they have to be in the store or counting-room. The reason why the children are sent away, instead of the nurse being brought to the house, is that it costs less and saves room, and relieves families of the impudence and exactions of a most impudent and exacting class. The fate of the little unfortunates, after they reach the nurse's home, as described by M. Le Fort, is enough to draw tears from a gorgon; and, considering the enormous number of them who die, the practice affords a striking illustration of the way in which we manage, in modern times, to be decent in our cruelty. When Romans were as careless as the French about their children's lives, they simply flung them down on the roadside; if nobody picked them up, their agony was soon over; but, nowadays, we respect the convenances of Christianity too much for anything of this kind.

Nevertheless, there are no mothers who, if their children manage to survive babyhood, are more tenderly attached to them than the French mothers. None make greater sacrifices for them; none take greater pains with their education, and make greater efforts to establish and push them on in the world. They are, in fact, apparently ready to do anything but nurse them—that is, care for them at the age when nobody's but a mother's care will do. A better illustration than this affords, therefore, of the necessity of arming babies with the power of protecting themselves, of forcing mothers and fathers to do their duty, of putting down the scores of barbarous practices by which infant life is cut short, and against which the church thunders in vain, we need not ask for. Those who are disposed—and we fear there will be many such—to laugh at the idea of giving them the suffrage, and tell us we must rely for the amelioration of the condition of infants on the cultivation of humane instincts, on awakening the sense of the sanctity of the various social obligations, and, above all, those arising out of the family state, and some of which are just now in a bad way, can hardly be in the habit of listening to the various accounts of the properties of the ballot which may now be heard nightly from hundreds of gifted lips. Nobody is too young, or too old, or too stupid, or too ignorant for it to do him good. For those who are in any way dependent on other people, there is no other help under the sun; and they cannot use it very long without becoming a blessing to every one who has to do with them. The effect of infant suffrage on mothers and nurses would be even greater than on the infants themselves. Colic would certainly yield to it, and so would most of the troubles of teething. The Seventeenth Amendment—for so we take leave to call it—once passed, the sound of wailing which is now heard nightly from Maine to California would die out; thousands would go calmly to bed who now walk to and fro. That mothers will oppose the movement is to be expected; power long held is never lightly relinquished. That Mrs. Winslow will oppose it, too, there is little doubt; for no child armed with the ballot would ever again allow itself to be made a receptacle for the "Soothing Syrup;" but that infant life would be made broader, freer, nobler, and more beautiful by it, and that it was ordained before all worlds that babies should vote, no candid woman, in our day, will we trust venture publicly to deny.

Correspondence.

THE VEXED QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I alluded in my last to the extensive use made of the name of Mr. John Stuart Mill by the advocates of woman suffrage. This is not unnatural, and within proper limits it is right; for undoubtedly Mr. Mill's name is a tower of strength to the cause of woman everywhere. But the question in controversy is not one to be settled by authority; if it were, the advocates of the new doctrine, even with this great name on their side, would be at a serious disadvantage. Neither is authority, even when it can be justly claimed, to be made to sanction more than it distinctly covers. That Mr. Mill sympathizes with the woman's rights movement in this country, from the very bottom of his heart, is most clear, and that he wishes well to the suffrage effort now making in that behalf is equally clear; but beyond this the public have no explicit information. It may be that private letters from his pen have been received, expressing, or distinctly implying, approval of the suffrage movement in gross and in detail, and it is not impossible that, if he himself were here, he would fully identify himself with it; but certain it is that some of his admirers in this country, including persons who defer much to his authority, fail to find anything in the quotation of his name which on this point serves the purpose of an argument. On the contrary, looking at the question in the double light of Mr. Mill's writings and example, they rest in the conviction that they can be more useful to all parties concerned by occupying themselves with some other mode of action.

Mr. Mill's doctrine on the subject of voting is that the suffrage should be universal, including men and women; that where it is not universal there should be an educational test requiring, at the very least, ability to read, write, and cipher; and that, when it shall become universal, it shall be on the condition that each elector shall have a larger or smaller number of votes in proportion to his intelligence. To an unskilled laborer he would give one vote; to a skilled laborer he would give two; to a foreman "perhaps three;" to a farmer, manufacturer, or trader, "three or four;" to a professional man, artist, public functionary, or other of high intellectual grade and attainments, he would give "five or six." Because, he says, "where all have votes, it will be both just in principle *and necessary in fact* that some mode be adopted of giving greater weight to the suffrage of the more educated voter; some means by which the more intrinsically valuable member of society—the one who is more capable, more competent for the general affairs of life, and possesses more of the knowledge applicable to the management of the affairs of the community, should, as far as practicable, be singled out and allowed a superiority of influence proportioned to his highest qualifications." Such is Mr. Mill's doctrine of universal suffrage. It requires as a condition precedent that the "class lowest in the educational scale," to use his own language, shall "recognize a right in the better educated, in virtue of their superior qualifications, *to such plurality of votes as may prevent them from being always and hopelessly outvoted by the comparatively incapable.*"

So much for the doctrine; now for Mr. Mill's example. He sympathizes with all classes aspiring to a better condition, and with all struggling nationalities, and has a good word for them all; but he devotes his time and talents chiefly to efforts for improving the character of the Government of which he is a subject, and putting it on a solid foundation of integrity and usefulness. "Charlatanerie" in office and rogues in power are his detestation, and he deals with both unsparingly. He strives to elevate the tone of public sentiment and raise the standard of English politics, his end being to make the English Government available for all the beneficent purposes for which governments are established. He advocates popular education for the masses, and university education, or its equivalent, for those who make and administer laws. Holding that "government and civil society are the most complicated of all subjects accessible to the human mind, and that he who would deal competently with them requires not only a general knowledge of the leading facts of life, both moral and material, but an understanding exercised and disciplined in the principles of sound thinking;" and maintaining that "statesmanship of a high order can only be looked for in persons who devote themselves to it as an art," he uses his pen and his power to build up a public opinion and provide supports for its continuance which will ensure the reduction of these views to practice.

To some of the admirers of the great English radical, therefore, the quotation of his name may, and in fact does, suggest other modes of working for the benefit of woman and of all concerned which, to their minds, promise more valuable results than that of an organized agitation for the ballot, and some of these even go so far as to fancy that, if Mr. Mill were here on the spot, an American citizen, sharing in all the responsibilities of the situation, he would find problems of sociology not more important, perhaps, in their nature, but more imperatively demanding instant and universal attention, than that of doubling by one swoop the present number of the Republic's electors. For Mr. Mill is understood to hold that democratic governments depend for success upon democratic institutions, which institutions are popular political rights *and* popular education; and he is further understood to have said that in a great reformatory movement there are only two courses for a rational man to pursue: one, where things are ready and the movement too slow, to accelerate it; the other, where the movement is going fast enough and things are not ready, to prepare for it. One would think that in this country, at the present time, there was something to do in the way of preparation. For, while it has been admitted that our "body politic can take in and digest and assimilate an immeasurable amount of raw material," it ought also to be submitted that, after the meal of freedmen and coolies, with the extra large dessert of European foreigners, which has just passed through the political gullet, the body politic ought to be allowed to breathe awhile before bolting another of still greater dimensions. The gastric solvents of a democratic body are powerful, but they should not be presumed to be miraculous. And as for acceleration, it is submitted that, if there be one duty of radical reform

which more than another is not at this time imperatively required, it is just that duty. When everything is in motion, and some things are going with a *whiz*, your accelerator can be spared for some other line of effort. It is fancied, therefore, by some that, if Mr. Mill were here just now, a resident and a citizen, he would find it in his heart to sympathize and labor with another class of reformers—a quieter class, whose radicalism has an element of conservatism in it, and who hold that the duties of eradicating tares and conserving the wheat are of equal obligation. But whether this be so or not, the question in hand is not one to be settled by authority.

There is another difficulty which embarrasses some honest minds in regard to women's taking an equal part with men in the duties of citizenship. It is of a physiological character. With some it refers itself to those partially disabling conditions of maternity which precede and follow the "august martyrdom," alternating through that prime period of woman's life which in man is made subject to the state for military duty. With others it is predicated chiefly of the sensual passions—those insubordinate and eccentric forces which have baffled the skill of statesman, lawyer, and moralist from the beginning down to the present day. Now, be it noted, the difficulty, as here set forth, is not alleged by the coarse and grovelling—the impure to whom all things are impure; nor by the fastidiously modest or the traditionally conservative—to which latter class, perhaps, belong the Quakers, who, holding that the sexes are equal and that in Christianity there is "neither male nor female," nevertheless separate the women from the men even in their churches; and the Presbyterians, who denounce "promiscuous dancing;" and people of other sects, and none, who are opposed to waltzing; and the Oberlin professors, though their conservatism is not traditional, who after much experience have adopted a rule requiring the female students to be in their rooms at half-past seven o'clock in the evening. To none of these classes belong the persons here referred to; on the contrary, they hold what would be called "advanced opinions" on the subject of the sexes. They know the difference between prudishness and modesty, and believe that excessive caution tends to promote the evil it would prevent. They are friends of art galleries, and are of opinion that forms of beauty refine the moral as well as the æsthetic taste. In short, they would gladly, if they could, break down all the barriers between the sexes which have been interposed by a false education. Nevertheless, looking at the present condition and existing arrangements of political society, they prefer that their sisters and daughters should assert their rights and perform their duties as citizens outside. When reminded, as they sometimes are, that Paul said there is "neither male nor female," they reply promptly: Yes, but that is "in Christ Jesus," which was Paul's mystic and oriental way of saying *under the reign of truth*. Of course, under that reign or to the extent to which people are under that reign, should sex be ignored, but under the reign of penal law or to the extent to which people are under the reign of penal law, a recognition of sexual difference would seem to them to be both decorous and necessary. At any rate, when they think of sheriffalties, arrests, ejectments, executions, capiases, posses, habeas corpuses, constables, jails, scaffolds, and all the long array of forceful appliances which terminate at last in the army and navy, they cannot see that woman can take an equal part with man in administering the government. Equal rights in the sense of equivalence they believe in and demand; but equal rights in the sense of identity are to them not an object of present desire.

The physiological difficulty derives much, possibly most, of its force from the fact that it is one which cannot be freely talked about. To discuss it before a promiscuous audience would require a degree of skill in the use of words which few can pretend to. A doubter on this point would have to be a perfect master of synonym and euphemism to do full justice to his convictions. It is only with those who are part of himself or with whom he is so completely *en rapport* that a remote suggestion will serve all the purposes of a distinct statement, that he can express himself with satisfactory freedom. Now this difficulty may argue weakness on the part of those who entertain it, but it is one which embarrasses many good people, and which cannot with wisdom be treated with contempt or dismissed with a sneer. It must be discussed openly and proved to be groundless before the question as it is now put can be settled in the affirmative. The women of England have at this moment a similar difficulty to contend with, and bravely are they confronting it. That the obnoxious "acts" against which these ladies have combined will be repealed is not to be doubted, nor is it less certain that their discussion of the subject, conducted as it is with dignity and decorum, will do much to rebuke impurity and promote the best interests of national morality. The physiologies of the suffrage question in this country must be treated with the same frankness and discussed in a like spirit if those interested in it would realize similar results. It will be as decorous and ought to be quite as easy to do this as to say as much as is said by indirection, sneer, or partial statement about the sensuality of men, and the inability of women to set bounds to sensual grossness because of their exclusion from the polls. There are exaggerations on this subject not warranted by the facts nor calculated to promote the interests of virtue. The public sentiment of this country which assures respect to woman everywhere and on all occasions is a reality and not a sham. A man who is known as a seducer is as much abhorred by his own sex as the other. If his victim, real or alleged, shoots him dead in the streets, she is acquitted after the merest form of trial. For broken faith, with even the slightest wound to the affections, our juries make men pay damages sometimes almost fabulous. Still, that the number and misery of the "fallen" class is largely due to men's bad legislation is not to be denied; it is fondly believed by many that the feminine element introduced into the direct administration of the government would greatly diminish the evil. But on neither of these points can anything be affirmed with practical advantage. On the latter we have no precedent; in the former, no statistics. The tables and reports laid before the women of England in the controversy now going on there are full of instruction, but not on the point here referred to. Of man's brutality and woman's inhumanity to woman they testify loudly. The extent to which mothers make base merchandise of their daughters, and sisters debauch the purity of those of whom they should be guardians, is something appalling. We need no tables to convince us that the number of women who have fallen through men's baseness is enormous, but until we shall have ascertained the proportionate number of those who have been preserved through men's forbearance, we cannot with profit make the matter a subject either of declamation or argumentative allusion. The equality of the sexes, sad to say, finds its illustration in the infirmities as well as in the virtues of our common nature.

Another difficulty—and it shall be the last here mentioned—which stands in the way of the suffrage movement with some honest and sensible people is that which is created by such letters as "M. C. W.'s," in last week's *Nation*. If—these people say to themselves—advocates of the cause, high in standing both in and out of the movement, of acknowledged ability, and far above the reproach of not having "kept pace with the question" can reason so inconsequently, can treat facts with such apparent indifference, and show such a serene confidence in the deft use of words, there must be something, either in the doctrine or in the movement based upon it, which is essentially befogging. Else such writers could not thus talk about "the contentment of the slaves," or say that the self-constituted woman's rights conventions held twenty years ago were "duly authorized to speak for the sex," or quote with grave approval the silly resolution which declares that "all laws which prevent women from occupying such a position in society *as her conscience may dictate* [*sic*] . . . *are of no authority*." A gentleman of high reputation and conscientious devotedness to good works, writing to a friend, thus speaks of "M. C. W.'s" letter: "It is one of a class of letters which I find are gradually breeding in me, and many others who stood well affected to the movement two or three years ago, hostility to the whole agitation. . . . They show on the part of some of these leaders mental conditions and characteristics which give the experiment an awful look."

This letter is too long, as were its predecessors, but as I have never troubled you before and do not expect to do so again, I hope to be pardoned.

M.

Orange, April 8.

THE PHILADELPHIA PARK.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I trust it may not be out of place in your journal to call attention to the way in which Philadelphia is managing a most important and difficult enterprise. In 1867 and 1868, the city bought a great tract of land for a park, covering 2,700 acres, on both sides of the Schuylkill, connecting Laurel Hill with Fairmount Park, and stretching on to the lovely valley of the Wissahickon. To confirm its selection, it called in eminent professional advice from Boston and New York, and was satisfied that it had the means of making the noblest park in the country. To secure a wise and careful expenditure of its money, it engaged a large number of lawyers and engineers, combined them with certain city officials, and committed the whole matter to them. Two years have passed, during which the Commission have been busily occupied with their duties, but in spite of their glowing report, lately published, the public have derived little pleasure, and the city but scanty credit, from their labors.

Apparently the Commission have taken no pains to inform themselves as to similar enterprises in other cities, but have acted as if they were born to knowledge which comes only with patient study and long practice. Neglecting the well-established principles for the laying out of public grounds, they have produced, when they have produced anything, results which are so unsatisfactory even to themselves that they call their work temporary, and expect to undo it. Not one of them, if he were building a house for himself, would take a single step towards it till he could see the end from the beginning; and yet, as if it were a simpler matter to construct a park than a dwelling, they have sunk two years' labor in the grounds before a careful preliminary survey—which ought to have preceded the moving of a shovelful of earth—has been brought to completion. Such a topographical survey, if made by competent engineers, by contract, would have consumed about three months' time, and cost from eight to ten thousand dollars; whereas the city has, under its chief engineer, been for two years dawdling over the surveys, they are not yet completed, and have cost $26,975. Instead of laying out the work according to a comprehensive plan, the Commission have, by way of pleasing the people, made a few avenues and drives, of which one, the Lansdowne Drive, for miles squirms in and out amongst the trees and around the hills, to catch this or that view, or to dodge some old elm or hickory, in the most tortuous fashion, and is so narrow withal (only forty feet wide) that any gala-day will crowd it with carriages. Yet this avenue, and others like it, have cost from two to three hundred thousand dollars; and we are told, when we criticise it, that it is only intended to be used whilst the Commission are making up their minds what to do!

Let us see what the Commission have saved the city by this economy: Plan of improvements, $15,000; two years of professional service, $20,000; total, $35,000. Against which we must set: Wasted in surveying, $15,000; in trial roads, $300,000; total, $315,000—making a total loss, so far, of $280,000, with a fair prospect of increase. As this need never have been, so it should at once have an end, and every dollar spent hereafter should count in the permanent construction of the work. The Commission have, in fact, been playing at park-making, and it is time that some one should tell them that a park is a work of creative art; that it has three principal elements—the conception or plan, based on topographical surveys; the execution, as matter of detail and professional supervision; and the financial management—and that the proper business of a commission is to attend particularly to the finances, and to make sure that the best talent is employed, and so sustained as to be able to carry out well the best possible design. No city can afford to pay for the blunders of a commission exceeding its sphere, and striving by experiment to learn how parks are made.

Our commissioners ought to be willing to accept facts as they stand, choose from amongst themselves the hard workers, who can and will give the requisite time to the machinery of the task, and then trust the conception and execution to those who are fitted for it by lifelong study and professional application. The Commission, in their late report, say that they mean to employ outside talent to create the park; but, in the meantime, they have loaded the land with trial roads, fancy architecture, and little ponds, and have added unnecessarily to the artist's perplexities and to the final bill. Better have given, or now give, a pension for life to the chief engineer and any other of the paid officials of the park, to let alone all but the topographical surveys, and leave the naked surface to whoever is to treat it, than to have consumed time and money in doing work to see how it will look. Our commissioners are devoted to their gratuitous service; every one of them gives freely time that would count in dollars or pleasure, if otherwise expended; they are unselfish and patient, and no one can reproach them with not wishing to do well for the city; but these virtues would shine all the more in their legitimate exercise, as already suggested, and the possession of them seems only to blind the Commission as to what is and what is not possible to simple good-will.

FAIRMOUNT.

April 7, 1870.

CONFESSION OF THE IMPOSTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My jest was, perhaps, at best a poor one; at any rate, it would not bear too frequent reiteration. I plead guilty to the charge; I am a free-trader. While doing this, however, I wish distinctly to take issue with Mr. A. B. Hervey on two points in his letter to you: 1st, That a Boston protectionist is either more or less absurd than his brethren in the faith of New York or Philadelphia; 2d, That there has been in the propositions I have, with grave irony, advanced anything "so sublimely absurd" as that which I almost daily see published "in dead earnest" by Mr. Greeley in the *Tribune*. I will not go far for my proof, as the game is hardly worth the candle. The same mail which brought me your paper, containing Mr. Hervey's letter, brought me also a copy of the *Tribune*. I will not rummage back files; I take the first paper which comes to hand, and in that I look for something even more "sublimely absurd" than that which Mr. Hervey declares could not be advanced "in dead earnest." I leave it to him whether I discover it.

The paper is a semi-weekly *Tribune* of April 8. In it I find, and he will find if he looks, an article entitled "The Farmer and the Locomotive." Half-way through the article I find this proposition: "When a railroad brings artisans to the door of the farmer, it is a blessing. When it takes the wheat, the flesh, the corn, and the cotton to a distant manufacturing centre, a locomotive is an exhauster, its smoke is a black flag, and its whistle is the scream of an evil genius." In other words, the railroads which have opened up to the Valley of the Mississippi the food-market of New England have been to the farmers of the Valley an "exhauster," a pirate, and an "evil genius."

I do not propose to crowd your columns by a continuance of this discussion. I drop it here. I merely in closing ask of you and of Mr. Hervey, or any other reasoning being, have I dared—would any man dare—no matter how deeply moved by a spirit of irony, to propound anything so "sublimely absurd" as this proposition gravely advanced within a week to its hundred thousand readers by an influential journal?

It only remains for me in closing to thank you for the space you have given to the poor humor of A POOR AUTHOR.

BOSTON, MASS., April 10, 1870.

NATIONAL SUPERNUMERARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The strongest argument against a Civil Service upon such a basis as that of the army, is the danger of getting a host of supernumeraries on our hands. I am in favor of such a Civil Service system as you advocate, with, however, a very distinct and emphatic proviso that the servants of the Government are to cease to draw pay when they cease to do work, and an equally distinct understanding that the Government is under no moral obligation to *make* work for its servants. Ought not the army officers to be in the same position? I do not endorse the doctrine that the genius of our people annuls the laws of nature, but I believe that the conditions of our young society are such as to render it unnecessary to keep any public servants after their labor becomes needless. Even an army officer can take care of himself. Of course there should be sufficient notice of discharge, and a year or two of extra salary might be an equitable mode of adjusting that. I have seen only telegraphic abstracts of the Army Bill, but these give me the impression that it meets the fair demands of equity. I believe our rotation system to be bad, but personal observation has convinced me that unlimited life-service and life-pay for all who can once get into these offices is a very much worse system for any people, especially for the American people. Two generations of our politicians would get every man, woman, and child in the country on the national pay-roll, if their abuses of it did not overthrow the system sooner.

I think you might promote the Civil Service reform by carefully setting forth what you believe to be the equitable claims of a faithful servant of the nation, making such distinctions between clerks and colonels as you may discover. DAVID HILTON WHEELER.

CHICAGO, April 6, 1870.

[The only reason we can give for advocating fixity of tenure in office is, that it will secure better and cheaper service than rotation; but we happily do not need to give a better one. We make no distinction between clerks and colonels. All we say is, that if a nation gives a colonel to understand that, if he devotes his best years to soldiering in its service, and thus sacrifices his chance of a good start in other callings, it will provide for him for life, it is estopped from afterwards turning him out with a year's pay and telling him to provide for himself as best he can, or reproaching him with wanting to live on the public. We say the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, of clerks and bondholders. A government is bound by its promises, express or implied, just as individuals are, and cannot set up the promisee's ability to stand up under a breach of faith in bar of its obligations. Let us promise as little as we please, but let us promise whatever is necessary to get good servants or the loans of which we have need, and *then*

let us keep our word; and don't let us begin to haggle, and whine, and wriggle, and plead poverty, like a sneaking and tricky pedlar, after we have got out of our scrape.—Ed. Nation.]

"MORAL PROGRESS."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: For the *third time* I forward you a copy of the *National Prohibitionist*, published in this city, and once more call your special attention to the original articles on its first page.

If it is all right, and not new to you, very well. I buy the *Nation* quite often, and having noticed the remarkable coincidence a dozen or a score of times, I thought to do you a favor by calling your attention to it.

Yours truly, —— ——

Chicago, March 31, 1870.

[Accompanying the above is a copy of the *National Prohibitionist*, a large quarto, with the first page almost entirely filled with a "Review of the Week" copied bodily from the *Nation* without acknowledgment. The *Prohibitionist*, we are pleased to see from the title, is "a family paper devoted to the Maintenance of Right Government and Moral Progress," but is specially taken up with the advocacy of a prohibitory liquor law and abuse of tobacco and light wines. The "tobacco-user," it says, "is by confession a sinner," and "prohibition is both the philosophy and life of law, and has its tap-root in reason." It is especially severe on the *Advance*, whose "religion" it sneers at witheringly, and indeed seems to have a very poor opinion of the whole non-prohibitionist press, secular and religious. What excites our interest in it most, however, is that it is the second temperance paper we have caught in the commission of a kind of small theft, not specially mischievous, but indicating a singularly low state of the moral sense, and made somewhat ludicrous by professions of extreme piety. The other was our namesake in Boston, which appropriated wholesale certain commendatory notices of the *Nation* (New York), and published them as bestowed on itself, while calmly declaring in an adjoining column that it was engaged in "a war between Heaven and Hell," and in another warning little boys and girls against "small lies." We do not like to generalize rashly, but we must say that if we come on another case of this kind, we shall be almost driven into the conclusion that "prohibition" has its "tap-root" elsewhere than "in reason," and that "tobacco demonism," as the *Prohibitionist* calls smoking, is not the only variety of "demonism" now vexing the world.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press, among other works already announced by us, a new and revised edition of Gen. H. W. Halleck's "Elements of Military Art and Science;" "Life of the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D.," by M. Brainerd; a "Memoir of J. D. Paxton, D.D.;" and a "Reply to John Stuart Mill on the Subjection of Women," by Donald McCaig. The same house, in connection with British publishers, are about to undertake the reissue of Chambers's Encyclopædia, with such modifications and improvements as have become necessary from the lapse of time, and in a finer style of manufacture. There will be eighty parts, averaging one hundred and four pages each; the illustrations to consist of about four thousand engravings and forty maps, and a series of from eighty to one hundred elegantly engraved plates relating to natural history. The work will be sold only through agents. Another joint enterprise is the series of monthly volumes called "Ancient Classics for English Readers"—not an imitation of Bohn, but a sort of substitute for a general classical education, which shall explain who the great writers of antiquity were, and what they wrote; "give, wherever possible, some connected outline of the story which they tell, or the facts which they record, checked by the results of modern investigations; present some of their most striking passages in approved English translations, and illustrate them generally from modern writers; and serve, in short, as a popular retrospect of the chief literature of Greece and Rome." The Rev. W. Lucas Collins is the editor, and he has already issued the Iliad and the Odyssey.——Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce more of the works of Grace Aguilar: "Mother's Recompense," and "The Vale of Cedars;" and "The First Book of Botany," designed to cultivate the observing power of children, by Miss Eliza A. Youmans—a work which will greatly disappoint us if it does not prove one of the very best of its kind.——Macmillan & Co. announce a similar introduction to another branch of natural history: "The Population of an Old Pear-Tree; or, Stories of Insect Life," by E. Van Bruyssel, from whose German it is edited by Miss Yonge; "The Morning Land," by Edward Dicey: and "The Depths of the Sea." This last is an account of the deep-sea dredgings conducted in 1868–9 by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, J. Gwyn Jeffreys, and Dr. Wyville Thomson (who acts as editor), the results of which have caused scientific men to revise their opinions of the extent of animal life, and to engage in new speculations as to the earliest and simplest forms of it.——Mr. Henry Carey Baird offers a new edition of the "Manual of Social Science," which is Miss Kate McKean's condensation of Mr. H. C. Carey's "Principles of Social Science;" in which, as we need not say, protection plays a leading part. Miss McKean, like Miss Youmans and Miss Yonge, is deserving of praise for her effort to give weight to the opinions of women on other subjects than that of the ballot; and it occurs to us to ask here why no serious attempt is made to establish a periodical in which these and women like them should be heard from time to time on special topics of general interest, scientific as well as social and political. We call to mind Miss Mitchell in astronomy, Miss Grace Anna Lewis in ornithology, Miss Hosmer and Miss Whitney in art, Miss Blackwell in medicine, Mrs. Bradwell in law, Miss Dix in social science, and others, in other fields, who would naturally be among the contributors and conductors of a monthly or quarterly designed to show what cultivated women are thinking about. Such a periodical would fix the attention of the public, now sceptical as to the solidity of women's attainments, and could be made readable and attractive. Of course we advocate this chiefly as a temporary expedient for winning the esteem of the other sex, and whatever consequences would flow from that; but we think it would also be likely to stimulate women to special pursuits, and thus again prepare the way for civil emancipation and political responsibility.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have published in pamphlet form the two articles which appeared in their magazine last year with the titles, "Our Established Church," and "The Unestablished Church," and which were very generally noticed at the time on account of their vigor, and provoked sharp criticism from the *Catholic World*. The need of exposing the relations of the Catholic Church to our rulers in this State has not, we apprehend, been seriously diminished in the meantime, and the republication of these articles may therefore still be regarded as timely. Their author we understand to be Mr. Theodore Bacon, a lawyer of Rochester, and an occasional contributor to *Putnam's* and the *Atlantic*.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, who have removed to 13 Astor Place (with an entrance also on Eighth Street), announce "Holy Matrimony," by the Rev. James A. Bolles, Rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston; and "Soap, or the Hygiene of the Night," by Dr. W. W. Hall.——Messrs. Nichols & Noyes announce "The Private Life of Galileo," with selections from his correspondence and that of his daughter. ——Messrs. Harper & Bros., in issuing the third volume of McClintock and Strong's "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature"(E, F, G), announce that its publication will in no way be retarded by the death of the lamented senior editor. The work was nearly completed in manuscript before composition was begun upon it, and the chief care of Dr. Strong and his associates will now be to revise and bring up to the latest information the articles yet to be printed. Three more volumes are expected to contain the remainder of this original and highly useful dictionary.

—What has most amused us about *Punchinello* has been the first impression it contrived to make, that it was a rather successful approach to the ideal comic journal never yet vouchsafed to our national humor. Even its paper and presswork and engraving were praised, but this must have been from sheer good-nature in the critics, for as if to show how far it might be carried, Mr. Stephens's drawing was pronounced admirable. There would be no accounting for taste if all this had been said in earnest. To be sure, something may be said for Mr. Stephens's originality, because whatever he appropriates from other designers he makes his own by murdering. Thus, the Punchinello of the cover is confessedly Meissonnier's, though Mr. Stephens has put his name to it; but the Punchinello of the Preface is not and could not be anybody's except Mr. Stephens's. This habit of borrowing was well enough when carried on on a grand scale, and from Kaulbach's *Reineke Fuchs*, but we find no sufficient excuse for Mr. Stephens's making a fashion-plate figure do duty in his very first cartoon. Admiral Porter's unnatural and impossible attitude in the second cartoon

gave us a momentary shock, till we reflected that Mr. Stephens had probably been unable to procure any other than a full-face portrait for a side-view body. *Punchinello* may possibly survive these distressing caricatures, but if it allows the artist to choose the subjects of his cartoons, we may be sure that it will follow the fate of *Vanity Fair* as a political jester upon the wrong side.

—As we just now said, the undiscriminating judgment bestowed on the poor drawing in *Punchinello* is difficult to account for, and shows that the multiplication of illustrated papers has not tended perceptibly to elevate the artistic sense of the community. To ninety-nine men out of a hundred, there would be nothing to choose between the original plates of the *Graphic* and the same as reprinted in *Every Saturday*, or re-engraved in *Harper's Weekly* and *Hearth and Home* ; and there have been frequent opportunities to compare the same picture in several or all of these journals. We think it not doubtful that the direction given to wood-engraving in the last ten or fifteen years has been calculated to confuse rather than to enlighten the public as to the true nature of the art, and to divert attention from the details to the general effect. This is a question, however, that we cannot now stop to discuss. The great variety of the styles of drawing and engraving on wood which are at present in vogue, is very well shown in the sketches of that versatile artist, Mr. A. Boyd Houghton, whom the *Graphic* has just sent over to depict American scenes and people and customs. Clever as he is, however, his first drawings leave much to desire in point of accuracy, and it will be curious to observe if his subsequent practice enables him to represent our national and local characteristics without admixture. Clearly, this he has not done in his sketch, or rather caricature, of a squad of policemen filing round a corner on Broadway, who are as untrue to the reality as are the two ladies and the negro woman on the same sidewalk; while the young ruffians who ride with hands in their pockets upon a dray are like nothing this side of London and the haunts of the Artful Dodger. Mr. Houghton's dramatic sketch of a Tammany procession is so purely a product of the imagination that it does not call for criticism. The "glorious Democratic victory" which purports to have been the occasion of it was probably felt to be too remote to wait for.

—From the "Minutes of the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Board of Managers of Swarthmore College" it appears that there have been received into the institution since its opening on the 8th of November last one hundred and ninety-nine students, nearly one-half of whom are girls. The initial difficulties have been overcome, and the enterprise may now be considered to be fully under way. The Board of Managers say—in a report made on the 7th of December—that expectation has been exceeded "in the progress made by the several classes, and by the order and discipline which already prevail," and add: "This has been much promoted by the influence of the sexes upon each other, by which many of the disadvantages usual in boarding-school life are prevented." The course of instruction contemplates a period of three years in the preparatory department, and six in the collegiate, and includes a liberal and judicious variety of studies. It is to be hoped that the managers of the institution will resist all tempation either to lower the tone or shorten the term of its course. Better a few good scholars than many indifferent ones. As bearing on the question of the coeducation of the sexes in our higher institutions of learning, the first report from Swarthmore is deserving of attention.

—The school-book trade long ago taught us a lesson which we are slowly beginning to learn in the case of transportation by railroad, that competition offers no sure advantage or protection to the public, but, on the contrary, is often productive of great oppression and injustice, and attended with widespread demoralization. A month ago the school-book publishers, to their honor, met and agreed that the condition to which their business had been reduced by competition was no longer tolerable, either on prudential or moral grounds; and after discussing in the frankest manner the evils of the agent system for publishers, teachers, superintendents, and committees, and the retail trade, they organized a Publishers' Board of Trade, to define the modes of introducing school-books and the rates of discount, with power to decide by arbitration any disputes that may arise under the very stringent rules adopted by the convention. Agents are abolished at one stroke, and that alone would be a reform worth having and mentioning; but all the avenues of corrupt influence are carefully closed, and the publishers have left themselves few resources beyond the intrinsic merit of their books. This is as it should be, notwithstanding the advantage which the parties to the *status quo* have over new and especially small competitors. The text-books now in use have, of course, the start of all that may be hereafter brought against them, and give almost a monopoly to the proprietors. But we do not see how this could have been helped, and it does not mar the intense satisfaction with which we regard this self-regenerative action of the trade, the like of which we would give much to see in other branches of business, and, if it were possible, in politics.

—A correspondent wishes us to "denounce a corruption to which writers in the leading daily papers are giving their sanction, namely, the use of an adverb between the *to* and the infinitive of the verb;" as when a *Herald* correspondent writes—"to satisfactorily and peacefully adjust." "The like of this," adds our correspondent, "I cannot find in Addison, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Prescott, or the *Nation*." We fear, however, that he has not been so diligent in reading the *Nation* as he should have been, for we distinctly remember having used this corruption on several occasions, though not without a certain reluctance to which we now confess. This might excuse us from denouncing it, but the fact is, we have always found it easier to defend debatable forms of English speech than to quarrel with them; and if we were to say that we sustained "is being done" against Mr. Grant White's assault upon it, from sheer laziness, we should not be guilty of a flagrant untruth. But we have another and probably a better reason, which is that time and space would fail us to pursue all the perpetrators of grammatical inelegancies, or to perform all the services to the public of which a decent paper is capable if it will take the pains. How often have the makers of piano-fortes besought us to mention their peculiar patents, "not as an advertisement, but as a matter of general interest." For the sake of the rapid development of the country, and to promote the right sort of immigration, brokers of railway bonds have entreated of us an article, in the most general terms, on the great mineral resources and endless fertility of the region through which this or that Pacific route was to be constructed. Insurance companies have asked us solemnly how we could help writing about the beneficent institution by which widows and orphans are snatched from want and degradation; were we doing our whole duty as journalists? "We do not care," they said, "to have you mention names. Draw attention to the subject." We very easily concluded that if we gave heed to all these requests the drain upon our philanthropy would destroy our usefulness for everything else. We can now sincerely congratulate ourselves that by the timely announcement of and adherence to our inflexible purpose, we have escaped the worst of these importunities, from which, it appears, ministers are not more exempt than editors. Here is an instance of what Mr. Beecher had to endure, in the form of a public letter from an impudent and illiterate truss-maker, whom he has since annihilated with a "first-rate notice:"

"A few days since Mrs. C., a lady of distinction and merit, within the prescribed limits, I believe it is, of Brooklyn, was the subject of rupture for twenty-five years. . . . . What a warning! Three days from life's brightest hopes to its final ending, from robust health to the grave, by what this poor lady had regarded as a harmless little rupture. How many thousands are to-day in the same predicament, and from their carelessness will meet the same deplorable end.

"Would there be any impropriety in relating such an incident, couched in appropriate language, from the pulpit, as a reproof to those similarly afflicted and heedless?

"Might you not, Mr. Beecher, in canvassing the dangers of life, enumerate among them quaintly, if not forcibly, hernia? . . . . I trust you will bear this in mind, assuring you that any person whom you may direct to me shall be carefully provided with the necessary attention and requisites for a speedy cure." ha! ha! ha!!

—Among recent English announcements we notice a "Biography of Baskerville of Birmingham," the eccentric printer, by Mr. Southward, the compiler of the "Dictionary of Typography." Much more important, and in the same line, is "Bewick's Wood-cuts," to consist of nearly two thousand impressions from blocks engraved for the most part by Thomas and John Bewick, with an introduction, including a descriptive catalogue of the blocks, by the Rev. T. Hugo. Collectors have here a rare opportunity to obtain the works of the fathers of wood engraving in England, and need not fear that previous usage has rendered first-rate impressions impossible. Bewick's blocks have been remarkably well preserved, owing to his original habit of lowering the more delicate parts, and thus avoiding the necessity of "overlaying." All students of the history of art and all practical wood-cutters would profit by owning this collection, which will be arranged chronologically. But two hundred and fifty copies will be printed, and for subscribers only. The volume will make an imperial quarto of five hundred pages, and will cost those whose names are sent in before the 30th of April the sum of five

pounds five shillings sterling. L. Reeve & Co., London, are the publishers.

—Germany's striving after unity has brought into prominence the legend of the Emperor Barbarossa (Frederick the Red-beard), whose awakening from his cavernous slumber is to remove the dissensions and divisions of the empire, and make of it once more a whole, as under the rule of the Hohenstaufens. Rückert's well-known poem, aided by Silcher's beautiful arrangement of it for singing, has kept the legend alive during the present century, and the Barbarossa is now frequently alluded to even in the higher political talk of the day. Like another hero, Roland, however, this drowsy monarch of the enchanted mountain, who, seated on an ivory stool, his chin sunk upon a marble table, through which, in the lapse of ages, his fiery beard has grown, asks once a century of his dwarf if the ravens still wheel about the mountain, and must sleep there, with his armed knights about him, till they have flown away—Barbarossa too dissolves, when critically examined, into the prolific mythology of the north. In the April number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, Karl Blind, in a popular manner, and probably not as an original investigator, since he makes no references to the sources of his argument, discusses this interesting legend and identifies Frederick with the Wild Huntsman, numerous local huntsmen of the same description, Goethe's Rat-catcher of Hameln, and all together with Father Wodan or Odin. Barbarossa, moreover, was not the only spell-bound emperor who was expected some day to break forth and make a general settlement between the good and the bad in one stupendous battle. Charlemagne and Charles V. both had the honor of being, as Herr Blind says, "enmountained;" and he shows that Barbarossa had no claim on the affection of posterity.

—Two of the five vacant seats in the French Academy have been filled by the almost unanimous election of MM. Jules Janin and Émile Ollivier. It has been rumored that Mme. Sand has been designated for a third by no less a personage than Eugénie. One of the evidences adduced is a supposed similarity between one of the subordinate characters of the novel called "Malgrétout," just finished by Madame Sand in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, viz., a beautiful Spaniard, Mlle. d'Ortosi, and the Empress. This young lady is made to describe her own character and aspirations in a way which certainly suggests the correspondence inferred, but is not, on the whole, so flattering either to the subject or to human nature as to create a debt of gratitude payable only with an Academic chair, supposing that to be obtainable even by an Empress. The novelist may have had the latter in mind when she lets Mlle. d'Ortosi say that she has set her cap for a man of power—a king, an emperor, or at least an heir presumptive or a reigning prince:

"I have studied; I possess erudition and political science; I know the histories of dynasties and peoples. I know the secrets of diplomacy and all the naïvetés of every sort of ambition. . . . The day will come when I can be as useful to a sovereign as I could be to-day to a woman who might ask my advice about her dress. . . . . I intend, after having played a brilliant part in the world, to shine for ever in history. . . . I am eager for great struggles, or great perils; even the scaffold has a strange fascination for me. . . . I will never be caught or brought back on the road to Varennes. . . . If, after all, the populace grows angry, if it wearies, it may carry my head on a pike. So be it! that will be the day of supreme splendor, and my pale head, doubly crowned by martyrdom, will remain for ever stamped in the memory of mankind."

But this reads less like admiration or flattery than like the freedom now being taken with the history and character of both the Emperor and the Empres, except, of course, that it is devoid of coarseness and brutality.

—Sainte-Beuve's library, lately sold at auction in Paris, consisted of between five and six thousand volumes, not including his collection of works relating to Port Royal, which it was hoped would be disposed of intact to some European Government. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* describes it as possessing little that would be prized by the lover of rare and curious editions, but as being the tools of a working man of letters. The autographs contained in some of them lent to such an exceptional value, and there were some collections, as of the poets of the sixteenth century, which, if they could have been kept together, would have commanded a considerable price. The most precious volumes of all were those which Sainte-Beuve had annotated with his own hand, and the correspondent cites an early judgment on Fénelon's "Telemachus," which the great critic, as he grew older, twice recanted on the same page. At twenty-one he pronounces the composition "mean and commonplace," the maxims "sickly," "the characters devoid of truth, which find no compensation in the harmony and richness of some of the descriptive parts," and the whole book "utterly insupportable" for Sainte-Beuve's generation. Seventeen years later, in 1842, he condemned these statements as proceeding from the fierceness of youth; and, later still, he more formally disavowed them, saying that "youth is too ardent to acquire taste. For its acquirement it is not sufficient to have within one's self the faculty of appreciating and enjoying the beautiful and sweet delights of the Spirit. Leisure is also indispensable. . . . Repose is required—silence and freedom around one."

—In a communication to the Augsburg *Gazette*, under date of March 9, the learned and now famous Dr. Döllinger examines the rules of procedure recently imposed on the Œcumenical Council, and of course finds a great deal of fault with them. They sanction decisions by bare majority, contrary, as he shows, to the uniform and conspicuous practice of the earlier Councils, which adhered rigidly to the "*ubique, semper*, (and especially) *ab omnibus*." These rules, though parliamentary in form, have a very opposite nature. Parliaments governed by majorities do not, like councils, bind those which follow them, or make ordinances for all time that cannot be revised. Their regulations, too, are contrived in the interest and for the protection of the minority; the present Council's for the advantage of the majority. Bishops criticising the scheme may be interrupted at any moment and confuted by the deputy bishops—*i. e.*, the bishops on committees, as *de fide*, for example. No pamphlet or other publication is permitted to be circulated by any member of the Council in aid of his views. In short, there is neither freedom of opinion nor of speech provided for, and the majority that will prevail is certain to be not of one composition to-day, and another to-morrow, according to the question, but constant, and, in effect, a packed majority. As to what the Council may rightly declare and establish, Dr. Döllinger says that it cannot invent any new revelation, or any new articles of faith, in addition to the body of doctrine committed to the Church from the beginning. It may make dogmatic decrees only concerning things which, as is shown by scripture and tradition, have already been universally believed by the Church, or which are clear and obvious corollaries of the principles already received and inculcated. But when, as in the case of infallibility, we find an opinion contested for centuries with all the weapons of theological warfare, and consequently having ever been at least unsettled, it can never by Council be elevated to the dignity of a divinely promulgated doctrine, or stamped with the customary "*hæc fides Patrum;*" nor can there be any logical development from the one to the other—from the admitted freedom to err of the whole church to the infallibility of an individual.

See Appleton's Jour. No. 34, Vol. 2. Sketch of life & Portrait.

MICHAEL FARADAY.*

THE two volumes prepared by Dr. Bence Jones contain a rich store of material for a life of Faraday, but the life itself remains to be written. We have read the book, not for the pleasure it has given us, but to see if it would be possible to make an analysis of its contents, and we have found the task wearisome and tedious in the extreme. To the layman the perusal of the book is rendered impossible on account of the long discussions upon abstruse scientific discoveries, and to the man of science much of the matter is superfluous, as he has had it long ago in the journals, and we do not know of any class to whom the work will bring unalloyed satisfaction. And yet, scattered through Faraday's letters, in the extracts from his lectures, in the records of his brilliant discoveries, in the lovely religious character of the man, there is so much that could be made into a popular and useful biography that we trust the day is not far distant when the task will be properly done.

Michael Faraday was born at Newington, in Surrey, September 22, 1791, and died at Hampton Court, August 25, 1867. The son of a blacksmith, spending his childhood over a stable in an obscure quarter of London, he died in a royal dwelling given to him by the Queen of his country, the most honored, the best loved of any man of science who ever flourished on British soil. So far as worldly advantages were concerned, everything was against the boy when he started in life. His grandfather was a stonemason, his uncles and aunts common people, his father a poor, hard-working blacksmith. There was apparently no better future in store for him than for any other child picked up out of the streets of London. The father died October 30, 1810, while Michael was still at bookbinding, but the mother lived until 1838, long enough to see the name of her son made illustrious through the land. We hear very little about Faraday's two sisters and only brother, who followed the father's trade, and can only

* "The Life and Letters of Faraday. By Dr. Bence Jones, Secretary of the Royal Institution." 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 427, 499. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.

infer, from all the associations, what position in society they probably filled.

It was in 1805 that he was indentured as an apprentice to a bookbinder and stationer, and, four years later, his father wrote, "He has a very good master and mistress, and likes his place well." Here he not only bound books but read them, and, among other treasures, was particularly captivated by Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry" and the electrical treatises in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He ever afterwards entertained feelings of gratitude to Mrs. Marcet, and was in the habit of sending her copies of all his works. He made a few simple experiments in chemistry, the cost of which was partly defrayed by his blacksmith brother, and at the same time constructed an electrical machine. The proprietor of the shop was a kind-hearted man, and was evidently impressed by the mechanical skill and scientific tastes of the boy, as he showed the electrical machine to one of his customers, Mr. Dance, a member of the Royal Institution, who at once took an interest in the apprentice, and invited him to four of the last lectures of Sir Humphry Davy, in February, March, and April, 1812. Faraday made full notes of these lectures, and "interspersed them with such drawings as he could make," and afterwards sent them, with a note, to Sir Humphry Davy. "The reply was immediate, kind, and favorable," says Faraday; and he was soon afterwards installed as assistant in the Royal Institution. Previous and subsequent to this appointment, Faraday carried on a correspondence with Benjamin Abbott, a Quaker clerk, in which we are impressed with the variety and extent of his knowledge at that early day. These letters are written in a verbose, inflated style, very different from the charming simplicity of his later productions. They appear like exercises in composition for his good friend Abbott to criticise and correct; yet, through them all, we read the humility, honesty, and shrewdness of the man.

Faraday was now fairly started on the career in which he was destined to win so many laurels. He had a room in the top of the building, a salary sufficient for his modest wants, and an ample field for study and experiment. During the years 1814, 1815, he went abroad with Sir Humphry Davy. This was an episode in his life no doubt of advantage to him in some particulars, but attended by many personal discomforts and indignities. Lady Davy had a temper that was not always under control, and, as the valet had left her before their departure from England, it was convenient for her to call upon Faraday for services that properly belonged to that character rather than to the amanuensis. And Davy exhibited his weakness by declining to dine with De la Rive, in Geneva, because the secretary was also invited. De la Rive sent back the manly reply, "He was sorry to be obliged to give two dinners."

In 1816, at the age of twenty-four, Faraday gave lectures on chemistry at the City Philosophical Society, and published his first paper, "An Analysis of Native Caustic Lime," in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. Many years afterwards, he collected his minor contributions into a volume, and appended the following exquisite note to the paper on "Caustic Lime:"

"I reprint this paper at full length; it was the beginning of my communications to the public, and in its results very important to me. Sir Humphry Davy gave me the analysis to make, as a first attempt in chemistry, at a time when my fear was greater than my confidence, and both far greater than my knowledge; at a time, also, when I had no thoughts of ever writing an original paper on science. The addition of his own comments, and the publication of the paper, encouraged me to go on making, from time to time, other slight communications, some of which appear in this volume. Their transference from the *Quarterly* into other journals increased my boldness, and, now that forty years have elapsed, and I can look back on what successive communications have led to, I still hope, much as their character has changed, that I have not, either now or forty years ago, been too bold."

It was very natural that Faraday, following the example of Sir Humphry Davy, should at first take up the study of chemistry, especially of electro-chemistry; and he worked long enough in this direction to show that, if he had remained in that field, the harvest would have been as great as it afterwards proved to be in the department of physics. He discovered benzol, "to which," says Hoffmann, "we virtually owe our supply of aniline, with all its magnificent progeny of colors." In 1821, he condensed a number of gases, and proved them to be simply the vapors of volatile liquids. But Faraday was forty years of age before his real work was begun. In 1831, he published his first series of "Experimental Researches in Electricity," and the same year discovered electrical induction, the grandest discovery of his life. The researches in electricity and magnetism are so numerous that it would be impossible, in the short space of a review, to give an analysis of them. They were concluded in 1855, and extended over a period of twenty-six years, and undoubtedly constitute his greatest and noblest work, whose value may be inferred when we state that, without it, we should have no electro-metallurgy, no electric light, no submarine cable, no telegraphy, and no electricity in medicine; and yet these researches were carried on in penury and with the humblest means.

Although Faraday was very busy with his work at the Royal Institution, he yet had time to fall in love, and we are favored with several letters, displaying the philosopher in the guise of a lover. In one of these epistles he says:

"I want to say a thousand kind and, believe me, heartfelt things to you, but am not master of words fit for the purpose; and still, as I ponder and think on you, chlorides, trials, oils, Davy, steel, miscellanea, mercury, and fifty other professional fancies swim before and drive me further and further into the quandary of stupidness.—From your affectionate MICHAEL."

He was married on the 12th of June, 1821, and twenty-eight years afterwards he wrote, referring to his wife: "The union has nowise changed, except in the depth and strength of its character." His whole married life was one of unalloyed happiness, although he never was blest with children. A month after his marriage he made confession of sin and profession of faith before the Sandemanian Church. When his wife asked him why he had not told her what he was about to do, he only replied, "That is between me and my God."

It was a remarkable trait in Faraday to distinguish between matters of faith in religion and matters of evidence in science. In a memorable lecture, delivered in the Royal Institution, when he was sixty-two years of age, at which Prince Albert was present, occurs the following language:

"Before entering upon my subject, I must make one distinction, which, however it may appear to others, is to me of the utmost importance. High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is a higher and far more exalted position within his view; and the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts about the fears, or hopes, or expectations of a future life. I believe that the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given. Let no one suppose for a moment that the self-education I am about to commend in respect of the things of this life extends to any considerations of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God. It would be improper here to enter upon this subject further than to claim an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief. I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the very highest. I am content to bear the reproach."

These are remarkable words to come from a man who all his life had been accustomed to weigh evidence, and to believe nothing that was not capable of experimental demonstration. As he said himself, "Facts were important to me, and saved me; I could trust a fact." In science he believed nothing without the facts; in religion he accepted all on faith, and without a murmur. This trait of his character made him so unlike nearly all scientific men who have ever lived, that it forms a prominent feature in the study of his life, and ought to be made the subject of a special extended notice.

Faraday had ninety-five titles and distinctions conferred upon him. One of them, namely, that of F.R.S., was sought for; all the rest were spontaneous expressions of respect and good-will from the societies named; but, after all, his best title was that of a true gentleman. All men spoke well of him. Although of humble birth, he never sought social distinctions; although born poor, he never coveted riches. In this respect he was very different from Sir Humphry Davy, who had vast ambition, and was eternally pining after rank. According to Sir Wm. Thomson, "Faraday had great kindness and unselfishness of disposition, clearness and singleness of purpose, brevity, simplicity, and discreetness—sympathy with his audience or his friend—perfect natural tact and good taste—thorough culture, and an indescribable quality of quickness and life." De la Rive, in an admirable discourse on the life and works of Faraday, thus compares the great English and French electricians:

"Ampère and Faraday—two names which will always be united by the intimate relation of their works to the history of the science of electricity, in which they have opened such new and vast horizons; and yet, minds as dissimilar in their mode of proceeding as similar in the power of their genius. Both eminently endowed with that faculty of divination which generates great discoveries, but one of them, Faraday, arriving at them by impression, by a kind of instinct which never deceived him—the other, Ampère, advancing with a more certain step, having as his instrument those calculations which he handled with such remarkable ability, and thus arriving at results which he hardly required experiment to confirm, so certain was he that this would not contradict him."

As a lecturer, Faraday had no superior in England. His voice was full of melody, and so modulated that each individual in the audience could fancy that he was talking to him alone. He spoke with fluency and

elegance, without sacrificing anything to exactness, and made the subject so clear that the dullest mind could follow every step. He was playful as a child over his jars and chains and plate-machines, and, while talking all the time, never failed in an experiment.

In June, 1862, he gave his last discourse at the Royal Institution, and prepared the following notes to be used on the occasion of his retirement:

"Personal explanation—years of happiness here, but time of retirement; LOSS OF MEMORY and *physical* endurance of the brain.

"1. Causes—*hesitation and uncertainty* of the convictions which the speaker has to urge.

"2. *Inability to draw* upon the mind for the treasures of knowledge it has previously received.

"3. *Dimness*, and forgetfulness of one's former *self-standard*, in respect of *right, dignity*, and *self-respect*.

"4. Strong duty of *doing justice to others*, yet inability to do so.

"5. *Retire*."

"For thirty-eight years," says Dr. Bence Jones, "his lectures were the life of the Royal Institution," and now they must be brought to a close. It was a scene long to be remembered when he took leave of his audience with the words:

"I have long desired to retire, as I think every man ought to do before his faculties become impaired; but I must confess that the affection which I have for this place is such that I hardly know when the proper time has arrived."

The declining years of Faraday were tenderly watched and cared for by affectionate relatives and devoted friends; and to one who asked him at this time how he was, he replied, "Just waiting." On a bright day in August, as he sat in his arm-chair at his study window, looking out upon the green grass and majestic trees of Hampton, patiently waiting, the summons came, and he passed peacefully away. His funeral, by his verbal and written request, was strictly private and plain, and he was buried in Highgate Cemetery, where a simple slab, bearing his name and the dates of his birth and death, is all that marks his grave.

HEDGED IN.*

THE story of "Hedged In" is briefly this: Nixy Trent, an untaught, wretched orphan girl of the street, who lives in a crowded room of one of the most miserable of tenement-houses, becomes the mother of an illegitimate child. She herself was but a child when she was seduced, being only fifteen years old. Fearing that she will be sent to the jail or to some asylum, hating the people by whom she is surrounded, and without any definite plans for her future, she runs away from Thicket Street as soon as she is able to walk, and, while still very weak and sick, goes wandering blindly about the suburbs of the city, carrying her baby in her arms, and begging work—for she has determined to be honest—which everywhere is denied her. At last, however, after some weeks of suffering, she is taken in by a widow lady of great refinement and goodness, and, though not without many misgivings on the part of her benefactress—for Mrs. Purcell has for a daughter a girl in her teens—she is adopted as a sort of parlor companion, is carefully educated, and grows up to be both good and beautiful. Meantime, her baby, which, in her distress, she had abandoned, and which has been put into a foundling hospital, lives, and is well-cared for, while its mother is increasing in knowledge and becoming fitted to be an excellent teacher. Not only does Miss Trent—now Miss Eunice Trent—increase in knowledge, but she comes to be a devout Christian as well as an accomplished woman; and, as Mrs. Purcell, her patroness, has convinced herself that true Christianity commands that a repentant unfortunate should be held by all genuine Christians to be just as good for all purposes as anybody else, Miss Trent, encouraged by Mrs. Purcell, goes to the hospital, claims her son, and, "in the face and eyes" of the village, brings him home, leaving it to the church members of Gower to say what they like. These latter, of course, say a good deal, for they are horrified at the revelation made by their grammar-school teacher's proceeding. Many parents at once remove their children from the school presided over by such a principal, and most of the members of the committee manifest a strong wish that Miss Trent should resign forthwith. They will not turn her out, but she ought to go, they think. Mrs. Purcell, however, is firm and argumentative; she has on her side a Mr. Hobbs, the eccentric but influential Chairman of the Gower Educational Board; she vigorously preaches to her friends and the school committee the example of Christ, who willingly drew water for a dissolute woman of Samaria, and who saved the life of a woman taken in adultery. Being efficiently supported by the singularly beautiful life of Miss Trent, she wins her cause, and convinces Gower that it cannot do better than to keep the teacher in the school. Miss Trent therefore remains; she continues to teach the children, who all are very fond of her; now and again she walks hand-in-hand with her boy to the schoolhouse, but her character is so irreproachable and so lovable that there is no one who the less respects and admires her; her boy soon dies of scarlet fever, and by-and-by, while still in the prime of youth, she herself dies suddenly of a disease of the heart—a disease which appears to have been brought on partly by the mental pain caused her by the social condemnation under which she at one time rested, but chiefly by the misery caused her by her own belief in the enormity of her offence and in the justice of the severity with which it was visited.

Thus it is that Miss Phelps deals with the baffling question which she has chosen to consider—the question just now everywhere troubling the legislator: "What else is there that can be done with the fallen woman besides allowing her to go to complete ruin, and so to disappear as soon as possible? How shall we make good, and keep good, the woman whom no man wants?" That is to say, Miss Phelps's method of dealing with the most difficult of social problems is to evade it. Like Miss Anna Dickinson, who, when she wished to assert the propriety of white people's marrying negresses, made her colored heroine a person to all intents and purposes white, so Miss Phelps makes her stained woman a person whom it is not improper to call a model of purity. Nixy Trent, nominally an unvirtuous woman, is such a fallen woman as perhaps ten out of a thousand fallen women may be, and such as nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand are not. She is a poor, innocent young girl, of remarkably good natural disposition, who ignorantly meets with a sad misfortune, but who after her slip, as before it, is as clean in mind and soul as any one well could be. Uninstructed in religion, knowing of Christ—to use our author's words—only as "him they sang about in the 'sylum and him they swears by in Thicket Street;" born as her own child was, and always without the care of father or mother, the associate of ruffians and thieves, no sooner is she ill than of her own motion she resolves on seeking for some of "God's folks"—to use again some of Miss Phelps's not very pleasing language—endeavoring to do her duty by her child, for whom she can feel no love, and striving to lead a pure life, though of purity of life she has never seen nor heard anything. And in these good intentions she perseveres, and perseveres under every discouragement. It is not for us to say that such a being is a mere invention of the fancy; for that there are not girls of like sort in the slums of every city in the world is more than we could prove, and less by a good deal than we are ready to hear proved. Nevertheless, if one is treating of "the social evil," and of the means of reclaiming the women who need reclaiming, it is not Nixy Trents whom one must make up one's mind to work with. Strong religious feeling; natural refinement, unimpaired by the meanest, most degrading circumstances; shuddering hatred of incontinence; unusual mental ability; a capacity for self-sacrifice; superiority to every feminine weakness—it is not these that the reformer of unhappy women will meet with in his labors. And whoever leads any one to think that the field is anywhere so white to the harvest as it is depicted in the story of "Hedged In," or that any such reaper as Mrs. Purcell, though he should do all that Mrs. Purcell did, is often going to come home rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him, simply misleads by misstating.

Thus, then, the facts of human nature being so utterly disregarded in it, "Hedged In" becomes worthless as a discussion of the social question which it undertakes to discuss. When the average fallen woman is anything like being a Nixy Trent, the average Mrs. Purcell may wisely and Christianly make her an honored inmate of the family, and may, without danger to the young daughters and young sons of the house, take her in and attempt her reform. Of how far, at the bottom of their hearts, the Mrs. Purcells are still really from thinking it yet safe to adopt this course, Miss Phelps's treatment of Nixy is a curious proof. Innocent as the poor creature was, holy as she grows to be, there is nothing for it but she must die. She may satisfy herself with a heavenly love—the "white cross in the little gray room" she may have to fall before, and from which to get help now and hope for the future. But as for rehabilitation in this world, as for anything more of wholesome happiness—these her friend and biographer sees no clear way to let her get.

Probably it is aggrandizing it to speak of the story before us as being really a discussion of the grave question which it calls up. We suppose that the true cause of its existence is not to be found in the fact that "the social evil" is now demanding so much attention, but is to be sought elsewhere. Most readers of our American authoresses, greater or lesser—

* "Hedged In. By Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

we may say Eastern authoresses, for what other American authoresses are there?—most readers have noted in most of these songsters and story-tellers an uncontrolled tendency to dwell upon what is morbid and painful in life. The "luxury of woe," among other luxuries that their painful and laborious grandfathers earned for them, we of to-day commonly see our literary female contemporaries indulging in; and, really, "enjoying bad health" sometimes seems to be almost a necessary prerequisite to enjoying a deal of the literature that is furnished us by our New England women. Discontent one would find in it sooner than much cheerfulness or courage or simplicity; and a seeker for self-tormentors, living the life of the feelings, would be rewarded sooner than a seeker for something that should be healthfully bracing in feeling and stimulative of thought. Miss Phelps, with all her kindness of heart and cleverness, has been one of the worse offenders in this respect; and we do not know a book or a story of hers that would not harm a reader inclined to indulgence in morbid feelings. "Gates Ajar," though it more plainly testifies to the trivial, vulgar character of the conceptions of the spiritual life which are entertained by certain sections of the American and English religious world, is yet a conspicuous illustration of the radical fault to which we refer. Certain chapters of that work might safely be taken as affording an example almost unequalled in our literature of the selfish wilfulness of grief and of self-consciousness unconsciously exhibited. So, too, of the "Men, Women, and Ghosts," which contains Miss Phelps's best writing, writing of which some is legitimately powerful in its effect upon the feelings, and such as to enforce respect for its author. But its open attack upon the feelings, its determination to harrow us at all costs, is certain to arouse some resentment on the part of the reader, and to make him regret that so much cleverness should expend itself for so poor an end. Even the little stories for children, those in the "Trotty Book," for instance, do not escape the same condemnation, and the heart of the youngest child Miss Phelps wrings as remorselessly as if children had not, at the best, trouble enough before them without literature's being invoked to sadden them prematurely. "Hedged In" follows in the track of its predecessors. It is in occasional passages very touching; there is more than one remark that is true and telling; it shows a very good heart, if not an especially well-instructed mind; it contains evidence sufficient that a personage not made up of her own traits of character is beyond our authoress's reach; and the chief impression that it makes is that there must be those who love to indulge themselves in wanton grieving and who enjoy a laceration of the heart more or less real.

A COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHY.*

According to Herr Kapp, earth and mankind are in the same relation to each other as nature and mind, as body and soul. Man is not only the highest organism on earth, the culminating point of its development; he is its aim, the original ideal type of all telluric creations; his mind is the truth of nature. "There is not a ready-made earth and a variety of typical formations shaped to suit it; but there is an imperishable eternal idea—the idea of mankind—towards the embodiment of which our planet in its plan, its cosmic life, its geological structure, its external appearance, and productive activity, is invariably impelled to tend." The various organisms that people the earth do not owe their existence to the varying formations of the earth's surface; they are unavoidable links in an immense chain of inorganic and organic creations, of which man is the completing type, and to the demands of which the surface of the planet had to adapt itself in endless variety. Man, the end-type, is in close inner union with the whole of nature; he is, indeed, "the concrete microcosm." But while destined to rule the earth, man, in his gradual development towards mental independence and power, continues to be the child of the soil, the peculiarities of which form the varying characteristics of his race, though only to a degree, and not absolutely. "The Swiss highlander, the Dutch coast-dweller, the oceanic Briton, the continental Slav, the volcanic Italian, the archipelagic Greek, the Bedouin of the desert, the Nomad of the steppe"—they are all, so to say, the personifications of their earthly abodes. To show the influence upon man, in his development, of the earth's surface in its endless and complex diversity, and to show at the same time the agencies which aid man to disentangle himself from nature's swathing-clothes, is the vast province of the comparative geographer. To show all this in a comprehensive and philosophical way, is, in fact, to write a partial history of mankind.

The foremost agent of development and cultivation in the natural history of mankind Herr Kapp sees in the water—that shaping, bounding, separating, isolating, but yet most effectually connecting, exchanging, communicating, and above all fertilizing, vivifying, bracing, and invigorating physical power. In the shape of rivers, it led man from the plateaus of Central and Anterior Asia to the more or less perfect and fertile "mesopotamias" east, south, and north-west of the Himalayas and south of the Armenian mountains—the original seats and centres of Chinese, Hindu, Bactrian, Babylonian, and Persian civilization—and from the highlands of Abyssinia to the valley and delta of Egypt, where arose Thebes, Memphis, and Sais. As Mediterranean Sea—a sea in many a way intermediate and mediating between lands, continents, nations, and civilizations—the *thalassa* of the Greeks—it formed that unique focus of ancient, mediæval, and modern universal history into which the Nile and the slopes of Syria and Asia Minor carried the physical and intellectual treasures of the Egyptian, the Phœnician, and the Hebrew, and of the Persian, who had absorbed the Bactrian, the Mede, the Assyrian, and the Chaldee; which, assimilating, perfecting, and centralizing what it received, created Tyre, Carthage, Athens, Ephesus, Rome, Massilia, Gades, Alexandria, Constantinople, Genoa, and Venice; and the periphery of which, gradually conquered and extended by the central nation, the Roman, eventually formed the mightiest and most centralized empire the world ever saw. As ocean, it is the all-connecting, all-distributing, equalizing, harmonizing, and liberating element, lavish of rewards to enterprise, energy, and boldness, hostile to stagnation and isolation, and destructive of artificial bonds and barriers, of privileges and tyranny. The civilization of the ancient Oriental nations our author therefore designates as *potamic*, the civilization of the classical world as *thalassic*, and that of the modern occidental nations as *oceanic*. The main divisions of his Political Geography—to which, as the most comprehensive part, we restrict our remarks—are accordingly the "Potamic World," the "Thalassic World," and the "Oceanic World." Geography in its noblest sense and history in grand outlines are closely interwoven; the fulness of description and historical illustration harmoniously agree with the historical importance of each land and its nation. While Siberia, whose vast rivers flow into an ice-bound ocean, is barely noticed, and the southern continents, whose history is made arid by their tropical position, are treated in rapid sketches, little Hellas, the masterpiece of thalassic formation, and little England, the central isle of the oceanic world, are depicted and illustrated in grand tableaux.

It would be an idle undertaking to attempt within the narrow limits of this review anything like a real analysis of the contents of this "Comparative Geography." The systematically complete character of the book, which illustrates the development of every historical country—fully and vividly—by its position, climate, inner formation—in all its variety—and native wealth; by its connection with neighboring lands and peoples through open plains, valleys, mountain passes, and chiefly through water-courses; by its greater or less proximity and accessibility to seas or the ocean; and also by the influence upon it, from within or from without, of the human intellect in its mastery over nature—these combined produce a richness and manifoldness which baffle all approximating reproduction in abridged form or extracts. Of course it need not be told that the work does not pretend to originality in a narrow sense of the word. On the contrary, its value is enhanced, and its generally pleasant diction often diversified, by striking observations and extracts drawn from the greatest German writers. The spirit that pervades the whole of it is one of candid enquiry and undogmatic liberalism. A kind of philanthropic optimism adds a pleasing warmth to the animation and often poetical loftiness of its diction, which is, however, not everywhere free from that frequent defect of German style, cumbrousness. German leanings, too, are here and there perceptible. With true German comprehensiveness, almost everything slightly bordering on the sphere of the subject is drawn into it, not excluding the latest and newest discoveries, inventions, and philosophical speculations—the work being, in its second edition, in great part rewritten.

*"Vergleichende allgemeine Erdkunde in wissenschaftlicher Darstellung. Von Ernst Kapp." Zweite verbesserte Auflage. Braunschweig: 1868.

La Bible dans l'Inde. Vie de Iezeus Christna, par Louis Jacolliot. (Paris. 1869. 8vo, pp. 391.)—This book has in a very high degree all those bad qualities which we are accustomed to call, more expressively than courteously, "Frenchy." It is jerky, dogmatic, pretentious, impudent, and empty—a mere tirade from beginning to end. Its author has spent some time in Southern India, where he has imbibed a certain amount of superficial acquaintance with Indian institutions, an immense conceit of superior knowledge with not a particle of real learning, and the most

intense prejudice against Christianity, in every part and particle. Thus equipped, he sets out to prove that Moses and Christ, in common with all the other great names that history knows, are weak copies of ancient Hindu originals. His method of argument is to point out certain resemblances between Jewish and Christian institutions and utterances on the one hand, and alleged Hindu ones on the other; and then to assert triumphantly, in view of the universally confessed and immensely superior antiquity of the latter, the derivation of the former from them. We say "alleged," because the greater part, at least, of his citations and abstracts are palpably unauthentic. It is charitable to suppose that he has, in regard to them, been made the dupe of interested and cunning Pundits—as other scholars, of more zeal than discretion or learning, have been before him. His Indian opinions stand fully upon the old, exploded basis of fifty years ago, when notions of the immemorial age and unimpeached originality of everything written in Sanskrit were prevalent—when people could believe, without losing all credit for information and insight, that European and Asiatic languages and mythologies and philosophies emanated from the valley of the Ganges. The world in general has grown wiser since then, but M. Jacolliot has, somehow or other, escaped the improvement; and so, while Sanskrit scholars are discussing, for example, whether the Laws of Manu are older or younger than the Christian era, he pronounces them incontestably as ancient as 3,000 years B.C., and treats them as the sources of the Pentateuch. Of course, the Vedas are to him the *ne plus ultra* of human productions, in age, in wisdom, in sanctity. He is just as weak in philology as in literary history. Witness his etymologies on pp. 25–27, which remind us of the good old times, when comparative philology was not, and when any one man who could spell out the words in an Oriental dictionary was as good a word-historian as another. Here is an example or two: *Hercules* is Sanskrit *hara-kala*, 'hero of combats;' *Orestes* is *o-raksa-ta*, 'devoted to misfortune;' *Pelasgi* is *palaça-ga*, 'pitiless fighter.' One of the queer things about these is that no Sanskrit scholar can find any such etymons; instead of being Sanskrit, they are pure Jacolliote. Such trifles as that he writes *Maha-barada* for *Mahabharata*, *Bagaveda-gita* for *Bhagavad-gita*, and so on, are hardly worth noticing. When it comes, however, to his twisting *Krishna* into *Christna*, asserting it to mean 'sacred,' instead of 'black,' and prefixing to it, of his own sweet will, the epithet *Ieseus* (which possibly is meant for *yâyya*, 'worshipable'—we can think of nothing else which it should represent), the evident purpose makes the act dishonest instead of merely inept. It is impossible for any one to be more out of sympathy with the scholarly and scientific tendencies of the time than is M. Jacolliot; he is nothing more than a pretentious ignoramus. Those who sympathize with him in his fundamental views of Christianity should be the last to wish his volume currency, for it can only bring shame and confusion upon the cause which it undertakes to defend.

The work is so entirely beneath serious criticism that we should hardly have taken any notice of it, and certainly should not have spent so many words upon it, except that it is now being pushed into prominence before the public. It has actually found a translator into English and an English publisher, and a "cheap reprint" of it in this country is already in circulation—an evil which we cannot but sincerely deprecate, and would gladly by our influence have helped to prevent.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Aiken (Miss. L.), Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth	(G. P. Putnam & Son) $2 00
Brother and Sister: A Child's Story	(D. Lothrop & Co.)
Bryant's Casket of Musical Gems, swd	(R. M. De Witt) 0 50
Bulletin of the Essex Institute, Vol. I.	(Salem)
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 27, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell) 0 50
Edwards (Amelia B.), Debenham's Vow: A Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 0 75
Gen. Fitz John Porter's Reply to Hon. Z. Chandler's Speech, swd	(Morristown, N. J.)
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), The Lost Daughter: A Tale, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Hurlbut (E. P.), Secular View of Religion in the State and the Bible in the Public Schools, swd	(Joel Munsell)
Harland (Marion), Helen Gardner's Wedding-Day: A Tale	(Carleton) 1 50
Hughes (T.), Tom Brown's School Days, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50
Jacolliot (L.), The Bible in India	(Carleton)
Johnson (J. E.), The Monks before Christ	(A. Williams & Co.) 1 25
Koner (Prof. Dr. W.), Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin, No. 25	(L. W. Schmidt)
McClintock (Rev. J.) and Strong (J.), Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, Vol. III., E, F, G	(Harper & Bros.)
Peck (J.), Influence of Liberty on Taste in the Ages of Augustus and Louis XIV., swd	(Hurd & Houghton) 0 50
Ross (C. H.), and Clarke (A.), Story of a Honeymoon	(Carleton)
Stearns (Rev. E. J.), Afterpiece to the Comedy of Convocation, swd	(Baltimore)
Smiles (S.), Self-Help, new ed	(Harper & Bros.) 1 00
The Workshop, No. 3, swd	(E. Steiger) 0 50
The *Bazar* Book of Decorum	(Harper & Bros.)
Who is My Neighbor?—A Child's Story	(D. Lothrop & Co.)
Wood (Mrs. H.), George Canterbury's Will: A Tale, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 50

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1870.

The Week.

THE sectional character of the vote reducing the duty on pig-iron, on Monday, was exactly reversed on the same day, on the vote increasing the apportionment of Representatives from 240 to 275, by which the West will be the gainer. In the Senate on Friday Mr. Sumner introduced a substitute for the bill abolishing the franking privilege, which has the merit of coupling the reform with a general recasting of rates; but we fear it will resemble some other of Mr. Sumner's measures in obstructing rather than forwarding the object of it by distracting attention. Mr. Drake came up first on Monday with a rival Sixteenth Amendment to Mr. Julian's, designed to authorize a more speedy interference by the President in domestic disturbances in the several States, without waiting for the call of either Governor or Legislature. Congress is to specify the occasions, and to provide appropriate legislation in support of the amendment. The Georgia Bill, having been debated in the most wearisome manner, was finally brought to vote on Tuesday evening, and the bill sent back to the House in a shape in which its best friends will fail to recognize it. It orders the election of a legislature this year, keeps the State a military district, authorizes the President to suppress domestic violence there, and provides for the organization and employment of the Georgia militia.

We have made a feeble attempt elsewhere to give the general reader an idea of the way in which the industry and trade of the country are "regulated" every winter by the House of Representatives, and of the amount of knowledge and public spirit a large proportion of our high-tariff men bring to the work of raising and lowering the value of the property of the entire community. To talk of their performances as "a system" or as "protection for native industry" is an abuse of language. It is neither more nor less than a "grab game," in which each man gets all he can out of the pockets of the people for the benefit of a small number of persons in his own district, and of the effect on the fortunes of others in other districts he evidently cares little or nothing. The amusing surveys of the condition of the rest of the globe, and the historico-philosophico-economico-metaphysical disquisitions on the moral, social, and political phenomena of other civilized countries by which the demand for higher duties is generally prefaced, are merely a ponderous congressional way of throwing dust in people's eyes. There never was anything of the kind more comical than the devices by which they have been trying to reconcile the Southerners to dear cotton bagging. First they told them that the thick bagging had lowered their insurance; but on its being shown that it was not this but the substitution of iron ties that had done it, they fell back on the *weight* of the bagging as tare, for which the cotton-planter made no allowance; which was another way of saying, Buy our heavy bagging at our price, and we will assist you in cheating the people who buy your cotton.

The success of the protectionist efforts to keep up the duties on bagging, however, is said to have had the effect of disgusting the Southerners, as the bagging is a Western "interest," and the East does not care much about it—witness Mr. Schenck's rending of his garments—and, consequently, the result of the bagging debate was generally believed last week to be fatal to the tariff bill, although pig-iron, which is its critical point, had not been reached. The battle royal on this came off on Monday, and owing to the stout resistance of the Western men, aided by Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, the $7 duty of the bill was cut down to $5—a reduction of $4 from the present rates—but by a majority only of sixty-six to sixty-four. Still, small as the majority is, it indicates that turning in the tide which has for some time been plainly inevitable, and for which, we repeat, the protectionists have nobody to blame but themselves. They have had everything their own way for ten years, and the result is general indignation and disgust. No nation will long bear with such performances as theirs have been from any government which it can make or unmake. Colbert succeeded, but Colbert had no press or public opinion to face, and could imprison a man for life or send him to the galleys without trial.

We find in a recent speech of Mr. Daniel J. Morrell, of Pennsylvania, on the tariff, delivered in the House of Representatives, that "it is settled and determined by the people themselves, from whom there is no appeal, that the wages of labor shall be maintained at a higher rate in this country than in England or other competing countries." We are very glad to hear this, because if "the people" can do this, they can make wages whatever they please, and the "labor problem" may be considered solved. All we have to do now, to put an end to the eternal bickering between the capitalist and the laborer, is to have the rate fixed once a year or so at the State elections by a popular vote. Moreover, this gets rid of the great question of finding work for the unemployed. Why should "the people" not indicate by a vote on a general ticket the number of men each employer should hire, as well as how much he should pay them? What keeps men out of work now is, that employers say they cannot afford to engage them; but if "the people" said they *could* afford it, what employer would venture to deny it? The danger of capitalists running away, when "the people" begin to raise or lower wages, might be obviated by erecting wire fences, of native manufacture, such as are used in monarchical countries for the confinement of deer in the parks of the bloated aristocracy.

The St. Thomas treaty expired by limitation last week, and thus have ended negotiations begun by us more than five years ago, persisted in till the reluctance of the Danish Government was overcome, and then, when presented in definite shape to the Senate, neglected and postponed as if at least positive and prompt action were not imperative in the circumstances, and finally lapsing, after two renewals, in a manner discreditable to the United States and mortifying to Denmark. The loss of two coaling stations is of no consequence whatever, but with them we have forfeited the confidence of foreign powers in similar dealings, and that must indirectly affect our standing in all that concerns the good faith of the nation. However, we are not beyond the possibility of gain even from this defalcation—gain, we mean, other than the saving of seven and a half millions of dollars. It will be, if not particularly consoling to Denmark, a considerable compensation to ourselves if the San Domingo treaty shares the fate of the St. Thomas, not from senatorial caprice, but in obedience to a public sentiment, which may fairly be said to exist, in opposition to further annexations, especially of territory not contiguous to this country. And we shall be still better off if the principles and risks of international treaties under our Constitution become fully understood by foreign governments, and if the discussion of them in the Senate can be made of necessity public. Until then the people will never fully realize their responsibility for the national honor, and our ministers of state will never proceed with the caution that belongs to such difficult and delicate enterprises.

The Chicago *Tribune*, which seems to hold the Mormons in a good deal of horror, warmly supports Cullom's bill, and ridicules the notion that their polygamy is entitled to any forbearance because they practise it as of divine ordinance. It asks scornfully whether, if a band of horse-thieves were to appear professing to have a divine revelation directing them to practise horse-stealing as an institution, we should

pay any attention to their religious scruples, or should not hunt them down and string them up with as much rigor as if they stole horses through "pure cussedness" and not as a means of grace. Now, this is not a parallel case, and is therefore delusive, and for this reason, among others: In polygamy all parties concerned are consenting parties. The arrangement is what the civil lawyers call consensual. In other words, there is nobody in it calling herself or himself a victim, and appealing to us for protection. When horses are stolen, on the other hand, the owner is aggrieved and demands our aid, and we are bound to give it, just as we should be bound to give it to any woman whom the Mormons sought to abduct *vi et armis*. If, however, a sect made its appearance, like the Shakers, for instance, and settled in a secluded district, and practised as a religious rite, commanded by their prophet, the custom of carrying off each other's horses in the night-time, and were ready to endure torture sooner than stay in their beds and let their neighbors' horses alone, or if, when they got up in the morning and found all their horses untouched in the stable or the pasture, they looked on it as a sign of lukewarmness in the church, we think it would be very doubtful indeed whether Government ought to interfere with them. The nearest approach to a precedent for the proposed action of our Government towards the Mormons is the dealings of the English Government in India with the Thugs, who held it to be a religious duty to murder and rob. But then they did not practise the rite on one another, but on Gentiles, who were utterly opposed to participation in it, and were therefore entitled to have the Thugs exterminated. We may add, too, that on the simple ground of feasibility there is a wide difference between regulating the sexual relation and any other. Any relation of the sexes generally approved of by public opinion cannot be restrained by law. The law can only strike at it through the rules of inheritance, by declaring children illegitimate; but if the parties are not frightened by this, it is in vain to forbid whatever does not disgrace them in the eyes of their friends and neighbors.

The last story about the Legal Tender Case is that Judges Bradley and Strong have "qualified" themselves to sit on the re-hearing, and take part in the decision, the one by "assigning" his interest in the stock of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and the other by assigning his interest in the stock of the Pennsylvania Central. Both these great corporations have a strong interest in the decision, as a reversal of the late judgment of the Court will enable them to cheat their creditors to a considerable amount on contracts made before 1862. The Pennsylvania Central, in particular, would make about a million and a half if the swindle were legally authorized. The great railroad corporations have long owned State legislatures, and have lately begun to own State courts, but until now the Supreme Court may be said to have been beyond their reach. Should the addition of Judges Strong and Bradley to the Court result in a decision favorable to their interests, we may count on two things: one is, a loss of all confidence, on the part of the public, in the Court, in all cases in which great corporations are concerned; and another is a steady refusal on the part of the corporations to accept any decision as final until they have tried their hand at "filling vacancies" on the bench. We do not mean to say or insinuate that either Judge Bradley or Judge Strong is going to do anything that is wrong in the matter, but they must remember that it is as much the duty of a judge to be above reproach as to be pure. Precedents and right reason prescribe to a judge who is personally interested in a cause, or will be personally affected by its result, strict abstinence from all participation in deciding it. This is the rule. "Assigning his interest" for the purpose of qualifying is forbidden, for the simple reason that in the hands of a bad man the expedient may be a mere farce. There is nothing to prevent either of these judges having his stock reassigned to him the day after his judgment has added twenty per cent. to its value. The country ought to speak out boldly against these disgraceful beginnings.

The disgraceful attacks on the Honorable Horace Greeley, of which we have already more than once spoken, continue. The New York *Times*, the other day, pointed out that he had said in his great work, "What I Know of Political Economy," the very same thing about the wool clip of 1868 for saying which, in a report, he had abused Mr. Wells, as a "humbug" and a "Munchausen Special" and an ignoramus, but it failed to mention the foot-note in the book, or the paragraph in the *Tribune*, in which Mr. Greeley, with his usual candor and conscientiousness, had acknowledged the injustice of his attack on Mr. Wells, and apologized for it. We have called the attention of the *Times* to this oversight on its part, and it is still silent. Such is the way in which a partisan press treats our leading scientific men. More recently, the *Herald* and other sheets have spread abroad the report that Mr. Greeley had, before and during his visit to Albany, as the ambassador of the Union League Club, opened negotiations with the Honorable John Morrissey and other members of the "Young Democracy" for an alliance against the Tweed charter, in consideration of which Mr. Greeley was to have the support of the "Young Democrats" for the Governorship of the State. And now the Committee of the Tammany Society, appointed to enquire into the late conflict at Albany, report that these negotiations were actually carried on as aforesaid. The result of them is that the "Young Democrats" received at the Tammany election 23 votes, to the 242 cast for the Tweedites, which is certainly a very lame and impotent conclusion to our latest attempt at reform. Misfortunes, of course, never come singly. The *Sun*, which has for more than a year supported Mr. Greeley ardently both for the Comptrollership of the State, for the Mission to England, and, if we are not mistaken, for the throne of Spain, throws him overboard, and declines to recommend him further for any office of dignity or emolument.

The annual "Fenian Scare" seems once more to be impending, and the Canadians are making somewhat ridiculous preparations to meet it, including the organization of a small army of regulars and volunteers. The Fenian force, we need hardly say, is nowhere visible; and the truth about the Fenian movement seems to be this: A certain number of Irish gentlemen, of vivid imaginations, limited means, and unlimited brass, and a small amount of education, have, ever since 1866, got a living by keeping up a simulacrum of a "government," making purchases of arms, and pretending to be getting an "invasion" ready. By means of the impression this outward show makes on the Irish servant-girls and laborers in various parts of the country, they have succeeded in getting an annual revenue, varying in amount with the degree of excitement they are able to create, and this they divided amongst themselves. The first batch of "statesmen" started in fine style on Union Square, in 1866, but had to go shares with "the men in the gap," as their confederates in Ireland were called, and came to grief after having committed some robberies in Canada and hauled down the flag of one English schooner in Buffalo. They were then deposed, leaving about $200,000 unaccounted for, and a fresh batch took their places, and began once more "organizing," and holding "councils," and threatening Great Britain, just enough to keep the money coming in. In the regular course of things, when the receipts decline, the party in power have either to "invade Canada" or resign and let others have a chance, and their successors then go on threatening and holding "councils," till the servant-girls get sick of them too. One such crisis seems now to be pending, and the chief officers of the brotherhood have either to "invade" or retire into private life; and as they are said to be entirely dependent on their salaries, it may be readily understood that they would rather "invade." So they are distributing arms in houses along the Canadian frontier accordingly, and seem to be very much in the mood towards the Canadians of the man who, being insulted in a private room, requested his enemy, significantly, to "step down into the street and wait till he came."

The press of the Canadas is as completely devoted to the interests of this or that Canadian politician and placeholder as was the press of this country in old Federalist and Republican days, or Jacksonian and anti-Jacksonian days, when hotel-keepers used to refuse a feed to the horse of a traveller of opinions opposed to their own, and men's wives

spoke to each other or cut each other accordingly as their husbands agreed or disagreed in politics. It is for the interest of Canadian politicians—a class that has nothing to learn from the worst politicians of this or any other country—that their fellow-citizens should see in the United States a vulgar, greedy, unscrupulous, scheming enemy, so hungry for Canada and so enviously hateful of England that nothing would please it better than to turn loose on the other side of the border a horde of Fenian murderers. The assembling, therefore, of the Fenian Congress at Cleveland has been a godsend to them, and one is disposed to think they will do little to allay the agitation into which it has thrown the Dominion. Meantime, as if to help in explaining Sir J. A. McDonald's speeches and the action of the Dominion Government, the annexation movement in the maritime provinces increases in strength and is expressed fearlessly, Annexation Leagues being in existence in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and every league having behind it a body of opinion, acquiescent or actively favorable, in comparison with which the actively loyal opinion of the native Provincial communities is feeble.

Miss Virginia Penny, who has done a good deal in her day for woman's wrongs, writes a long letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial* making sundry charges against the more prominent woman's rights women. She says they never, in their historical sketches of the movement, or in their mutual eulogies, make any mention of Ann McDowell, who established the *Woman's Advocate*, and was last seen, twelve years ago, living miserably in a garret; or to Dr. Maria J. Dewnett, who established the *Women's Journal* in 1854, and died working for it; or of Emily Howland, of whom the late Thomas Brady (J. T. ?) said she was as well versed in the law as most male practitioners, and to whose personal exertions at Albany it was owing that the bills were passed which first in this State gave women a right to their earnings, and boarding-house keepers a right to detain the baggage of delinquent and departing boarders. Miss Penny asks what has Miss Susan B. Anthony ever *done* for her sex which can compare for one moment in real value with these two enactments. She is also very severe on Mrs. Stanton, Parker Pillsbury, Theodore Tilton, and other brethren and sisters, against whom she openly brings a charge of "great cry and little wool," or words to that effect. The sum and substance of her accusations is, that they all advocate the suffrage, as something which will bear an indefinite amount of speech, but avoid practical reforms, which need a great deal of work, and speech only in small degree.

Mr. Charles Levi Woodbury, a leading Democrat of Massachusetts, has recently made a speech urging the abolition of two provisions of the State constitution which are much disliked by the Democrats, namely, that which imposes on the intending voter the necessity of paying a poll-tax before his name can be put on the voting list, and that which excludes from the ballot-box the vote of a citizen unable to read and write. The figures which Mr. Woodbury gives are of some interest. The whole number of legal voters in Massachusetts is 262,120. Strike out of the constitution the clauses above-mentioned, and there would be admitted to the polls 55,050 additional voters—45,050 now excluded for non-payment of taxes, and 10,000 who cannot read and write. If the former seems a large number, the second certainly seems small when it is recollected how large a percentage of the population of the State is foreign-born. But we must add to this 10,000 a large part of those 9,000 inhabitants who are excluded on the ground of alienage alone, and for whose exclusion there is probably the other reason also. Moreover, it is to be remembered that in the practical application of the reading and writing test there is often much that is farcical; for the places are not few in Massachusetts in which a lively faith in the value of the test is decidedly wanting, and where a man secures his right to vote by about as much knowledge of reading as used to be required for saving a criminal's life by the reading of the "neck verse." The largeness of the number —45,050—who are excluded from voting by the non-payment of taxes is rather more surprising, at first sight, than the fewness of the illiterate; but doubtless the figures mainly represent "town poor," and do not reflect so severely as might be supposed on the energy and enterprise of the party managers, who in Massachusetts, as elsewhere, have no extreme delicacy of scrupulousness as to robbing the cradle and the grave when the exigencies of the campaign require it. Mr. Woodbury's arguments are not so interesting as his statistics, the enormity of allowing "a two-dollar poll-tax and a reading and writing clause to stand between the citizen and the ballot-box" not being made patent by the speech. On the practical point, on the facts as they are, on the practical working of the Massachusetts system, no doubt a forcible argument adverse to the system might be made. But of the ballot-box in its capacity of magician and miracle-worker it is easy nowadays to hear quite enough without calling in the abilities of able lawyers.

There is at last no doubt that Lopez has been killed, and that hostilities in Paraguay are over. We do not know whether it will now be easier or harder to get a just view of the character of this dictator, who has been painted in all colors, and concerning whom two United States ministers, of sound minds, have made the most opposite and contradictory reports. All the positive testimony of English and American victims as to the horrible barbarities practised by Lopez has failed to convince a large body of his admirers that he was anything but a hero and a patriot, or that the "lost cause" of Paraguay differs from that of Poland. But this is by no means singular. Thousands of intelligent and cultivated persons still believe in the Christian meekness of Jefferson Davis, in the righteousness of the rebellion, and the superior humanity of its supporters. In spite of the notorious atrocities of Belle Isle and Libby Prison, Mr. George Long would prefer to dedicate his version of Marcus Aurelius to the leader of the Confederate armies rather than to any other American. For our part, we are content to place Lopez in the same category with Davis. The significant fact of his overthrow, it seems to us, lies in the suppression of a race of tyrants of whom Francia, Rosas, and Quiroga were examples, and who being made impossible for the future, Spanish America of the South is free to develop in the spirit of the highest civilization of the age. Uncertain as is the destiny of Brazil, the colonization of that Empire from Europe, and especially from Germany, is heaviest in its southern provinces; and these, if ever the freedom to commerce of the Plate River is to be disputed again, are likely to play an important part in keeping open that international highway. On its side, the Argentine Republic, so long as President Sarmiento is permitted to direct it, will work for the same end. The Pacific railway which it is now contemplating will, if completed, of itself ensure the navigation of the Plate to all comers.

There have been rumors for some weeks that the relations of France and Prussia were growing "delicate," and these rumors have been in some degree strengthened by such small incidents as the arrival of the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at Vienna on a visit to the Emperor of Austria. The Duke is a firm friend of Prussia, and it was given out that he came on behalf of that power to make arrangements for a closer understanding between Austria, Prussia, and Russia, in case things took an unexpected turn in Paris. Count Daru, however, as well as other members of the French Ministry, have been "interviewed" on the subject, and they unite in declaring that the intentions of France have never been more pacific, and that she has reduced her army by 100,000 men; and that as war cannot now be declared without the consent of the Chambers, it has not been less probable any time these twenty years. They acknowledge, however, that any attempt on the part of France to hug Southern Germany any closer would wound French "susceptibilities;" and well-informed observers and speculators agree in considering Luxembourg still a bone of contention, which nothing but the self-restraint and prudence of the rival dogs prevent from being dangerous, and over which the fight may yet be renewed. Viscount de la Guéronnière spoke enigmatically in the Senate on Monday in regard to the peace of Europe, saying that Europe was tranquil only when France was satisfied, and in order that France may be content each Power must be in its proper place.

A DEBATE ON THE TARIFF.

One unfortunate result of the refusal of our daily papers to report the proceedings of Congress in full is that the people has little or no idea of what its representatives are doing, or, indeed, of what manner of men they are. Verbatim or even extended reports of the debates are only to be found in the *Globe*, and the *Globe* is only to be found in newspaper-offices and reading-rooms, and, we greatly fear, hardly anybody reads it except under the pressure of stern necessity. The consequence of this is, that the public has only the very vaguest notion of the mode in which the Tariff Bill is every year debated and retouched, or of the arguments by which this tremendous annual interference with the prices of commodities and the profits of industry is justified, and of the information or ability possessed by the gentlemen engaged in the work.

We have been for some time on the lookout for a debate long enough and serious enough to deserve notice as a specimen of the way the work is done; but although the tariff has now been under discussion for some weeks, we were not so fortunate as to light on what we wanted till last week. In the *Globe* of Friday, April 15, will be found a perfect sample of the way in which artificial stimuli for native industry are constructed and put into force. Thirty-three gentlemen took part in it, and the subject was hemp and its substitutes, jute and other vegetable fibres, gunny-bags, gunny-cloth and cotton bagging, hemp and jute carpets and matting, vegetable mats and matting, and hemp and jute yarns—all articles with a certain amount of relation to each other.

The first point was, whether it was fair to the Emperor of Russia—who all agreed was entitled to as much consideration as any living potentate, both on account of his friendly conduct during the war and the tremendous number of slaves he had emancipated by his "fiat"—to let in Manila grass at $25 the ton when Russian hemp was taxed $40 the ton, Russia being entitled by treaty to the treatment of the most favored nation. The discussion on this point took a philological turn, the question being whether the term "hemp" covered the "Manila grass." Mr. Schenck showed they were botanically different things, and that the "Manila hemp" had always been called "Manila grass" till now; but Mr. Morgan showed he was mistaken, the tariff of 1842 speaking of it as "Manila hemp." A paper in the nature of a protest from Mr. Catacazy, the Russian minister, characterizing this distinction as a "lexical subtilty," and which Mr. Banks read to the House, called down severe animadversion as an attempt on the part of Russia to "dictate legislation," while Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, said that to lower the duty on hemp would be an "outrage on humanity," owing to the number of poor men in Kentucky who found employment in manufacturing it. Mr. Johnson, of California, announced that it was universally conceded "that every gentleman on that floor represented the interests of his immediate constituents as nearly as he could, and that, in this matter of regulating duties, he was influenced, like other gentlemen, by selfish and sectional considerations." He then showed triumphantly that unless the duty on hemp was reduced a certain ropewalk in San Francisco would have to go down, being unable to compete with similar establishments in Kentucky and Missouri, and asked whether "that Congress was prepared to say that the people on the Pacific coast should not manufacture hemp into rope or anything else." He then quoted the *Sacramento Union*, to show that San Francisco had 6,000 men out of employment to-day. The attempt to lower the duty on Russian hemp failed, letting the ropewalk go to the wall; but when the duty on Manila hemp came up Mr. Cox opposed it altogether, because of its injurious effects on shipbuilding, while Mr. Logan sought to have it raised from $25 to $40 a ton, "to test the sincerity" of the high-tariff men, but he was not successful.

The most interesting part of the discussion was that on "jute butts," however. Jute butts is the lower part of the bark of the jute-tree, and it comes largely from Calcutta. The committee recommend that it be taxed $10 a ton; Mr. Strong moved the substitution of $6, and the opposing forces closed. As to the use of jute butts in the arts, Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, informed the House that "its main use was to make bunches for woman's hair, in accordance with the present fashion;" that "it adapts itself to every possible color;" and that should a lady drop her chignon in the street, and you pick it up and set fire to it, "you will not catch the odor which would be given by the burning of human hair or other animal substance." This account of jute butts, however, did not tally with that given by Mr. Strong, who read a letter from some Connecticut paper-makers, showing that it was used extensively by Manila paper manufacturers in this country, who were all in a bad way, and wanted the duty entirely taken off; and he further added, that it was used in the manufacture of gunny-bags (a very delicate subject), and ought to be taken off for the sake of the gunny-bag men. This caused him to receive a severe castigation from Mr. Schenck, who said "it was the hardest thing in the world to get a Connecticut or other New England manufacturer to understand that raw material produced in other parts of the country was entitled to protection as well as their manufactured article. They will not be satisfied with less than from thirty-five to eighty per cent., while they are not willing to let the West have twenty-seven per cent. for their flax tow and flax straw."

The mention of gunny-bags and gunny-cloth raised a terrible storm. General Butler said we must have cheap jute butts in order to have cheap gunny-bags to move corn, which heats in a cotton, flax, or hemp bag. Mr. Schenck, however, said jute butts was never made into gunny-bags at all, and that corn was never now moved in bags of any kind; while Mr. Kelley, without committing himself on the question of the mode of moving corn, said also that jute butts was never made into gunny-bags, and added that "gunny-bagging is unfit to cover grain," and he was opposed to making any further concession to the paper-makers, who now, he said, are sufficiently favored by having Esparto grass, paper waste and paper cuttings, and rags admitted duty free. Mr. Banks, on the other hand, said the paper-makers in his district were all discontented and were opposed to this mode of dealing with jute butts; which caused Mr. Schenck, figuratively speaking, to dash his hat on the ground, and to exclaim "that he could not find an Eastern manufacturer but what thought his product ought to have the highest possible protection, and everything he made it out of come in free; and this he had heard so often, that, as he had said there one day before, it almost drove him into free trade to listen to what he heard on this subject."

At this stage, a triangular battle ensued over the jute butts. The paper manufacturers want it let in duty free; and so does the Southern planter, who wants cheap covering for his cotton bales; but the Western flax-tow and hemp-tow men say he ought not to have it, because they are entitled to supply him with all the cotton bagging he needs. Their cotton bagging, Mr. Kelley said, was the best because it protected the cotton against "spontaneous combustion." Mr. Schenck said it was the best because, being thick, it protected the cotton from "thieves, and from sparks on steamboats," and thus reduced the rate of insurance one-third; and because, as the cotton planter makes no allowance for tare, the heavier the bagging the more he gets for his cotton—on which principle, let us add, a law taxing cotton so much per pound, and allowing the planter to put a big stone in the centre of each bale, would be defensible. Here Mr. Buckley intervened, however, and (politely) informed Messrs. Kelley and Schenck that they did not know what they were talking about; that insurance had gone down on cotton not because the bagging was thicker, but because iron ties are used in baling instead of rope, and that what the planter gained in tare on the thick bagging he lost through the protective duty; and Mr. Butler informed Mr. Schenck that "the question with reference to gunny-bags, gunny-cloth, and jute butts had nothing more to do with flax than he (Mr. Schenck) had to do with the East Indies." However, the duty was cut down to $6 per ton.

The jute butts trouble was renewed in the evening, when the gunny-cloth, gunny-bags, and cotton bagging came up. Mr. Schenck wanted protection to the extent of about 35 per cent., and made another bitter attack on the Eastern men for their niggardliness in according protection to the West, and particularly the "flax interest" of that region. Mr. Buck protested in behalf of the cotton interest of the South, and Mr. Butler again floored Messrs. Kelley and Schenck on the cause of the decline of insurance on cotton, alleging that he came from Lowell, where a

good deal of cotton is used, and therefore he knew "how the thing operated," and battled against the duty on bagging as a tax on cotton. Mr. Schenck, however, stoutly resisted, and again assailed the New-Englanders for claiming from 70 to 80 per cent. protection for themselves, and not being willing to allow more than 25 per cent. to others. About this time Mr. Arnell rose to oppose any reduction, and said "he knew all about this matter of cotton baling," and he was going "to upset all the fine theories of the gentlemen from Alabama" (Messrs. Buck and Buckley). It required, he said, "two and a half yards of bagging to put up a bale of cotton;" but here several gentlemen informed him that it took six yards, and then Mr. Arnell confessed he "did not remember the precise number of yards," but he did know that the cotton grower got twice as much in tare as he paid for his bagging. Mr. Logan here cruelly asked him if he knew how much gunny-cloth we manufacture in this country, and Mr. Arnell admitted that he did not, and the hammer providentially falling, he sat down.

General Butler now laid down the doctrine "that where manufactures flourish agriculture goes down;" which caused Mr. Schenck to declare "that he was now prepared for almost anything in the way of political economy from that gentleman," and exposed the New England members for holding five contradictory opinions with regard to gunny-bagging, and again attacked them for their selfishness about protection. Mr. Winans and some other members here made some very magnanimous remarks, to the effect that the proper thing to do was to protect all interests equally, and then there would be no heart-burning: every man was to give every other as much as he got from him, and then all would be happy and prosperous, though how anybody could be "protected" in this way was not explained. The duty on bagging, however, was not reduced. A curious little surprise marked the close of the debate. The bill proposed to tax matting made from linden-wood bark 15 per cent., and Mr. Schenck said they were very cheap goods, not made in this country, and therefore no protection was needed. But up jumped Mr. Banks, and demanded 35 per cent. on these articles for the benefit of a gentleman named Wakeman, in his district, who made mats out of the pith of the rattans used in making chairs. Mr. Schenck was momentarily overcome by this discovery, but, rallying, pointed out that this paragraph would not apply to Mr. Wakeman's pith matting; but the next, which taxed all "vegetable matting" 30 per cent. ad valorem, he hoped would meet Mr. Banks's case. But it did not. The rattan pith for the Wakeman mats, it is true, costs nothing, but he has to use coir yarn and cocoa-nut fibre with it to make it manageable in spinning, and, these articles being prepared solely by savages, who have "the knack" of it, he demanded that they be put on the free list, and, the House agreeing as to cocoa-nut fibre, he sat down happy. But coir yarn coming up separately, he had another stout fight over it, and got it on the free list too. Thirty thousand yards of the rattan-pith matting are manufactured every year, and as the raw material is now to be had for next to nothing the manufacture bids fair to last for ever, unless some Western man should try to turn American pith to account in the same way, in which case we advise Mr. Wakeman to look out for his rattan pith and his cocoa-nut fibre and his coir yarn.

THE REFORMS IN FRANCE.

The approaching termination—for so, it would seem, we may call it—of the struggle between the French Emperor and the Liberals is chiefly valuable as an illustration of the great advances the French have made within the last eighteen years in the political art. They have shown an amount of steady persistence and a reliance on moral weapons which they have never in any of their struggles shown before, and there is no doubt that the success of their exertions now must exercise a very great influence on the future political progress of the Empire. Beyond this, however, the struggle has done very little for French society. It has settled no vital question. As regards political liberty, it does not even carry the country quite back to where Louis Philippe left it, in spite of the existence of universal suffrage. The victory is essentially a victory of the bourgeoisie once more, thus showing how completely the middle classes rule France, and how impossible it is for any government to hold its own which does not possess their support. Parliamentary institutions, as they are called—that is, legislation by deliberative bodies, with a responsible ministry and a free press—are middle-class contrivances. They have never got any hold in France on the minds either of the peasantry or workingmen. The peasantry since the Revolution have wanted, in the way of government, a power that would secure them in the possession of their freeholds, with a strong hand, and with as light taxes and as little conscription as possible. About its form they were not very particular, but naturally preferred something simple, and nothing is simpler than a dictator. The workingmen of the towns, on the other hand, while preferring "a democratic and social republic" to any other form of government, do so solely because they consider it the only form of government under which that total reorganization of society, which has been their dream for eighty years, can be carried out. They want a more equal division of property, if not the abolition of property, or, at all events, the reduction of society to a sort of partnership with unlimited liability, and equal share in the profits for all; and any government which promises this they are willing to support. But for freedom of speech, and the ordinary "constitutional guarantees," as long as the rule of competition is allowed to prevail in trade, and distinctions of class and comfort in society, they care little or nothing. They distrust almost any liberal with a black coat, and look with horror on that "free play of the individual faculties" which the Favres and Olliviers make the goal of their striving.

Now the *coup d'état* of 1851 was an attempt to throw aside the middle class, with its writers, talkers, and "thinkers," and to set up an empire with the aid of the peasantry and workingmen. The peasantry were kept in good humor, partly by security and partly by an alliance with the priests, and the workingmen by means of a lavish system of internal improvements, set on foot with loans, made annually, and almost without responsibility to anybody. Curiously enough, the very centralization which made the scheme possible, and for a while successful, ultimately proved its ruin. One of the results of the long-protracted concentration of the powers of government in Paris has been that the brains of France are concentrated there also, and the opinions of the educated class—that is, of the men of intellect merely—have a force such as they possess in no city in the world. Moreover, opinions find expression through social life as they find it nowhere else, and the Emperor discovered, after he had successfully accomplished the *coup d'état*, that his own residence was in the midst of enemies from whom there was no escape, whom he could not silence, or dazzle, or hoodwink. The Parisian literary men, lawyers, students, shopkeepers, accordingly went to work at him, and, after eighteen years of incessant fire, they have broken him down. The army and the peasantry could not save him; and, as his friends died off, and the new generation, taught in the nursery to hate him, began to fill the colleges, and courts, and newspaper offices, he perceived himself unable to continue the game, and has retired from the field. The possession of a wife and child of course made him trebly sensitive—how sensitive we may conjecture from the fact that Paul de Cassagnac, a brutal bravo, is a favorite at court, owing to his readiness to fight duels with the newspaper enemies of the Bonapartes. No civilized beings, not driven to bay, could make such a man welcome in the family circle, and there are not many communities in which somebody would not by this time have felt it his duty to dispose of him as a wild animal. He owes his life, worthless as it is, to the French reverence for "the code." In South Carolina and Mississippi, he would long ago have been taken off from behind a tree.

The recent reforms, known as the Senatus-Consultum, are in reality a restoration of the parliamentary régime, and therefore—until the peasantry take a different part in politics from what they do now—of middle-class government. Even the great towns show no fancy for the extreme radicals, owing to their late excesses: Fonvielle, fresh from the trial at Tours, has just been defeated by a large majority at Lyons; and the peasantry will, for a long time to come, always send to the legislature local magnates, lawyers, landed proprietors, and successful manufacturers. The Emperor is trying to cover his defeat by in-

sisting on submitting the Senatus-Consultum to the people, by ordering a "plébiscite," on the question: "Do the people desire constitutional reforms in 1870 which assure liberty, placing it under the guarantee of the Empire and the dynasty?" Should the majority be in the affirmative, as it certainly will, it will take away from the transaction the appearance of a surrender on the part of the personal government, but its failure and overthrow will be none the less real.

The burden of dealing with questions of social reform, which are still, as they were in 1848, the serious question of French politics, and which troubled the Republic even more than they troubled the monarchy of Louis Philippe, is now thrown back once more on the shoulders of the bourgeoisie, and it is hard to see in what respect they are better fitted to deal with them than they ever were. They have, it is true, the basis of government greatly broadened, and a vast body of the population armed against socialistic revolution, who, in 1848, were indifferent, and they are sensible of the necessity of pushing on the work of education to a much greater degree than their predecessors were. On the other hand, the socialist organizations were never so strong, or their influence so widespread, or their confidence in their doctrines so deep, as now. Moreover, the dynastic question may any day, by the death of the Emperor, assume an aspect of tremendous gravity. The Emperor's reign has unquestionably killed the Bonapartist sentiment in France, by exhibiting to the country a large tribe of Bonapartes who are not fighting men, and, indeed, excel in no art except that of spending money belonging to other people. Its place has been taken amongst the young men of all classes by positive hatred and contempt; and the succession of the Prince Imperial, therefore, becomes exceedingly problematical, and the parliamentary majority which has to deal with it will also probably have to decide, not only who shall be the next monarch, but whether the government shall continue to be monarchical. Those who know the French character best insist that there is in this matter no room for choice; that whatever in Frenchmen's eyes represents the French nation must be dignified, well-dressed, pompous, and ceremonious; that a cheap and plain government must always excite their scorn and ridicule; and that if they have a republic they will always surround the executive officer with the trappings of royalty, and with temptations to make himself king.

PLAIN DEALING WITH THE RECORDER.

LIKE our daily contemporaries, we are dying to express our opinions on the McFarland case. We had our minds made up after the first day, and have only refrained from speaking out about it from a regard for the decencies of our position, which forbid comments on a case still in possession of the jury. The hardship of having to contain ourselves so long is, however, obvious, and constitutes the strongest objection to the course pursued by the defence. With so many journalists waiting eagerly to sum up, the production of so much evidence is worse than a blunder. Feeling it to be impossible to let the affair alone any longer, however, we have looked carefully at it with the view of discovering something in it which we might single out for comment, without touching on the merits of the case, and, after much deliberation, have come to the conclusion that the Recorder himself was the safest topic we could select. He is not engaged on either side, and has no interest in the issue. Moreover, we help to pay him for acting as Recorder on this and divers other occasions; and, though he is nominally responsible to "the people" for his official behavior, the people is so busy that it is quite willing to let anybody abuse him that likes to take the trouble. What we decided might be said to him, without prejudice either to the prosecution or defence, was something of this kind—and we give notice to our daily contemporaries that, as it is intended to carry us along until we get a chance at the whole case, including McFarland and all the witnesses, it must not be reproduced till the trial is over and we have again delivered ourselves:

"You are employed by the people of this State not simply to decide points of law as they arise in causes heard before you, or to charge the jury, or fix the punishment of criminals, but to preserve order in court. By preserving order in court is not meant the enforcing of good behavior on the part of the audience simply, but on the part of the bar, and especially of that portion of the bar which is engaged in the case on trial, on one side or other. The faithful discharge of this particular part of your duty is rendered all the more imperative by the fact that the bar, unfortunately, has been left without the means of enforcing any discipline of its own. It cannot expel, censure, or in any manner punish any of its members, however offensive or disreputable their conduct may be, which is the more to be regretted, as of course nobody but lawyers can understand or administer the ethics of the profession, or become thoroughly acquainted with the misdeeds of their colleagues. The judges, therefore, are saddled in this country with the task of seeing that the peculiar privileges which the law accords to advocates speaking in open court shall not be abused. If a blackguard assails me with billingsgate in the City Hall Park, I can knock him down, or, if I consider a proceeding of this sort imprudent, hand him over to a policeman. If he tries to blacken my reputation, I can prosecute him criminally, or sue him civilly, or do both, just as I please. But if he should happen to be a lawyer, and come into your court, and say of me, in the discharge of his official duties, what he had been saying of me outside, I lose all my remedies. If I knocked him down, you would commit me for contempt; if I appealed to a policeman, he would laugh at me, and turn me out of the court-room for making a noise; if I sued him, he would plead his privilege. Consequently, I have no protection but what I get from you. If I should happen to be a woman, I am doubly defenceless. If I am a man, I may, when the trial is over, disregarding the sacred character of my assailant, and the privileged nature of his communications, cowhide him to the best of my ability; but if I am a woman, I can only go home and cry, which, when one has been insulted by a ruffian, is but a poor satisfaction. It is thus very plain that your manner of discharging the duty of preserving order in court is a very important and delicate matter, not only to those who are mixed up in the cases tried before you, but to everybody in the community. We may any of us, any day, be mixed up in a criminal case. I may have a friend who commits a forgery, and my letters being found in his trunk may convert me into a witness as to some of the circumstances connected with his crime. Or I may be walking down Broadway, and suddenly and unawares see a nose pulled, by a person desirous of "establishing caste in America." I go to the police court, as my duty is, to testify, and finally come into your court—a perfectly respectable, innocent, and public-spirited man. You are bound to see that no greater injury is done either to my feelings or reputation than the necessities of the case require; that neither the counsel for the defence, nor the counsel for the prosecution, uses me, either to harrow up the feelings of the jury or as a *corpus vile* for the gratification of his own love of vituperation. In short, I have rights of which you are the guardian.

"Besides this, as a criminal judge of considerable experience, you are tolerably familiar with the members of our criminal bar. The leaders, in particular, of that select and venerable body you know well. Of their learning, fidelity, scrupulousness, and delicacy it is not our purpose here to speak. They have, however, a dark side to their nature, with which you are as familiar as anybody can be. You know how hard a struggle with it they have most of the time, and how often it gets the better of them; and probably nobody is as much surprised by decent behavior on their part as you are yourself. You know, too, that when engaged in a notorious case, they find decent behavior next to impossible; that the depraved love of notoriety by which they are all devoured gets completely the better of them; and that it is more than they can do to avoid turning your court into a political meeting, and occupying the day with harangues, addressed one-third to the jury, and two-thirds to their brother-blackguards in the crowd outside the railing. You ought, therefore, to help them to be decent. You cannot improve their rhetoric or their law; you cannot prevent their making fools of themselves; but you can see to it that they do not assail the character of persons who are not in the case; and, at all events, that they do not assail anybody's character grossly on the strength of *proof still to come*. You have no right to let a poor rowdy, clothed with the functions of an advocate, get up in court, and, opening his case, speak of me, a witness or outsider, as a thief or perjurer, on the strength of evidence he has still to offer, and which *he may never offer at all*. Your permitting such things—and you have permitted them—places everybody at the mercy of the most unscrupulous and foul-mouthed class in the community.

"There is, we admit, one excuse for the stolidity with which you have witnessed some of the scenes in your court-room during the last few days. One of the jurisconsults, whose fantastic freaks you have tolerated, is not simply an Old Bailey lawyer, with the weaknesses peculiar to that well-known forensic type, but also a prominent political leader. He is, moreover, a leader of the party which numbers in its ranks a large part of the 'intelligence and virtue' of the city, and which has nothing but scorn

and reviling for the poor, ignorant Irish, who follow the lead of Tweed and Sweeny and the like. You have probably recently seen an engraving in *Harper's Weekly*, representing them landed like slaves, branded on the wharf, and then whipped to the polls, and you must confess there was a good deal of truth in the picture. But then, we fear, you have occasionally, you sly fellow, stolen out on an election evening to the Cooper Institute, or other place of political gathering, and watched the proceedings of the Republicans there, when wrought up to the highest pitch of rejoicing or anxiety by the arrival of the returns, and you must acknowledge that a more intelligent or respectable-looking audience you never saw. It is a long while since your eye rested on anything like it in Tammany Hall. You must have noticed that, on all these occasions, the foremost man, the director of the exercises, the man who touched our heartstrings, was that old vituperator with whose tricks in the criminal courts you are so familiar, and for which, in the present instance, you are responsible. We fear, from the roguish look in your eye, that you were there, too, the night he led us in the Doxology, and you must have wondered, as some of us did, what the Lord thought of the performance, and why he did not let the roof down on us, and put an end to it. You are aware, too, that the same worthy is a very active and prominent member of the 'gangs' who now direct the operations in this city by which we Republicans 'save the fruits of the war' and defend 'the rights of man,' and you were, doubtless, aware that he was opposed to the passage of the late judicial Amendment to the Constitution, and, by way of marking his disapprobation, neglected to provide ballots for his Republican brethren, and thus deprived it of thousands of votes in this city. Knowing all this, and seeing what a high place he still holds in our councils, I am afraid you laughed in your sleeve when he was blackguarding Republican writers and ministers in your court the other day, and making decent Americans blush, by telling us what bloody deeds he would commit if his wife should so far forget herself as to play him false; but then you must remember you are, after all, a judge. *La robe oblige.* Have your joke, but not in court."

ENGLAND.

LONDON, April 1, 1870.

THERE generally comes a period of the Parliamentary session at which the zeal of our legislators begins to fail, and preparations are made for abandoning some of the work which they had undertaken in pure gaiety of heart. A crisis of this kind has come on rather prematurely. Men's hearts are failing within them at the thought of the labors which will be necessary to pass the Irish Land Bill, the Education Bill, the University Tests Bill, and the various other bills which have been promised. Meanwhile, the Peace Preservation Bill has suddenly occupied a large space of time, and, though it has been pushed through the House of Commons as rapidly as possible, has occupied six or seven precious days. Mr. Gladstone had, consequently, to make a speech last night, proposing to lengthen the daily sittings—an expedient generally reserved for a later period of the session. The great majorities at the disposal of Government give them unusual powers of pressure; and we may hope that, in spite of all difficulties, some really good work will be performed this year.

Meanwhile, however, certain troubles, of which I have more than once spoken, do not seem to diminish. The measure for enforcing peace in Ireland passed almost unanimously, and with nothing but the inevitable protest from a few of the more extreme members; and, painful as is the necessity, I do not think the bill could be seriously blamed. A strong government is simply essential in such circumstances, unless we are to give up government altogether. The state of feeling, however, which rendered the measure necessary is serious and significant. It implies that the Land Bill, however gratefully it might have been accepted some years ago, is not about to conciliate Irishmen speedily or thoroughly. The Roman Catholic bishops have pronounced against it; rather, I suspect, against their will, but unable to resist the pressure brought to bear upon them. It would seem, in fact, that, after the bill is passed, Ireland will, for the time at least, be as much disaffected as ever, and we shall again have to adjourn our hopes of improvement to the slow operation of time and firm government. We have, in a sense, made our last bid, and the existing agitation will be deprived of one of its pretexts; but as it will hardly be suppressed for many years to come, it will most likely appear in another shape. Probably the next demand may be, in one form or other, for the repeal of the Union, and a troublesome future is undoubtedly before us.

In another direction there is a difficulty, which may be surmounted or which may be the precursor of more serious troubles in future. The Government have not pacified the English radicals, and they are beginning to wax warm in the matter of the Education Bill. Mr. Mill made his first appearance since last year at a great meeting in St. James's Hall, and announced a very uncompromising hostility to certain provisions in the Government bill. The question most eagerly discussed is that which bears upon religious instruction; and the radicals, headed by Mr. Mill, demand substantially that no school aided in any way by the public funds shall give any religious teaching whatever. They do not, in general at least, object to the use of school-buildings by members of the different sects, but they declare very emphatically that neither directly nor indirectly shall taxes be imposed for the benefit of any form of dogmatic teaching. Government has held out hopes of accommodation, which will probably surmount the immediate trouble; but the dispute is one of which we shall not for some time hear the last. The difficulty is, in one sense, common to England and to most other countries where there is any system of national education; but there are circumstances which here give it a special significance. The existence of a national establishment, which scarcely represents even a majority of the nation, causes an additional feeling of jealousy; and the battle over denominational education may be, and I believe that it is, the first symptom of a direct attack upon the establishment. It is often said, and with great apparent truth, that it can matter little what doctrines are taught to children, who will most certainly never appreciate the difference between the dogmas of the Church of England and other Protestant sects. Teach them any creed you please, and the results will practically be much the same. But, if this is true, it fails to meet the real point of the difficulty. The struggle is, not as to the dogmas to be inculcated upon the children, but as to the body which is to derive all the influence naturally accruing from the management of education. The national clergy say in substance, Let us manage the schools, and we will make any provision you please to secure the consciences of the children; they shall be allowed to absent themselves from the religious part of the instruction, or even to receive it in our schools from the teachers of their own sects. The dissenters feel that, as long as the Church has substantially the management of the schools, it will also possess a strong additional claim upon the nation at large; and the sense that this is so, though not often avowed, gives additional bitterness to the dispute. I will not now go into the way in which the special provisions of the bill would affect this question; the case is rather complicated, and I shall have to refer to it in future. At present, I will only say that, whereas the Church of England has hitherto had almost a monopoly of the schools in rural districts and a preponderant influence elsewhere, it is likely enough to be deprived of this in great measure, and the position of the Church will, in consequence, be very seriously affected.

Meanwhile, there is manifestly a growing jealousy of the Church from without, and many forces are working towards its disruption from within. One curious symptom is a bill which has lately been introduced, called the Burials Bill. A clergyman is compelled to bury dead dissenters, except in certain special cases—as, for example, if they have not been baptized; but he reads the Church service over them, to which in some cases the relations may object. In the towns the difficulty seldom occurs, owing to the provision of cemeteries and the shutting up of the old churchyards. But in the country, and especially in Wales, where the dissenters are in a vast majority, there is occasional trouble. The dissenters now declare that they have a right to the churchyards, and claim to be buried there with such ceremonies as they may choose to adopt. So long as they do not give wanton offence to their neighbors, the claim seems to be reasonable enough. It goes, however, by obvious implication to much greater lengths. If a dissenter has a right to a churchyard, why not to a church? The theory of the English law is, that every English subject is a member of the national church. Formerly, he might be punished for not attending the services or conforming to its rites. The struggle, which lasted for centuries and is not everywhere perfectly settled, was to get rid of these penal laws, and a man may now do just as he pleases in almost every respect. But the struggle is gradually assuming a different shape; the dissenter, being relieved from the negative disqualifications, is beginning to assert a right to the positive advantages. He says, and all liberals agree with him, in theory, that the national church is part of the national property, and should be used for the good of the nation at large. He applies this principle to the case of churchyards, and, in one shape or other, his request will be probably conceded; but he will naturally apply it before long to matters which touch us more nearly, and then we may look out for some very lively contests. The Burials Bill is a trifle; but it is one of those trifles which show in what way the wind is beginning to blow, and I have therefore thought it worth a few lines.

In one other direction, the radicals have lately been indulging in a grand field-day. The advocates of women's rights have been holding a large meeting to advocate female suffrage. Various ladies made speeches, which were not very brilliant contributions to the question, but curious as indications of sentiment. The chief orators were Mrs. Grote, the wife of the distinguished historian, Mrs. Fawcett, the wife of Professor Fawcett, member for Brighton, and one of the most conspicuous of our younger radicals, and Miss Taylor, the stepdaughter of Mr. Mill. Mrs. Fawcett was, perhaps, the best speaker, though I think the general opinion was that the ladies had not shown such powers of eloquence as to make us very deeply regret their present exclusion from political power. The arguments were such as are tolerably familiar in America, though put forward, if I may venture to express an opinion, with rather less extravagance than is sometimes noticeable in similar productions on the other side of the Atlantic. I will not say anything about the merits of the movement, merely confessing, to avoid any unfair inferences, that I am what may be called an imperfect sympathizer. I think, that is, that we are in need of great changes in the matter discussed; but I do not think that women would be much, if at all, the better for votes. The way, however, in which the discussion is here conducted deserves a little attention. In the first place, it is clear that the advocates of women's rights have made very considerable progress. They cannot be said to have public opinion with them; but it is not very decidedly against them. Many conservatives go a long way with the ladies, and the old tone of unsparing ridicule has pretty much fallen out of use. I believe that I am right in saying that even Mr. Disraeli is considered as more or less in favor of female suffrage; and it is remarkable, in reading the arguments upon the subject, to notice that, whilst the advocates of women's rights take up a very strong and definite position, and argue it with considerable ability, their opponents are generally content with expressing a kind of inarticulate dislike, but rather shrink from adopting any decided ground of hostility. I do not expect any legislation in the present session, but it seems at least possible that before long the zeal of the reformers may prevail over the rather uncertain opposition of conservatives, and that we may have ladies voting for members of Parliament. I do not, as I have said, regard the proposal with much favor, and there is a considerable majority, at the present moment, who would regard it with very great dislike; but I must admit that the current of opinion at the present moment seems to me to be rather towards the change than against it. The radical zeal will, as I calculate, be more than a match in the long run for the conservative indifference and dislike.

I mentioned, some time ago, a rumor that the surplus for the present year was to be six millions. That was a very large sum, but it seems that I was not so far wrong as might be supposed. The national income for the year was £75,434,252, and the national expenditure £66,208,334; from this surplus, a sum of £4,600,000 has to be deducted for the Abyssinian war, and, making certain other allowances, it seems that the actual surplus will be something over £3,000,000. Starting from these figures, it appears that the surplus for next year may be reckoned at more than five millions. We are naturally anxious to know what is to be done with the sum, and what taxes are to be reduced. Our doubts will be cleared up on Monday week, and meanwhile it is pleasant to note the symptoms of a gradually returning commercial prosperity.

Correspondence.

THE LEGAL-TENDER QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems that the Attorney-General, Mr. Hoar, whom you characterize, no doubt justly, as an able lawyer, has succeeded in his effort to have a reargument in some form of the legal-tender question before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Editor, how can any person versed in the history of the times of the Constitution of the United States, and of that instrument itself, have any doubt with reference to the power of Congress to make paper money a legal tender? Is it a *granted* power? Certainly not; for there is no expression in the Constitution that favors such an assumption. Is it an incident of any granted power? That is another question; but it was settled in advance by those who made the Constitution, if they were competent to settle anything against construction. In support of this, I refer you to what took place in the Convention in relation to giving Congress the power to issue paper money.

On the 6th of August, 1787, the committee of detail (as it was sometimes called, and sometimes the grand committee, and to which had been referred the several propositions or features of organic law) made a report of a plan of government, the seventh article of which contained a statement of the powers to be conferred upon the national legislature, one of which was "to borrow money *and emit bills*, on the credit of the United States" (vol. v. "Elliot's Debates," page 378.) On the 16th of that month, when the plan was before the Convention for consideration, the following took place (page 434):

"*Mr. Gouverneur Morris* moved to strike out 'and emit bills on the credit of the United States.' If the United States had credit, such bills would be unnecessary; if they had not, unjust and useless.

"*Mr. Butler* seconds the motion.

"*Mr. Madison.*—Will it not be sufficient to prohibit the making them a *tender?* This will remove the temptation to emit them with unjust views; and promissory notes, in that shape, may in some emergencies be best.

"*Mr. Gouverneur Morris.*—Striking out the words will leave room still for the notes of a *responsible* minister, which will do all the good without the mischief. The moneyed interest will oppose the plan of government, if paper emissions be not prohibited.

"*Mr. Gorham* was for striking out without inserting any prohibition. If the words stand they may suggest and lead to the measure.

"*Mr. Mason* had doubts upon the subject. Congress, he thought, would not have the power unless it were expressed. Though he had a mortal hatred of paper money, yet, as he could not foresee all emergencies, he was unwilling to tie the hands of the legislature. He observed that the late war could not have been carried on, had such a prohibition existed.

"*Mr. Gorham.*—The power, as far as it will be necessary or safe, is involved in that of borrowing.

"*Mr. Mercer* was a friend of paper money, though, in the present state and temper of America, he should neither propose nor approve of such a measure. He was consequently opposed to a prohibition of it altogether. It will stamp suspicion on the government to deny it a discretion on this point. It was impolitic also to excite the opposition of all those who were friends to paper money. The people of property would be sure to be on the side of the plan, and it was impolitic to purchase their further attachment with the loss of the opposite class of citizens.

"*Mr. Ellsworth* thought this a favorable moment to shut and bar the door against paper money. The mischiefs of the various experiments which had been made were now fresh in the public mind, and had excited the disgust of all the sensible part of America. By withholding the power from the new government, more friends of influence would be gained to it than by almost anything else. Paper money can in no case be necessary. Give the government credit, and other resources will offer. The power may do harm, never good.

"*Mr. Randolph*, notwithstanding his antipathy to paper money, could not agree to strike out the words, as he could not foresee all the occasions that might arise.

"*Mr. Wilson.*—It will have a most salutary influence on the credit of the United States to remove the possibility of paper money. The expedient can never succeed whilst its mischiefs are remembered; and, as long as it can be resorted to, it will be a bar to other resources.

"*Mr. Butler* remarked that paper was a legal tender in no country in Europe. He was urgent for disarming the Government of such a power.

"*Mr. Mason* was still averse to tying the hands of the legislature *altogether*. If there was no example in Europe, as just remarked, it might be observed, on the other side, that there was none in which the government was restrained on this head.

"*Mr. Read* thought the words, if not struck out, would be as alarming as the mark of the beast in Revelation.

"*Mr. Langdon* had rather reject the whole plan than retain the three words 'and emit bills.'

"On the motion for striking out, *New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia,* North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia*, ay, 9; *New Jersey, Maryland*, no, 2.

* "This vote in the affirmative by Virginia was occasioned by the acquiescence of Mr. Madison, who became satisfied that striking out the words would not disable the Government from the use of public notes, so far as they could be safe and proper; and would only cut off the pretext for a *paper currency*, and particularly for making the bills a *legal tender*, either for public or private debts."—*Note by Mr. Madison.*

"The clause for borrowing money was agreed to *nem. con.*

"Adjourned."

Now, it would seem as if the above extract from the debates in the Convention ought to be conclusive to any fair mind that the power to issue paper money, *as currency even*, much less to make it a *legal tender* for any purpose, is not among the incidents of any granted power. It therefore has no valid existence whatever.

How can it be possible, in view of the above evidence from the debates, that Mr. Hoar can hope for a reversal of the late judgment of the Supreme Court? To my mind the wonder is, that the Court could find any reason for deciding in effect, as they did, that any contract payable in *lawful money* could be discharged by the tender of Government promissory notes, though called lawful money. C.

April 11, 1870.

A WORD FOR DR. TEMPLE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Knowing as I do many of your readers who take deep interest in all Dr. Temple's actions, I hope you will allow me to take exception from this side of the water to what your London correspondent says in your number of March 3. With all that your correspondent says of Dr. Thirlwall and of the situation of the English Church, I more or less agree; what he says of Dr. Temple I feel sure is calculated to mislead. After absolutely declining during all the agitation, which continued unceasingly against him from the moment of his recommendation to the moment of his consecration at Westminster, to say one word which could imply that he disagreed with the writings included with his own in the volume of "Essays and Reviews," he was at length induced to make a private statement to a friend of one of his archdeacons, that he did not mean to publish any more editions of his essays. This archdeacon, bursting with the news, gets up, as you say, in Convocation, and there announces that he is "authorized to declare that the essay will be withdrawn from any future edition of 'Essays and Reviews.'" Authorized, I would remark, not by Dr. Temple, but by Dr. Temple's less discreet friend. Your correspondent possibly had not time to make it clear that it was on the next day Dr. Temple expressed his deep regret at such an announcement having been made, and added that he believed "Essays and Reviews" had done a very important work in the Church. I believe that he feels, and rightly feels, that the book *per se* is no more worth preserving than is the celebration of the 5th of November. And I do not the least believe that Dr. Temple at all confesses that he has been wrong in permitting his essay to be published hitherto. If he did, I should agree with your correspondent, and say that he is not free from the fault of bigotry or effeminacy. So much as regards the withdrawal; on the question of Dr. Temple's speech and the terms in which he spoke of the bishops, I would say but few words. The generosity of Dr. Temple's nature is so great that he is incapable of playing a game. Whilst Head-master of Rugby, he was systematically opposed, socially and officially, by a large body of the trustees of the school. And yet when the proposal for altering this body came before the Public School Commission, Dr. Temple went up personally to declare that it would be impossible to find a better set of trustees than the very men whose one aim has been, before and since, to thwart his labors.

If generosity is effeminacy, Dr. Temple is effeminate. But surely there are not many men in the world who, with their opinions orthodox, would have stood out such a clamor as Dr. Temple did in order to test the full strength of the law in his favor. The fact remains that Dr. Temple has forced the English clergy to accept an "Essayist" on the bench of bishops.

I do not doubt that he will be equally liberal and broad-minded in his conduct as bishop. And his conduct is all the more manly because personally he is so orthodox, and that broadening of church tests which he insists upon so forcibly will afford him individually no relief. I must apologize for thus attacking your correspondent, whose opinions on our politics I regard with the greatest respect. But his account of the events in Convocation makes much of Dr. Temple's speech, and has hitherto omitted the explanation forced upon him by the previous action of an injudicious subordinate.

And, as I said before, I know many of your readers to whom Dr. Temple is more than a name, and to whom, I may add, Dr. Temple himself would be very sorry to seem to have deserted the liberal cause.

Henry Lee Warner.

Rugby, March 20, 1870

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son have in preparation and will shortly issue the following reprints of English works: "The History of English Poetry, from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Century," by Thomas Wharton, D.D., in one volume octavo; "A New School History of England," by the author of "Annals of England;" "The Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn;" "Geology and Revelation, or the Ancient History of the Earth," by Gerald Molloy, D.D.; and Charles Kingsley's "Madam How and Lady Why." They have also ready for publication a volume of essays by Mr. Parke Godwin, to which he has given the title, "Out of the Past."——Mr. P. O'Shea, of this city, will publish in June Lacordaire's Conferences, delivered in Notre Dame, making one octavo volume, handsomely bound, and containing a steel portrait of the distinguished author. ——Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. publish next month a work called "Lifting the Veil," which is another attempt to anticipate the hereafter, not without reference to the duties of this life. *Hours at Home*, it is announced, will shortly make public for the first time a long series of letters of Charlotte Brontë, which will undoubtedly be read with interest.

—Almost all of the magazines have lately been taking steps to add to their attractions, and we believe none has not succeeded. The *Galaxy* has just laid hold of Mark Twain, who will make a department which will be very widely read and doubtless much liked; *Harper's* has recently begun to give a very fairly good digest of scientific news from all parts of the world; *Hours at Home* wisely prints Mr. Welford's bibliographical literary letter from London, and besides shows improvement in its "Leisure Moments;" the *Catholic World* grows perceptibly lighter and more literary, and what with Aubrey de Vere's poetry and the new classical novel it may safely promise itself a good degree of attention; *Putnam's* has a new editor whose "Editorial Notes" will no doubt be much copied and liked by many people; and now comes the *Atlantic* proposing a desirable change. How good were the *Atlantic's* book-notices in the first days of the magazine many readers will remember very well. Almost for the first time in the history of our magazine literature our books and authors then had passed on them enlightened, careful, and impartial judgments, serviceable to the writing fraternity as well as to the reading world. Then after a year or two there was a time of rather feeble reviewing, and people no longer turned to the *Atlantic's* book-notices with expectation of benefit and pleasure. Following this period came the present period, during which, in the hands of Mr. Howells, the critical department has had very nearly its ancient value, and perhaps even more than its former capacity of giving pleasure. It is the intention of the publishers that this department shall be considerably enlarged—an intention which we feel sure will be heartily welcomed by a very great number of the readers of the magazine; indeed, we should not blench greatly at saying that there is not one reader of it but could put his finger on twenty or thirty pages of each number for which he would not most cheerfully see substituted reviews like that of Mr. Jarves's last book or Tennyson's last volume of poetry. Every man knows his own business best; at any rate that is the received opinion; but we take the liberty of saying that the projected change might be greater than it probably will be, and still be in all ways of advantage to the magazine. Whether or not people are wrong in holding that Boston notions *de omnibus rebus*, etc., are no longer the best, the belief is still prevalent that the Bostonian opinion of books and literary men is worth conning. All Americans—Illinoisans, Californians, dwellers in the isles of the sea—have great faith in Boston's critical ability; and perhaps even a larger faith than in her productive powers. So then, should the *Atlantic* discuss with all the ability and vigor at its command the important books of every author and of every publisher in the country, neither sparing any unjustly nor abusing any unjustly, we are persuaded that its publishers would find it and themselves in a position more enviable than even the position which it and they now hold. Certainly no other publishers of magazines could hope to compete with them, and the *Atlantic* would once more have a distinct field and be a periodical which would not be disregarded.

—A complaint which readers may justly bring against publishers in general is that books so often, by neglect or intention, mislead one as to what, for want of a better term, may be called their history. For instance, to begin with the least of this species of offences, our holiday literature is almost always post-dated, so that a book now making with a view to its appearance in October or November will bear the imprint of 1871 instead

of 1870. That is to say, the whole transaction, from manufacture to sale, will be credited to a year which had nothing whatever to do with it. As a rule, this falsification has no appreciable evil consequences, though these might without straining be imagined; and perhaps it is to be referred to the same motive which post-dates the magazines and the illustrated papers. Coming to books which are no longer new to the market, it is to be regretted that the word "edition" is used with so much laxity as it is. The custom of the trade, indeed, is to base the estimates of cost, selling price, and profits on a first issue of one thousand copies; but this is an arbitrary number, and the first edition of a well-announced work by a popular author may be several thousand, according to the orders received before it has gone to press or while it is on the press. As for subsequent editions, there is absolutely no standard, and an unscrupulous publisher may unduly promote the sale of a book by dignifying the issue of a mere hundred or two with the name of edition. This term is naturally hugged for works of feeble and limited circulation, while those which sell freely prefer the reckoning by thousands. Deception also lurks, or is apt to lurk, in the phrase "new and revised edition," sometimes even when the word "thoroughly" is inserted to strengthen it. An annual publication we have in mind solemnly professes each year to have been corrected in this manner, and brought up to the latest information in all its parts. Yet we have known it to be three years in taking notice of one of the most important events in modern history. Not unfrequently one sees this claim of newness and revision prefixed to books which have undergone actually no change whatever, being reprinted from plates with all the original errors and imperfections.

—There is still another practice which is especially irritating to librarians, and that is the revival of old and forgotten books under a new title, without any warning to the public. This frequently occurs when some kindred work is meeting with remarkable success, and it is hoped that the interest thus awakened in the subject will float any book ostensibly connected with it. Thus we lately saw Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar" followed by a work which imitated her trade-mark in order to draw to itself the attention which had formerly been refused it on its own merits under another title, and in default of which it had miserably and not undeservedly failed. It is seldom—and that is the nuisance of it—that anything but trash resorts to this fraud, or that the unwary public is prompt to detect it. Librarians do their best to exclude these new titles from their shelves, but they cannot escape the annoyance of constant enquiries for them, and of repeated explanations; and the wrath they bring down upon themselves from the publishers whose sales they thus injure, it is easy to conceive of. It would be curious to ascertain how much our American habit of stereotyping almost everything has to do with this vamping of dead literature; and perhaps a still more curious question lies back of that, viz., Why do we stereotype so extensively and well-nigh indiscriminately? It is often said that it is a great mistake to do so, and that our publishers load themselves with tons of useless metal, valuable only as metal—that the Harpers, for example, estimate their immense stock at an average of not more than ten cents per pound. Nevertheless, we may be tolerably certain that the practice would not be continued unless it paid for itself, or answered some condition of the national culture. Our own observation favors the latter view. Our country is so vast, our population so scattered, that more time is required to discover the natural audience of an author than in a densely-settled and compact country like England, while the cost of labor and of materials is greater. The invention of a faultless type-setting machine has not yet equalized our capacity for cheap book-making with that of the Old World, as it may at any day. Meantime, statistics showing the number of works which survive a first edition in this country would shed light on the profitableness of making plates. Recent calculations in England tend to show that nearly one-third of the books published there go through two or more editions, and that "such works consist chiefly of popular histories, travels, the better kind of novels, and standard poetry, as well as ably written scientific, professional, and religious books."

— Why the *Overland Monthly* for April is not the most readable of all the April magazines, we do not know. It is perhaps less thoughtful than almost any of its Eastern contemporaries; but the thought of our Eastern magazine writers is not usually of such importance to thinking readers that it may not willingly be dispensed with, and that in place of it there may not be accepted cheerfully the freshness of topic and treatment which the *Overland* always offers. Then, too, over and above its freshness, the *Overland* always contains a certain quantity of the writing of its editor, a worker in literature who has great talent, and who is noticeably independent and honest, whether or not he is infallible in criticism and never self-indulgent when he talks about books and authors, and whether or not he is, as we see him in his stories, perfectly wise in his way of looking at life. No one who has gone through the volumes which have been written about the recent indictment of Lord Byron will say that this, for example, however imperfect in expression, is not uncommonly good criticism: "The case being closed, there is a feature of the pleadings which deserves comment, as evincing somewhat painfully the animus of the prosecution. Throughout the book, Mrs. Leigh is spoken of as Lord Byron's *sister*, and the fact that she was a half-sister, and a stranger to him until within a year or two of the alleged intimacy, is not stated. While this fact would not alter the legal significance of the crime, it might have something to do with its moral bearing. Yet, although it could have been cited by Mrs. Stowe as collateral evidence in favor of the crime—making it less unnatural and improbable—it seems to have been suppressed for that very reason, and we have, instead, Mrs. Stowe's *theory* that the act was the result of the deliberate intention of Lord Byron to crown the apex of his vices with a crime gratuitously monstrous." That Byron deliberately planned the erection of a fabric of utterly monstrous wickedness, and therefore set about committing the crime now charged upon him, Mrs. Stowe does not anywhere say, so far as we remember; but, no doubt, it is a part of the case as it stands, and it is very well to point it out, that there is in the pleadings suppression of the fact that Mrs. Leigh was not Byron's sister but only his half-sister, and, moreover, we may add, was his half-sister by a mother of such a character that it is within the possibilities that Byron may have been well convinced that she was not even so much as his father's daughter. Other criticisms in this month's *Overland* are, of Lowell's "Cathedral;" of Mr. G. A. Townsend's book of poems; of Mr. J. H. Noyes's "History of Oneida Socialisms;" of Mr. Bryant's "Letters from the East;" of Lord Lytton's translation of the "Odes and Epodes of Horace;" and of a "Comic History of the United States," by Mr. John D. Sherwood. Perhaps there is none of these notices that does not give the reader more of the reviewer than of the book reviewed; but still most of them are worth reading, not only by him who would understand the writer of the notices, but also by most of those who are interested in the authors under examination. For long articles, the magazine has several that are good and one that is remarkable. "The Battle of the Mine" gives a very graphic description of the explosion of the famous mine in front of Petersburg in July, 1864, and of the attack in which the colored troops under General W. F. Bartlett fought so well and had such bad luck. It is singularly vivid and is exciting. Good too is the article about "Russian Gold and Silver Mining," and that called "The Presidio of San Francisco," which relates some curious passages in the history of our Pacific coast. "Historical Fruits and Flowers" talks of the Napoleonic violet, the Plantagenet broom, the Irish shamrock, the French fleur de lis, Gabrielle d'Estrées' peach, and other such things, and is worth looking at as a very good paper of the sort that is written by lovers of literature who are stranded far away in new lands. "Compasses," by Mr. Bret Harte, seems to show that this author is undertaking to do too much work, for it only suggests his excellences while it brings into strong relief most of his faults. There is the strange far West flavor in the incidents, and the mixture of pathos and humor to which Mr. Harte has accustomed us; and there is also some of the accustomed clearness of delineation, both of the inner and outer man of the personages of the story; and there is some little wit. But the humor is forced; the tragedy seems not to inhere in the situation so much as to be wilfully put there by the author; the chief characters seem simply impossible in their speech and thoughts; and, altogether, "Compasses" looks like task-work done reluctantly and feebly, and perhaps not worth doing—at all events, it was not worth doing as it is here done. We like Mr. Harte so well that we feel freer to complain of him.

—Death has been busy, since the year opened, among the leaders of the various religious denominations, some of whom had a name also in literature. Such, and as such entitled to mention here, was the late Dr. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, of Boston, father of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of this city, and brother-in-law of the late Edward Everett and of Charles Francis Adams. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1811, and four years afterwards entered the ministry as pastor of the First Church in Boston. In 1850 the state of his health compelled him to abandon the pulpit. He died on the 4th of this month, having nearly completed his seventy-seventh year. Dr. Frothingham was a frequent contributor to the press of his native city, but will be remembered for his poetical pieces—many of which are still sung in the churches—more than for his prose. Of late years he had devoted himself to rendering German

hymnology into English, preserving the original metres, and as nearly as possible matching line for line. The specimens that appeared in the *Monthly Religious Magazine* showed a remarkable command of language, and combine, in an unusual degree, literal fidelity, strength of diction, and poetic feeling. The freedom from stiffness which characterize these versions was a mark of the high scholarship of their author. Dr. Frothingham was universally beloved in his private and pastoral relations.

—Although it is not yet quite an accomplished fact, a great change has virtually just been made in the relations of Harvard College to its pupils. At present the graduating rank of a Harvard man is a compound representative in part of his scholarship and ability and in part of the degree of regularity with which he has attended recitations and morning prayers, and the steadfastness with which he has resisted temptations to smoke in the vicinity of the college buildings, to whisper in the class-rooms, to "group" in the college yard, and, briefly, to indulge in a thousand or more other offences, small and great. In short, a Harvard man's graduating rank has hitherto depended so much on his "good behavior"—naturally good and arbitrarily good—that it may be said to have been not at all valuable as an index of his mental power and the quantity and quality of his acquirement. From this method of assigning rank came several bad effects, and among others this, which has not been much noticed, and which we therefore mention as being worth the consideration of college authorities everywhere in this country: to hold college rank in contempt was the fashion among many of the cleverest of the students—to say nothing of young gentlemen not so clever, but with at least an equally noble innate hatred of that well-known disposition of faculties to tyrannize, and, what was more to the purpose, quite an equal capacity for making trouble. Any dull fellow—these used to believe and maintain—any stupid, goody sort of man, with a talent for jog-trot regularity, could "stand high;" even the first four or five scholars, who of necessity had to be men of ability, would, nevertheless, had they cut recitations like So-and-so and So-and-so, be like them, far down in "the last half;" there was Smith, a laughing-stock for his stupidity and toadyism, who was in "the first twenty" instead of the last, by dint of mere indefatigableness in going to prayers and recitations; there was the other Smith, whose good morals, as manifested by careful attendance at chapel and at recitations, "got his degree" for the most immoral of young men. Such used to be the talk, much of it being more or less foolish, but much of it containing some truth, no doubt. It cannot be denied, we imagine, that, under the "morality and ability" system of conferring college honors, some of the best ability in the college was not honored, and even felt itself encouraged in idleness or perverse industry; that some of the morality which was honored was of a rather questionable kind; and that the college, on its part, when its favorites were looked at, lost more in reputation as a seat of learning than it could hope to gain in reputation as an ethical instructor. It may be doubted if more than a very few persons inside or outside of the college have latterly been attaching much weight to the fact that this or that man was high up in his class when he was graduated; and certainly we should say that the after-history of the young men who have been graduated during the last half-century has not on the whole shamed the world in general out of a certain disregard for the college's imprimatur, or rather for its absolute guarantee. Under the system which is soon to go into operation, it will be as difficult as ever for a troublesome hindering student to stay in the college, injuring his fellow-students and interfering with the general work of study and instruction; perhaps it will be more difficult, at least for the present; but marks of demerit are not in future to be deducted from marks for excellence in the pursuits proper to residence at an institution which primarily and essentially is an institution of learning. It is not intended, if we understand the matter, that under the new system the college will relax in the least its hold on the student, to whom by reason of his age it still believes itself to stand partly *in loco parentis*. It will continue to count up against each man his failures to attend to the business which he is at college to do, and his offences against the general welfare; and it will still, by means of communication with parents, secure parental influence in behalf of its own government. But at the end of the course, in pronouncing on the ability and acquirements of the young men who for four years have been studying what the college exists to teach, it will endeavor to tell the world more accurately than before what mental stuff and mental furniture there is in the brain of each man whom it sends out. Perhaps, to be compendious, we may say that it will still be possible on seeing a Harvard man with a diploma to feel sure that he has not smoked and snowballed to any great excess within the limits of the college-yard, but that smoking and snowballing in the yard no longer have the place that they had in the college curriculum.

—Whoever undertakes to declare the religious views of the Germans in this country must evidently speak with precision and not in general terms. The majority may possibly be rationalists, but the minority is divided, apparently, into as many sects as is the English-speaking population. The Maryland *Staatszeitung*, in a recent article on German spiritualists in the United States, says that, although they lack congregations of their own, they are, nevertheless, more numerous than is commonly supposed. They are to be found in all the larger cities along with American believers in the same faith, and include some eminent men, like Dr. Blöde, editor of the New York *Demokrat*, whose wife also, lately deceased, and known as a poetess under the signature "Marie Westland," was a spiritualist. Mr. Herman Schlarbaum, of this city, was instrumental in getting the works of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis translated into German. Their voluminousness naturally daunted the publishers who were asked to take the risk of this enterprise, and it would have fallen through but for the pecuniary support of a Russian court counsellor at St. Petersburg. Another spiritualist, Dr. Schücking, conducts a weekly paper, *Columbia*, at Washington, in which he, from time to time, prints discussions of the subject by German-American authors of repute. The names, also, of Dr. Dignowity, of Texas, Dr. Cyriax, of Cleveland, and, among recent converts, Dr. Tiedemann, of Philadelphia, Dr. von Püchelstein, of Egg Harbor, Dr. Gerau, of Brooklyn, A. Steinbach, of Evansville, and Friedrich Münch, of Missouri, are cited by the *Staatszeitung*, and indicate both the spread of spiritualism among the Germans, and the sort of persons that have accepted it. They consist, says the authority we have been quoting, in large proportion of thoughtful minds, who differ from the rationalists chiefly in the belief in a future existence. They reject miracles and the whole body of dogmatic theology. They possess a good deal of fascination for those who approach them, and are ardently attached to their philosophy as the religion of the future, resting on a scientific basis, demonstrating the indestructibility of the human spirit, and ridding the world of death.

—After the battle of Austerlitz, the most experienced publicist of Germany, Von Gentz, drew up a document to be submitted to the Austrian Government, in which he sought to provide for the safety of Austria after so terrible a catastrophe. At that time, his proposition seemed extraordinary. "From this moment," he declared, "the Austrian monarchy should cease to be considered a German power. The provinces remaining to the Emperor no longer have anything in common with Germany, and are now isolated. If the Emperor desires to continue his existence as a political power, there is but one course to take. Let him transfer his residence to Hungary, give it a constitution, create new connections with Bohemia, Galicia, and the remaining provinces—in a word, form a new monarchy." The programme thus presented by Gentz, in 1806, is precisely that which has since been forced upon the house of Hapsburg by the events of 1866. M. René Taillandier, in his "Tcheques et Magyars—Bohème et Hongrie—XVe Siècle–XIXe Siècle," presents the same theory originated by Gentz. The author is a professor at the "Faculté des Lettres" of Paris, and has for many years occupied himself with the literature and history of Bohemia and Hungary, as readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* may remember. In the work named, he disperses much of the mist that has obscured the history of Bohemia for four centuries past, and gives a clear idea of the rising literature of both Hungary and Bohemia. The bloody events of the period of Ziska, the rise of George Podiebrad to the throne of Bohemia, the struggle between him and Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary, are recounted with the advantage of the latest historical discoveries. The resurrection of Bohemian national history through the erudition of Palacky, and the rise of a national literature in Hungary, illustrated by such names as Kölcsey, Vörösmarty, Garay, Petöfi, Arany, and others, are presented with great fulness of research and citation.

—There is scarcely a political or social faction of the French Revolution but is to-day represented in France by lineal descendants and well provided with writers and authors. Almost every phase of that period has been made the subject of thorough research. When the material at Paris began to show signs of exhaustion, recourse was had to the provinces and provincial cities, and always with valuable results. Local historical societies in every department have also worked the vein, and patient, painstaking scholars have brought to light forgotten and hidden documents whose publication has been found more fatal to the reputation of the patriots of '93 than the most eloquent royalist attacks. But these patriots are still by no means without friends and defenders. We have

always thought that the proper title of Lamartine's work on the Girondins should have been, "The Apotheosis of Robespierre." Lamartine is not without imitators to this day. The latest is M. Jules Claretie, who devotes a volume of 403 pages to "Les Derniers Montagnards." This remnant of the Mountain was composed entirely of the accomplices or tools of Robespierre; all of them were stained with the blood of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and two of them, Bouchotte and Albitte, were the apologists of the massacres of September. M. Claretie mainly defends these men by attacking their victors and successors, the Thermidorians. They will none the less remain what they always were, detestable and detested, though few tragic situations of the period which closed with their downfall will compare with theirs in picturesqueness or pathos.

—A fortnight since, Mr. John Bigelow read a paper on "Beaumarchais, the Merchant," before the New York Historical Society, and on Tuesday last was followed by Mr. Parton on "Beaumarchais, the Dramatist of the French Revolution." The former essay will appear in *Hours at Home* for June; the latter, we presume, will be given to the public in due time. Mr. Bigelow made known some hitherto inedited documents relating to Beaumarchais' negotiation with the American Confederation for the supply of arms, and showing what poor encouragement he received from the Congress, owing to the representations of its agents in London. The society was moved by these revelations to consider what measures it should take to secure for Beaumarchais the reputation and remembrance due to him in this country as one of its benefactors in the time of greatest need. We do not know whether it has concluded upon a series of papers upon Beaumarchais, delivered like the preceding, and finally collected and published, but that would very well answer the Society's purpose. The many-sided Frenchman would fill, if properly studied, an indefinite number of canvases; and to do justice to him in every rôle is perhaps not to be expected of American students. We are still far from possessing all the material for a thorough knowledge of his checkered career, and some doubt has lately been cast even upon the truthfulness of his Memoirs, in what relates to his experiences in Germany as secret envoy of the King of France. M. de Loménie, who has come nearest to an exhaustive study of Beaumarchais, wrote seven years ago, and much has come to light since then. Perhaps some of our woman's rights advocates, making use of Loménie's interesting disclosures, would furnish the Historical Society a paper on Julie Caron, the dramatist's sister, and her services as critic in the war of pamphlets with Goëzman.

—Beaumarchais was not only great in himself, but the cause of great works in others; we owe to him the "Clavigo" of Goethe, and, in another field of art, the two greatest comic operas ever written—the "Figaro" of Mozart and Rossini respectively—and the only ones which seem destined to be immortal. Mozart's life has been often written, and we are now promised one of Rossini, by Alessandro Biaggi, a highly esteemed musical critic at Florence. The proposed work will make 500 pages, and will contain, besides the Life, a dissertation on melodrama and on the history of the progress and relapse of music during the present century. It will be published by Barbèra.

LOWELL'S ESSAYS.*

CONTAINING the deliberate words of perhaps the best of living English critics—his final judgments on many of the great names of literature; judgments which are the result of long and wide study and reading, of marvellous acuteness of sight and delicacy of sympathy; containing a poet's opinion of other poets, a wit's opinion of other wits; in short, the careful opinions of a man of cultivated genius concerning other men of genius who are near and dear to all of us, but to all of us partly unintelligible without an interpreter—this book of Mr. Lowell's is one of the best gifts that for many years has come to the world of English literature; and to say this, still is to say one of the best gifts that has for many years come to the world of literature. Nor need we say to the world of literature merely, unless within that term we include instruction wise in human nature and profitable for the conduct of life; for concerning these things, also, much is said or let fall which is every way good. This, however, need not be said, when it is recollected that our author's themes are only the great in literature or in life; that he deals with Shakespeare, with Lessing and Goethe and Rousseau and Milton, with Æschylus and Sophocles, with Winthrop and the founders of the New England form of civilization and government—men and things of the sort which do not belong to literature pure and simple, as commonly understood, but take a hold stronger or less strong upon the life of men—of man as a creature of this and the other world. All the more it need not be said when it is recollected that the author of the essays is Mr. Lowell, a poet and critic never likely to forget more than momentarily that literature is not song-making and story-telling, but is an attempt at expressing truths of the universe, and an expression of the character of the man behind the pen—is not books made about this or that, but is "the thought of thinking souls;" is "a criticism on life."

There will not be two opinions among readers of the volume before us whether the finest piece of criticism in it is not the essay entitled "Shakespeare Once More;" and we doubt if the sincerest hater of the superlative would not be willing to admit that, on the whole, in virtue of its combined penetration and comprehensiveness, this is the best single essay that has yet been written on the poet and his works. For our own part, we felt an inclination to go further, and to acknowledge to ourself a preference of this to any equal quantity of Shakespearean criticism that is to be found anywhere else—an inclination which is perhaps better as an expression of pleasure newly felt than as a measure of either the absolute or the relative value, as criticism, of the writing newly read. It is an observed fact in literary history that the best poets who have studied Shakespeare and talked of him show themselves in an attitude of reverence—almost of unhesitating acceptance of everything that he says and does and is; and Mr. Lowell is anything but an exception to the rule. He will hardly be severe on Shakespearean commentators; apparently he is of opinion that there has been no man, born before or since 1616, who did not, by the mere act of birth, put himself into the ranks of commentators on Shakespeare—all life in all time seeming to him reflected in that all-comprehending brain, "whose creations are so real that, mixing with them, we feel as if we ourselves were but magic-lantern shadows;" so that, whether we will or no, if once we are human and accept the lot of humanity, if we live and love and suffer and enjoy and die, we are of necessity a sort of Malones and Stevenses and Theobalds.

We hardly have space to quote from this essay, which, indeed is, from its nature, to be read as a whole and not by parts; for it has for its main business to seek Shakespeare in his various plays, and does not look to find all of him in each; and, of course, its comments on particular plays are not only in no case equal to its merit as a study of Shakespeare's nature, but are, for various obvious reasons, not fitted for quotation restricted by limitations of space. This, however, treating of a single point, is quotable, and will serve to give a taste of the flavor of the whole:

"Another striking quality in Hamlet's nature is his perpetual inclination to irony. I think this has been generally passed over too lightly, as if it were something external and accidental, rather assumed as a mask than part of the real nature of the man. It seems to me to go deeper, to be something innate, and not merely factitious. It is nothing like the grave irony of Socrates, which was the weapon of a man thoroughly in earnest—the *boomerang* of argument, which one throws in the opposite direction of what he means to hit, and which seems to be flying away from the adversary, who will presently find himself knocked down by it. It is not like the irony of Timon, which is but the wilful refraction of a clear mind twisting awry whatever enters it; or of Iago, which is the slime that a nature essentially evil loves to trail over all beauty and goodness to taint them with distrust; it is the half-jest, half-earnest of an inactive temperament that has not quite made up its mind whether life is a reality or no, whether men were not made in jest, and which amuses itself equally with finding a deep meaning in trivial things and a trifling one in the profoundest mysteries of being, because the want of earnestness in its own essence infects everything else with its own indifference. If there be now and then an unmannerly rudeness and bitterness in it, as in the scenes with Polonius and Osrick, we must remember that Hamlet was just in the condition which spurs men to sallies of this kind—dissatisfied, at one neither with the world nor with himself, and accordingly casting about for something out of himself to vent his spleen upon. But even in these passages there is no hint of earnestness, of any purpose beyond the moment; they are mere cat's-paws of vexation, and not the deep-raking ground-swell of passion, as we see it in the sarcasm of Lear."

A little further on, in the same essay, Mr. Lowell says: "Whether I have fancied anything not Hamlet which the author never dreamed of putting there, I do not greatly concern myself to enquire;" and he goes on to give an ingenious reason for his want of concern. But it seems a reason ingenious rather than conclusive in favor of a practice to which it is not unfair to say that Mr. Lowell certainly is addicted. Beyond a doubt, "poets are always entitled to a royalty on whatever we find in their works"—we owe for suggestion as well as for what is given us out-and-out; but shall we, for that reason, make our benefactor responsible, not only for what material we get from him, but for what we build with it? It is enough that he lets us into his treasure-house, and makes us free to feast our eyes, and even to help ourselves; but the right of melting down

* "Among my Books. By James Russell Lowell." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

his gold of Ophir for jewels of our own make hardly gives us a right to set the Solomonian signet on these specimens of our skill. More than one or two or ten instances we might cite where Mr. Lowell seems to put into his authors more than they meant should be found in them, or puts into their mouths something somewhat different from what they said.

Of kin to this fault of overingeniousness is another, which still more interferes with the reader's enjoyment, and that is the disturbing sparkles of wit in which our author indulges himself, and with which, too, he gives his readers pleasure—a momentary pleasure, for which by-and-by they make him pay. Perhaps it is that such incessant wit, read by us ladies and gentlemen who all our lives have been talking prose, not without knowing it, we are apt to resent. Or perhaps it may be that we care more for what our author thinks and feels than for his play with his thoughts and feelings. However this may be, no doubt Mr. Lowell's point does, as a matter of fact, count to his disadvantage with many of his readers, whether these are of the envious and malicious type, or among the willing admirers of genius. Not many good readers would not say that this following passage—especially for the last, newer part of it—is not, as a part of a critical essay, worth any dozen of the brilliant jests that every now and then distract the attention of Mr. Lowell's readers:

"A criticism, shallow in human nature, however deep in Campbell's Rhetoric, has blamed him for making persons, under great excitement of sorrow, or whatever other emotion, parenthesize some trifling play upon words in the very height of their passion. Those who make such criticisms have either never felt a passion or seen one in action, or else they forget the exaltation of sensibility during such crises, so that the attention, whether of the senses or the mind, is arrested for the moment by what would be overlooked in ordinary moods. The more forceful the current, the more sharp the ripple from any alien substance interposed. A passion that looks forward, like revenge or lust or greed, goes right to its end, and is straightforward in its expression; but a tragic passion, which is in its nature unavailing, like disappointment, regret of the inevitable, or remorse, is reflective, and liable to be continually diverted by the suggestions of fancy. The one is a concentration of the will, which intensifies the character and the phrase that expresses it; in the other, the will is helpless, and, as in insanity, while the flow of the mind sets imperatively in one direction, it is liable to almost ludicrous interruptions and diversions upon the most trivial kind of involuntary association."

The opening paper of "Among my Books" is upon Dryden, and seems to us exhaustive. It is a model essay of the sort of which the men of Dryden's time have now for some time been the subjects—essays which do more to keep alive certain of our English poets than they themselves are still able to do. But this essay comes a great deal nearer to making it possible to dispense with the reading of its subject's own works than any similar essay with which we are acquainted. Usually the person criticised is so far from being under obligations to the critic who professes to paint him in his habit as he lived, that he is rather in the position of a corpse dragged out of his grave, to be pounded into pigments which shall set forth the redoubtableness of the gentleman who "resurrects" him. But we imagine that it is not saying too much to say that, fifty years from now, ten persons who know anything more and better of Dryden than will be learned out of books of "Familiar Quotations" and the "Reading Books" which contain "Alexander's Feast," will be indebted to Mr. Lowell's essay, where one is indebted for such acquaintance to any other source.

"New England Two Centuries Ago," "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists," "Lessing," we have left ourselves no space to speak of. Each is, in its own way, so good that it would be easy to speak of it at great length; but this, we hope, is in no way necessary to call the attention of all our readers to the best body of criticism, best expressed, that American literature has to show.

A PRINCE'S TOUR IN EGYPT.*

Mr. Russell's "Diary" is an extremely intelligent and entertaining account of his excursion in the East, at first in the party of the Duke of Sutherland, which accompanied that of the Prince and Princess of Wales as far as the first cataract of the Nile; afterwards as himself a member of the Royal party during their visit to Constantinople and Sebastopol. While the movements of these distinguished personages are avowedly the leading subject of interest, and are, however trivial, dwelt upon with reverential care, the lesser details of archæology, Egyptian politics, and the amusing incidents of Oriental travel come in for a fair share of attention, and are handled in a spirited fashion, which all readers will enjoy, but especially those who can for themselves recall, to justify the accuracy of the descriptions, the pleasure of floating along the Nile in a dahabeah, of threading the thronged bazaars of Cairo, or studying, bewildered, in the hieroglyphics crowded upon temple walls, the carved records of centuries past.

Without pretending to any deep lore in regard to the Egyptian antiquities, Mr. Russell speaks of them with sufficient respect to avoid the displeasure of the archæologists, while he is equally careful not to bore the ignorant by too many dates and figures. References to Amenulph and the goddess Phtah are rare, and statistics are carefully accredited to Sir Gardner Wilkinson and the inevitable Murray. Dendera, first in order of the temples on the Nile, rouses Mr. Russell from the tranquil current of narrative, well enough suited to the quiet river life, and his enthusiasm here is satisfactory in spite of his unamiable reference to Cleopatra in the comparison which naturally suggested itself:

"It was the prettiest picture possible to see the Princess wandering about the ruins, to watch her tracing out the features, with the aid of a cane, of ebony Cleopatra on the wall. What a contrast between our fair mistress and the serpent of Old Nile!"

At Karnak, again, he is appreciative and almost eloquent, and devotes a good deal of space to a description of the grand ruin and his impression of it, pleasantly interwoven with the story of how they all saw it, and what they did there. To the wonderful excursion on the other side of the river to the "Tombs of the Kings," and the desolation of that scene, he does less justice. In fact, he seems to have little perception of picturesque effects and the charm of natural scenery, although he occasionally makes mechanical mention of a fine sunrise or of soft moonlight. The long, low stretches of the Nile shore, here bright green, there fading into yellow desert sand, the level line broken only by the palm-trees against the sky, and slow camels standing out unnaturally large in the brilliant sunlight, are unmentioned, probably unnoticed. But then there was always the Princess in the other boat to look at, through lorgnettes and telescopes—an absorbing study, which divides most unequally with the pyramids and palms upon the shore the attention of Mr. Russell and his friends.

As the steamers cleft their way against the turbid stream there rose in sight the Pyramids of Aboosheer Sakkara and Dashoor; but they could be seen at any time, whilst it was not so certain when we could get a glimpse of the Prince on the Nile in the abandon of "shooting-jacket, knickerbockers, and felt hat." Great lowness of mind falls upon the party in the steamer whenever the accidents of wind and current separate it from the Prince's boat; all pleasures pall till it is again in sight. Mr. Russell is surprised that the natives do not share in this absorbing interest:

"As we saw afterwards, there was a large gathering of natives not two hundred yards away—market-day at Luxor. But indolence, ignorance, or indifference, what you will, its influence was so great, not one ever stirred to enquire into the cause of the firings and general tomasha."

The fellah of Egypt is an apathetic creature, no doubt, but it is possible to suppose that in the continuous stream of dahabeahs and steamers, bringing an inundation of travellers every year as regular as that of the Nile, the passage of the Prince's party, similar in costume and conduct to so many others, may not have presented itself to him as an exceptional event.

At Assouan Mr. Russell takes leave of the royal cortége for a time, and while they, in smaller boats and more contracted quarters, press on to the second cataract, he gives us a pleasant account of a brief trip to Jerusalem and back. Unshadowed by the princely presence, it would seem that his pen flows more freely; Jaffa and the orange groves appear distinctly, the flowery road to Ramleh and the weary ascent to the Holy City. But he has to hurry back to meet the Prince and suite; and here he fills out the narrative of their excursion, which between the cataracts might be briefly given in the word "crocodile—crocodile." True, there were carvings at Abou-Simbel, three colossi (the fourth is destroyed)—Rameses—but—crocodile, crocodile! They got one, that was well; the Prince shot it himself, and "the Princess came off to the sand-bank to examine the creature."

Everybody in the party seems to have been favorably impressed with Egypt, for which, indeed, the cordial attentions of the Khedive were a warrant. His reception of the princely party was itself most princely, exhibiting to its utmost the hospitality which is proverbially Oriental. In Cairo, palaces and pashas were placed at their disposition, balls prepared for their amusement; and upon the river every luxury and convenience for sight-seeing was theirs. At every town where they stopped, for curiosity or for coal, a crowd of governors and moudirs, donkeys and dromeda-

* "A Diary in the East, during the Tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By William Howard Russell." New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1870.
"Journal of a Visit to Egypt, Constantinople, the Crimea, Greece, etc., in the Suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By the Hon. Mrs. William Grey." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.

ries, were awaiting them. That is such a pleasant way to travel! This impression is given alike by Mr. Russell's book and by the journal of Mrs. Grey, who goes over the same ground in a book of much smaller dimensions and pretensions. She disarms criticism in the outset by the modesty of her "Dedication," in which she expresses her own surprise, evidently sincere, at finding herself in print. Her journal is thoroughly English, thoroughly feminine, thoroughly simple in style. She lays no claim to any knowledge of the monuments of Egypt, and writes in a delightful state of ignorance as to "what it is all about." One can but wonder at her total want of curiosity or wish to enquire further into a subject presented to her at every step; one can but feel that it must have grown to be intensely wearisome to visit temple after temple day by day without the slightest interest in their history, or information about their probable origin. The excellent lady, however, makes no such complaint; occasionally there is a sigh over the discomfort of her "native saddle," or over the clouds of dust (which it would be more poetic to call the "sands of the desert," though they are for all that none the less trying); but no perception of ignorance weighs upon her spirits, and whenever she and the Princess get a day to themselves on the dahabeah, they cheerfully settle down to drawing and needlework, without troubling themselves to consult the instructive Murray, which cannot fail to be close at hand, about what they have just seen, or the great Sir Gardner Wilkinson, of whose facts Mr. Russell is sure to avail himself.

In a foot-note Mrs. Grey says:

"I must say, once for all, that I do not profess to be accurate either in names or dates. I am not writing a history or description of the country. I simply put down what I was told, and as I understood it at the time."

So the proud temple of Dendera, built long ago in honor of a princess almost as celebrated as this one, is thus briefly described:

"This temple is very fine, and about 1,800 years old, much less ancient, therefore, than other temples in this country. Notwithstanding its grandeur, I cannot say it made the impression upon me which I expected, though, perhaps, I ought not to acknowledge this. The roof is formed of enormous slabs of stones, on which you see *the patterns of stars, etc.*, engraved, the walls being also covered with hieroglyphics. Got back to the steamer at two o'clock very hot, but having enjoyed the morning very much."

It would be unfair not to say that our writer is more enthusiastic at Thebes, where, like Mr. Russell, she is genuinely impressed. Like him too, however, she is a good deal bored at the "Tombs of the Kings," where in the deep caves, more than the life-size figures of gods and men still preserved in all their original brilliancy of coloring and finely severe outline, she seems to have noticed the "swarms of bats" which fluttered round their heads. "The Prince," she says, "caught one of them."

The statue of Memnon and its companion, wonderful old creatures, who, with colossal hands upon colossal knees, have been solemnly looking out over the plain for centuries, unmindful, shall we say? of the yearly recurring inundation at their feet, are thus disposed of in half a dozen lines:

"From this we rode down to the plain to see the two colossal statues, which, seated here in the middle of the green field, have a most striking appearance. They are immense, fifty-three feet high; said to have been raised by Amenophis, 1600 B.C. They form certainly one of the most curious sights we have seen here."

And this is her comment upon another old and tried friend of Egyptian tourists:

"The Princess got on a donkey and rode round the Pyramid. I soon mounted one also, and we went to look at the Sphinx; a curious, but, certainly to my mind, not a pretty sight."

It will be seen from this that Mrs. Grey's book is not to be read as a guide to the Nile, but as a nice, pleasant account of what happened to her and the Princess, and, moreover, as giving an impression of herself as a cheery, enterprising woman, who accepts the goods the gods provide, does not grumble (much) at her native saddle, mounts a dromedary, for the novelty, and enjoys riding him, plods through heavy sands, and endures oppressive heat cheerfully. By the way, she is wonderful on thermometers. A Reaumur, a Centigrade, and a Fahrenheit must all three have been her constant companions; for she can give you the temperature by each of them at any moment.

After leaving Egypt, the party, now again joined by Mr. Russell, went to Constantinople; where the Sultan received them with a hospitality only less munificent than that of the Viceroy. Whether from familiarity with Eastern scenes, acquired by their stay in Egypt, or some other reason, the tone of both books shows some indifference to the scenes they saw there, compared with their first impressions. The bazaars of Constantinople appear to amuse them less than those of Cairo, the colors are less brilliant, the native crowds less entertaining.

Then follows an account of the visit made by the party to the Crimea; where the Prince and his suite carefully went over the ground of battle, and received Russian hospitalities cordially in spite of old animosities, not at such a time to be revived even upon the very scene of contest.

Both books close with the royal visit to Greece, and a description of the hospitalities incident to it, and the return home, made by the way of Brindisi and the pass of Mont Cenis.

FATHER HYACINTHE'S LECTURES.*

THE book before us is an edition of two series of conferences, the one relating to the family and the other to the church. The orator believes that the properly organized family is a cure for all the evils of political and religious society: a political cure, because it is a true domestic "commonwealth," from whose training in order, obedience, and self-respect the trusty citizen must at last emerge; a spiritual restoration, since in the Christian household the father is in a manner the secular arm of the church, "moulding by precept, and, when necessary, by punishment, the young barbarian, the little savage, bequeathed to him by original sin, into a civilized being and a Christian." In his treatment of the conjugal relation, Father Hyacinthe reasons after the manner of Paul, yet with all tenderness and devotion to woman. Love, he says, is a religious sentiment; it is a virtue far more than a passion; and hence the wife is to be considered an end in herself, not simply a means consecrated to parentage. She rules with delegated power, as prime minister of her husband the king, from whom she receives not merely her temporal law but also her spiritual guidance. "To hear him (St. Paul), one might suppose that the husband is a necessary mediator between woman and Christ, as Christ is himself the mediator between the church and God." But the preacher does not assign this inferior station to the wife without stating his reason. The highest kind of station is, doubtless, that heaven-born authority to which Kent referred, when he said to King Lear: "You have that in your countenance which I would fain call master." Father Hyacinthe, however, does not base the supremacy of the husband over the wife upon this sort of rank, since, whether individually her superior or not, he is still her ruler and domestic priest. Again, there is the station which we purchase, as when we bargain with a servant, expressly, indeed, for his labor, yet, by tacit consent, for the forms of his respect. But neither is it upon this ground that the husband claims his authority, since the wife is not his servant but co-laborer, giving him the opportunity to make money by relieving him from domestic cares, and thus assisting to *earn* their common livelihood. What then is the domestic sovereign's muniment of title? The preacher answers that, though "woman is indeed the complete equal of man in her soul, and all that pertains to her personal rights and dignity, she is not his *equal in sex*." The law of God and nature alike declare that man is the head of the woman, "and woman should think in that head and be inspired by that manly and kingly wisdom."

In the succeeding lectures on the family, Father Hyacinthe discusses the corruption of the conjugal relation, the dignity of Christian fatherhood, family education, which can alone resist modern neology, and the value of a home owned, transmitted, and occupied by many children.

The second series of conferences is chiefly remarkable for its development of the preacher's idea of the soul of the church, which is defined as "the invisible fellowship of all the righteous who have faith, at least an 'implicit faith,'† in the One God and in the Redeemer." Thus the majestic immemorial church whose conception was in the first councils of God extends beyond the bounds of the Roman communion, and even the wide ranks of heresy and schism—for outside the pale of Christianity itself she may number her sons and her daughters. Whether this imposing doctrine be true or false, we believe that in holding it Father Hyacinthe has fallen into Dr. Pusey's error of maintaining opinions whose logical inference contradicts his ecclesiastical position. It was not eighty-eight hundred presumable Christians that Torquemada sentenced to the flames, but heretics, ripe for perdition. The orator's idea is then a modern development, but the very foundations of the Catholic Church crumble under a developing superstructure. At present, Romanism offers us the whole body of truth, and the hope of securing it has closed many an earnest eye upon the historic and philosophical difficulties of the Catholic faith. But

* "The Family and the Church. Advent Conferences of Notre Dame, Paris. By the Rev. Father Hyacinthe." New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1870.

† According to the theologians of Salamanca, implicit faith is the disposition which would lead to belief if the mind were sufficiently enlightened.

if it be true that even within this communion we may live and die in error with respect to important doctrines, we should not lose much by being Protestants at once, while as such we should find it much easier to repent of our history than as Catholics to defend it. It cannot even be claimed that only those dogmas which have been infallibly enunciated are required by the times, since the advanced minds of any age always demand what is afterwards needed by the masses.

Our space forbids the further specification of these discourses, in all of which the speaker has displayed an austere analysis of his subject, clothed, however, by the tender glow of his imaginative language. His imagination is indeed something worthy of the name. A powerful and vivid gift—independent of the mere flowers of fancy and the charm of mellifluous words—it rises to the keen perception of new and striking relations, and presents them glowing with the fire of passion, for they are the thought of his heart. Thus in his beautiful apostrophe to the hearthstone, he says:

"O sacred hearthstone, for a moment, perhaps, I had despised thee, I had counted thee a common thing; but no, the water of holy baptism, the benediction of holy wedlock, have rested upon thee; and each day a common faith, a common prayer, a household Christianity renew thy consecration! O hearthstone of my home, rise from the earth, stand thou as an altar stone before the Lord, and thou shalt be called Bethel, the House of God. On thee rest family and country; on thee the very church of God shall rest more firmly than on the foundations of her temples."

Lectures Introductory to the Study of the Law. (Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co. 1870.)—This little volume of 262 pages, together with the earlier "Essay on Professional Ethics," is a selection of the introductory lectures delivered by Judge Sharswood as professor in the law school of the University of Pennsylvania, a post held by that distinguished jurist from 1850 to 1868, when, having been elected to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, he deemed it advisable to resign. It is deserving of a much larger audience than the six hundred students who attended his courses, and, while it may be interesting to them to have exactly what he wrote and said ten or twenty years ago, it is to be regretted that the author could not take time from his judicial duties to bring his text down to the date of publication. At p. 16 we have a reference to Lord Brougham as still living, and at p. 146 another to Savigny as the latest authority on the civil law. These, however, are small blemishes, and of little importance as against the great good to be done by the careful and well-considered judgment of so sound a lawyer, so experienced a judge, so industrious a student, so diligent a commentator as the author. His work has been done mainly in and for his native State, but his reputation and his usefulness have extended far beyond such narrow limits, and it is likely that this volume will renew the desire often hitherto expressed that he would take a broader field for his next work than the elementary doctrines suitable for law students or the local juridical history of a single State. The lectures on the profession of the law or legal education, and on commercial integrity, are likely to be useful for laymen as well as lawyers, and while lawyers even outside of Pennsylvania may read with profit those on the feudal law and on codification, those on natural, civil, and common law will interest that large class of readers and students who seek, and almost in vain, in our growing law literature, some reliable enunciation of general principles, distinct from the jargon of case law and the perplexities of local legislation. The chapter on codification will instruct those who seek some means of repeating here the forms of Continental codes, in the views that are taken by a man of consummate ability and large experience in favor of the existing condition of the law in Pennsylvania, and of "the Common Law of England, which is the basis of the jurisprudence of this country and does possess a degree of certainty to which no general written code can lay claim" (p. 244). Judge Sharswood's views of the functions of the legal profession, of the relations of the bench and the bar, of the use of law schools, are those of a man belonging to a school of learning and morality that can never be too highly venerated or too diligently emulated, and it is more than ever wanted now and here. The fact that Judge Sharswood was elected by popular vote to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania is no small evidence that the people at large, as well as the lawyers, fully appreciated his faith in and practice of his own sound principles, and the importance of putting him on the highest tribunal. The value of an elective judiciary is immensely enhanced when we find a good judge chosen against the popular political party, because his learning, his honesty, and his ability are recognized as qualities that are superior to all party ties. Under the old system of executive appointments, the long continuance of Republican rule in those States where the judiciary is elective would have kept the bench entirely in the hands of one party, and, while this may be a small objection in the New England States, where the minority is small almost to absurdity, it would go a great way in States like Pennsylvania, where the majority either way is small and varying, towards depreciating the vigor and independence of the bench, if it were not occasionally recruited from the strength of the party in opposition. That the engrossing duties of his high position have cost the university a professor may be the less a matter of regret since he has at least saved leisure enough to become an author.

The Origin and Development of Religious Belief.—Part I. Heathenism and Mosaism. By Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.)—Every one knows of Mr. Baring-Gould as the author of two very interesting and well-written books on mediæval mythology, and of an admirable essay on the ancient belief in were-wolves. Although these books do not contain the marks of original philosophical and critical ability of any very high order, they nevertheless show painstaking research, they possess considerable literary merit, and they serve to make the general public acquainted with a subject at once interesting and important, which until recently has been treated only in the abstruse works of scholars like Grimm, Kuhn, and Bréal. In writing these books, Mr. Baring-Gould performed a real service to the public; and undoubtedly he might give us several more like them without exhausting his own fund of curious erudition or presuming too much upon the patience of his readers.

But in the work before us, Mr. Baring-Gould has chosen to try his hand at a different kind of subject, and one which it requires far higher ability to deal with satisfactorily. We suspect that, if questioned by a duly inquisitive "interviewer," Mr. Baring-Gould would confess that he regards the "Origin and Development of Religious Belief" as his *magnum opus*, as the work toward the accomplishment of which his other studies have been preliminary, as the block of which the "Curious Myths" and the "Were-wolves" have been but the chips shaved off during the process of planing and polishing. To us it seems, however, that this block itself is but a mass of chips, imperfectly glued together, with the marks of its heterogeneous origin and agglutinative growth only too plainly visible. The author has manifestly undertaken a work very far above his powers. Had he been willing to confine himself to a descriptive account of the outward manifestations of religious belief in myths, creeds, and ceremonies, he would very likely have produced a work of rare interest and value. But he has chosen a more ambitious and onerous task. He has attempted to trace, with the hand of a biologist, the origin of the religious instinct in the necessities of the human organism; and, without presupposing the truth of revelation, to demonstrate *à priori* that Christianity (as understood by the ritualist section of the Anglican Church) is alone competent to satisfy that instinct. But his book reveals none of the scientific and philosophic capacity requisite for the execution of such a task. The introduction of biological considerations is simply a great mistake. The book opens with a rather long and tolerably well-arranged description of the nervous system, which is superfluous, since a better one might be found in any first-class text-book of physiology—serving only to show that Mr. Baring-Gould knows what the most obvious and unmistakable facts of nervous structure are. When we look for the application, the inference, the corollary, to which all this anatomical lore is subsidiary, we find there is nothing of the kind. The author goes on to describe curious myths and observances and to gossip about sundry ethical questions, but the precise nature of the theoretical connection between myths, ethics, and medullary tissue nowhere appears. In default of any reasoning which might betray a philosophical master-thought or ground-idea—as the Germans say—governing the work, we get such bits of declamation as the following: "But as civilization advanced, men's ideas underwent modification. The religious idea, wrapped in the shell of naturalism, lay like a gland on the earth. The sun of prosperity shone on it; the dew of intelligence moistened it; the germ of life burst the hard casing which had imprisoned it, and became a vital religion, flowering in polytheism, fruiting into monotheism." There is, indeed, an age which most men and women pass through, at which such writing and thinking as this is legitimate if not laudable; but that age must be outlived before scientific explanations of the great facts of religion can be successfully undertaken.

Nevertheless, whatever its coherence or incoherence, Mr. Baring-Gould's book is remarkable for one thing. It is at bottom a defence of the popular theology of Christendom; yet it avoids ecclesiastical phrase-

ology and takes on the airs and manners of a scientific treatise. The spiritualists of the old times appealed to the horned Satan and his crew of aërobatic witches, but now they appeal to the "*od* force" and "undiscovered natural laws." So Mr. Baring-Gould, the lineal successor of Leslie and Watson, substitutes the technical terms of physics and anatomy for those of evangelical theology. It should be chronicled, for the benefit of the future philosophic historian, that in 1870 a work on "The Evidences of Christianity" was published which opened its argument thus: "Force is that which produces or resists motion."

Maver's Collection of Genuine Scottish Melodies. Harmonized by C. H. Morine. Edited by George Alexander, Esq. (New York: John Wiley & Son.)—In this country there is a very large number of people, mostly fathers and mothers of grown-up children, with a fondness for music, but with little or no education in it. Classical music is Greek to them; operatic music, mere "vocal gymnastics;" and most of the so-called "brilliant" private piano-playing, ear-splitting performances. What they want is pure *melody*, with as little intrusion even of accompaniment as possible. But, simple as this taste is, it is often excellent as far as it goes, and is, in fact, the intuitive taste that decides which one out of every thousand songs published shall live to be loved. This class of persons will undoubtedly give a warm welcome to this collection of nearly five hundred Scottish melodies which is now before the public in so handsome a dress. Just such a one, *with accompaniments* for the piano (our common instrument), has been long desired. Many otherwise good collections of songs, English, Scotch, or other, are rendered quite useless to these very persons of whom we have been speaking from the fact of their containing only the bald tunes, difficult for fair amateurs even to accent with the expression on which their beauty depends, and impossible for the slightly experienced to harmonize. The airs are arranged, in the present collection, either for singing or playing, and with great simplicity. Although intended for "either piano or harmonium," the accompaniments strike us as having been wrought out by a lover of the latter instrument, and are less spirited and more monotonous in consequence—a wild Highland air harnessed to an ambling psalm tune. The poetical and historical portions of the work bear evidence of having been edited with conscientious thoroughness. The introduction is an essay on Scottish music. There is a glossary and several full indexes. The volume has the further recommendation of being of good proportions for the music-rack, and of exceptionally fine typography, large and clear.

Jerome Hopkins's Second Collection of Church Music, specially adapted to Sunday-school and Boy Choirs. (New York: Pott & Amery.)—One opens this book at the compiler's characteristic preface, in which the truth is expressed with rather more force than good taste, especially if we are to consider it a preparation for the sacred hymns that follow. Still, it is the truth, and it is piquant. Says Mr. Hopkins: "I have enjoyed the ministrations of some [clergymen] who were, in truth, excellent amateur musicians; of others whose estimation of church music was only in so far as it served to rest their own voices; of others, again, who persisted in regarding the organist and choir as irritating competitors with the clergyman in the race for popular admiration, and who systematically snubbed and mortified them by bobtailing their performance in consequence. Then, again, I have served under the same consecrated roof with clergymen who were so apathetic and indifferent that they would give out the same hymn three Lord's days in succession and never know it; others, again, who could not tell the difference between a psalm-tune and an isosceles triangle if they were to die for it." "The compositions in this book, with but few exceptions, have been tried like as silver is tried," he declares further; which being quite true, it only remains to say that Mr. Hopkins has selected with judgment from the old collections, and arranged the hymns in a fresh and pleasant manner.

The Professor's Wife; or, It Might Have Been. By Annie L. Macgregor, Author of "John Ward's Governess." (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.)—Even the mildest reviewer must make a stand somewhere, and the very least we can ask of a writer is that he or she shall be capable of expressing what is to be said in tolerably correct language. This work of Miss Macgregor's is not only futile and pointless, considered as a story, as delineation of character, and as an exposition of its author's views of life in New London and elsewhere; but it is written in the most slipshod manner of a very careless school-girl, whose "composition teacher" has been unusually remiss in her duties. Apart altogether from the question whether or not one has something to say worth the saying, it is necessary to defer saying anything in public until one has studied at least the alphabet of expression:

"Did you never see this in life? A person old in years, so that when you think of their age you feel as though you should reverence and respect them, but utterly without the dignity and experience that should come with advancing years. Carrying with them all the foolishness they have had since a child, without the child's innocence and guilelessness to make it attractive. It is very wearing having to do with such natures, as Kate Ashton knew. Oh! if the Mrs. Nicklebys of this world had only all died when Dickens wrote his great book! But they did not, as many of us know to our sorrow. How often we see in life the best parents having the worst children, and it has been so often observed in ministers' families that it has become quite proverbial."

This sounds not unlike Mrs. Nickleby herself. But even such thought deserves a better vehicle; and as Miss Macgregor is now in her second or third novel, and also is often in the magazines, it is to be hoped she will mend her hand. We cannot all be admirable writers, if we do our best; but to some of us it is discreditable that, writing so badly, we write at all.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Allen (J. H.), Latin Primer for Boys and Girls	(Ginn Brothers & Co.)
American Chess-player's Hand-book	(Porter & Coates)
Chesterfield (Lord), Letters, Sentences, and Maxims	(Scribner, Welford & Co.) $1 25
Fisher (Prof. G. P.), The Council of Constance and the Council of the Vatican. swd.	(New Haven)
Godwin (P.), Out of the Past	(G. P. Putnam & Son) 2 00
Harkness (Prof. A.), Cæsar's Commentaries	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Haydn, and Other Poems	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), The Banished Son	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Kendo (T. A.), Treatise on Silk and Tea Culture	(A. Roman & Co.) 1 25
McCabe (J. D., Jr.), Paris by Sunlight and Gaslight	(Nat. Pub. Co.)
Mulford (E.), The Nation: the Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States	(Hurd & Houghton)
Powell (T. W.), Analysis of American Law	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Randall (Anna T.), Reading and Elocution	(Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.)
Read (D.), Nathan Read, Inventor	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 75
Ruggles (H. I.), The Method of Shakespeare as an Artist	" 1 75
Smart (H.), A Race for a Wife: A Tale, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.) 0 50
Spencer (H.), Spontaneous Generation, and the Hypothesis of Physiological Units, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Textual Corrections of the Common English Version in the New Testament.	(John Wiley & Son)
Trollope (A.), The Macdermots of Ballycloran	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Youmans (Miss E. A.), The First Book of Botany	(D. Appleton & Co.)

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1870.

The Week.

But one bill of public interest has passed either branch of Congress during the week, and that was the bill in aid of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which was carried in the Senate by a vote of four to one, in spite of a good deal of not unnatural opposition, considering how large a slice of the national domain is conceded to the road. Its way in the House, it is said, will not be so smooth; but nobody seriously doubts that the road will be built, or that it will get all the Government aid it is entitled to. The House has had two exciting incidents—one, the fining of non-attendant members, being rather amusing than exciting. On Wednesday week, Mr. J. H. Sypher, one of the claimants to the contested seat of representative for the First Congressional District of Louisiana, was admitted by a close vote, but, before he could take the oath, was rejected, and the election in that district was declared invalid for either candidate. The result, though reached in a highly disorderly manner, was creditable to the fairness of the House, that is to say, of the Republican members, who at first voted simply on the recommendation of the Committee on Elections, which as usual made a partisan report. St. Martin, the Democratic candidate, had received 16,059 votes to Sypher's 3,150, and it was not pretended that this disproportion was due solely or nearly to the frauds and terrorism practised by St. Martin's supporters. On the contrary, these irregularities constituted the only hope of Mr. Sypher in being returned from his district, and almost served his purpose as it was. It was a small majority of the House that actually ousted him, but it grew with every vote.

The discussion of the Tariff Bill, as reported by the Committee of Ways and Means, has been so prolonged in the House, and so many serious modifications have been made in the bill, mainly in the direction of lower duties, that it has ceased to be acceptable to anybody, and the general belief at this writing is that it will be dropped before many days, and the tariff either left as it is or a short bill introduced putting a few articles such as salt and coal on the free list, and lowering the duties on a few others about which there is no dispute. The only support the Committee bill ever had came from the extreme protectionists, and the lowering of the tax on pig-iron, as well as other indications of the free-trade leaning of the majority, and the bickerings which have sprung up among the different "interests" about the proper division of the public bounty, have so disgusted them with it that they have abandoned it to its fate. On the whole, the probabilities are that we shall have no change in the tariff this year.

The event of the week has, however, been the dropping of the legal-tender cases before the Supreme Court—a very curious and instructive incident. The constitutionality of the Legal-Tender Act as regarded contracts made prior to 1862 was passed upon in the case of *Hepburn* agt. *Griswold*, some weeks ago, and decided in the negative by four to three judges. According to the Chief-Justice, and those judges who agree with him, an understanding was then arrived at that the decision of the Court in this case should govern the legal-tender point in all other cases that might come up; but when the question was raised, on the application of the Attorney-General for a re-hearing, whether such an understanding existed or not, no record of it was to be found, and Judge Miller and the Chief-Justice differed so widely as to its existence, and showed so much temper over it, that the world came very near being treated to the extraordinary spectacle of an altercation on the bench. However, in the absence of record, the Chief-Justice's version was overruled, and a re-hearing ordered, with the aid of the two new judges, Bradley and Strong, who had in the meantime been appointed, and not without reference—we believe we are strictly accurate in saying this—to their opinions on this very question of the constitutionality of the law. This was scandal enough, but it was aggravated by the fact that the two new judges were interested in two great corporations which would have been large gainers by a reversal of the decision in the case of *Hepburn* agt. *Griswold*, and the public was informed, apparently in perfect simplicity, that the judges had assigned their stock in order to "qualify" them to sit in the new cases.

Everything was ready "to put the thing through," when, on Wednesday week, the appellants in the two new cases came into court, and withdrew their appeal, leaving the Attorney-General and Judges Bradley and Strong gazing in blank amazement into the void. Whether the appellants sheered off from the feeling that they were struggling against a foregone conclusion, or were bought off by persons interested in having the decision stand, does not appear; but it makes no difference. An attempt was then made to reopen *Hepburn* agt. *Griswold*, but none of the four judges who composed the majority which decided it consenting, the motion was, in accordance with the rule of the court, denied; and so the matter now rests, settled and yet not settled; for, of course, as long as it is known that the present majority of the Court believes in the constitutionality of the law, the question is sure to be raised again. In the meantime, we trust those railroads which agreed, before 1862, to pay their debts now due in gold, and have been holding off in the hope that the Court would enable them to shirk their engagements, will promptly fulfil them. Granting that the Court *can* legalize a swindle, it can hardly be proper to commit the swindle till the Court has spoken. Besides which, whatever the Court may do for the law of the matter, over the morality of it it has happily no power. Wrong cannot be made right by filling "vacancies."

A meeting of revenue reformers, in which the wicked Wells, General Hawley of Connecticut, Mr. White of the *Chicago Tribune*, Mr. Amasa Walker, Mr. Grosvenor of the *St. Louis Democrat*, Mr. Nordhoff of the *Evening Post*, and Mr. McCulloch, the ex-Secretary of the Treasury, bore a prominent part, was held in Washington, last week, for the purpose of talking over the financial situation. The conclusions they arrived at were, that something was producing extraordinary depression in business all over the country, and that that something was the present absurd tariff, combined with the irredeemable currency. For the tariff evil the remedy they agreed upon was the adoption, with some slight modifications, of the fourth rule of taxation laid down by Adam Smith, namely, that "taxes should be so contrived as both to take out and keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible over and above what they bring into the public treasury of the state." As regarded the currency, the general opinion was that there should be contraction, as a means of resuming specie payments; and, as regarded the whole condition of the revenue, that there should be a reform in the Civil Service; and, moreover, it was generally resolved that these things should be pushed at all hazards, in the Republican party if possible, but out of it if necessary. After the usual distribution of "British gold" by the butler from the Legation, the meeting separated, with the intention of having a more formal gathering somewhere in the West early in the fall.

On Wednesday week the Massachusetts House defeated, by 133 nays to 68 yeas, a proposed amendment of the State constitution extending the suffrage to women. The committee to whom the subject had been referred, and who had listened to the arguments of its principal advocates in Boston, had reported in favor of the amendment—for the first time, we believe, in the history of the movement in Massachusetts. The debate, so far as we can judge from meagre reports of it, was not remarkable for weight or originality on either side, and if the customary appeal to Scripture was taken on the one side, on the other it was asserted that Mrs. Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic

entitled her, at least, and women like her, to the right of suffrage. The country vote—back country, we might term it, if the phrase were known in Massachusetts—was particularly full in opposition, the four western counties furnishing but two adherents of the measure to twenty-seven opponents, *i.e.*, one thirty-fourth of the vote *pro* and one-fifth of the vote *contra*. What happened on the following day is also noteworthy. Another resolve to amend the constitution, this time by striking out the clause making reading and writing a prerequisite to voting, came up, and was agreed to by yeas 143, nays 55, the Democrats, of course, voting for it in a body, led, as we remarked last week, by Mr. Woodbury. On comparing the votes on these two amendments, we find that five-sixths of those who desired woman suffrage also favored throwing off all restrictions upon the suffrage. We take leave to consider this a bad symptom both for the woman's cause and for the purity of politics in Massachusetts. Inefficient as the alphabetical qualification, as it has been called, may be, it is the best yet devised, and should have been abandoned only for a better.

Woman suffrage, it is clear, is making greater progress at the West than at the East. That interesting body, the Illinois Constitutional Convention, has laid down the limits of its own inclination towards the proposed reform, and at the same time has consented to leave the decision of the question to the people. It did, indeed, go so far as to adopt a clause allowing women who are property-holders to vote on the levying of any tax submitted to a popular vote; but, on reconsideration, this privilege was revoked by a vote of 36 to 26. Then, by 36 to 25, the Legislature was refused authority to permit the same thing. By 46 to 12, on the other hand, the right of voting under the constitution was not limited to males; and by 40 to 21, it was decided that the question of woman suffrage should be submitted to a separate vote of the usual constituency, and, according as a majority should be found for or against it, the word "male" should be stricken from or retained in the suffrage section of the constitution. Greater liberality than this could hardly be demanded at this stage of the experiment, though we presume it will not satisfy all the agitators. To have left the decision, however, to the women alone, would have been to surrender the point at issue, even with the chance of an adverse vote. If the fact that women want the ballot is a reason for giving it to them, it is as good for two or three as for a greater number; and a few who desire outweigh many who do not desire the franchise. And even if we suppose the majority to vote in favor of accepting the suffrage, their getting it might be, and probably would be, a concession to a minority—since, in every closely contested election, the majority consists of two minorities. Either, therefore, we must at once endow women with the suffrage, or confess that the control of the question belongs to the men, and to them only. It would, as the Chicago *Tribune* remarks, have gratified curiosity if provision had been made by the Convention for taking the vote of the women along with that of the men on the separate clause, of course without legalizing it. But, whatever might have been the result, would it have altered in any way the question as it now stands, as to the right of woman to go to the polls, and the corresponding right of man to keep her away?

Mr. Charles S. Spencer, the lawyer engaged in the McFarland case, who was permitted in his opening address to make the brutal and indecent attack on Mrs. Calhoun, in advance of all evidence touching her connection with the case, on which we commented a week ago, has written a defence of himself to the *Independent*, in which he acknowledges he used the epithets ascribed to him, which were exceedingly foul, and for which the testimony since produced has furnished not the slightest warrant; but says he did it in the honest discharge of his "duty" as an advocate, and did it, moreover, while "not entertaining the shadow of a doubt of the personal purity of character" of the lady to whom he applied them. The *Independent*, comically enough, professes to discover in this new and startling evidence of Mr. Spencer's badness, and declares him to have *thereby* "forfeited his right to an honorable name." If Mr. Spencer be not "honorable," however, he is cute; for in the letter he actually pleads his "soundness on the main question" in extenuation, reminding the editor "that, in the fight for the freedom of the slave, he had ever been by his side." This is perfectly true; but, considering the number of rascals who are now cruising under the anti-slavery flag, it is no longer permitted to us to ask—What of it?

The "Fenian scare" is proceeding in the usual way. There are, of course, two factions in the Brotherhood, as usual; Party No. 1 collects the money and prepares the "invasions" and provides "the military talent;" while Party No. 2 calls for delay and deliberation, and ridicules the military preparations, and accuses the other of stealing the money. Of course, also, there are "informers" among the members of both bodies, who forward plans and specifications touching all the bloody designs of Party No. 1 to Mr. Fish and the British Minister as regularly as the secret sessions of the innermost councils are held. What is said to be most entertaining about the affair is the look of "deliberation, public care, and princely counsel" worn by the members after they come out. The movement against Canada and the British Empire, by way of Winnipeg, is said to be now set down positively for the 1st of May, and General O'Neill is to command the expedition. Ambuscades on the American side of the frontier will doubtless play a very prominent part in his operations. Mr. Fish, however, announces that the United States is determined to have a hand in the fray, and although the Fenian "army" is thus far invisible to mortal eye, and undiscoverable by any process taught at West Point, measures have been taken to prevent its crossing the frontier—at least within rifle range of the earth. For what passes in the upper air the American Government cannot, of course, under the law of nations, be held responsible.

The "Executive Council F. B.," who represent Party No. 2, have issued a manifesto from the "Central Office" in Philadelphia, denouncing O'Neill and his operations bitterly, accusing him of "violating his official obligations," and of misapplying the funds, and with attempting a movement which the ablest military men had pronounced "unseasonable and improper," and of being "an expensive ornament," and with having "absorbed $8,000 of the funds during the past two years without in any way adding to the efficiency of the organization." They further say that all the troubles of the organization "have been created by men who were its salaried officers," and that the time of its unpaid representatives has been thus far "consumed in efforts to prevent these officials at headquarters from squandering the funds." They also refer bitterly to that earliest stage of the swindle known as the "Moffatt Mansion frauds," in which about $200,000 of the hard-earned money of the poorest class in the community was "absorbed" by a parcel of lazy adventurers, who, in horror of honest industry, took to playing at "government" and pretending to carry on "war" against England, and announce that the Chicago Congress has deposed O'Neill, abolished "the Headquarters Staff," and concentrated the management of the whole concern in "an executive council of nine," whose duty it will be at the proper time to make British blood run cold.

Of course, laughable as all this is, there is a very melancholy side to it. It is melancholy to think that so large a proportion of the American population as the Irish now are should be, in spite of the enlightening and sobering influences which surround them, in such a condition of gullibility as to make these Fenian "generals" and "senates" and "war departments" and "headquarters staff" possible; and that, in a land of universal industry, a band of worthless blatherskites should find it possible to live, year after year, on the earnings of the very poor, under the ridiculous pretence that they are going to dismember one of the strongest empires on the globe. What is most melancholy, however, is the rapidity with which the Fenian chiefs, who are necessarily men of influence amongst the Irish, have learnt the tricks of the lowest class of American politicians, and notably the old augur's trick of talking the most outrageous nonsense to each other, and pretending to each other with a grave face to believe the most ridiculous falsehoods. We ought to add, too, that they have had the help of a great many American politicians of the better class in cheating their poor countrymen. A considerable portion of the Republican party encouraged the

raid of 1866, and denounced President Johnson for suppressing it, the New York *Tribune* all the while affecting to look on it as a serious and even praiseworthy enterprise, and helping the collection of the money by pretending to believe that a rising in Tipperary would prove successful, owing to the roughness of the ground and the facilities it afforded for "ambuscades," besides other nonsense of the same kind.

The Fenian operations seem also to be undergoing revival in England and Ireland. In Ireland they take the usual form of agrarian outrages, while in England the story goes that the Brothers threaten the offices of the *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette* with some sort of attack, which has led the proprietors to apply to the police for extra protection. All this of course gives increased interest to Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, which drags its slow length along, the opposition showing more strength as the debate continues. Mr. Disraeli has come out boldly against it, nominally on the ground that it has been modified in several important particulars since its first introduction; but really, owing to the Tory hostility to all interference with the "rights of property" as English landlords have always understood them, and as the Irish landlords have practised them. His main objection is that in awarding compensation for eviction, pure and simple, without reference to unexhausted improvements, Mr. Gladstone recognizes in occupation a share in the property, and, judging by the proportion borne by the compensation to the rental, that share is about a third of the value of the fee simple. As the bill stood at first, too, the landlord could escape its operation by forcing on the tenant a lease for thirty-one years; now the tenant need not accept it unless he pleases. The result has been that the overwhelming majority of the first stages dwindled down to 76; but this is sufficient. The answer of the Ministry to all this is simple enough: whatever the theoretic exceptions to the bill may be, nothing less will have any chance of curing Irish discontent, and Irish discontent has to be cured somehow.

The "Force Bill," in the meantime, has gone into operation. It enables the Lord Lieutenant to put districts in which agrarian crimes have been committed under its operation by proclamation; the police to search for arms, within these districts, on general warrants, and to close grogshops at sunset; the magistrates to examine witnesses as to crimes committed, whether anybody is charged with them or not; and to punish summarily the possession of arms. It enables, also, the Grand Jury, with the consent of the Judge, to levy compensation on districts in which murders have been committed, for the benefit of the families of the victims, and authorizes the government to suppress newspapers which a jury has pronounced incendiary, and provides for a change of venue or trial in another county in criminal cases. When it is remembered that in the state of things with which the bill deals men are shot in their own fields while taking a morning walk, and that in one case a man was carried out of his house, seated in a chair, and his nose cut off in the presence of his wife and children, and that, in short, a system of terrorism has been established over two-thirds of the island, under which the same class which hanged the negroes and burnt the orphan asylum in this city enjoys complete impunity, it has to be admitted that the question how to deal with it is a knotty one. It is true, coercion will not cure Irish woes, but until they are cured peaceable people have a right to protection for their lives and property, and the ordinary law at present gives them no more protection than "military government" gives Union men at the South. The feature in the Force Bill which has excited most animadversion is that which relates to the press, but it seems rather hard to shut up the poor peasant who has cut his landlord's nose off, while letting the raving newspaper-man, who has led him to believe that was the proper thing to do in order to get tenant right, to go free. In fact, whatever way one looks at the subject, it is very tough; and most people have little to say about it, except to thank Heaven that they have not to deal with it.

The Court of Enquiry which investigated the *Oneida* disaster at Yokohama consisted of the British Consul, a captain and lieutenant in the English Navy, and the master of a commercial steamer. They held that the *Bombay* was right in her steering, and therefore (by implication) that the *Oneida* was wrong; but that Captain Eyre had not waited long enough, or taken sufficient pains otherwise to ascertain the extent of the damage he had done, and have accordingly suspended his certificate for six months—a grossly inadequate punishment, if he merits any punishment at all. There are some cases in which carelessness or recklessness cannot be *slight*, and this is one of them. He has gone home to England, and is protesting against his punishment, the telegraph informs us, on the ground that the evidence against him was "contradictory and inconclusive;" and we learn in the same way that "much sympathy is felt for him" in England. Since the Southampton banquet to Governor Eyre of Jamaica, most people would hesitate about saying beforehand that anybody could behave so badly in a responsible position as not to find sympathizers in abundance in England. But it would be well if Captain Eyre's friends would tell the public whether, supposing his own story to be in every particular correct, they think five minutes enough for a man to wait to see if he had done any damage, after he had carried off a vessel's quarter in the night; and whether, if the example of Captain Eyre's punishment should cause all masters of vessels similarly situated to wait *ten* minutes, and make a strict enquiry, the suspension of his certificate for six months would not be a very cheap price to pay for so desirable a consummation?

The preparations for the *plebiscitum* are going on actively in France, the Emperor having issued a proclamation explaining his position to the people, which is, of course, familiar enough to everybody. There is only one novel argument in it in favor of an affirmative vote, namely, that the proposed reform will facilitate the transmission of the Empire to his son. The ministers have issued a circular to the préfets, requesting them to display a "devouring activity" in persuading the country people to vote one way or other. This led to a sharp attack on them in the Chamber from the Radicals, on the ground that, inasmuch as the meddling, intimidating préfets of the old régime are still almost all in office, they will be sure to commit abuses if called on to interfere at all. The usual privilege of holding public meetings for a week or two before election day for the discussion of the *plébiscite* has been granted, but the Moderates, like Prévost-Paradol, remembering the light thrown on public affairs by the debates of Rochefort's followers, in Paris, last fall, question whether the work had not better be left wholly to the press, and whether anybody will be the wiser of the great outburst of oratory which is sure to follow the removal of the existing restrictions.

A year ago the Greeks were trying to persuade the world that they ought to be put in possession of Turkey in Europe, in order to show their superiority to the Turks in the art of government, and were expending all the money they could lay hold of in helping the Cretans, instead of making roads through their own territory, paving their own streets, organizing a police, and meeting the demands of their creditors. We took the liberty at the time of pointing out that, bad as the Turks were, there was hardly a test of good government which Turkey would not stand better than Greece, and that Athens was about the last place in Europe from which stones should be thrown at Constantinople. A striking illustration of the truth of all this comes in the news of the capture and brutal murder of three Englishmen and an Italian, connected with the foreign legations at Athens, by a band of brigands, a few miles outside the city. For some unexplained reason, the negotiations for the ransom of the unfortunate men seem to have failed, and then the troops had to be called into requisition to hunt down the band, who fought to the last, and have been all killed or taken, but not till they had poniarded their unhappy prisoners. There is, of course, great excitement, owing to the rank of the victims, and there are loud calls for indemnity and vengeance and what not from the English press. But the proper thing to call on the Greeks for is more roads, industry, and police, and less newspapers and blatherskite. The little state is dying of ranting newspapers and ranting orators. It is they that breed the brigands and perpetuate barbarism. When the royal army can't keep the throats of strangers from being cut under the muzzles of their guns, on the plains of Marathon, by robbers, in broad daylight, one would think the Hellenic politicians would at last begin to blush and buy spades and pickaxes.

"A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT."

THE Prison Association of this State—an admirable body, whose labors are amongst the greatest of the State glories—drew up a memorial to the Legislature, in January last, in favor of an amendment to the Constitution providing for the government of the prisons by a board appointed by the Governor and Senate, to hold office for ten years, in place of the present system of inspectors elected by the people for short terms, which has been productive of perhaps as revolting abuses as were ever witnessed in a Christian community. The memorial, after giving a sketch of the history of prison discipline in this State, tells how the Association was founded in 1844, taking for its principle "the supremacy of the moral part of man over the animal," and after three years' hard work obtained from the Legislature of 1847 an act abolishing corporal punishment, and providing for the erection of solitary cells for the confinement of the incorrigibly disobedient. Then follows this remarkable passage, which we earnestly commend to the attention of all reformers:

> "But a speedy disappointment of the more sanguine of these hopes was near at hand. The new constitution went into effect in 1847, and thenceforth the office of inspector became more than ever a political one, elective by the people and with a large and extending party patronage; the solitary cells provided for in the act were never built; those erected for the male prison at Sing Sing were removed to make way for a railroad; and though the whip was no longer used, other and even more cruel modes of inflicting bodily pain were resorted to, and the domination of force was again triumphant."

Of the state of things which now exists in the prisons, we do not intend to speak here, nor indeed to discuss the prison question at all. We quote the above passage simply for the purpose of enforcing what we are about to say on a very different subject. The constitution which went into operation in 1847 was framed in strict accordance with the theories of democracy which were then rampant all over the country, and had taken possession of some of the wisest heads, although they were utterly opposed not only to the lessons of history, but to every man's individual experience of human nature. It was not intended to corrupt the judiciary and debauch the prisons, but to improve them, and it was framed on the notion that that mysterious body known to politicians as "the people" was not only all-powerful but all-wise, and would, if called upon, be sure to select for every office the sages of the community, and after selecting them to see that they did their duty. This same superstition—for superstition it is—survived the adoption of the New York Constitution for several years, and came near triumphing in the Massachusetts Convention of 1853, where Mr. Boutwell was one of its leading preachers, and establishing an elective judiciary in that State, too, to take the place of a bench which, like that of this State, not only enjoyed complete public confidence, but had made splendid and immortal contributions to the literature of jurisprudence. Massachusetts narrowly escaped from the theorists; New York fell a victim to them, and is now heaping curses not loud but deep on their heads, and has acquired through twenty years of degradation a dread of *à priori* politics which, it is to be hoped, she will never lose.

Now this furnishes an illustration, and a very striking one, of the way in which things may sometimes be, and very often are, all right in the convention and the closet, and all wrong in the street and the court-room, and it is an illustration which comes up to our minds every time we read Mr. Drake's orations on the Georgia question, and which, now that the Fifteenth Amendment is passed, the Republican leaders would do well to take to heart in such further dealings with the South as are still open to it. About the Georgia question we do not propose to say anything further. We are happily saved the necessity of doing so by the course of events. Greater confusion than that in which it is now plunged the firmest opponents of the course Congress has pursued towards the State could not possibly desire to see. Everything has gone wrong; the State is in the hands of political sharpers, and the Senate is plunged in a muddle from which it confesses that it is impossible to extricate itself logically, or indeed in any way except by allowing by-gones to be by-gones. All that now remains for the sane portion of the Republican press to do is to utter, in the light of this example, a word of warning against the fantastical notions of the duty of Congress in the matter of guaranteeing each State "a republican form of government" which have taken possession of a good many minds in both Houses and are now threatening to keep the work of reconstruction for ever undone. By dint of brooding over this phrase of the Constitution, and raving and hearing raving about it, several members have almost worked themselves up into the belief that the term "a republican form of government," as used by the framers of the Constitution, is synonymous with a *perfect state of society*, and that consequently, if any State is the scene of many disorders which have their root in the sentiment of inequality, "a republican form of government" does not exist in it, and Congress is bound to go down there, sword in hand, and set one up. If, for instance, negroes find difficulty in exercising the elective franchise, or getting justice from the courts, or protection from the police, or are denied admission to hotels or railroad cars on the same terms as whites, or if crimes of violence are very numerous and go unwhipped of justice, forthwith a deputation of the local radicals hurries to Washington and presents Senator Drake or Mr. Butler with a list of "outrages," and up jump these gentlemen and demand an enquiry with the view of overturning the State government and either establishing martial law or putting the local minority in possession of the political power. By a republican form of government they evidently mean a democratic government carried on by a community entirely divested of prejudices and especially of prejudices on the subject of color—that is, one of the strongest and most deep-seated of all prejudices—of very industrious habits and very peaceable disposition, and entertaining a profound sense of its own wickedness in carrying on a war which they waged with a vigor which men never show except as the result of extraordinary fervor both of passion and conviction. In short, the state of society which Messrs. Sumner and Drake seem to ask for at the South as a condition of letting the South alone hereafter and leaving it to work out its own salvation, is one which, considering what the South was in 1860 and what has happened in it since then, could not possibly be produced—we say it in all seriousness—except as the result of a special and miraculous interposition on the part of the Almighty. No rational man, possessing any acquaintance with human nature, and with the experience of the human race, could, if he found Southerners in the state of mind Mr. Drake asks for, resist the conclusion that agencies had been at work amongst them totally different from those by which the moral government of the world is usually carried on. No community has ever changed within five years as the South is by some expected to change, and no community could, under similar conditions, possibly do so, we are warranted in believing, without the application of remedies unknown to the human understanding and invisible to the mortal eye. The "repentance," for instance, for which Mr. Drake looks—that is, not only a sense of the folly of the war but a sense of its guilt and shame—of course God Almighty *could* have produced in the hearts of the Southern community since 1865, but, if he had done so, it would have had all the characteristics of a miracle.

If all this is true, the folly of trying to produce the results we all so much desire to see at the South by the process known as "remanding States to military rule" is easy to be seen; and from it the folly of continuing to threaten States already reconstructed with martial law is a plain corollary. If our "military rule" produced peace and order, it is safe to say it would also be at least a great marvel, for there is nothing military about it except the name. It makes no change whatever in the means of protecting life or property, or of punishing crime. When a "Ku-Klux," who has been out in the night murdering negroes or Union men, gets home in the morning, and learns that the Congress has remanded the State to military rule, and that the State legislature is now "provisional," he hears the news with perfect indifference. It subjects him to no surveillance or pursuit to which he was not exposed before; renders the commission of no crime more difficult or its chastisement more certain. It is, in short, simply a form of words written on paper, and yet the Drakes and Butlers have, it is charitable to suppose, succeeded in persuading themselves, and try to persuade others, that they can by the utterance of it deliver Southern society suddenly from throes and convulsions which all we know of the law of human progress warrants us in believing are as natural a consequence of

slavery, the war, and emancipation, as light is of sunrise, or the sprouting of the corn of the fall of the seed.

The attempts to treat peace and good order and the universal diffusion of the sentiment of equality as essential marks of a "republican form of government," and to do for the Southern people, at one stroke, by act of Congress, what nobody but God Almighty has ever done for any other people, and he only by the slow process of individual regeneration, has thus far resulted simply in placing the government of nearly every Southern State in the hands of despicable adventurers, black and white, the continuance of whose rule, were it possible, would, we do not hesitate to say, strike a serious blow at civilization itself. The persistence of the Republican party in threatening to apply this theory to all of them for an indefinite period—or, in other words, to keep an ideal State constantly on hand as a standard, and by it test the claims of the reconstructed States to be let alone—will, of course, result in retarding the material as well as moral development of these States, in still further lowering the political tone of the whole country, and in associating the party in the public mind rather with the abuses which followed the war than with the glories of the war itself.

We do not say that Congress has not, on the whole, acted with the best intentions, and, in most cases, in the manner the circumstances seemed to call for; but then there is no firm ground in politics but experience. Let us learn as we go. Certain evil results of the reconstruction policy which it was perhaps excusable not to foresee, are now plainly visible, and they have shown themselves, luckily, while there is yet time to profit by the spectacle. The South ought now to be dropped by Congress. All that paper and words can do for it has been done. "The republican form of government" Mr. Drake dreams of has thus far never been set up anywhere, and there is every reason to believe that it never will be set up until the establishment of God's kingdom on earth. Some men in Congress—notably Messrs. Trumbull and Schurz in the Senate—have urged all these considerations with a force and clearness which show that the statesmanship of earlier days is not extinct, and that, come what will, the torrent of folly will never find us without strong and manly thinkers to breast it.

THE FUNDING BILL.

For several days past almost every one of the regular Washington despatches to the daily papers has contained the announcement that the Ways and Means Committee was about to begin, had got ready to begin, or had actually begun the consideration of the Funding Bill. On Saturday, according to the New York *Herald*, the Committee ended their "general talk" upon the subject, and on Monday, according to the New York *Times*, took up the bill regularly, with the determination to continue its consideration from day to day until disposed of. We have heretofore refrained from any elaborate consideration of this measure, for the reason that the honorable chairman of the Ways and Means has repeatedly declared that he would allow no other business to come before the House until the Tariff Bill had been disposed of. Since this, at the rate of recent progress with the tariff, would have brought up the Funding Bill some time in 1871, we feared our remarks might grow stale. But now that even Mr. Schenck has grown sick over the tariff, and the *Tribune*, in view of the defeat of the iron interest, thinks the whole bill ought to be recommitted and abandoned; now that "the general talk" on the bill has been ended, that the bill itself is actually taken up for consideration, and that the spasmodic energy of the Committee may at any moment bring the bill before the House for action, it behooves us to express our opinion on the whole subject.

The object of the Funding Bill would be much better understood if the bill were called a bill to secure the borrowing of money by the United States at a lower rate of interest than that which it is now paying. Of the present debt, we may say, in round numbers, 2,000 millions pay coin interest, 1,800 millions at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and 200 millions at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. Of the 1,800 millions, the Treasury may at its own option pay off about 1,200 millions at any time that may suit its convenience. It is these 1,200 millions, on which we are now paying 6 per cent. interest per annum, which the Funding Bill proposes to pay off at once, obtaining the money for the purpose by borrowing a similar amount at 4 or 4½ per cent. per annum; or, what is practically the same thing, the Funding Bill proposes to induce the present holders of our bonds paying 6 per cent. interest to exchange them for a fresh issue of bonds paying 4½ per cent. interest. So palpable is the advantage to be derived by the United States from such an exchange, that it seems almost absurd to question its desirability. Indeed, when the bill was first proposed, it was almost unanimously accepted as eminently desirable, and the principal opposition to it was based upon the belief that the proposed exchange was impracticable, and the proposed method of making it objectionable. It is true that a powerful opposition to the bill was created by the national bank interest, which thought, or pretended to think, itself very unjustly dealt with in one of the sections of the bill. But, as their objection in no way applied to the main principle of the measure, it does not affect our assertion that the measure itself was, and indeed to this moment is, very generally regarded as highly desirable.

The objection to the Funding Bill on the score of its impracticability is this: If we pay off the existing 1,200 millions of 6 per cent. bonds, we must of course pay them in full, one hundred cents on the dollar, as the holders are not obliged to take one cent less. In order to be able to do this we must be well assured that we can sell the new bonds at the same price, at par, or for one hundred cents on the dollar. Unless we are assured of this, we should suffer a loss on the principal of the bond which might more than counterbalance the gain in the interest. Those who maintain the impracticability of the measure point to the fact that the existing 5 per cent. bonds of the United States are now selling in the European markets at a price which, adding the exchange and deducting the accumulated interest, is equal to but little over 92 cents on the dollar; and they say, if our *five* per cent. bonds will not bring more than 92 cents on the dollar now, why should our *four* or *four and a half* per cent. bonds, after the passage of the Funding Bill, suddenly be worth 100 cents on the dollar? This argument we consider totally unanswerable, as far as it goes, but it does not cover the entire ground.

Those who oppose the measure on the score of impracticability say further: so long as the 5 per cent. bonds of European governments like that of Prussia, whose credit is absolutely first-class, like Austria, Russia, sell below par, some of them considerably below par; so long as bank and railroad securities of a character for safety, solvency, and permanence almost exceeding that of any government, and paying higher rates of interest than 5 per cent., sell considerably below par, how can we expect to sell our 4 or 4½ per cent. bonds for a higher price? This question is generally met by triumphantly pointing to the example of England and France, whose securities, at much lower rates of interest, command much higher prices, the English *three* per cent. bonds being actually in cash worth more to-day than those of the United States bearing 5 per cent. interest. To the average American citizen that answer is conclusive. He can see no reason why an American bond bearing 4 per cent. interest should not be worth at least as much as an English bond paying only 3 per cent. He very readily concludes that all that is wanted to induce foreigners to take our 4 per cent. bonds at par is to refuse to pay more; and hence he is easily led to believe that the Funding Bill is the essence of wisdom, and Mr. Boutwell a paragon of financial statesmanship. Now, the truth is, that there can be no exact comparison made whatever between the debt of the United States and the debts of countries like England and France. For the bulk of the debts of those two countries is held, it is true, at home, but it is held in an overwhelming proportion by a comparatively limited number of capitalists, consisting almost entirely of a certain class of society, who hold consols or rentes as an investment for political purposes, certainly from political instincts, and largely from habits arising from both. If, in this country, men like Mr. Astor, Mr. Vanderbilt, and Mr. Stewart believed that their social and political position, importance, and influence depended upon the continuance of a certain form of government, and that the continued existence of that form of government depended largely upon the existence of a national debt, and that the holding of that national debt by them would largely contribute toward its permanent exist-

ence—is it likely that they would invest in that debt any less on account of the low rate of interest?

No words can more strikingly impress upon the reader the character of the English debt in this particular than the following figures:

Population of Great Britain	33,000,000
Amount of national debt	£776,000,000
Number of persons owning the whole debt	260,931
Number of persons owning 44¼ per cent. of the whole debt	195
Amount of British debt held by 195 persons	£349,000,000

When it is added that the number of persons holding any portion of this debt decreases almost regularly every year, while the proportion held by the smaller number increases yearly in almost the same ratio, it must become evident that there are influences at work that tend to maintain the price of English consols which can never, especially abroad, produce a similar result for American securities. The bulk of the English and French debts are held by an aristocracy of rank and an aristocracy of capital from mixed motives, almost regardless of the rate of interest; and in this manner, and by means of sundry legislative enactments (such as the investment of trust funds in consols exclusively), the price of the securities of those two countries is held up in spite of the low rates of annual interest.

The argument that our 4 per cent. bonds would sell at par in Europe, because our credit ought to be as good as that of England and France, once set aside, we revert once more to the fact that our present 5 per cent. bonds are selling considerably below par. Yes, say the friends of the Funding Bill, the reason why foreigners are not willing to take our present 5 per cent. bonds at par is that the United States Government has the right of paying off the present bonds at almost any time. Give them bonds that you agree not to pay off within forty years, and they will take any amount of 5 per cent. bonds at par and a premium. Indeed, it is said that offers from foreign banking-houses in good standing are on file in the Treasury to take 500 millions of the new bonds *above par* if at 5 per cent., and *at par* if at 4½ per cent., or *at par* in equal proportions of a 4, 4½, and 5 per cent. bond, *provided always that the bonds have forty years to run.*

In all the discussions on the Funding Bill, both in Congress and in the press, this proviso has been always unaccountably overlooked or studiously concealed. But it is the gist of the whole measure. Mr. Boutwell in his Funding Bill asks the people of the United States, for the sake of a doubtful saving of 12 millions of dollars a year, to give up the privilege of paying off the debt whenever we choose. For the sake of a doubtful saving of 12 millions a year, we are to forego the privilege of either paying the debt or reducing the rate of interest for forty years. The very eagerness of the buyers ought to make us pause. If it is so great an advantage to them to have the rate of interest fixed for forty years, is it not likely to prove a corresponding disadvantage to us? Suppose the rate of interest in Europe after the next panic, which does not seem far distant, should again for a number of years continue at an extremely low figure, is it not likely that we might borrow then at still better advantage? Why for the sake of a slight saving assume a responsibility extending over such an extraordinary length of time?

There are minor objections to the bill which should not be lost sight of. The propositions to issue bonds payable in the various European currencies, and to establish Government agencies for the payment of the interest abroad, are disliked on the score of dignity by many people. The proposition to pay a commission of one per cent. even, to any one, for carrying out the provisions of the bill is also objectionable, and is another opening for endless jobs. If there are services to be performed in the negotiations of the new loans, let us have open competition, and let the remuneration for those services be included in the terms of the negotiation.

The section relating to the national banks is interesting in a variety of ways. The national banks have on deposit in the United States Treasury, as security for the redemption of their circulation, about 350 millions of bonds. As we have repeatedly pointed out in the *Nation*, the national banks get their full interest on these bonds from the Government, and then get a second full rate of interest from the people on the currency which they issue against the bonds. If there is any one interest in the country which could be justly, legally, and equitably called on to contribute a larger share of its gains than heretofore to the support of the Government, it is the banking interest. If the Funding Bill, or any other bill, had provided that the national banks should hereafter be taxed a sum equal to one per cent. of the interest on all their bonds deposited in the Treasury, and that the said tax should be deducted from the interest at the time of its payment, not a word could have been said against it. But, in order to ensure a seeming success to Mr. Boutwell's scheme, the banks were to be compelled to give up their old bonds, and buy new ones, thus ensuring to the Treasury the expense of printing and issuing the new bonds, and to some one else the commission of one per cent. on the exchange. In this manner, the only good suggestion of the Funding Bill was rendered obnoxious by the suspicious method of carrying it out. This whole section has, however, it is reported, been stricken out in committee, and it is openly declared that it is stricken out at the bidding of "the national bank men," who would not otherwise allow the bill to pass. It should be interesting to the people of the United States—and for this reason solely do we refer to this section of the bill—to notice what sort of a force they have called into existence by the National Bank Act, and what they have to expect from this force in future. It seems to be already accepted in Washington as a political axiom that no measure can pass against the opposition of the national bank interest. If on this occasion they have so far opposed a bad measure, they will be all the more likely on the next occasion to defeat a good one.

THE NEW YORK CHARTER, AND WHAT MAY COME OF IT.

The Democratic party, coming unexpectedly into the full possession of the government of this State this year, found itself burdened with a heavy load of unqualified promises to do away with the "odious commissions" in New York City. The result of its action to this end has been awaited with interest by the whole State, and largely by the country, because it was well known that the system which preceded commissions was at once purely Democratic and miserably inefficient, not to say rotten. There was, also, an uneasy feeling in the minds of Republicans that the commission system contained nothing in itself to prevent its yielding to the decay apparently a necessary consequence of Democratic management; while not a few regarded with suspicion and alarm the abuses to which some of the commissions, in nominally Republican hands, were rapidly yielding.

The session of the Legislature is nearly at an end, and the work of fixing the methods—there would be a spice of irony in speaking of principles in this connection—on which the officials of New York shall proceed is completed. There now remains only the voting of the tax levies—which, by a curious anomaly, are determined at Albany—and the charity bill, which may be regarded, the one solely and the other in part, as merely pay-rolls for the Democratic army in possession. It is possible at this time, then, to answer the question: What has this Legislature done toward solving the important problem of the government of the largest and most composite of American cities, the problem, it may be added, of which the party has besought the people to give it the solution, and the opportunity to solve which was last fall seized by daring and widespread fraud? The answer, which is to be found in the New York charter, is not encouraging. That charter perpetuates whatever was most to be feared in the system of commissions, and totally obliterates all trace of the corrective, of which there was some possibility under the old system. It gives the administration of city affairs into the hands of a number of independent bureaus, with heads consisting of officials from one to five in number, nominated by the present mayor in the first instance, and retiring from power at the rate of one annually in the case of the boards with several members, and only after a long term in the case of Messrs. Tweed and Bradley. The present mayor has exercised the enormous power placed in his hands in a way plainly the result of an agreement with the legislative authors of the charter, giving the most powerful place in the government—the head of the Department of Public Works—to Senator Tweed; the most lucrative, that of chamberlain,

to Mr. Tweed's silent partner and Mr. Sweeney's relative, Senator Bradley, and placing six assemblymen in the various boards. Here, then, are the elements of the commission system which gave most uneasiness actually realized, namely, the establishment by the Legislature of commissions to create and perpetuate power in the hands of legislators, and the arrangement of terms of office in a manner placing the commissioners beyond the reach of everybody interested in their good behavior, except by the difficult and unreliable agency of the courts, which, in this case, can be called upon only by the mayor, and by him only for the extreme offence of malfeasance. Everybody familiar with the relations of New York courts to New York office-holders knows that, as a preventive or corrective of laziness, inefficiency, perversion of powers to personal and political ends, and all that horde of abuses included in the term "jobbery," this remote interference of the courts is worth nothing. It is obvious that the charter only gives a firmer hold to that class of politicians which has gradually taken possession of New York City government, and which hitherto has been actuated mainly by the resolute determination to enrich itself at the public expense. But it is noteworthy that the victory which ended a long struggle for the spoils between two sections of this class was finally purchased by co-operation with the Republican members of the Legislature. The price of this co-operation was ostensibly the passage of a stringent election law, and really the retention in office of the present Board of Police, and the nomination to place of a certain number of Republican aspirants. This fact, of the existence of which there can be no doubt, is ominous to the immediate future of New York. A politician's bargain, in which the consideration on one side compromises the administration of the police—in whose firmness, independence, and *esprit de corps* lies, now that the courts are so largely invaded by corruption, almost the sole hope of safety for person and in great part of property—cannot be regarded as other than a calamity to the city. Whatever efficiency may be gained in the departments of the city government concerned with the care of the streets, the public works, the wharves and buildings, consequent on the more intimate and permanent association of really capable, even if corrupt, men with their administration, the Police Department has received what may well be nearly a fatal blow. When we remember that the present Police Board, which under the new charter is continued in office, appointed the election officers and officers of registry guilty of the acknowledged frauds of last autumn, and that, since the Democratic triumph then and there secured, the Board has allowed the excise law, previously enforced to a considerable degree, to become a dead letter, and has further admitted a steadily increasing laxness of discipline in the police force, this last combination with the Ring justifies the gravest apprehension.

There are to be observed, however, in this matter two tendencies of public opinion, one in that of the country, and the other in that of the city, affording some prospect of remedying not only the evils the city has long suffered under, but those threatened by the new arrangement of the politicians' cards. The tendency in the opinion of the country is to leave New York to herself; the tendency in the city is toward a centralization of power in an executive elected for a moderate term, whom, in case the city is left to itself, the voters can call to some intelligible account. The feeling referred to in the country was made very evident by the proposition made by Mr. Littlejohn, of Oswego, and supported by Mr. Alvord, of Syracuse, the two most prominent rural Republicans of the Legislature, that the taxes of New York should no longer be voted in the Legislature, and the same feeling has prevailed in numerous debates this winter. The country members are in despair of ever coping successfully with New York politics or New York politicians, and regard the attempt made by commissions in 1857 as at best only temporarily successful and ripe now for abandonment. They are, moreover, hopeless of contending effectually with the vast means of influence and corruption the introduction of New York City government gives to the New York leaders, and they desire in pure self-defence to reduce these latter to somewhere near a level with legislators owning responsibility to constituencies, and liable to interference therefrom. In the city, the tendency corresponding to the one observed in the country is evinced in the tone of the discussion of the charter by the New York press—notably by the *Post*, and in part by the *World* and the *Sun*, which have recently treated their readers to some very refreshing and cogent reasoning on the methods of securing actual responsibility in officials. And though the gentlemen of the Union League Club and those of the Citizens' Association have made a rather confusing official statement of their views of city government, there is a strong sentiment in the community, that with anything like a fair chance it could put down and keep down its own dangerous classes. If the State government should return to the Republicans next year, as is generally expected by Republican managers, we need not be surprised to see an attempt made, in spite of its inconsistency with this year's Republican action, to frame a charter that will give effect to this sentiment. Such an attempt within a few years is almost certain.

GOING TO EUROPE.

The prodigious rate at which the passenger traffic between this country and Europe is increasing, and which seems to afford employment to as many steamers as capitalists choose to run, is doubtless mainly due to the growth of wealth and population. It, however, also indicates, beyond question, increasing restlessness on the part of all that portion of the American population which is not tied to one spot all the year round by stern necessity. In the early part of the century, when the visitors to Europe were few and far between, the trip was generally credited with a mysterious influence on the mind and character, and gave those who made it a social and intellectual pre-eminence which lasted the greater part of their lives. The belief in this has, of course, died out before the now multitudinous examples of persons who have gone to Europe without being in the slightest degree improved by it; but the passion for Europe is in no wise abated. In fact, it seems to grow with the growth of the country. There is now no capital in Europe, and indeed no resort of pleasure-seekers, in which the Americans do not either outnumber all other travellers, or are not rapidly gaining on them; a curious illustration of which is to be found in the gradual appearance in European light literature of a variety of American types. When the American first showed himself in European books of travel, "wayside sketches," "wanderings," and "rambles," and in novels with Continental scenery, he was all but invariably Sam Slick himself, with as much retouching as to clothes as might make his appearance among the author's acquaintances not wildly improbable. He was shrewd and good-natured, and not unfrequently played a subordinate but still important part in helping the hero out of bad scrapes, and furnished "humor" to the work in slangy comments on what he saw around him, the flavor of which was mainly drawn from his all but savage ignorance of the usages of civilized life. He furnished the materials for a great many amusing anecdotes, too, by his mistakes in churches and pictures galleries, and by his ignorance of foreign languages, French being the tongue in which he did most of his blundering, and the interest of the reader in him was kept up by the suspicion, which the writer generally suggested in a vague way, that he might at any moment commit a murder, if crossed or excited.

Now, however, we find growing evidence of the increased familiarity of Europe with him in the disappearance of Slick and the substitution of three or four varieties, who may be classed as the Cultivated American—who is almost always set down as an Englishman, and only found out by accident or his own confession; the Militia "General," a good sort of man, with his wife and two daughters, whom he is apt to be accused of calling "his gals," and whose behavior in picture galleries and cathedrals is of the most ludicrous description; and the Boastful Yankee, who is usually painted as an impudent and inquisitive monster, and almost invariably follows dry-goods as his calling. Another curious and somewhat comic illustration of the growing strength, if not predominance, of the Americans in Continental resorts is that, in our literature of travel, such as books and letters to the newspapers, we begin to use against the English the old stories the English used to tell about us. In our accounts of our wanderings nowadays, the man who makes people laugh by his bad French, and never heard of Michael Angelo, and whose ridiculous daughters are the talk of the hotel, is almost invariably an Englishman, while the man who rescues him out of his difficulties, settles the dispute between him and the landlord, or prevents the gens d'armes from taking him into custody, who overhears his silly speeches in St. Peter's, and whose charming daughters fascinate the Roman prince, is apt to be an American.

In nine cases out of ten, when people go Europe, it is "for the sake of

the girls," and, as might naturally be expected, "the girls" play a very prominent part in whatever impression America is now making on the European mind. American men, whom circumstances do not allow to go immediately after leaving college and before settling down into business, rarely go till hard work and advancing years have weakened their capacity for enjoyment, and swept away the delightful haze through which youth sees all things, which to the young man makes every foreign country, the first time he enters it, a garden of delight. The consequence is, that the American father of a family is rarely found in Europe except on business, or when seeking to escape paralysis or softening of the brain by a complete break with his ordinary avocations, or when going in charge of his wife and daughters. It is the ladies of the party, therefore, who do most to make its reputation, and leave its imprint on the foreign mind. The daughters are just at the age to enjoy the trip thoroughly, and they and their mother have in common a passion which in the female breast age does little or nothing to assuage, and which the conditions of American life do something to repress, but which nothing can extinguish, and on which Europe acts like pitch on a smouldering fire—the passion for dress. The consequence is that, partly through inability to restrain themselves, and partly through ignorance of European manners, and partly through perfectly legitimate differences of manners, they have succeeded in diffusing through Europe some very unpleasant and, let us add, very false impressions of American society. If there be one canon of domestic discipline which Europeans hold more sacred than another, it is that which relegates young girls if not to seclusion from society at least to abstinence from any active or conspicuous share in carrying it on, and, above all, from anything either in dress or behavior calculated to attract attention to them. The work of society is done by married women; for them are reserved the choicest of finery, such as diamonds and Cashmere shawls; the business of the girls is to be simple, unpretending, and unobtrusive, both in clothes and demeanor. Consequently, the appearance of American girls, not only as well but often better and more showily dressed than their mothers, produces most injurious speculations either as to their own character or as to the character of the family in which they have been bred, and indeed with regard to their whole moral and social surroundings. The freedom of their intercourse with young men, too, quite natural and quite harmless here, where the men understand it, leads to some most extraordinary views as to the condition of American morals, and has given rise to some appalling mistakes. When we add to this that a great many American women walk in the street, both at home and abroad, in clothes which European women never think of wearing except when riding in carriages, it is easy to understand the amount of sensation, as well as observation, which American travellers in Europe are exciting. And the effect of the activity and eagerness and enterprise of the women is heightened by contrast with the languor of the paterfamilias, whose nerves have been broken by years of hard work, and whose thoughts are far away in the books of the Killmequick Central, or hovering over certain unimproved lots in the rising city of Alkaliville, Sonora Territory.

But then, it has to be confessed that, whenever an occasion presents itself when fine dressing is "in order," as they say at public meetings, the American women outdo everybody. There are no better eyes for color than theirs, and they have taste as to the fashion of garments which puts the most pampered Continental dressmaker on his mettle, and, along with the features and complexion, makes them easily triumphant in all ball-rooms. They have, consequently, one title to distinction which everywhere inspires respect. No woman in society ever in her secret heart thought meanly of another woman who was really well dressed, and the result is that the American women have, on the Continent, crushed the Englishwomen in such circles as they both get into, which, it ought to be added, are not always the best. The latter are now, as to their clothes, objects of pity and forbearance, and will probably never regain their old position in Continental drawing-rooms without the aid either of a bounty or a drawback from their government.

The influence of American travellers, too, is increased by the fact that they are looked on as the coming man and the coming woman. The idea is taking deep root all over the Continent that the whole civilized world is to be rapidly "Americanized," and we are sorry to say that to the best European minds the prospect is not altogether pleasing. Few Frenchmen or Germans would like to see their daughters as American girls are, but they confess sorrowfully that such they suppose their daughters will one day be—loud, fast, overdressed, a little slangy, and bold, and independent, and self-indulgent. Such "the girl of the period" is indeed getting to be already in many parts of Europe. Curiously enough, too, the radical journalists in Paris justify their blackguard abuse of each other and of their enemies by pointing to the American newspapers, which they say are examples of what democratic papers ought to be; and M. Mazade, in a recent number of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, rebukes the whole fraternity for carrying revolvers in their pockets on the pretext that this is the American custom.

The American travellers of whom most is seen and heard are of small advantage to Europe, and Europe is of small advantage to them. The interchange of benefits takes place through books and the intercourse of quiet students, of whom there is, luckily, yearly a greater and greater number; but it is questionable whether, just at this stage, the attractions which European travel offers to all who can afford it are not, on the whole, injurious to American society. They unquestionably increase the restlessness, the absence of the sense of fixity and repose, which is the bane of American life, and they draw off every year, and for long periods, along with a good deal of trash, a great many people who have just reached the position in which they would be invaluable as instruments for the promotion of culture, and taste, and refinement. The civilization of a country which the men of fortune and leisure are tempted to leave frequently for long periods must always suffer more or less, and the extent to which we suffer from it is an additional reason for hurrying on the creation of counter-attractions at home; and, happily, whatever promotes the cultivation of art and literature is likely to furnish them.

Correspondence.

THE CINCINNATI LESSON.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It appears that, after all, the newly-elected Board of Education in Cincinnati is pledged to suppress the reading of the Bible and all other religious exercises in the public schools. This result might have been foreseen from the decision of the Superior Court of Cincinnati in February last, granting a perpetual injunction to restrain the Board of Education from prohibiting the reading of the Bible in the schools; the effect of this injunction being to enforce religious teaching by the authority of the State. The following has been the standing rule of the School Board: "The opening exercises in every department shall commence by reading a portion of the Bible by, or under the direction of, the teacher, and appropriate singing by the pupils. The pupils of the common schools may read such version of the sacred Scriptures as their parents or guardians may prefer; provided that such preference of any version, except the one now in use, be communicated by the parents or guardians to the principal teachers, and that no notes or marginal readings be allowed in the schools, or comments made by the teachers on the text of any version that is, or may be, introduced." To this rule was appended, in 1842, the proviso "that no pupil of the common schools be required to read the Testament or Bible, if his parent or guardian desire that he may be excused from that exercise." It is alleged, however, that this clause has been practically null, and that the children in the schools, without exception, have been required to attend upon the opening religious exercises.

In November, 1869, the Board of Education voted to repeal the regulation quoted above concerning the opening exercises of the schools. At the same time they passed the following resolution declaratory of their purpose in repealing the rule:

Resolved, That religious instruction, and the reading of religious books, including the Holy Bible, are prohibited in the common schools of Cincinnati, it being the true object and intent of this rule to allow the children of parents of all sects and opinions, in matters of faith and worship, to enjoy alike the benefit of the common-school fund."

Several citizens united in a petition to the Superior Court for an injunction restraining the Board of Education from putting this resolution in operation, and the Court granted the injunction, and thus raised the issue which was carried into the charter election. The triumph of the plaintiffs, who put themselves forward as "friends of the Bible," was doomed to be short-lived; it has resulted in dragging the sacred book of Christianity into the arena of political strife, and there subjecting it to the indignity and contempt of a popular rejection. Its friends should have remembered the saying of Christ about casting pearls before swine. It is easy to predict that a like result would follow the injudicious expedient of submitting the Bible to a popular vote, in almost every large city in the land; and in this view the lesson in Cincinnati is full of significance.

Two mistakes were made by the Bible advocates in that case, which all who desire to preserve for Christianity its conceded influence over

public opinion and legislation should avoid in future. The first is that of confounding Christian influence in, and upon, the state with legislation by the state avowedly in the interest of Christianity, by its authority as a religion, and for the support of that authority in the community. The power of Christianity to affect the state for good depends upon its adhering to the line of its Founder, as "a kingdom not of this world." As a subtle, unorganized influence, by its ethical and spiritual principles, Christianity may pervade every department of society—the family, the school, the state—and so make a nation Christian in spirit, tone, customs, laws, without once attempting to formulate itself into the civil code. It may thus enter almost unchallenged into the whole constitution of society. But whenever the attempt is made to embody its precepts in specific laws, or to compel a regard for Christianity by legislation, then the secular arm is invoked to do what belongs only to spiritual agencies, and a religion whose beauty and strength lie in its appeals to the intelligence and the affections is placed in the false attitude of coercion by physical means. No Christian's faith can oblige him to secure its ascendency by false methods of enforcement.

The other mistake at Cincinnati was that of subjecting religion to the test of majorities. The advocates of Bible-reading in the schools have fallen into this dangerous fallacy: they argue for the religion of the majority, the consciences of the majority, the text-book of the majority. Leaving out of view the fact that religious faith and conviction can never be a question of majorities, but must rest with the conscience of the individual, it is dangerous to put the argument for a religion where the fluctuations of a popular vote may subvert it at the next election. If we would preserve our common schools from Roman Catholic control, and all sectarian perversion, we must be careful not to use the temporary advantage of a local majority to enforce upon Jews, Romanists, and Rationalists the reading of King James's Version as a religious ceremony for opening the school. Besides, this bringing the Bible question to the polls is a dangerous precedent of religious strife as an element in political contests. Nothing would so embitter politics as the animosities of religion; and to transfer these to the field of political action is to prepare for the next generation a war of creeds more fierce and deadly than the war of States.

J. P. T.

April 23, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

In announcing recently Dr. Hall's forthcoming work on "Sleep, or the Hygiene of the Night" (New York: Hurd & Houghton), we inadvertently allowed the word "Soap" to pass for "Sleep." We can only account for this oversight by supposing that we must have been thinking of the hygiene of the day.——Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. publish shortly "A Marriage in High Life," by Mrs. Grey; and "The Christmas Guest, and Other Stories," partly by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, and partly by her sister, Mrs. F. H. Baden.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are preparing to remove from their present location to No. 25 Bond Street, and will, by re-enforcing the publishers now grouped in that neighborhood, add greatly to the convenience of the book-buying public, as well as of the trade. Their departure from Broome Street leaves the Messrs. Appleton the only publishers on the west of Broadway.——Messrs. Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co. will offer for sale, during the week beginning Monday, May 16, a very large collection of books and pamphlets, relating chiefly to America. A cursory examination of the catalogue, which lacks clearness of arrangement, leads us to think that this collection is calculated to supply deficiencies in our public rather than in private libraries, and in some departments to be among the best of its kind for this purpose. We have particularly in mind the pamphlets relating to slavery and the anti-slavery agitation in this country, which we are not aware that any library has seriously set itself to procure, and which are here entered in considerable numbers, though very far from being complete. The other most valuable "line" seems to us the town histories, which are unusually well represented, and are accompanied by tolerably full sets of election, thanksgiving, and fast-day sermons, and Fourth of July orations, and by the publications of historical and antiquarian societies. The Indians have also received a fair share of the collector's attention, and there are also Lincolniana, rebellion pamphlets, etc., etc. The catalogue sells for one dollar, and will repay the purchaser.

—The New York Genealogical and Biographical Society has, since our mention of it in January, being growing in numbers and prosperity, and for the Bulletin which it then issued has substituted a quarterly Record, beginning with the year, at the subscription price of one dollar. This publication, at present small, will be enlarged as the means of the Society permit, and already promises great usefulness in its chosen field. Not only is it not the aim of the society to confine its biographical and genealogical researches to the State of New York, but such a restriction would be impossible; and accordingly any one who is interested in this sort of knowledge, whether a resident of this State or not, will be more than likely to profit from the reading of the Record. The number which bears date of January, though just issued, contains notices of recent genealogies which have been published in Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, and Illinois; and announces similar works and local histories in preparation relating to ten different States directly and of course to many more indirectly. Besides these, it gives the genealogy of Major-General Philip Schuyler; a list (to be continued) of New York marriage licenses in 1702, 1703, etc.; and the "Tangier" Smith records, also to be continued, and now first printed from the manuscript, which covers the period 1675—1763. This is a sufficiently varied and catholic table of contents, and should attract the desired support to the society. Persons wishing to subscribe to the Record should address the Publication Committee, at Mott Memorial Hall, 64 Madison Avenue.

—Not long ago we gave some account of Walker's "History of Athens County, Ohio," in the Ohio Valley Historical Series. That work treated of the earliest settlement of the State, by New England men, who carried with them New England's ideas and virtues. Since then there has appeared, in continuation of the same series, a history of Butler County, by the late James McBride, in the form of "Pioneer Biography" (Vol. I., Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati). These sketches, seven in all, describe a different breed of men—all but one, the author included, being of Scotch-Irish origin or descent, and transplanted from the southern frontier of Pennsylvania to Ohio. Several of them served in the Continental armies during the Revolution, and almost all were engaged for a longer or shorter period in Indian warfare. They were also men who were selected for the posts of trust and honor in the growing State, and the length of their terms of office is in gratifying or else melancholy contrast with the short and precarious tenure of our day. John Reily "watched over the financial affairs of the county with such wisdom and success that at no time were county orders at a discount, nor did it become necessary to contract an onerous debt, or subject the people to unreasonable taxes;" and John Woods, as State auditor, "by his courage, industry, and perseverance" saved Ohio "from repudiation, bankruptcy, and ruin." This is not the stock out of which they make State treasurers nowadays in Pennsylvania. If Athens County had the first Western university, Butler was not far behind with its Miami University, whose prosperity far exceeds that of its predecessor. Several of these pioneers were trustees of the institution. Athens County must even surrender the claim, asserted for it by Mr. Walker, of having formed the first public library in the North-west; for the "Coon-skin Library" was not thought of till 1803, and already, in the year previous, Mr. Reily was one of the shareholders who founded the "Cincinnati Library." These biographies, it ought to be stated, are by no means confined in their relations to Butler County, but add much to our knowledge of Revolutionary engagements, of the colonization of the Ohio valley both north and south of the river, of the war of 1812, and even (following the descendants of the pioneers) of the late rebellion. They may be read, therefore, with a great deal of pleasure and solid profit by the present generation, and will long be prized for their genealogies.

—Till now the shade of old Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, might have reposed in tolerable peace, in spite of the freedmen's schools dotting here and there the once schoolless commonwealth. But at last there comes an end to thanking God that there are no free schools in Virginia, and one may read the "Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction," dated Richmond, March 28, 1870. Mr. Ruffner had, under the Constitution, but thirty days in which to prepare this report, which is little else than a rapid justification of the free-school system, followed by an outline plan of public instruction, and a provisional plan for introducing the system into the State. There is no reference to color in any of these provisions, and we should hope that the good sense of the whites, aided by the rapid diminution in the colored population, from causes to which we have already alluded, would determine the establishment of mixed rather than of separate schools. At the same time, education is the great desideratum, and the mode of getting it should be regarded as secondary, provided the

burdens are equally distributed. Mr. Hoar's bill for gently coercing the States that have made no provision for common schools will not be called up till the December session of Congress; and, in the meantime, the more States that, like Virginia, take themselves voluntarily out of its application, the better it will be for all parties. The late war, it has often been said, was a common-school conquest for the North; and as a sign and, as it were, an official certificate of this beneficent subjugation, a first report like this from Virginia may in time become a curiosity for which librarians and collectors will contend.

—A telegraph company in Philadelphia has been recently organized on the industrial partnership plan, by what seems a very natural application of the principle. It is one of the signs of the progress which co-operation, in one form or another, is making in this country, where, however, there cannot be said to be any enthusiasm in regard to it, nor any natural leader or leaders. Statistics are almost wholly wanting as to the actual extent of co-operation, and the practical success of it, and as to the points of difference between our associations and those of the Old World. A few persons, not workingmen, are interested in furthering the movement by legislation, but, as they do not approach our law-makers with a clamorous constituency at their backs, they either meet with no encouragement or are silenced by the demands of the lobby, whose business is to oppose all legislation that does not pay for itself. Lately, Mr. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, who is constantly addressing the public on behalf of cheap homes for workingmen and kindred objects, appeared with others before the Massachusetts Legislature to procure a law incorporating "people's banks," after the familiar German pattern. The petitioners brought with them some translations from Schulze-Delitzsch, by Mr. S. M. Quincy, which the latter has since published in pamphlet form, through Little, Brown & Co. While his motive is in every way praiseworthy, and he has perhaps given, if not what a legislative committee needed, all that it would probably pay attention to, we cannot consider his work well suited as an introduction to his subject for general circulation. The practical knowledge is much better conveyed in the only good chapter of Samuelson's little book on the German workingman. Mr. Quincy announces that he is preparing an abridged translation of Schulze's larger work, "Advance and Credit Societies as People's Banks—Practical Instructions for their Foundation and Management." We suggest that he should add to it some general discussion, with a view to the altered circumstances and needs of this country, and should exercise a little more care in the translation. In the pamphlet before us the word "Delitzsch" is uniformly spelt "Delisch"—a liberty which usage has not sanctioned in the case of this patrial.

—It is, perhaps, not fair to ask everything of the Ollivier ministry—at least all at once. There may be good reasons why the French troops should not be withdrawn from Rome immediately; there are probably bad reasons why the freedom of the press is still as much restricted and under penalty as it is. Politicians, too, without grievances, would in a measure find their occupation gone; and their case seems to us less hard, all things considered, than that of the *littérateurs* and students who continue to be shut out from the national archives. Their discontent has recently found a fresh expression in the *Moniteur Universel* of March 7, in an article headed "The Rights of History." What is especially humiliating is that the diplomatic archives are closed only to Frenchmen, and are thrown open to well-accredited students from other countries, through their representatives at the French court. A more galling discrimination could hardly be invented, or a more senseless. It makes no difference what the period under investigation may be—and an interdiction of a half or even a whole century could be defended on grounds of public as well as dynastic policy—the explorer, if a Frenchman, must always encounter the veto of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Sometimes, to be sure, he will find in the Imperial Library duplicates or even the original of important documents; or at the War-Office he will have a liberty of research which might be as properly withheld, and on the same grounds, as at the Office of the Rolls. But this inconsistency only serves to aggravate the odious regulation. The result has been, for the Government itself, a cessation of the great work undertaken by the July Government—"Documents inédits sur l'Histoire de France"—for which has been substituted the Correspondence of Napoleon I., which, of course, is not to be underrated in value, in spite of mutilations and omissions, but might have been carried on with the other enterprise. After twenty years, complains the *Moniteur*, the Correspondence of Richelieu is but just completed, Mazarin's is but just commenced, while the "History of the Third Estate" is well-nigh abandoned, as likewise the "Diplomatic Negotiations" relating to the Spanish succession.

— We referred the other day to Garnier's "Historic Nomenclature of the Department of the Côte d'Or," and may now mention two works of a kindred nature. One is "Recherches sur l'Origine des Gaulois," by the late G. Lévêque, which, however, touches our subject, and that not too learnedly, only in its second chapter, which gives a glossary of the Gallic words cited by Greek and Roman writers. The author, had his philological training equalled his industry, might have accomplished something better worth preserving. Nevertheless, his glossary may furnish a basis for the speculations of others. A work of first-rate merit, in chapters, however, without strict connection, is Robert Mowat's studies in comparative onomatology, "Noms propres anciens et modernes." One of the essays treats of the African element in Latin names; another, of phonetic decay (*déformation*) in proper names. In due time we are to have a much more elaborate work, for which this is but the introduction.

— The Société Bibliographique has resolved upon an undertaking of the utmost importance to the students of history. This is the publication of a "Repertory of Historical Sources of the Middle Ages," in the form of a dictionary, to contain: the names of authors and of anonymous works on the history of the Middle Ages; critical lists of the productions of the former; exact indications of all their known manuscripts, editions, and translations, of special works of reference, etc. Moreover, under the name of each country or important town will be set down the principal works relating to its history; and such general names as Council, Saint, Pope, Patriarch, and the like, will be illustrated by chronological tables much to be desired, and calculated to shed a deal of light on out-of-the-way investigations. The work will make a solid octavo, in two columns, to appear in four parts, and will cost twenty francs.

—There is one of the many services of Montalembert to his age which especially deserves to be recalled when his name is mentioned by posterity. It is, too, one not needing to be reconciled with his devotion to a church and an institution which civilization has outgrown. We refer to the grand results wrought by his work entitled "Le Catholicisme et le Vandalisme dans l'Art." This powerful defence of mediæval art against the neglect and defilement to which it was subjected, in the days when Notre Dame was fast going to ruin from dirt, decay, and shocking architectural anachronisms, opened a new era in the study of art and in church-building in France. Its first visible effect, after arresting the spirit of destructiveness, was in the scientific restoration of the great cathedral in perfect accord with the original design. "Viollet-le-Duc," says M. Léon Gautier, "was possible only after Montalembert." To be just, however, we must admit Victor Hugo to a share in this honor, for the influence exercised by his "Notre Dame de Paris." "All the archæologic movement of our time," says the writer just quoted, "has proceeded from these two books," and their authors, although preceded by Chateaubriand, "none the less may be called the sole founders of Christian art in this century." On no other plane have Montalembert and Hugo met since then. They met on this from such opposite motives, with such opposite feelings towards the Church and the Papacy, that their accidental conjunction is one of the most singular in history.

—We have referred elsewhere to Von Mohl's discussion of the Civil Service, but we may here call attention to another work of some value: "Des Offices considérés au point de vue des Transactions Privées et des Intérêts de l'État," by Eugène Durand. This is a prize essay, published in Paris in 1863. Its main business is to examine the title of such "offices" as are still bought and sold in France. These are the places of advocates of the court of cassation, of attorneys, of clerks and tipstaffs, of brokers and of appraisers. Of course, the technical parts of the book have no application here, where there is at least, so far as the Government is concerned, absolute free trade in all private employments. But the clever and very learned essay on the history of the sale of offices in Rome and in France has a special interest for the reformers here. Much of the mischief commented on by classical authors—and Durand cites most apt illustrations from Cicero, Lucan, Seneca, Quinctilian, Suetonius, Ammianus Marcellinus, and from the Corpus Juris—can be likened to nothing so much as the daily evils of our own political corruption. It is well to find that there are well-known examples of the lasting injury done by making offices the reward of political partisanship, covered by the shadow of years, and yet far more tolerable than the abuses which have grown up to be a recognized part of our own public life. The universal condemnation of our own faulty system passes too often unheeded, because both those who scold and those who are to blame do not think of the consequences. Yet the fall of the Roman Empire and the outbreak of the French Revolu-

tion are, in no small degree, attributable to the deep wounds inflicted by just such abuses of the right and power of political appointments as we are daily witnessing.

—There has lately appeared the second part of the "Diario Privato-politico-militare dell' Ammiraglio C. di Persano nella Campagna Navale delli anni 1860 e 1861," which continues to be a very important contribution to the history of Italian unity as won in our day. The first part was fuller, perhaps, of novel information, as being nearer to the inception of the plan by which the Italian government was to encourage and provoke revolution, without compromising itself and the national cause by too open intervention. The second part, however, is of use in confirming what has heretofore transpired. It covers the period from the 4th of August to the 11th of September, inclusive, in which time Garibaldi, having overrun Sicily, crossed over to the peninsula and began his march on Naples. Admiral Persano adheres to his original method of simple and brief narration, day by day, intercalated with official letters, proclamations, manifestoes, etc., many of which appear for the first time in print. Count Cavour's attitude at this crisis, his forethought and far-reaching designs, are brought into strong relief in his communications to the admiral. The latter's motive, it is conjectured, in publishing this diary is to overcome the odium attached to him by his defeat in 1866, at Lissa, by recalling his faithful and able services in the birth-struggle of the kingdom.

LIFE OF GIBSON, THE SCULPTOR.*

WHOEVER wishes to see the record of a perfectly happy life may find it in this volume. Gibson was perfectly happy at least, if a man could be happy or unhappy who could scarcely be said to share the lot or to experience the ordinary pains and pleasures of humanity. He was a born artist, and lived absolutely in his calling. To take refuge in art and its truth from all the troubles and doubts of the age, the precept of Goethe, would have been completely fulfilled by Gibson, if Gibson had ever been outside the sanctuary of art, or experienced any of the doubts or troubles. But for him, from his cradle to his grave, his study was the world, and the only real questions were questions of art.

He was the son of poor parents, who lived at Conway, in North Wales, and spoke Welsh; though, as Gibson is not a Welsh name, its bearer was probably a descendant of the colony planted here, as well as in the other fortress towns founded in Wales by Edward I. The sculptor was very near being an American, for, when he was nine years old, his parents determined to emigrate to America, and went to Liverpool with the intention of embarking, but, on seeing the ships, his mother's heart failed her, and the family settled down in Liverpool. The instinct of art was, from the first, strong in the child. He drew natural objects, but, as he says, he drew not from the object itself, but from memory, after having thoroughly impressed the object on his mind—a symptom, perhaps, of that tendency to the pure ideal of form which determines an artist's nature to sculpture rather than to the other arts. At school he drew in lesson hours, and received tokens of his master's want of æsthetic sympathy which seem to have left a profound impression on his mind. Apprenticed, through the poverty of his parents, to a cabinetmaker, he persuaded his master so far to mitigate his lot as to employ him on the ornamentation of furniture, and soon, the heaven of art having been opened to him by an introduction to some marble-works, his soul decisively rose against the bondage of cabinetmaking, and, to use his own words, he "fell upon a plan of emancipating himself." The plan was simply that of refusing to work for the cabinetmaker, and, when his master scolded him, declaring that he had no defence, and that he was ready to serve out the remaining years of his apprenticeship in prison. With a martyr so meek and so inflexible there was nothing to be done, whether by a Roman magistrate or by a cabinetmaker. He ceased to ornament furniture, and, being received into the marble-works, became a sculptor. Without pretending to assign to the author of the "Hunter" and the "Venus" his exact rank in his art, it may be safely said that the voice in his breast which bade him make no more cabinets was that of nature, and that this young Welshman, as well as the sculptor of the Parthenon, saw ideal beauty, and felt in himself the power of giving it shape. His gift was not only real, but in a singular degree special. He seems to have been utterly devoid of a taste for painting. He actually stood before a completely finished picture of Turner, and complimented the painter on having made a "very fine beginning." The force of ignorance could no further go. Lady Eastlake also tells us that he had no feeling for natural scenery, and that he was too honest to feign it.

In his twenty-seventh year he was enabled, by the help of his friends, to go to Rome. Chantry disapproved of the step, as did other advisers; but Gibson had dreamt a dream of an eagle, soaring with him on its wings, and setting him down in the Eternal City. He was most generously welcomed by Canova, and admitted to that master's studio. Many years afterwards, he writes of their first long interview:

"I need not say that this interview delighted me, while his gentle manners, his deep, sonorous voice, and his very finely formed features, made an impression on me which time has never lessened. Dear, generous master! I see you before me now; I hear your soft Venetian dialect, and your kindly words inspiring my efforts and gently correcting my defects. Yes, my heart still swells with grateful recollection of you."

At Rome the remaining forty-eight years of his life were passed, so that his fame, whatever it may be, really belongs more to Rome than to his own country. His existence was that of a monk of the studio. He seems to have almost lost all power of dealing with the outer world, and he incurred the imputation of avarice, while he was, in fact, exceedingly generous, simply by his ignorance of the purchasing power of money. He was wholly unfit to take care of himself. Just able to travel with a vetturino, on railroads he was utterly lost. His friends might start him with the right ticket, but he was always getting out at the wrong place. Bound for Chichester, he gets out at Portsmouth, and insists on being taken to the cathedral. On another occasion, he gets out at a little wayside station, merely because he sees other people getting out; and the train at once going off with his baggage, he pours out his grief and bewilderment to a policeman, who asks him whether he is a foreigner. He replies that he is a sculptor, whereupon the policeman, whose father had worked under Flaxman, becomes "no longer so sharp and laconic." In his later years he enjoyed the supreme good fortune of having, as his pupil and protector, Miss Hosmer, to whom he was in art what Canova had been to him; while the "shrewd, racy, transatlantic young lady" helped out of scrapes the teacher whose serene simplicity and guilelessness she at once profoundly respected and keenly relished. They were on a tour together in Switzerland, and Gibson had three pieces of baggage, which Miss Hosmer looked after. She observed that, to the end of the journey, one of the three was never opened; and, on asking why he had taken it with him, and given her the trouble of looking after it, "The Greeks had a great respect for the number three—yes, the Greeks—for the number three"—was all the explanation she ever obtained. The mightiest of all instincts, as Macaulay calls it, seems barely to have been awakened from its repose in the sculptor's heart. Something there was about a bit of temptation at Liverpool which "glided round him," but he was never seriously in love. A woman might as well have married a merman.

Once the world without made such a noise, and so close to the sculptor's studio, that he could not help turning from his work to look at it. It was the Roman Revolution going by.

"The 15th of March was a day new, extraordinary, and memorable for the Romans. The long-expected Constitution of Pio Nono appeared upon the walls. In the afternoon the people and the National Guard went by thousands and thousands to the Quirinal, to thank the Pope, the first proclaimer of Italian liberty. The National Guard are beautifully, yet simply dressed. The costume was designed by Canevari. But why dress infantry with helmet and red horsehair, and with the short, straight, antique sword. The answer is, that they may be as much as possible like the antique Romans. When all were assembled, the Pope came to the balcony. There stood the splendidly-robed Pontiff—the truly pious and just—the champion of liberty. The rays of that sun which has witnessed the thousand vicissitudes of the Eternal City fell upon his Holiness with glowing brightness. The shout of 'Viva Pio Nono!' from the emancipated Romans was sublime. He then gave a prayer, to which all responded, and the voice of the multitude fell on my ears like the voice of the disturbed ocean restored to tranquillity. He made no speech, but gave the benediction, when the people rose again, and the 'vivas' were deafening. The compact battalions of the National Guard were splendid, and their arms glittered like a forest of sparkling glass and gold, for every man raised his brass helmet up on his bayonet, and the numerous standards, with golden eagles, waved to and fro. Above them were the majestic statues of Castor and Pollux, while the parting rays of the setting sun fell softly upon the affecting scene."

It is impossible to imagine a more grotesque union, or one more sure to result in a speedy divorce, than this between the mediæval Papacy, personified by Pio Nono, and classical republicanism symbolized by the Roman swords and helmets and the eagles. Other scenes soon followed:

"One day, when I was working in my studio, two English friends entered, and said, 'Have you heard the news?' I said, 'My man tells me

* "Life of John Gibson, R.A., Sculptor. Edited by Lady Eastlake." London: Longmans.

that Count Rossi has been assassinated, but I can't believe it.' Then they said, 'Put on your coat and come with us.' I did so, and went with them to the Corso, where we found every house on each side with flags and tapestry, purple and gold, displayed in token of rejoicing at the horrid event which had just taken place. In the evening of that day insulting songs were sung under the window of the widow, who was that night conveyed, in a private carriage of the Pope's, to Civita Vecchia."

Then Garibaldi enters Rome, and the artist is struck with his figure. "He is quite young, and I have seldom seen a more beautiful head; his profile is like a statue." All eyes are turned on him, particularly those of the ladies. "As he is beautiful, *lawless*, and brave, he is sure to please them." The ladies must say whether it is so.

When we ask what Gibson's idea of his art, its proper aspirations, and its future, was, the answer is easy and short. He regarded it simply as a following of the Greeks. Out of the path which the Greeks have traced there is no salvation. "I say this to the people, *whatever the Greeks did was right;* that ought to be our law in sculpture." "To surpass the best works of the Greeks is a hopeless task; to approach them is a triumph." "In the art of sculpture the Greeks were gods; we, with all our efforts, find it hard toil to creep up after them; the eminence on which they stood is beyond our reach." In conformity with this doctrine, Gibson chose for his works of imagination almost exclusively classical subjects, and in his portrait-sculpture insisted on classical treatment. Even the unstatuesque figure of England's virtuous Queen—even Sir Robert Peel, with his bald head, his prominent stomach, and his spindle legs—even the eminently modern and commercial Huskisson—were not to be exempted from the inexorable law. But surely these avowals raise a serious question. Will the best mind of the world ever be attracted to an art which thus declares itself the bondmaid of a very distant past, and despairs of ever achieving again what was achieved two thousand years ago? Lady Eastlake avers, probably with truth, that, among five hundred educated men and women, there are not five who can really appreciate the Elgin marbles, though, in her own country, the education of the men is classical, and, therefore, peculiarly suited to qualify them for understanding classical art. But the fault may lie in the art, which fails to appeal to existing humanity, as well as in the humanity which fails to appreciate the art: if Paris and London are busy, so was Athens in the time of Pericles; action is not a disqualification for feeling; for some of the best art-critics, including Pericles himself, have been very busy men. The Catholic Middle Ages produced a style of monumental sculpture real and beautiful in its way, into which the people thoroughly entered. Michael Angelo was a solitary miracle; while we bow before his individual might, we feel that he could not be the parent of a universal school. Since Michael Angelo sculpture has failed to gain a strong hold on the feelings of mankind, look for the indications of these feelings where you will. Rome, according to Gibson, was the only home of the sculptor. It may be so; but a universal art, when it appears, will have a home in every civilized land.

Lady Eastlake modestly describes her function as only that of an editor. The core of the book is a memoir written by, or rather extracted from, Gibson himself. But Lady Eastlake has done a good deal both in the way of introduction and in the way of supplement and interpretation; and she has done it pleasantly and well.

HOW CROPS FEED.*

To the crowd at a menagerie the most attractive part of the exhibition is seeing the animals fed, and to agriculturists no part of the science of agriculture is more interesting than that which pertains to the feeding of plants. Scientific and practical men have given many years of careful thought and experiment to the endeavor to wrest from the soil the secret of what food plants like best, and how best and most cheaply to supply the right kind of food. The earliest enquirers were familiar with the phenomena of culture, had seen fertile soils grow poor under long cropping with no return of manure, and poor soils give good crops with manure or after long rest; and, after all our pains, we know little more now than they did. This book comes to us misnamed, for it tells the common reader no more about how crops feed than a bill of fare tells how men feed. To the average or even well-read farmer it can give but little instruction and no advice; to the scientific enquirer, of experience and reading, it will be invaluable; as a text-book in colleges and scientific schools, it must stand high; and, considered as a work on agricultural chemistry or agricultural mineralogy, it has no equal. But the reader must not look to it for theory, advice, or generalizing; it gives nothing of the sort, but is full of details of experiments, chemical facts, and discoveries which have been buried out of the sight of even good students who are debarred access to the transactions of the learned societies of Europe. Prof. Johnson has simplified the usual chemical technology and phraseology a good deal, and when he has not given new matter has presented old in a more than commonly clear manner, and permits the reader to compare for himself experiments which seem to contradict each other, and to draw his own conclusions.

Boussingault and Liebig have hitherto been representatives of two different schools of theoretic agriculture, the first believing in the potency of nitrogenous matters, the latter claiming greater importance for the saline manures which represent the elements contained in the ash of plants. The many experiments quoted by Prof. Johnson seem to give the nitrogenous side the predominance, for they show most conclusively that even a soil liberally supplied with saline and nitrogenous elements will respond to proper doses of nitrates as to a spur. On page 271 he recites an experiment where seeds were grown in pots prepared for them and furnished with a suitable quantity of saline food. The seeds in one pot were given in addition a little nitrate of potash, and the result, as is shown by an illustration, was enormously in favor of the nitrate. Single experiments, however, are of trifling value, as there may always be something on the large scale of actual earth culture to disturb the perfect working of the theories thus developed. Prof. Johnson accordingly offers many pages of proof that the use of nitrogenous manures gives man a power over vegetation not otherwise attainable. He brings out with great distinctness the relations of oxygen in the form of ozone to vegetation, and shows the great value of humus, clay, and all porous and finely divided materials in the soil for their absorbent qualities. He clearly demonstrates that for its actual value as food for plants the humus, which is dark-colored to the eye and seems the richest possible plant food, is of small consequence other than as a powerfully absorbing and condensing sponge, which sucks up into its pores the gases and vaporous saline forms of matter which plants are sure to want, and which it slowly yields to them when wanted.

Some of the facts brought out are quite remarkable, as they overturn some of the most firmly fixed beliefs of agriculturists. For instance, farmers and thinkers have been at a loss to decide what is the peculiar value of gypsum, plaster of Paris, or sulphate of lime, which, spread in small quantities over many soils, is followed by a growth of crop out of proportion to the mineral food the plaster seems to furnish. Making due allowance for the relative and reactionary power of the sulphuric acid and the lime, there still seemed an influence not accounted for, and it has come to be believed that plaster has a great affinity for water, and that its capacity of absorbing water, which it can in turn yield to the roots, must be the source of its power. A series of experiments were tried with a long list of substances to test their absorbent qualities. It included plaster, sulphate of magnesia, many mineral matters, peat, rich garden soil, and clay, and gypsum proved to be the least absorptive of any excepting sulphate of magnesia. If the power of gypsum were expressed by 1, peat would be 200, and clay 300, and, of course, directly in proportion to the absorbent power is the capacity of returning moisture to the air in dry periods.

Another singular fact, if it is a fact, is the great disproportion which exists between the exhaling capacity of plants and the natural supplies of water. We should say, if vegetation exhaled more water through its leaves than the annual rain-fall, that in a short time any land would become a desert like Sahara. If the experiments given by Johnson are at all reliable, we must believe that there is some source of supply of moisture quite inexhaustible without regard to rain, for on page 202 there are two experiments, one by Schleiden, and one by Schübler; the first found that a square foot of grass land exhaled "more than 1½ lbs. of water in 24 hours," the latter states that "in the same time one square foot of pasture grass exhaled nearly 5½ lbs. of water." Where 45 inches falls annually to the square foot there would be 6,480 cubic inches of water for every foot, or about 223 gallons=230 lbs. of water; and if evaporation were to go on at the rate of 1½ lbs. to the square foot every 24 hours, in 150 days all the rain-fall would have evaporated; and were 5½ lbs. exhaled, it would take but about 30 days to use up the rain-fall. These experiments seem to prove too much, but that is no fault of Prof. Johnson's. We might occupy much of our space with instructive extracts and descriptions of experiments, but instead will refer all interested to the book itself. Our only complaint against the author is a badly selected title, but we think the publishers ought to try to give so good a book a better dress to wear; the

* "How Crops Feed. By S. W. Johnson." New York: Orange Judd & Co.

paper is of a very poor quality, the margins of the pages narrow, the covers scrimped, and the book, therefore, as a book, has a needlessly unattractive appearance.

RECENT TEXT-BOOKS.

It is so seldom that the teacher of geology can find anything to praise in the numerous first books, alphabets, and introductions to that science which infest the path of the beginner, that he is in danger of lauding too highly the excellent compendium of elementary information by Prof. Ansted, entitled "The Earth's History; or, First Lessons in Geology" (Lippincott & Co.). It is, without doubt, the best work of the kind in our language. The advanced student will fail to find here any great mass of geological details such as are contained in the manuals of Jukes and Lyell; but the beginner will obtain an admirable outline of the general truths concerning the history of our earth. Most books of this kind are antiquated before they leave the press, the compilers get their materials at second or third-hand, and the march of the physical sciences is so rapid that when they come to the reader's hands a large portion of their statements have been rendered incorrect or incomplete. Professor Ansted has, however, in this little book given the student an opportunity of learning, in a few and simple words, the essential matter of all the latest discoveries in geology of great importance. He is particularly happy in his brief recital of the most important of the evidences concerning the antiquity of man and the proof of his association with the cave bear and the mammoth. He is also fortunate in setting before the student with impartiality the different views which may be held by scientific men concerning important questions, with possibly a single exception, when he states that Eozoon Canadense is a rhizopod—a point which must be regarded as still doubtful while so able an observer as Professor King disputes it.

The only drawback the book has for the American student is that it has been especially prepared for the inhabitants of Great Britain, and applies especially to the phenomena found there. Local names and local fossils are frequently cited as illustrations of points which are thereby left obscure to a dweller on this continent. This local coloring, which is entirely pardonable in this place, is seen at one or two other points where it is not so well warranted. It would be hard to justify, to any one but an Englishman, the assertion that "geology has always been essentially an English branch of science." English geologists have been so long in the habit of regarding their own little island as the epitome of all geological action, and as the only field in which a student can learn that science, that they manifest an unconscious contempt for the labors of those who have worked in other fields. To speak of a science as "essentially English," which has for its greatest names Von Buch, the ablest investigator, and D'Orbigny, the greatest systematizer—both men who were born and trained in other fields—partakes largely of the absurd.

The details of the book are quite well managed, the derivations of the scientific names given in the text, and not in that secure retreat from observation—a glossary at the end of the book. The names of the fossils cited are remarkably correct, which is well accounted for by the fact that Mr. Etheridge, of the Jermyn Street School of Mines, revised this part of the work. The type and paper are both fair, but the plates are carelessly done, and often convey a too imperfect idea of the character of the objects they represent to be of any use to the student.

The praise which has been given to this book should not be construed into approval of the use of this or any other printed introduction into the science of which it treats. A day in the field with any competent observer will be worth more to the beginner in geology than half-a-year's study of the best text-books ever written. The highest claim of the natural sciences to a place in a liberal education is in that they give the student close investigative contact with nature. It would be difficult to devise a method of teaching a science better calculated to prevent this result than that which is afforded by text-book teaching.

Professor Harrington's edition of Plautus (Harpers) is on the whole scholarly and satisfactory. The low standard of demand in our colleges is probably the reason that he has given less instruction in early Latin than we could have wished in an edition of this author. For the study of the literature of Plautus it is excellent; for philological study it leaves much to be desired. The notes are in the main well fitted for the use of students, but are sometimes rather meagre; for instance, we hardly think an ordinary class would understand the drift of verse 11 of the Captives without some explanation. We are surprised, too, at certain inaccurate or, at any rate, inconsiderate expressions. Thus, the note to verse 15 of the Captives contrasts the *capite censi* with the *opibus vestris censi*, as if the possessive (which stands in the text) were part of a technical expression; for the matter of that, the correct technical expression for those not *capite censi* was *assidui*. Again, the note to the Trinummus, verse 152, speaks of the mention of *Nummi Philippei* as an anachronism, because they were first coined by Philip of Macedon, "of course long after the incidents of the play were supposed to have happened." But Philemon, from whom this play is translated, lived after Philip of Macedon, and the scene is naturally laid in his own time. In the introduction to this play, again, we find one of those bits of illogical moralizing which even sensible men seem sometimes to feel themselves called upon to perpetrate: "The similarity of heathen moral maxims to the morality of the Scriptures is the unconscious testimony of human experience that the writers of the Bible were inspired by One who perfectly knew men."

An American edition of Madvig's Latin Grammar (Ginn Bros.) may justly be pronounced the most important aid to Latin scholarship which our community has for a long time received. We have had no Latin grammar of American authorship worthy to be compared with the Greek grammars of Sophocles, Crosby, and Hadley; and the lack was but poorly supplied by the edition of Zumpt, which is got up in so unattractive a style that it has never come into general use, as its merits would have entitled it to do. But this edition of Madvig is elegant and attractive in the highest degree; type and paper are both of a quality to exact the least amount of labor from the eyes. Even, however, if the two books were equally agreeable to the eye, we should decidedly prefer Madvig to Zumpt for college use. The accuracy and comprehensiveness of Zumpt's grammar are too well known to need insisting upon; in these qualities it is not likely to be surpassed. But Madwig adds to this comprehensiveness and accuracy a far superior power of generalization; or at any rate, taking up the analysis of the usages of the language where Zumpt left it, he has carried it still further. At the same time, this more philosophical treatment is not *à priori* or over-theoretical; the generalizations are purely the result of the observation of facts, not of preconceived theories, so that the grammar is in the main just what a grammar should be—a well-digested analysis of actual facts and usages. An illustration of this quality is found in the rule for verbs governing the dative, where Zumpt merely *enumerates* "to command, serve, trust," etc., while Madvig gives "various intransitive verbs, which denote an action, state of mind, or condition, with reference to a person or thing, but without carrying (to a Latin) the idea of an immediate acting upon it;" after which follows a classified list of such verbs. A rule like this is not so easy for school-boys to learn and recite, but is far better for students who aim to understand the principles of the language.

Mr. Raub's "Plain Educational Talks with Teachers and Parents" (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) is a book calculated to do much good. Its ideas are eminently sensible and judicious, and are presented in a clear and attractive manner. Not that there is anything new in them—they are such as have long been familiar to thinkers upon educational subjects—but every repetition of these fundamental principles, every restatement of them which brings them before persons to whom they are new, or which confirms and strengthens them in those to whom they are not new, is a clear gain. The titles of some of the chapters—"Machine Education," "Educational Cramming," "The Influence of Home Example," "Too Early at School"—indicate the kind of views made most prominent by this writer. A good illustration of his style in thought and expression is the following (p. 67)—he has been speaking of the habit of the child at home to study nature by observation: "He is a close student of nature, and follows out nature's plan of learning. But this doesn't exactly suit us; so we catch the little fellow and lead him to the school-house, and there, with a number of others of the same age, or size, or advancement, we say he goes to school. He seems to think that is more like going to prison, the plan of getting knowledge there is so different from the plan he pursued at home. He no longer studies nature's objects, but sits at a little desk, and has a book or a card put before his eyes," etc.

Mr. Sands's "Philosophy of Teaching" (Harpers) is in the same general direction of reform, and is worth reading for some excellent points very well developed. But, while much more carefully written than Mr. Raub's book, it is heavier and less readable; and we are sorry that Mr. Sands thinks that progress consists in wholly rejecting the old foundations of education. Part of his treatise, which might very well have been spared, consists of an attack on classical education; and he even makes a savage onslaught on our old friends "'Little Red Riding-Hood,' or some other

equally foolish or more injurious tale such as 'Bluebeard' or 'Cinderella.'" For such he would substitute "anecdotes of great men, suitably arranged; events in history and biography, carrying with them valuable and important morals."

Miss Elizabeth Peabody has published a new edition of her "Kindergarten Guide" (Schermerhorn), which she has revised and materially altered after a visit to Germany and observations of the German Kindergarten. The reader will make allowance for a generous enthusiasm which hardly thinks children know how to play at all until Fröbel has taught them, and will find the book full of thought and genuine sentiment, and abounding in excellent practical suggestions. Thus, it is a very real truth, if somewhat quaintly expressed (p. 39), that the child knowing that the sorrows of life are outside of it, "of course, it is bodily life that it seeks at first, trying to incorporate the without with the within by eating everything." Again (p. 55): "There is such a thing as making children, I will not say too conscientious, but too conscious." Again (p. 61): "Let the child hammer out some substance with a mallet, and he will never forget the meaning of malleable." Mrs. Mann's "Letters on the Moral Culture of Infancy" form a valuable portion of the work.

The little French stories published by Mr. Urbino, such as the "Contes," of Mesdames de Ségur and Carraud, are precisely fitted for those who believe, as we do, that a child can hardly be too young to learn French; and that the empirical knowledge of this language, acquired very early, is the best foundation for future linguistic studies. Mr. Urbino's books, too, are models of execution, in their white paper and clear type.

The marked tendency toward the use of small text-books has given us new Latin and Greek grammars, intended for the use of beginners, but, we should say, hardly meeting the want. We confess that we do not see the necessity of compiling mere paradigms of declensions and conjugations—for Prof. Silber's Latin Grammar (Barnes) is hardly more—moreover, in that old worn-out routine which ought to be discarded from our schools at last. A pupil who studies Latin must complete at least a preparatory course, if he would derive any profit from the study; but even for this the book before us does not contain enough, and it will be impossible to teach Latin syntax from such catechism-like paragraphs, without the life of illustration by examples. Moreover, we think the only scientific way of teaching Latin declensions and conjugations is the *crude form* system, at least in a certain degree; in Greek, where it is even more essential, it seems already to have got a foothold. Professor Waddell's Greek Grammar (Harpers) is much better, and more nearly adapted for a short complete course. Still even this is too meagre—preparatory rather than compendious, and excellent as it is in most of the detail, is wholly old-fashioned—gives no intimation of the *crude-form* principle, and—will it be believed?—goes back to the old discarded τυπτω as a paradigm. The syntax of the moods is very inadequate; and under the head of Negatives it is satisfied with the old rule that "two negatives in Greek generally strengthen the negation." It would have required only one more line to give the correct rule, that this is the case when a negative is followed by a compound negative of the same kind.

Believing, with Archbishop Whately, that "nothing can be more preposterous than laboring to acquire the art of *pretending* to be what one is *not*, and to feel what he does not, in order that he may be enabled, on a real emergency, to *pretend* to be and to feel just what the occasion itself requires and suggests; in short, to *personate himself*," we have no liking for systems of elocution and oratory like this of Mr. Griffith (Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon). The hideous pictures of the mouth, variously distorted to utter various sentiments; the curious little black figures, shaped like pears, crook-neck squashes, dolphins, and pollywogs, which the voice is to follow in giving sundry indescribable *pitches, stresses*, and *waves;* and the gesticulating figures illustrating "how frightful the scene!" and "how beautiful are the clouds!"—all these alike are an abomination to us. For its avowed object, however—that is, to cultivate an artificial style of public speaking—this book seems very well adapted.

There are so many good arithmetics in the market, each having its special points of excellence, that it is hard to say that any one is decidedly better than another, and hard to say what especial demand is met by "Walton's Illustrated Practical Arithmetic" (Brewer & Tileston). It is certainly a good book, and has many very good points. On the other hand, there appear to us to be some defects, as, for instance, in teaching short division before long, and in the very inadequate sections on numeration. Nor do the illustrations seem to add anything to its value. The authors do well in omitting much of the lumber of compound numbers, and aiming to give only what is practically useful. They do well, too, in introducing the metric system and other features demanded by the present relations of trade; but why not give such dimensions as the *quarter* and the *stone*, which are used so generally in England?

Prof. Day's "Speller" (Scribner) has many merits of arrangement and detail which recommend it for use. Especially it aims—and this is its most striking feature—to serve as a basis for a more scientific study of the language. The last pages are very valuable in this point of view; but we are sorry that Mr. Day has thought it necessary to introduce the book by *primer exercises* of monosyllables, with such sentences as "It is my ox." These do not legitimately belong to a spelling-book.

Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church. With an Introduction on the Study of Ecclesiastical History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. From the second London edition, revised. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.)—This book, considered as a contribution to the literature of popular information, or as a preliminary guide to a field very little cultivated by English scholars, may be said to possess high merits. Most of its readers will find in it much that is entirely new to them, and that conveyed in a very pleasing manner; all will find additional information on topics of history and church life both curious and important; new light shed on many an interesting point, and plenty of suggestive remarks. Besides, the whole of it is pervaded by a spirit of judicial calmness and critical candor, such as we rarely meet with in theologians of either the conservative or the reformatory camp. To say much more, however; to represent the book as an exhaustive work on its subject, as a product of vast research or of profound original criticism, would be praising it beyond merit, and elevating it above what it pretends to be. Dr. Stanley has undoubtedly spent a great deal of conscientious labor, and has used excellent materials in the study of this vast field—though we are struck with the scantiness of the quotations from German sources—but in presenting the results of his studies in the lectures before us, he acquaints us only with its surface, and passes over parts of it with the utmost rapidity—witness the little he says about the Nestorian, Armenian, Syrian, Coptic, Georgian, and Danubian branches of the Eastern Church. All that is more or less hidden to the eye of the fugitive observer, and in part forms the foundations of the ecclesiastical structures brought into view, he but lightly touches upon. Broadly tolerant, he shuns questions of dogma to an excess, and in all matters of essential religious importance, from fear of performing a dissection, almost entirely avoids analysis and critical incision. We are shown the varying outer forms of the Church establishments, and told a great deal about the men that mould them—and among others, many a petty, almost trivial detail; but with this and little more we must be satisfied. We believe the author goes much too far in the application of his maxim that "the proper material for ecclesiastical history is, after all, not institutions and opinions, but events and persons."

Of the twelve lectures forming the main part of the book, one is devoted to the general divisions, historical epochs, characteristics, and advantages derived from the study of the Eastern Church; four treat of the Council of Nicæa; one sketches the Emperor Constantine; one, Athanasius; one, Mahometanism in its relations to the Eastern Church; and the four last present the principal phases of Russian Church history. These latter are the most readable of the lectures, but those devoted to the first Œcumenical Council are by far the most elaborate. The two prominent personages of the Russian portion, the Patriarch Nicon and Peter the Great, the reformers of their Church in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, form interesting counter-figures to those of Athanasius and Constantine. The Russian portion was evidently intended to be the most original contribution of the author in this field, and in order to gain more accurate information he even took the trouble of visiting Moscow, the focus of Russian nationality and faith; yet we cannot say he has done full justice to his subject. Patriarch Nicon's reform and the schism, the main points, are long enough dwelt upon, it is true; but what we hear about them chiefly concerns a few events and men, and the characterization of schismatic life and opposition in the Russian empire—a highly interesting topic, for which Haxthausen and others offer ample materials—is almost entirely wanting. Some inaccuracies—such as, for instance, the placing of "the reign of Stephen Dushan," who ascended the throne of Servia in 1336, "in the twelfth century" (p. 103); the statement that those who "still hold to the Greek calendar" are "*eleven* days behind the rest of the civilized world" (p. 116); and several slight errors in the

chronological tables annexed to the last lectures—cause us also to suspect that the author, in spite of his fondness for the Eastern ecclesiastical world in all its extent, has neglected to acquire a knowledge of the Slavic division of his field proportionate to his knowledge of the Byzantine. His endeavor to use a correct spelling of Russian names is not carried through with consistency. Whether the mention of "the Iconoclasm of the *seventh* century in Constantinople," in "connection with the nearly contemporaneous rise of Mahometanism" (p. 377), is a slip of the pen or an intentional semi-anachronism, we are unable to say.

Staatsrecht, Völkerrecht und Politik. Von Robert von Mohl. (Tübingen. 3 vols. 1862, 1865, 1869.)—Robert von Mohl, the author of many learned works on political science, has recently published the third volume of his last treatise on the present state of the leading branches of this great subject. His "Politik" appeared last year at Tübingen, and is a stout octavo of over 700 pages. It discusses education, civil service, social science, and a number of subordinate matters—*e.g.*, emancipation of the Jews, abolition of the death penalty, the necessity of an international criminal law, etc. The part devoted to civil service (347–470) has a particular interest here just now, in view of our own efforts at reform in that direction. Mohl refers at p. 395 to Jenckes's bill, and to the discussions on it in Congress, but in a tone that shows how little hope he entertains of its adoption. Of course, in a general treatise there is little to be found of the kind of practical instruction which we are constantly looking for, but a careful study of the views here set forth on the various kinds of civil service, of the necessity of a sound training and a careful advancement, may well be commended to all students of political science. It is to be regretted that the thoughtful study dedicated by Mohl to the political literature and science—or unscience—of the United States has received so little return at our hands, in the way of translation or even commendation, and to others than the few who have read his works in the original German his labors are almost unknown. The late Mr. Edmund Dana, of Boston, began a translation of Mohl's "Political Literature," and that part of it which relates to the United States might well be the groundwork for a complete bibliography of the subject. Judge Jameson's work on "Constitutional Conventions" serves to show how a single branch of the great whole can be exhaustively treated, although as yet the field in other directions is almost untouched.

Mohl's "Politik," like his other works, suffers from what De Morgan (in his note to the Crabb Robinson book) calls the seven capital sins of the German language—although it might be summarized in one, that there is too much of it. Human nature, at least any part of it that we know in this country or any other, except German professors and statesmen like Mohl himself, can hardly be expected to read books, even those on subjects of the most pressing interest, which go on in ever-increasing volumes, supplying, encyclopædia-like, all the learning of the subject, but never exhausting either it or themselves. If a strong, energetic, and useful abstract of the contents of this last work, or of any of the series to which it belongs —five or six now—could be made, it would be sure to find readers and students, who could transfuse something of the spirit of scientific zeal and enlightened liberalism of Mohl and his German school into our own better class of political students and studious politicians. It is at least pleasant to hope that, in some not impossible future, we may see in practical working here institutions such as Mohl urgently presses on the authorities in Germany, for the training of civil servants and for the encouragement of the service itself; but we must do great things before we come to that.

Mohl treats of "civil service" in synthetical rather than in analytical, in historical rather than legal method, and takes up the leading topics in the following order: Beginning with a clear, characteristic statement of the comfortable faith with which each country believes its own civil service the best, he shows how each form of government—the monarchical, aristocratic, democratic—has its own system of appointment. Then come the different tenures of office, according as they depend on right or property in the office, on election or on voluntary undertaking of its duties. A thorough account of the mischief done by too great an extension of the parliamentary system of government aids in explaining some of the abuses that have taken root in our own civil service. The direct interposition of the members of Congress, and the effort of members of the Government to strengthen their position by giving appointments to friends in Congress, are sources of mischief that cannot find words strong enough to represent the evils that are but too patent among us. Mohl's decided preference is for the English civil service, with its gradually increasing standard of examination, and for the large proportion of offices filled by country magnates without pay, as conditions of their great interest in the sound administration of local affairs. The absolute dependence of French civil servants on the central government is well contrasted with the firm grasp with which the Prussian civil service holds its own on the varying shades of government, influencing and controlling alike the liberals, the conservatives, and the military annexationists now in power.

Of the necessity for better education for the civil service, no man can speak with more authority than Mohl. A citizen of Würtemberg, a professor and author of political science, one of his earliest works was a treatise on our own constitutional law, published in 1824. The reaction drove him from Tübingen to the more liberal ground of Heidelberg; during the short-lived German Empire, he was Minister of the Interior, and active in presenting plans for laws which were hardly drafted before the Empire fell. Returned to his chair, he took an active part in the reorganization of Baden; and, on a change of administration in Würtemberg, was appointed minister to Bavaria, where he dates this his last work. The account that he gives of the existing sources and helps for educating civil servants in Europe shows how much yet remains to be done there to bring the practical superiority of their systems to anything like a theoretical excellence. The total absence in France of any official education or examination is hardly more mischievous than the absolute level of preparation to which all professions and all classes of civil servants are brought in Germany. England is further forward in the development of civil service, for, having established a thorough system of examination, it raises the standard by supplying the means of education to all who look forward to this career. That the success has been satisfactory to the public as well as to the official world is best proved by the recent suggestion of a leading London banker to apply the same system to the clerks in commercial houses. It is to be hoped that in our new technical schools there will yet be provided instruction for those who desire to be "civil servants."

Politische Geschichte der Gegenwart. Von Wilhelm Müller, Professor. I. Bund, 1867; II. Bund, 1868. (Berlin: Julius Springer. 1868–69.)—These two political annuals, each of which contains about two hundred octavo pages, do not pretend to give a complete history of political events, but rather a review—as far as possible in connected form—of the most important developments, changes, and debates which took place in the years they record. This is executed with special regard to the affairs of Germany, and with the unconcealed object of promoting the extension of the Confederation headed by Prussia beyond the line of the Main, which separates it from the section of the German Fatherland to which the author belongs. The whole consists of a kind of pleasant and often piquant talk on the interesting topics of the latest past, which in some parts assumes the regularity of a chronicle, and almost in every part evinces a considerable familiarity with the latest phases of the political situations. A detailed list of contents agreeing with the line of the narrative, and a chronological table of events, are added for the sake of easy reference. The style is plain and popular, and the tone liberal—to a well-marked degree. For the author's liberalism goes exactly as far as his unconditional subserviency to the aims of Count Bismarck allows it to go. That statesman is his hero, his sage, his guide—the master, so to say, of his conscience. The cause he represents in his eyes—the union of Germany—is his *summum bonum*. Whoever or whatever militates against it is the constant target of his invectives or raillery, and these are not always measured and tasteful. He detests Napoleon and French chauvinism, hates the Danes, has no sympathy for Poland, makes war on Beust, combats the South-German particularists, coquets with Russia and Italy, is rather satisfied with England and the United States, and rejoices at the fall of Isabella, chiefly on account of her relations with the French court. To Belgium, Holland, Sweden, and Switzerland he hardly pays any attention, and when speaking of countries more remote from his main theatre of events even his wonted accuracy occasionally forsakes him. Nevertheless, he is rarely drawn into error or misstatement of facts, and though his annuals might easily be more complete and less partial, even as they are they are more apt to enlighten than to mislead.

Leaves from a Trooper's Diary. (Philadelphia: Published by the Author. 1869.)—This work ought to have been confined to the small circle of friends to whom it is dedicated: "The Anderson Cavalry." As a record of the war the book is absurdly inadequate to the subject. The author was in but one engagement, and he once had a horse shot by a bushwhacker—adventures meritorious in themselves, but their recital is

not exciting to the public mind accustomed to heroism on a larger scale. The appendix contains an interesting statement by an officer of the Anderson Cavalry of the causes that led to the mutiny of that regiment while serving under General Rosecrans. It seems to us that if any mutiny was ever justifiable this was, the regiment having been disgracefully trifled with and neglected, until some of the men who were, like their companions, of quite superior character, thought their grievances past endurance. That portion of the regiment which did not engage in the mutiny was singularly unfortunate, suffering heavily by an ambuscade into which it fell, two majors, Rosengarten and Ward, very gallant and excellent officers, losing their lives.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

Authors.—Titles. BOOKS OF THE WEEK. *Publishers.—Prices.*

Andersen (H. C.), In Spain, and a Visit to Portugal .....(Hurd & Houghton) $1 75
Bowen (Prof. F.), American Political Economy.....(Chas. Scribner & Co.)
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 28, swd.....(T. Ellwood Zell) 0 50
Demarest (G. L.), Simple Numbers: a Text-book.....(Ginn Bros. & Co.)
Hawes (S.), Synchronology of the Principal Events in Sacred and Profane History (J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.)
Ludlow (F. H.), The Heart of the Continent.....(Hurd & Houghton) 3 75
Newman (Rev. J. H.), Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent.....(Cath. Pub. Soc.)
Proceedings and Communications of the Essex Institute, Vol. VI., Part I., 1868, swd..... .....(Salem)
Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, Aug. 1869, Mar. 1870, swd....(Boston)
Smith (Dr. Wm.), Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., Part XXVI., swd..... (Hurd & Houghton) 0 75
Thomas (Dr. J.), Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, Part 6, swd.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 0 50
The Workshop, No. 4, swd.....(E. Steiger) 0 50
Viardot (L.), Wonders of Italian Art..... .....(Chas. Scribner & Co.) 1 50

Fine Arts.

FORTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

EVERYBODY has noticed how many studies and sketches there are included in this year's collection. Indeed, the "corridor" is half-filled with them, while a respectable minority of the paintings in the four galleries are of the slighter and more unfinished sort, even if the word "study" could but inaccurately be applied to them. So that, with the highly-finished French pictures of the Beaumont sale only just passed out of sight, and the rarely-opened Belmont gallery open even as we write, with its selected specimens of Meissonier, Bouguereau, and Alfred Stevens, the frequenter of picture-shows goes from delicacy, completeness, carefully subdued tones of color and balanced harmony of parts, to what is a rough-looking exhibition indeed. In one place are perhaps thirty square feet of Mr. Homer's sketchiest memoranda, and in another place as much more of the same artist's scarcely more finished work. And the catalogue has pages of such titles as "Sketch from Nature" and "Study from Nature," sketch of this place and study of that, by Mr. Hart, Mr. Eaton, Mr. Van Elten, and others.

It happens that, as this exhibition opens, all the observers of art are going to Goupil's to see autotype copies of studies by the old masters. The entire collection, of which we spoke several weeks ago as to be found only in Philadelphia at the agency there, is now in New York, for a time at least. We have a chance to see how some painters have built up the fabrics of their knowledge and power, such as they may be, whether of solidity, proof against time, or of evanescent splendor, or crumbling with their own paltry weight.

There is one thing noticeable, and which others than we have noticed, namely, that scarcely a study on these Academy walls is a study of drawing. They do not pretend to be; they are all, or nearly all, alike, memoranda of effects of light and shade and hue. Of course, the studies of drawing may be at the studios and in the portfolios; they are in pencil and pen and ink and crayon; it is merely an accident, or because of a supposed preference of the public for oil-paint on canvas, that these also are not exhibited. But it is a fact that none are here; and true, also, we think, that none of these studies show much care for drawing or thought about drawing. Is this partly because the photograph is relied upon to do a painter's drawing for him, and to preserve the forms of the trees he means to put into his picture, and to catch and fix the difficult foreshortened pose of the figure? Photography is useful to artists in many ways, but it may be very mischievous as well. It was a trenchant criticism made long ago upon a most famous American picture, that it was, after all, evidently a colored photograph. There is no good drawing without *much* drawing. The thing desired refuses to be drawn correctly if it has not been drawn often before. The lines will not come right in the picture if they are merely copies from the photograph to the canvas; they will not even be truthful, so difficult is it to draw aright only the outline of a tree trunk against the sky; suitable to and powerfully aiding the picture they can never be. And as for expression of face, vigorous action of body, sufficient representation of men and women and children, beasts and birds, the photograph will give you nothing in that way beyond reproducing the work of other painters who did not know it, or did not trust its aid too far.

There are a few painters, and strong ones too, able members of a great school of landscape-painting, who abandon accurate representation of form, and seek nothing in landscape except, in each picture, a single, undivided, momentary artistic impression. Momentary—for though it may often be renewed, and although it may take time to make itself evident to the less instructed spectator, yet one who understands the painter, and can feel completely the impression he aims to produce, will feel it all at once, and as a single revelation of a fresh thought. Let Daubigny and Corot be examples of our meaning. Now, we have no intention of analyzing at present the nature of their works, and certainly none of passing judgment upon the peculiar and exceptional style or styles which they have made celebrated. But we may be safe in saying that no painter can hope to make a Corot unless he can draw. It is certainly safe to say that to neglect learning to draw, with the idea of becoming a Corot by force of ignorance, is very poor training indeed for a painter. To know all, and to decide firmly each time what and how much you will give, is the way to excellence in any style. Nothing but inanity and vague failure comes of a willingness to leave all unlearned except the one petty knack of imitating this or that great painter's manner. This of landscape; but when it is the human figure that we propose to represent, in no matter how modern and popular a *genre*, good drawing is the one thing needful. A landscape-painter may reduce his foliage to a green membrane hanging upon and clinging to the branches, or to a mist just condensing around them, and yet produce works of art of a certain value and interest—and yet be an Otto Weber or a Corot. But to be a poor or indifferent draughtsman, and yet excel as a painter of subjects of human interest, is, we suppose, simply impossible.

In any branch of art, the ruinous course is the one which so many young painters nowadays seem disposed to follow, namely, the starting with a profound admiration for the works of one master or school to the exclusion of others, and the pursuit of whatever course of study may seem likely to lead to the results they admire. The mischief of all this lies in the erroneous ideas prevalent as to art education generally. The student feels sure that he can become a painter just like his model, if only he can study nature in just the way in which that master paints it. He does not know of the years of labor which the artist he admires has given to his art, of the studies of nature under many aspects, of the open mind and heart and eye which have taken in and made his own so many phases of nature, of the reasons for the final choice of one style or manner of representing nature. It may well be that the student cannot even read the thoughts which are expressed by the pictures he worships, and that he is therefore incapable of appreciating the fitness and almost necessity of the artistic language in which these thoughts are expressed. And it is almost certain that he will be unable to see how completely inferior to the great masters of painting is the man who has a well-defined manner at all. Because his favorite example expresses one series of thoughts in a series of similar pictures, beautiful to him and eagerly bought up by the public, the student thinks that success for him would be the production and the purchase of just such pictures. He does not know that his own business is to try to express his own thoughts in a fitting manner; that he cannot be a copy of his master; that, even if he could, the public does not stand ready to buy his pictures as it had bought his master's pictures. He cannot see—and here is the rock on which young painters make shipwreck—that nothing in nature or in the practice of his art is foreign to his purpose, and that his business is to learn all that his life allows him, to learn in his youth all that his powers and his opportunities allow, and to leave selection till after-life.

It need not be said that the Academy exhibition affords numerous examples of the truth of these statements.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1870.

The Week.

THE Congressional record for the past week is exceedingly meagre, and, except for an Oregon railroad bill, giving away about a million acres of the public lands, which was passed in the House on Friday, there has been nothing done of national interest. On Wednesday week, Mr. Edmunds reported to the Senate, from the Judiciary Committee, a bill permitting any suit, civil or criminal, while pending in any State Court, to be removed to the U. S. Circuit Court, if the defendant intends "to make any defence based upon the authority of a law of the United States, or of any Department of the Government." Such a law, if enacted, would have removed one of the subtlest points in the Richmond mayoralty arguments before Judge Underwood—that, namely, which concerned the competency of the Court. Perhaps this was what suggested the bill to the Committee. On Saturday, Mr. Judd made a praiseworthy but unsuccessful attempt in the House to throw overboard the now hopelessly encumbered Tariff Bill, and to substitute for it a simple measure, embracing but a few articles, and proposing a reduction of duty or of tax on all of them. By a vote of 96 to 32, the House preferred to keep on tinkering—or, rather, the Democrats thought Mr. Judd's method too likely to advance the public business, and so resorted to their professional policy of obstruction. On Tuesday, the last of the paragraphs relating to iron was disposed of, the result of the conflict over the whole field having been decidedly in favor of a reduction of duties. When the paragraphs on steel were reached, the committee sustained still further defeats, though sometimes the result was a higher duty than that actually in force. The struggle was greatest over the paragraph relating to Bessemer steel, and the decision reached that day, in favor of a large increase of the present duty, seemed likely to be recalled on further debate before a fuller House. On Tuesday, also, Mr. Jenckes presented anew his Civil Service Bill, and found no difficulty in meeting the half-hearted and frivolous objections brought against it. The charge that the proposed Board of Examiners was undemocratic of course reappeared, though this time not from Mr. Logan, whom, we trust, time may have convinced on this score and on others, and led to give his support to the bill.

The Funding Bill seems to have made but little progress in the House, the Committee still having it in hand, and showing as yet no sign of reporting—Mr. Boutwell, who declares the debt reduced over eleven millions last month, and one hundred and fifteen millions of gold in the Treasury, being clamorous for funding machinery, and yet unable to get it. It is hard to say what is the greatest obstacle to the passage of the bill, but probably the national banks. If Mr. Boutwell can make his peace with them, he will soon have an opportunity of letting us see what "the prominent Frankfort banker" has to say. We may be allowed to repeat, apropos of this bill, that, no matter what the merits or demerits of the banks may be, it is a bad beginning for a new loan to *force* them take a third of it at a low rate of interest or go out of existence. Credit was never yet improved by compulsion.

The Republicans and Democrats of this State have held conventions and made their nominations for the new Court of Appeals. We are thankful to be able to say that both tickets are excellent, and perhaps equally excellent, and the court will be composed in part of both, two judges, at least, coming from the minority. The Democrats refrained from all allusions in their resolutions to party politics, although one prominent member—we need hardly say from this city—Mr. Richard O'Gorman, made the sweet suggestion that the times demanded political judges. This valuable contribution to the discussion, however, met with no response, and, with this exception, the proceedings were from first to last very decorous. Of the Republican Convention even more might be said, if it had not lugged into its resolution a vote of confidence in the administration of General Grant, which has no more to do with the election of judges to the New York Court of Appeals than the Coast Survey. The mention of it, therefore, served no purpose but to keep up the delusion which has been the curse of the State judiciary, that the election of judges is a party proceeding. Why was there no declaration of the determination of the convention to see the pensions of the soldiers and sailors punctually paid? We have seen no mention of this matter of late in the party platforms. Can it be that the politicians have "sold out" to the secret agents who have been so long trying to get the pensions stopped? The New York judiciary is not yet reformed; but, with a good Court of Appeals, Satan will find himself considerably hampered in his movements, even though he has the eight Supreme Court districts to rove about in. Having to go to Albany every term to appear before a hostile bench will greatly depress him, and injure his practice at the bar.

It being finally admitted that the municipal dispute in Richmond did not fall under the jurisdiction of any United States court, in spite of Judge Underwood's decision to the contrary, two habeas corpus cases were made up by agreement, and carried before the State Court of Appeals. Here the whole issue was reargued by the counsel of the contending mayors, but with a much stricter reference to what was the real question—whether the clause of the Enabling Act under which Ellyson was appointed was an infraction of the Virginia constitution. It was shown very clearly that the provision in the constitution which authorized officers whose terms had expired to continue in their functions until their successors had qualified, was prospective and not retrospective in its intent, and contemplated, not the interim between military and restored civil government, but the period when the constitution should have gone into complete operation. On this ground the court unanimously decided in favor of Mayor Ellyson, and was on the point of pronouncing its decision, on Wednesday week, when, by the giving way of the floor which separated the densely crowded court-room from the hall of the House of Delegates, there occurred a catastrophe almost unparalleled in horrors. Among its victims were representatives of nearly every section of the country, and of both sides in the late war; and while it is wonderful that all did not share a common fate, the escape from death of the mayors and their counsel is, perhaps, especially remarkable. The latter, however, were not unscathed. Ex-Governor Wells and Mr. Neeson were severely injured, and Judge Meredith not slightly. The Legislature, the bar, and the press suffered heavy losses. A colored senator, Mr. Bland, was among those whom all classes united in lamenting, and nothing could exceed the respect exhibited for him by his colleagues, in the resolutions which they passed in praise of his good offices between blacks and whites, the badge of mourning which they assumed, and in their attendance at his funeral—one of the committee which formed the escort being "Major Grimsley, the senator from Culpepper, a young officer of distinction in the Confederate service." There is something consoling in such a spectacle, and indeed in the fusion, which we trust will be more than momentary, of all interests and parties in the glow of a purely human sympathy.

The celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment by the colored people of Philadelphia, and the speech which Mr. Frederick Douglass made to them on that occasion, have fixed the attention of politicians more strongly than ever upon the colored vote, and set both parties to devising the means of winning and controlling it. It appears, or some of their more or less judicious friends strive to make it appear for them, that the newly enfranchised have "claims" to a Congressman, to at least four places in the Legislature, and to some profitable county office, not to mention a right to be elected to the League, to be stockholders in the Academy of Music, and generally to get at once social as well as political recognition. Their number is variously es-

timated at from five to ten thousand, and there is no doubt that the Republicans will have the support of the great majority of them, whether they are especially courted or not. They are said to have a very perfect organization, but this probably does not embrace the numerous and degraded negroes of the Fourth Ward, who seem to be very apt material for Democratic handling. The "Moyamensing Hose," at any rate, is making a bid for them. The Democrats, however, are a good deal divided as to the proper way of dealing with negro suffrage, although the party stands formally committed against it, and a small but respectable and educated portion declare with disgust that they will never vote at polls to which colored people are admitted—in short, will never vote again. The Republicans, on their part, whatever they may think of sharing places with the negroes, feel the burden of making the best possible nominations, in order that they may be in no wise behind their opponents, and leave no room for bolting or scratching, or for third candidates.

Our readers may remember the disturbances caused last November by the issuing of tickets to women to attend the clinical lectures at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. The opposition of the male students from the medical schools culminated in one disgraceful display of blackguardism and indecency, and has since remained smothered, but not extinguished. On Monday, the managers of the Hospital, who favored the continuance of the privilege, submitted the whole case to the "contributors" at their annual meeting—that is, to those who had ever given thirty dollars to the institution. This constituency amounted to between five and six thousand, and is said to have been increased by those who wished to take part in the polling, and could only thus acquire the right to. The public discussions which preceded the final decision were very animated, the press generally advocating the women's side, and the physicians as generally opposing. Some very scurrilous pamphlets were circulated, abusing the women and the Quakers about equally; but their authorship was disowned by the profession. The result was, that two-thirds out of some four hundred voters (many of them women) accepted a resolution of the managers which, without attempting to enforce mixed clinics, provides for the thorough clinical instruction of women at the Hospital. We presume the pamphleteers were not far wrong in singling out the Quakers as the chief reliance of the women in carrying their reform, and if we are not mistaken their votes were potential also last week, among those of the other stockholders, in opening the Mercantile Library on Sundays. The city, we apprehend, will never have cause to regret the action in either case.

Probably nothing, not even the calamity at Richmond, has occupied nearly so much of the attention of the country, during the week, as the MacFarland trial, which seems at this writing to be at last approaching its end. We have, of course, nothing to say at present about the merits of the case, but the conduct of MacFarland's counsel has again been abominable. That eminent anti-slavery martyr, Mr. Charles S. Spencer, having withdrawn, or been driven from the case, in consequence of his canting letter to the *Independent*, the conduct of it has passed into the hands of Mr. John Graham, who has evidently nearly as great faith as Mr. Spencer in epithets and strong language, and a much fierier temper. His practice of commenting on the evidence and the character of the witnesses as he went along led, on Friday afternoon, to an indignant remonstrance from Mr. Davis, "the private counsel" engaged for the prosecution, which so infuriated Mr. Graham that, after the adjournment of the court, he was only prevented from assaulting Mr. Davis in the court-room by the interference of the bystanders, and his language suited the occasion. But the encounters between the newspapers arising out of the affair have been marked by still greater ferocity. The *Tribune*, which, from the day of the murder and *pendente lite*, has most needlessly and injudiciously, as we pointed out at the time of the murder, made itself the champion of Richardson, and, consequently, the pursuer of MacFarland, has drawn on itself a certain amount of whatever odium Richardson's conduct excited, and has gradually worked itself, in the popular eyes, into the position of the real defendant in the suit, and, in this character, has had a series of encounters with the *Times* of the most sanguinary character, in which no quarter was given on either side. The *Times* used rockets and grape simply, but its practice was bad; while the *Tribune* threw shells, pepper-balls, and stink-pots, and finally erected a stockade of "parallel columns," from behind which it was heard at the close of the fight melodiously reading a sermon against bad language, with some remarks on the duties of friendship.

Mr. Wilson's Army Bill has been reported in the Senate as a substitute for Mr. Logan's in the House, and it lacks the more odious features of the latter measure. The army is to be reduced to 25,000 within the coming year; and officers are to be allowed to disappear from the service on their own motion, or after thirty years' service; discharges are to be made after enquiry, and for incompetency, and no new majors or brigadier-generals are to be appointed till the number is reduced to three and six of these grades respectively. The Logan prohibition, directed against military officers holding civil offices, is, however, retained, and a good provision too. When one remembers how knavish, lazy, and inefficient army officers are, and what diligent, sober, faithful, and trustworthy persons the civilians who want Government offices usually prove, one cannot commend too highly the care Congress is taking to keep the civil service closed to the soldiers.

The report comes from the Plains that another Indian war is impending—and this time a great one—from 8,000 to 12,000 warriors being reported in the saddle, or whatever it is they sit upon, and bent on mischief, and, of course, capable of desolating hundreds of miles of frontier. The United States cavalry, all told, is not nearly numerous enough to guard the two lines of railroad, and it is being diminished every day by the expiration of terms of enlistment, so that, if things come to the worst, there will be lively times along the frontier, and perhaps on the railroad, in view of which it might not be a bad plan for California passengers to see to their scalps, wigs, and chignons. The cause of the war is the old story—non-payment of allowances and supplies, encroachments on territory, and the threatened advance of a large exploring party of miners into hunting-grounds.

Somebody, who seems to know all about the matter, writes to the *Evening Post* to explain why it is the Fenian "invasion" of Canada has not come off, as promised, on the 1st of May. It seems that it is due to the fact that the Senate has quarrelled with General O'Neill, the commander-in-chief, because, finding $2,000 a year insufficient for the support of his family, he drew three dollars a day more out of the treasury without a vote of the legislative branch of the government. The result is, that the republic is split into two warring fragments, one of which consists of General O'Neill and a lawyer in Warren Street, whose name for obvious reasons is not revealed. This division had to quit its territory, consisting of No. 10 West Fourth Street, on the 1st of May, in accordance with the absurd New York custom, which makes that the moving-day for governments and armies, it appears, as well as for families, and has crossed over into Brooklyn, unopposed, with its furniture. General O'Neill has also arms stored, but declines to say where his army is; and, indeed, the organization of the force is such, that it is just as likely to be in Montreal or Toronto at this moment, as in New York, which shows the folly of the Canadians in mustering on the border. That Canada should be saved by the trifling circumstance that the chief of the enemy's forces took twenty-one dollars a week more than his due from the military chest, is a striking illustration of the way in which great effects are sometimes worked by small causes.

The question whether the State of Massachusetts ought to give further aid to the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad has become involved in such a mass of detail that it is difficult for an outsider to form an intelligent opinion on the merits. The issue on which the controversy turns is, whether the enterprise is likely to prove a profitable investment of the public money. To determine this a vast amount of testimony has been heard by the committee now considering the subject, and exhaustive arguments have been made on the one side by the At-

torney-General, on the other by Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr. The swindling direction of the road were also represented at the hearing by a person named Graves, and also in a most amusing manner by the President, Eldridge, who came up smiling, and "hurled the foul libel back" in the teeth of those who had uttered it. But the direction have no chance of a favorable report, for it is admitted on all hands that, whatever the State does, they must retire. If anybody is to be aided, it is the bondholders, not Eldridge, Farwell, and Graves. What the committee will report it is of course impossible to say. It is understood that they are evenly divided, and are likely to defer reporting until the end of the session, when the friends of the road hope to hurry some enactment through by the same means which were used with such success last year. Meanwhile the public is making up its mind by reading the newspapers. The independent press, we are sorry to say, and indeed almost all the Boston papers, oppose all further loans, and they rest their opinions on the testimony of such men as John M. Forbes, J. W. Brooks, and C. F. Adams, Jr. These witnesses are disinterested, and well qualified by long experience and study to form conclusions of the greatest value to the State, and nine voters out of ten are more influenced by what they say than by the report of any legislative committee.

The United States Naval Court of Enquiry, organized at Yokohama, consisting of a Captain, Lieut.-Commander, and Paymaster, to investigate the *Oneida* disaster, have sent in their report to the Navy Department. They find that the *Oneida* was properly steered, that a good and sufficient lookout was kept, and that perfect discipline prevailed on board, and that the collision was occasioned by the *Bombay's* having, "when three points forward of the *Oneida's* starboard beam, put her helm hard a-port, and gone directly at the *Oneida*, when the latter vessel at once flung her own helm hard a-starboard," and it was when thus paying rapidly off to port that the *Bombay* struck her. They further find that the channel was three miles wide, with deep water on the side on which the *Bombay* was sailing and shoal water on the other; "that the *Oneida* was skilfully handled, and that the international rules of the road were carefully and intelligently obeyed;" that the *Bombay* was loudly hailed, immediately after the collision, but took no notice of it, nor yet of three or four signals of distress, fired from the big guns with full service charges of powder; and throw the whole responsibility of the disaster on Captain Eyre. It would have greatly increased the value of the report to the non-professional reader if it had stated what "the international rules of the road are." The particular rule applicable to this case has never, so far as we know, been brought out on either side. The question seems to be one of this kind: Two wagons are driving in opposite directions on a very wide road, each on the left-hand side; should they, on approaching each other, cross over, and each pass to the right, or keep on as they are, without noticing each other? If one wagon attempts to cross at the last moment, and the other continues its course, and a collision ensues, who is to blame? Would some naval man inform the world, distinctly and simply, within what distance of each other steamships have to be for the "rule of the road" to begin to govern their movements?

The French *plébiscite* is to be taken to-day (May 5), and the last mail brings a formal statement of the Radical reasons either for voting No or abstaining from voting, signed by Arago, Bancel, Crémieux, Garnier-Pagès, and others. It declares in substance that personal government, after having been set up by violence, has been tried for eighteen years and found unbearable; that to vote Yes now would be simply to confirm its authority and strengthen its foundations; and that the parliamentary régime which is offered to the country is but a mockery as long as the right of direct appeal to the people is reserved to the Emperor, a right which it characterizes as "the permanent menace of a *coup d'état*." The telegraph also brings confused stories of the discovery of a grand conspiracy against the Emperor—according to one account, for the blowing up of the Tuileries—and "bombs" are being discovered by the police in every direction. As nearly every man mixed up in politics in any way in France now appears to go armed, of course everybody whom the police arrests is found to have "a dagger and a pistol," and the police are making a great many arrests. In one factory, four hundred "bombs" had been ordered, but, strange to say, 'owing to the strike," only twenty had been delivered. The discovery of the conspiracy, with its "extensive ramifications," has certainly been made very opportunely; and we greatly fear we find the explanation of it in the announcement, which the telegraph also makes, "that the Central Committee in favor of the *plébiscite* have sent 100,000 copies of this morning's *Figaro*, which contains all the details of the conspiracy against the life of the Emperor, into the various provinces, as a document furnishing arguments in favor of the affirmative vote."

The excitement in France about the *plébiscite* is a good deal increased by the unrest of the working-classes. The organization of the various trades has been so far improved, and the relations of the different trades with each other have been so far perfected, that the leaders are at last beginning to think of putting into execution their long-cherished dream of a general *strike*—that is, a strike of *all* men who work with their hands against the rest of society—for the purpose not so much of raising wages or shortening hours in particular trades, as of bringing about a change in the whole social organization and procuring for the working-classes a larger share of the good things of this life. More has been done in France than in any other country in producing this "solidarity" of the trades, and a general strike, which the leaders think now within their reach, would probably greatly facilitate the movement in other countries, or hasten what is its grand aim—a working-class organization over the whole of Europe, and towards which the recent labor congresses have been steps. The late great strikes at Creuzot and in Paris have apparently been entered on rather by way of drill than on account of anything peculiar in the trades engaged in them. M. Simonin, speaking in the chamber recently of the state of the country, warned those who had given the working-classes the ballot and the right of coalition that the power had passed into their hands, and the rest of the community must make up its mind, before long, to be governed by them. Edmond About has been writing the same thing, and takes a very gloomy view of the future, as he says the people have got universal suffrage before they were ready for it. At a meeting held in London the other day, to denounce property in land, one of the speakers uttered what is one of the prevailing working-class sentiments, that the workingmen had now got "a political economy of their own," and mean to have it carried out, and we fear it is based on the grand fundamental principle of everybody "going shares" with everybody in everything.

The Khedive is trying to get another loan on the London market, to the great scandal of his creditors, and without any interference from the Sultan, who not long ago formally forbade him to contract loans on his own account. His credit is, however, pretty good, in spite of the shocking disorder of his finances, and the impossibility of telling how he stands in a business sense, and for the simple reason that he is the only sovereign in the world who really owns his whole territory and nearly everything in it, and could turn them into money if he pleased. Of the amount of his revenue few people know anything, and he hardly knows himself, but it may be called whatever Egypt can produce, minus a wretched subsistence for the inhabitants. An international commission has been sitting during the past year, for the purpose of drawing up a code, and providing mixed courts for its administration, for the government of foreigners residing in Egypt, and thus to put an end to the Capitulations under which Christians are subjected to consular jurisdiction. When the report was taken to Constantinople, the Sultan, for some unexplained reason, refused to approve of it—probably through jealousy of the Khedive's relations with European powers; but he will probably give way. In the meantime, the vassal is accumulating arms, and has taken several American officers into his service, which looks as if the New York *Tribune* was again forcing the unfortunate man into war, in spite of its professions of humanity and of love of peace. However, he has the consolation of knowing that the Canal is a great success—a greater than anybody ventured to hope—and only needs more dredging and some walling to be perfect.

THE ERIE RING AND AMERICAN CREDIT.

A few months ago a well-known English gentleman came to this city to look after certain millions of property, belonging to countrymen of his, which had been invested in an American railway. It is wholly unnecessary to enter into the details of his experience among us. Suffice it to say that he was a stranger and we took him in, and that he went home towards the close of the last year with considerably enlarged views on the subject of injunctions, receiverships, proceedings in equity (so called), in general, and the practice in New York courts of law in particular. One of his last acts in this country was to record his conviction that the treatment those whom he represented had undergone would deter a hundred million sterling of foreign capital from seeking an investment in America. Scarcely had the person referred to got back to the shelter of the Royal Exchange when Mr. Charles Burt, an English solicitor, was sent forth from London to do battle in the courts and Legislature of this State for certain other millions of English money which had sought an investment in the stock of the Erie Railway. The result of this gentleman's mission has yet to appear.

Meanwhile, there never has been a time when the demand for foreign capital in this country has been so great as it is now. It is alarmingly great, and the utmost inducements are held out to tempt European money-lenders. As evidence of this fact, we copy the following from two recent money articles now before us: "From Frankfort the advices are that the subscription for $5,000,000 mortgage bonds of the Oregon-California Railway at 72½ has been successful, and that $2,000,000 of the Port Royal are advertised at 73½ per cent. . . . It is reported that agents have arrived in Europe to procure the sale of $100,000,000 of bonds of the projected Northern Pacific Railway. . . . Messrs. Huggins & Beswell, of Threadneedle Street, have issued a prospectus inviting subscriptions to the first mortgage bonds for $5,000,000 of the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railway of Indiana and Illinois. The bonds are offered at the price of £168 per $1,000. . . . Messrs Joshua Hutchinson & Son, of Throgmorton Street, are authorized by the president and directors of the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad Company, and in virtue of an act of the Legislature of Tennessee, to negotiate the sale of $3,900,000 in bonds bearing interest in gold at six per cent., and issued at £82 10s. per £100. . . . Messrs. J. H. Schroeder & Co. have invited subscriptions for $450,000 eight per cent. gold bonds of the State of Alabama at 94½ (or 93¾, reckoning allowances). . . . The present issue represents the subscription of the State to the Alabama and Chattanooga Railway. . . . The subscription lists opened in London by J. S. Morgan & Co. for the first mortgage bonds of the Illinois and St. Louis Bridge Company ($4,000,000, bearing seven per cent. interest in gold) have been closed, the amount asked for having been successfully negotiated."

This list might be indefinitely continued, but is already sufficient as an illustration. One thing about it is significant—the last loan mentioned (that of the St. Louis and Illinois Bridge Company) is almost the only one of the whole which has been really negotiated. The cause of the success of this loan does not appear; it is, however, understood to be owing to the fact that the corporation in question was organized under a charter granted by Congress and beyond the reach of State Legislatures. This brings us back to the point from which we started—the influence exerted on the minds of foreign money-lenders by recent scandalous occurrences in our courts, legislatures, and corporation offices. It is distinctly affirmed by those most conversant with European money markets that no more loans on private corporate securities coming from this country can be negotiated abroad, except at a ruinous discount, until the law vindicates the rights of those who now stand before our courts as defrauded and baffled plaintiffs. This proposition sounds very reasonable. Capital is generally declared to be timid. After what has happened it would, indeed, be bold as a lion if it sought investment under the ægis of Mr. Justice Barnard and within reach of Col. James Fisk, Junior.

What are the prospects as to the successful vindication of the rights of those whom Mr. Burt has come over here to represent? Not, we fear, very good at present. Few persons, after all that has been said and written on the subject, have any conception of the strength of the combination which now holds the Erie Railway as its individual property. This matter is deserving of much more than a moment's consideration. It is only two years since those who compose the Erie dynasty were fugitives from the process of that court which now protects them, and, as such, were then barricaded in a hotel in Jersey City. They have since proved themselves to be men who learn by experience; during their exile they realized the benefit of enjoying a personal influence with the powers that be, and one, at least, of the ruling triumvirate is no vulgar knave, but an adventurer possessing rare faculties for combination. From the day these men returned from Jersey City, and their gross outrages on the dignity of our courts were condoned on the payment of a $10 fine—from that day they have worked like spiders in a web to bind in intricate meshes their grand victim—the Erie Railway. Their method of procedure has been curious, instructive, and alarming. The moment that the present leaders stepped into the control of the road in July, 1868, the public was favored with an intimation of the course to be pursued. Two prominent members of the Tammany Ring took their places with them in the board of direction. This foreshadowed a powerful alliance; it did more, it signified, what events have since proved, that the executive government and judiciary of New York City were in future to be the very faithful servants of the *de facto* proprietors of the Erie Railway. Jersey City had not proved an agreeable place of refuge, and security was taken against any necessity of a return to that locality. The combination, however, was not yet complete. The Legislature and executive of the State, as well as of the city, must be brought into it. This, too, was in due time effected; the law known as the Erie Directors Bill—a law which was the crowning scandal of a venal legislature—was duly passed and sent to a governor who for ever sealed his own condemnation when he recorded his reasons, not for rejecting, but for signing it. Success elated the ruling spirit of the triumvirate; there seemed no one whom he could not circumvent, no part of the government which could not be made subservient to his frauds. One year had brought the whole public machinery of the State within his subtle influence; another should see the National Government his very humble coadjutor. There was something sublime in the audacity of the idea; there was something alarming in its near approach to success. The net was cunningly flung out; the Assistant Treasurer of the United States in New York, and a brother-in-law of the President, were securely entangled in it, and even the President himself, though untouched in his integrity, was deluded by cunning sophistry, while open bribes were tendered to confidential officers of his staff and to the members of his family. Then came the day of disaster; the scheme was very ingenious, but its success was more than mere mortals had a right to expect. The 24th day of September saw the engineer hoist with his own petard. This, though the final and utter destruction of the carefully prepared national combination, did but reveal the perfect strength of that which held the State government in its meshes. The triumvirate bore safely out the storm, strong in the protection of the court and civil power; there were no more flights to Jersey City, no more threats of Ludlow Street jail.

Meanwhile time passed; the Legislature met; Mr. Burt landed in this country and confronted his opponents, with a majority of the stock of the Erie Railway Co. in his hands and without a voice in its direction. The position did not seem very alarming, but the scheming brain in the Grand Opera House was busy again with its combinations. In the Legislature, the usurping triumvirate was supreme; the word of one of its associate directors was law there; the city government and the civil power were its own, and the courts might almost be considered its other self; it owned a national bank. It seemed difficult to invent any additional strength for such a combination. One doubt did suggest itself. The defences were weak on the side of the United States authorities. Neither the National Government nor the national courts were controlled by the Ring, and to the latter Mr. Burt would naturally and inevitably have recourse. Here was a threatening danger. The courts and civil authority of the city could be relied on, certainly and in any event, perhaps also the executive of the State; a conflict of authority might thus be among the contingencies of the future. At

any rate, and stimulated by whatever motives, one of the triumvirate, whose ambition had hitherto seemed to lie in the direction of naval titles and a maritime fame, was now seized with a military ardor. Suddenly his election to the command of a regiment of the State militia was announced, and certain observing men thought they saw in this the handiwork of a shrewder head than rested upon the shoulders of the new colonel, who notoriously was only less ignorant than he was reckless. The combination had absorbed into itself a new element of power, the military arm.

Meanwhile the Legislature was not idle, and statutory entrenchments were thrown up on every side to perfect the security of the triumvirate. A bill was introduced which practically empowered those in possession of the offices of the Erie Railway to sell out the whole company, and to reorganize in such a form as to be free from the molestation of foreign stockholders. This measure was for some reason not reported by the committee. A bill was proposed which looked to depriving Mr. Burt by law of the services of eminent counsel whom he had retained, and on whom he mainly depended. Failing by itself, this legal outrage was smuggled through in two different forms. Another bill, however, openly became a law, certain provisions of which lend a startling significance to Col. Fisk's recently conceived military aspirations; it practically secured the usurpers against all danger through any of the State courts by confining the power of bringing suit against them to the attorney-general of the State, the whole political machinery of which they almost absolutely controlled. The act in question, however, went further—much further; it seemed ingeniously framed and contrived to precipitate, and render inevitable, conflicts of jurisdiction between the State and Federal courts, to recall to existence, if need be, the spirit of State rights in defence of organized robbery by an appeal to armed force.

Here the combination rests to-day, and such is the power entrenched in the Erie corporation rooms which Mr. Burt is courageously preparing to assail. What materials for a counter-combination may exist within his reach we do not now propose to discuss. There are such, and they are very potent; but whether they can be brought into immediate active union remains to be seen. Meanwhile, on the issue of the contest depends, in very great degree, the most important financial interests of America. It is here to be decided whether our State laws and State courts will afford any protection worthy of the name to foreign investors. If in the result it shall appear that they do not, then the prediction of the London financier, with which this article opened, will fall far short of the truth. We are a very patient people; but yet it cannot be that the public understand this matter fully or they would not submit to be thus outraged. Messrs. Jay Gould and James Fisk, Jr., are to-day probably the two most expensive luxuries that this country enjoys. They cost us millions in hard money, paid as interest every year, and they cost us yet more and other millions which, but for them, would flow to us from abroad and fructify on our soil. Nevertheless, our whole machinery of government is stretched out to protect them and to continue them in power. Our bankers and money-changers know this well enough, and yet they submit; the time may come when the whole community will realize it, and then, perhaps, a national nuisance may be suddenly abated. Mr. Burt and his clients must not lose heart; they have with them now the sympathies of all intelligent and honest Americans; they may yet, when they least expect it, enjoy also their active co-operation.

THE REVENUE REFORMERS AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The *New York Times* seems to have discovered in what we said last week of the meeting of revenue reformers, recently held in Washington, evidence of greater indifference on the part of the persons present to the claims of the Republican party to popular confidence and support than we certainly meant to express. The meeting was not wholly composed of Republicans; there were Democrats present; and the object of the discussion was not an enquiry into the value of either party, but the discovery of points of agreement on the great questions of the day—the tariff, the currency, and the condition of the Civil Service; or, in other words, of the instruments by which the taxes are collected and expended. It was held by all that right legislation on these subjects was of prime importance, and that if party allegiance seemed to stand in the way of securing it, it was to be sacrificed, at all events in the case of the Republicans, wherever it seemed possible to do so without endangering the results of the war, or helping to put into public life a notorious and incorrigible copperhead. Of formally setting up "a third party" there was no thought or mention. Every person present was aware that new parties are not made to order; that they grow up naturally around new ideas and new wants; and that the first concern of reformers is to spread new ideas and make new wants widely felt. This done, the required party organization is sure to come of itself without anybody's taking any special pains about it. If the Republican party can be made the instrument of the needed legislation, well and good; if not, why it must go to pieces. The Republican party, like all other parties, is a means, not an end. To keep it up because of its past services, when its inability to meet the new requirements of the country had been demonstrated, would be not politics, but fetish-worship—indeed, hardly more sensible than reverently keeping old rails on the track out of affectionate remembrance of the enormous quantities of freight they had in their day safely transported.

That some change was necessary, the meeting had abundant proof in the debates on the tariff going on in the Capitol while it was sitting. The most ardent protectionists confess now that the performances of the House over the tariff during the last two months have been most injurious to the national reputation and the national industry. If the Tariff Bill should be totally dropped before the end of the session, as for some weeks past has seemed not unlikely, it would be a fitting termination to a very sorry farce. What has occurred, however, has gone far to convince the country that whatever be the rights or wrongs of the high-tariff theory, we have no machinery in this country, and are never likely to have any, fitted to carry it out. The encouragement of particular branches of industry, either by means of protective duties or in any other way which involves either the bestowal of bounties or an artificial raising of prices, is exceedingly delicate work. It would almost need an archangel to administer it fairly, honestly, efficiently, and persistently. It consists under a popular government, when stripped of the custom-house drapery, simply in the opening of the public purse to such trades and callings as have the strongest lungs and longest arms; and what we have been witnessing at Washington lately has been not so much attempts at protective legislation as a general scramble for a certain portion of the public money. The cause of all this lies not in Congress, but in human nature; and in popular government there is no getting rid of human nature. If Colbert took it into his head to protect pig-iron, he would clap on his ten or twelve-dollar-duty by decree, without asking the cotton-spinners or railroad men what they thought of it; and he would keep the duty there as long as he pleased. If anybody cried out against it, he would find himself on his way to the galleys next morning. If a batch of "revenue reformers" met to discuss and protest, they would probably have to adjourn to the Bastile, and stay there till their heads grew gray. But when Mr. Schenck undertakes this duty in our time, he finds that fifty other industries want as much done for them as for the iron industry, that he cannot silence or get rid of them, and that they are as strong as he is, or stronger, and will have a fair division of whatever "protection" he has at command; and that, in short, the example of Colbert is of about as much value to him as the example of Tamerlane or Genghis Khan. Of the corrupting influence of the system we have no time here to speak, nor yet of its effect in diverting our vast wealth of ingenuity from the ennobling work of mechanical invention and contrivance to the barren and debasing work of lobbying. Something is surely wrong in a modern state when manufacturers who stand in the very foremost rank, such as our edge-tool makers, for instance, on finding foreign rivals underselling them, instead of sitting down to study their processes and overhaul their books, have to leave their factories to take care of themselves, and go to Washington to have long palavers with men who hardly know a hawk from a hand-saw.

To put an end to this state of things, and put the industry of the country on a *natural* basis—that is, on a basis which will *stand*, not if

all men are wise and enlightened and familiar with the works of Henry C. Carey, but if men remain just as they are, some wise and some foolish, some protectionists like Horace Greeley, and some free-traders like Amassa Walker—is now the work before any party which, being in a majority, has charge of the government of the country. The object of the revenue reformers is, first of all, to satisfy the Republican party that this is its main duty, and to persuade it to do it. If it should appear that it cannot be got to take this view of its duty, why they must still keep preaching, let the consequences be what they may. But we cannot help thinking that, as Mr. Nordhoff hinted in his recent letter to the *Evening Post*, the next election will probably bring so many Congressmen over to a better way of thinking, whether it be the free-trade way or not, that the party will yet be found equal to the task before it.

THE FRENCH PLÉBISCITE.

The refusal of the Emperor to give up the right of ordering a *plébiscite*, or direct appeal to the people, at his pleasure, without the intervention of the legislature—and, indeed, it might be *against* the legislature—has plunged French politics once more into confusion, and broken up the Ollivier Cabinet. Count Daru, who represented the Orleanists, and is indeed the first Orleanist of note who gave in his adhesion to the Imperial dynasty, and whose willingness to take a place in the Cabinet was looked on as one of the best proofs that parliamentary government was again going to be set up in France, has resigned, from the feeling that the reservation by the Emperor of the right to call for *plébiscites* was in reality the reservation of the right to make *coups d'état* at pleasure, and that in the presence of any such right on the part of the executive, parliamentary government must be a mockery. M. Buffet, who was a Radical, and has always been a fierce opponent of the Napoleonic régime, has resigned, too, from somewhat similar reasons, thus taking out of the Cabinet all that it possessed of a real and acknowledged liberalism, except M. Ollivier himself, who is now openly treated by the Left as a traitor, but who seems to hold on to the Emperor, in what often seems a romantic faith that all will come out right in the end. We need hardly say that this state of things is looked on by the believers in the possibility of a liberal Empire with dismay, and the European press generally treats the Emperor's resistance as a veritable reaction, or falling back once more on the army and the government of force.

The objections to the right of the executive to take a popular vote whenever it pleases are obvious enough. The executive has the command of the army and the appointment of the civil functionaries, or, in other words, the practical possession of the government. With the army at its disposal, it can always afford to disregard temporarily the enactments of the legislature, and with the civil functionaries at its disposal, it can always, in a country in which only one in ten of the inhabitants can read and write, and the rural neck is thoroughly used to the yoke of the central authority, extract almost any result it pleases from a popular vote, or, in other words, secure the popular approval for any measures it may see fit to take against the legislature; consequently, the new constitution, if it contained this article, would really leave the country with no security whatever for its liberties; it would legalize such acts as the *coup d'état* of 1851, the illegality of which even Bonapartists do not attempt to deny, and would make the Chambers a mere board for the transaction of such business as the Emperor liked to leave it. Moreover, the Liberals say that it is not possible that the Emperor would venture to take his *plébiscite* now, unless the result had been provided for beforehand by the use of the old tactics, and reforms brought about in this way can be of no possible value; born of corruption to-day, they may be stifled in corruption to-morrow. The power of appeal to the country, they say, in order to make the constitutional reforms a reality, must be lodged in the legislature, as some sort of counterbalance to the brute force lodged in the hands of the executive; or, if lodged in the hands of the executive, it must, as in England, be exercised indirectly, through the legislature as a medium, by means of a dissolution. In other words, the people must be asked, not, do they approve of what the Emperor has done; but do they desire the majority of the Lower House to retain their seats?

Another bad sign of the crisis is the entrance into the Cabinet of M. Magne and M. de la Guerronière, both of whom are old and hardened adherents of the dynasty. M. Magne has been one of the most subservient ministers of finance a despot could desire, and M. de la Guerronière belongs to the same school of politicians as the Cassagnacs—father and son—that is, he is one of the "Mamelukes," as they are called, or body-guards of the Emperor, and ready to do any job at his bidding, and whose idea of the proper composition of the government was well expressed by Paul de Cassagnac, when he said, addressing himself to the Radicals, that it consisted of the police, the clergy, and army—"the police to catch you, the priest to shrive you, and the army to shoot you down." The reappearance of men of this class on the scene certainly does indicate strongly that the days of personal government are not yet over, and that people have been flattering themselves that France had made much more progress during the last six months than she really had.

The Emperor defends himself in his obstinacy by arguing that were he to lay down the power of direct appeal to the people, he would confess himself a vanquished man, which his self-respect and the respect due to his office will not permit him to do, and that, moreover, were he to consent to the reforms now proposed without obtaining for them the popular sanction, he would confess that the process by which he converted the republic into an empire and himself into a hereditary monarch had no legal force or effect, and might be set aside on his own mere motion—which regard for the safety of his dynasty will not permit him to do; that, in short, the great peculiarity of his dynasty is that it rests on the popular will directly expressed, and that to place anybody whatever between it and the popular will would be to change its basis. On the other hand, some of its friends, and not the least shrewd, say that a monarchy which makes a practice of taking a direct popular vote on all its more important acts can hardly hope to be long considered hereditary; that hereditary monarchy rests on the idea that the national will once expressed becomes irrevocable, and that one generation is competent to settle the main facts of government in such manner as to bind all coming generations; that if you break in on this idea, it is useless to hope that people will look on calmly at the completion of so important a transaction as the passage of the crown to the Emperor's son—a new man of whom they know nothing—without a fresh application for their consent, and that if you ask their consent at the accession of each new ruler the monarchy becomes elective. That there is great force in this nobody can deny. The taking of the new *plébiscite* indicates a very defective appreciation by the Emperor of the part played by habit in political affairs, or of the extent to which every dynasty rests on mere popular familiarity with the idea of its immobility. A fresh appeal to the people spreads abroad once more the feeling that nothing in France is as yet fixed; that all things are open to question; and it spreads it, too, when the Emperor is sixty years old, his son a boy, and the most intelligent and active portion of the French people fiercely hostile to him.

The vote will be taken on the 5th of May on the simple question whether the people approve of "the liberal reforms which have been effected in the constitution since 1860 by the Emperor, with the concurrence of the great legislative bodies of the state, and ratify the senatus-consultum of April 20, 1870." It is to be taken in a single day, and meetings for discussion preparatory to the vote have been permitted since April 23, and might be held down to Monday last, and the prefects had been enjoined to permit the freest discussion. Thus far the meetings do not seem to have been very improving, and have been marked by a good deal of turbulence and folly, though their effect in familiarizing people with free discussion will doubtless be very valuable. With regard to the vote, it may be set down as certain that the legitimists will abstain, *en masse*, from voting, and though they form a very insignificant body in point of numbers, they are very influential through their wealth, large landed estates, and social position. The moderates (Centre and Left Centre) seem likely to vote Yes; the extreme Radicals will doubtless entirely abstain or vote No; while the peasantry will probably vote Yes *en masse*. The causes of anxiety to the Government are, the probability that the majority voting

Yes may be either a very small one, and thus have no moral effect, or that so many may abstain that the majority will not be a majority of the voting population. The chances, however, on the whole seem to be in favor of a heavy affirmative vote.

IN MAY.

Now that the green hillside has quite
Forgot that it was ever white
With quivering grasses clothed upon,
And dandelions invite the sun,
And columbines have found a way
To overcome the hard and grey
Old rocks which also feel the Spring,
And birds make love and swing and sing
On boughs which were so bare of late,
And bees become importunate,
And butterflies are quite at ease
Upon the well-contented breeze,
Which only is enough to make
A shadowy laughter on the lake,
And all the clouds that here and there
Are floating, melting in the air,
Are such as beautify the blue,—
Now, what is worthier, May, than you
Of all my praise, of all my love,
Except whom you remind me of?

ROBERT WEEKS.

THE "LIBERTINE PRESS."

THERE are loud wails from all parts of the world in which the press is free, over the growth of sensational, eavesdropping, scandalmongering, malignant, blackmailing journalism. The rapidity with which intelligence is now transmitted has so stimulated public curiosity that the purveying of news—of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent—has become one of the most remunerative of trades; and those who have successfully engaged in it having discovered that there is no news on the whole so profitable, that is, so eagerly sought after, as personal gossip, have pushed their operations into the domain of private life to a degree never before known, and, in doing so, have become possessed of a means of intimidation which is to some natures, and those amongst the best, very terrible. The result is that the blackguard editor—this is a strong term, but it is the correct one—occupies the position in our day towards the rest of the community which the duelling bully occupied in the last century. He takes the wall of decent people and forces them to step into the mud; criticises their personal appearance, stares their wives and daughters out of countenance; looks into their window when they are at dinner, and laughs over the fare, and, when they complain, impudently offers them "satisfaction." But then there was one check on the duelling bully: bullets and steel went through his carcase without difficulty, and he could not tell the moment when he might insult a man who handled the sword or pistol as well as he did, and would sacrifice him to the infernal gods. Consequently, he had to exercise *some* caution. His successor of course labors under no such restraint. He is under no obligation to expose himself to any risk. He sits snugly in his editorial chair, and blazes away at his victim as long as it affords him any amusement, and, what is better still, gets paid handsomely by an admiring public for every shot he gives. In other words, the more of a bully and blackguard he is, the richer he grows. His victims cannot retort, because they have no weapons. To fight him on equal terms, they would need to control a newspaper, and newspapers are such expensive weapons that nobody but professional editors can use them for personal warfare.

When we come to talk of a remedy, we find that nearly everybody has one of his own, and each differs from all the others. *Harper's Weekly* took the subject up last week, and produced a cure which is, it seems to us, very inadequate. It says:

"The remedy lies primarily in the editorial profession, and not in the public; and if shrewd and honorable editors make an interesting paper, without pandering to the blackguard taste of the public, they detach from the support of the blackguard papers those who buy them, because they find them more entertaining than the others; and thus the line will be drawn. But honorable men who become journalists will prefer to make money honorably, and will decline the other kind of service. In this way the real dignity and worth of the press may be advanced, while just in the degree that the libertinism increases, the character and civilizing power of the press will decline. The touch of the libertine press soils every cause as it dishonors every person. Its advocacy is felt to be either venal or sensational. Its object is that of the pirate and of the adventurer—to make money at any price, and to give its baseness the finest name. Among truly sagacious and self-supporting journals the libertine newspaper is what a sharper and pander is among gentlemen. He affects to resemble them. But he listens at keyholes. He cheats at cards. He lies and swears. He swaggers and cringes. He is a bully and a coward. Gentlemen avoid him, and do not name him.

"It is in this way that the encroachments of the libertine press in this country are to be opposed. The active work must be done by the editors. If they denounce and then embrace, they must not be surprised that the public embraces without denouncing. They must show that libertinism is not essential to the liveliest and the most attractive of newspapers, and then the blackguard journals will go to their own place and patrons."

Now, we cannot help thinking that the editors can do very little about the matter; that nearly all that can be done by way of cure has to be done by the public. It is the public which supports "the libertine press," and makes it attractive as a calling. No blackguard would edit a blackguard paper if he did not find that it not only paid, but, on the whole, paid well; and the reason why it pays well is because the public like it. To call on "honorable journalists" to put him down by making their papers "interesting," is like calling on painters and sculptors to make their pictures so attractive as to ruin the trade in obscene photographs. Make your paper ever so interesting, and it will want the particular kind of spice which gives the libertine paper its sale. Make your picture ever so noble, so beautiful and entertaining, and it will still want the foul suggestiveness which renders the indecent photograph or engraving one of the most vendible of all works of art. There are several bad instincts and bad tendencies in human nature against which it is folly to call on preachers or editors or teachers to contend single-handed. The public must do most of the work. If each man gave way to every other low taste every time he felt its promptings as readily as he buys a blackguard paper for the purpose of seeing his neighbor "exposed" or ridiculed or reviled, the churches and art-galleries and lecture-rooms and libraries might as well be shut up; the brothels and taverns would be the only really prosperous and attractive institutions in the country. That they are not we owe to the fact that the great body of the community stands firm against their temptations discountenances and denounces and brings children up to dread them, and thus forms and maintains a taste which loathes them and a conscience which disapproves of them. When we see something of this kind roused against the libertine press it will decline, but not a minute sooner.

At present, we are apparently a good way from any so desirable consummation. Very few persons, indeed, have any moral sense, either transcendental or utilitarian, about newspapers. Periodical literature is of such recent growth, and its direct influence so difficult to see or appreciate, that hardly any feeling of duty about it has grown up in the public mind. Moreover, the preachings of a newspaper are so mixed up with its news proper that it is difficult to make any distinction, and the appetite for early intelligence is so great that people like a paper for its news without caring what use is made of the power which the supplying of the news gives—a fact with which the libertine press has become thoroughly familiar and profits by it.

But, then, the sins of the public with regard to the libertine press are by no means sins of carelessness simply. They absolutely connive at some of its worst abuses. For instance, the blackmailing of insurance companies has long been a regular business in this city, and the process consists simply in starting a periodical nominally devoted to insurance and subjects connected with it, and then asking the insurance companies to advertise in it on pain of being denounced as insolvent or declining, in case they refuse. The circulation of the paper, which is perhaps mostly gratuitous, is at best small; but then the reputation of insurance companies is very sensitive; a mere unfavorable report about a company is sufficient to do serious injury; so they succumb, give the rascals the advertising, and pay the bills without question. The rascals, however, go further than this, for, as may be imagined, they are enterprising as well as ingenious. If a company resists, they prepare their attack on it, get it struck off on slips, and supply these to its rivals for distribution through their agents at so much a thousand, and officers of some companies buy these libels and distribute them accordingly; or, in other words, join the gang in plundering their neighbors. Nevertheless, officers of insurance companies are amongst the most respectable members of the community, and a little concert and courage on their part would suffice to break up this species of swindling.

In these transactions, however, the blackmailing appears in its naked

simplicity. But so profitable, and at the same time so odious, a business is seldom carried on in its naked simplicity. Papers of a general character, devoted to news, literature, religion, and what not, begin to have a regular blackmail department, in which contributions are levied on persons seeking access to the public for commercial purposes just as regularly and systematically as the barons on the Rhine used to levy tolls on travellers going down to the sea. They are called on to advertise in the paper on pain of being either hinted or insinuated against, or openly denounced, all of which would, in a widely-circulated or influential paper, probably do great injury. If they comply, they receive some words of special puff or commendation, which is the equivalent of the barons' passport, and sometimes payment is asked for this puff too, over and above the advertising bill, and with the same penalty in case of non-compliance. Now, the most respectable business men in the community submit to this sort of extortion without a murmur. They know that here again a little courage and public spirit would break up the trade; but they have them not, and so the trade flourishes. It flourishes, in many cases, under the flag of religion or humanity, or reform of some sort, just as the baron was as likely as not to have a cross on his banner, and keep a domestic chaplain in his stronghold. But then it is not wonderful, seeing the community so cowardly, that some of the men who go into the trade should think the pretence of religion and reform cumbersome and unnecessary, and take the devil into the firm openly as a general partner, and go roystering round the streets with him, and taking purses publicly from the passers-by.

Perhaps, however, there is nothing which, on the whole, gives the libertine press so much encouragement as the charitableness and forgivingness of the public. That the cultivation of such virtues should absolutely work evil sounds strange; and yet nothing is more certain than that they do, and their doing so is one of the mysteries of the moral world, over which men have puzzled from the beginning, and will puzzle to the end. If the publishing of a libertine paper meant certain and perpetual social damnation to the editor, probably very few men would be so indifferent to the opinion of their fellows as to attempt it, let the prospect of wealth from it be ever so tempting and so sure. But there is hardly a blackguard editor at work at this moment who does not flatter himself that, if he can only make his fortune, he can then retire from the business, or change the character of his paper, and that society will then speedily forget all about his sins, and, if he be personally agreeable, receive him into favor and consideration. Moreover, there are good grounds for this expectation in the practice of society every day towards all sorts of offenders. It is becoming more and more the fashion not to treat *any* stain as indelible, and, not only this, but to receive the penitent thief as in all respects the equal of the man who has never stolen.

The effect of this on social morality is tolerably bad already, and we doubt if we have seen the worst of its results, either on the press or any other calling. It has deprived, and is depriving, character—that is, steady persistence to the end in well-doing—of much of its social value. Persistence in well-doing involves in nearly every man's life more or less discomfort, privation, resistance to temptation, postponement of dearly-loved pleasures of all kinds. These the average man will not undergo when he knows that he may have the rewards of righteousness, in so far as they come from public opinion, any time he pleases, while a temporary indulgence in rascality may make him immensely rich. The rule, for instance, on which the Government acted in the case of Sickles, and on which, in the opinion of many good men, it did well to act, is one which is calculated to destroy the only restraint which keeps millions from vice. That the lesson was without its effect on the press is hardly to be supposed. The public can, in short, have the press just as good as it pleases, and the press will never be a whit better than the public calls for; and as long as the merchants, bankers, and brokers tamely allow the newspaper caterans to prey upon them, without remonstrance, we may be sure the newspaper caterans will be a large and prosperous body.

ENGLAND.—PROSPECTS OF THE IRISH LAND BILL—THE FINANCES—THE BOAT RACE.

LONDON, April 15, 1870.

WE have reached Easter, and members of Parliament are taking a short rest from their labors. I know not how many of them look back with pleasure upon the work they have hitherto accomplished; but I fear that the general feeling is so far one of disappointment. Mr. Gladstone is what is called, in the language of the prize ring, a glutton for work; he cut out for himself a task at which some of his less enthusiastic colleagues were frightened, and despised the warning thrown out by Mr. Bright about driving six omnibuses through Temple Bar. The great majority at his disposal seemed, however, to justify the sanguine policy; and, but for certain circumstances, his expectations might have been, as perhaps they may still be, approximately fulfilled. I have on previous occasions noted one or two of these, and especially the unfortunate necessity of introducing once more a coercion bill. Another, which is gradually becoming more evident, is the extreme complexity of the Land Bill—a complexity which is only too characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's habitual methods of reasoning. The consequence is that the bill is rapidly getting to be amongst those things which "no fellow can understand." A correspondent ought, I suppose, to partake the omniscience of newspapers in general. Nothing should be too hard for a summary explanation. At the same time, I must honestly confess, and I beg your pardon for my stupidity, that I do not understand the Land Bill. Nay, I will add that I know nobody at the present moment who is bold enough to say that he understands it. I met a friend, the other day, who was on his way to legislate for his country. He pulled from his pocket what appeared to be a moderate-sized volume, and informed me that it was the abridgment of the amendments proposed on Clause 3. I forget the precise number of clauses; but, if I am not wrong, they get some way into the hundreds; and, though Clause 3 is one of the most vital parts of the bill, there are many others which will give ample opportunity for discussion. The committee has so far succeeded in approximately settling one and a half. I leave you to calculate, if you please, how long they are likely to be in despatching the remainder. In fact, the case is simple enough. Government introduced an elaborate measure; they have since modified it considerably; 658 gentlemen have exercised their ingenuity in tugging it hither and thither, cutting out and inserting and altering; and the consequence is that it has become a labyrinth through which scarcely anybody can find his way; the latter clauses cease to refer to the earlier, and every change involves so many other changes that it is impossible to say distinctly what would be the result of any given alteration. I find, for example, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of this morning, a careful and apparently satisfactory argument, professing to come from a friend to the bill, who proves, or seems to prove, the following assertion: "We shall take a clause which the committee have already passed, the first and simplest in the bill, and one which only seeks to legalize an existing system, and we shall have no difficulty in showing that its effect will be absolutely illusory in so far as it is intended to give any protection to the tenant." The clause in question refers to the Ulster tenant right, and the argument is substantially that, as Mr. Gladstone has scrupulously left to the landlord the power of raising his rent, the landlord will be able to repay himself for any advantages given to the tenant by this simple process. It is necessary, however, to hunt through so many clauses to discover the precise effect of any regulation, that it is possible that the writer's arguments may be unsound. Certainly, I shall not undertake to pronounce upon it.

I will not discuss the merits of the bill, so far as they have hitherto been revealed, further than to say that it is rather a bad omen for its ultimate success that so many unforeseen difficulties should have already turned up. The bill, or rather some bill founded upon the present proposal, will be certainly passed, for the credit not only of Government, but of Parliament, is pledged to passing one. But it may be doubted whether so complicated a measure will really give satisfaction to anybody. Landlords and tenants will not understand their mutual relations, and they will not impossibly plunge into a mass of litigation in order to elucidate the difficulty. Meanwhile, one conclusion of more general interest may be noticed. There is a strong feeling that our present mode of legislation is unduly clumsy. Parliament seems to be able only to pass one big measure in a session, and that one measure becomes such a piece of patchwork that it requires a whole series of supplementary measures to put it tolerably straight. On the present occasion, moreover, it is an Irish measure which stops the way, and which prevents English legislation from getting forward, whilst it naturally fails to represent the Irish view of the matter. This gives a certain plausibility to a feeling which is apparently growing, that Irish business ought to be turned over to the Irish, and that we, who have so much to do on our own account, should not choke our legislature by trying to do business for other people as well. In short, the national sentiment is growing daily more pronounced in Ireland even amongst the upper classes; and it is not improbable that a prophecy made by Mr. Gladstone in 1834, when he was yet an ardent conservative, may come to be fulfilled, and that the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment may only be the prelude to a formidable agitation for a repeal of the Union. Fenianism has never been very dangerous in Ireland; but the sentiments of

which it was an expression seem to be extending rather than growing feebler. A *fiasco* on the part of Government in the legislation of the present session, which does not seem to be out of the question, would undoubtedly go far to strengthen this feeling, and we may not improbably be on the eve of a still more serious contest than any which has lately taken place.

It is enough for the present to point out this possibility, which is as yet rather a subject for private speculation than for open discussion. I will turn to the more satisfactory topic of our finances. Mr. Lowe had the pleasant task of propounding his budget on Monday, and had little to say that was not of the most rose-colored hue. Our expenditure has been less than was calculated; our revenues have been greater; and but for our costly investment in military glory in Abyssinia, we should be in a position of unprecedented financial prosperity. As it is, we have a very agreeable prospect. The floating debt is at a lower point than it has been within the memory of man; and Mr. Lowe had only to consider what branch of our taxation was to be reduced. The surplus for the coming year is now estimated at between four and five millions sterling. The main proposals which were noticed by Mr. Lowe were to apply it in reduction of the national debt or to accept a policy indicated in the popular cry for a "free breakfast-table"—translated into more prosaic terms, this means the abolition of the taxes upon tea and sugar. The conclusion at which Mr. Lowe arrived was very simple, and I think has been pretty generally approved. He devotes a very small sum towards the reduction of the national debt. By turning certain funds into terminable annuities, about seven millions of the debt will be extinguished in 1885. The main advantages to be derived from the surplus will be unequally divided. The income tax will be reduced from fivepence to fourpence in the pound, and a larger sum will be saved by reducing the tax on sugar to one-half. This may be considered as bringing our financial system to about its ultimate form in these directions. In other words, we divide the taxation between direct and indirect sources, so as to equalize the pressure as much as possible. The adoption of a free-trade policy has reduced the number of taxes so considerably that we cannot expect that any further diminution will take place. The only changes in future will be to raise or, it is to be hoped, to lower the rates imposed, but not to change materially the sources from which the revenue is derived. We have, in fact, got at a system of the greatest practicable simplicity, and we are as content as is compatible with the payment of taxes at all. Some indirect taxes are desirable, as otherwise the system would practically be that the poor should impose taxes on the rich; but they will not be multiplied—on the other hand, it is not to be hoped that they will be materially diminished. On the whole, Mr. Lowe's budget is the last step in the policy gradually carried out by Sir R. Peel and Mr. Gladstone under the pressure of the movement for free-trade, and it is some comfort to be able to believe that in one great branch of legislation we seem to have arrived pretty nearly at a definitive conclusion.

I should not be doing justice to the topics of the day if I omitted to notice the University boat-race. Cambridge, as you will see, has at last won. It won not so much by turning out a crew very superior in style to its predecessors, though there was a distinct improvement in this respect, but chiefly because it had on this occasion, for the first time for many years, a decided superiority in physical strength. The crew was a magnificent one, averaging 12 stone, or, as you would say, 168 pounds, in weight, and fairly rowed Oxford down by superior lasting power. You will not perhaps care for these details. I may remark, however, that the interest in the case has risen to such a pitch that it is beginning to be denounced as a nuisance. The numbers present increase at every contest, and London becomes fairly emptied of a large proportion of its population on the critical day. On the Saturday previous to the race, there were more spectators of the practice than would have been present at the race itself ten years ago; and the victory of Cambridge was hailed by four miles and a half of human beings packed as closely as they could stand. The University crews attract even more interest than the horses running for the Derby. The amazing prominence given to athletic sports at our universities has long been attacked as a growing evil, and it seems to be arriving at its culminating point. Moreover, some dangerous elements are beginning to show themselves. The race is scrupulously fair, and nobody has even ventured to hint that the crews have ever been influenced by anything but a thirst for aquatic glory. But it is beginning to be a subject for bets, and the touts of low sporting newspapers haunt the banks of the river to comment upon the practice of the crews. The tendency indicated is unsatisfactory, and, considering that it should scarcely be the main object of a university education to turn out accomplished athletes, it is not wonderful that amongst the ordinary praises of the pluck and physical perfection of our lads there is beginning to be heard a strong undercurrent of distinct disapproval. The English undergraduate is in many respects, as I have good reason to know, a very fine and manly young fellow, but his ideal is rather too little directed towards mental cultivation and too much towards the physical and social accomplishments characteristic of a country-gentleman. To be a good rider and a good shot; to be able to quote Latin in the House of Commons and occasionally to make Latin verses himself; to be a man of honor and a straightforward, stupid "good fellow" (an expression which is lamentably prevalent), are all very fair objects of ambition; but they are not all that one requires from a university, and the popularity of the boat-race tends rather to encourage the development of this type of character at the expense of equally valuable qualities.

Correspondence.

MODERN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I be permitted to say a word in reply to the letter of Dr. H. von Holst, in No. 246 of the *Nation*, which has just reached me, in regard to the book of Dr. Eckardt. What I said about Dr. Eckardt's being blind to the dark shades of feudalism in the Baltic provinces had reference solely to the book under criticism, and not to his previous career. I never read the *Riga'sche Zeitung* (which I freely translated *Gazette*, as is often done) when under Dr. Eckardt's management, but his other books bear out my statement. I called Mr. Katkoff sincere, because I believe him to be so. I know him well, and, though I do not agree with all his ideas, I believe that he acts from conviction and from a sense of duty. The *Rizhskii Vyestnik*, a Russian journal published at Riga, was founded with his approval, if not co-operation. As 30,000 of the 120,000 inhabitants of Riga are Russians, I do not exactly understand the words "false flag," nor do I see anything wrong or insincere in Mr. Katkoff holding communication with the editors of the *Vyestnik*. As to Mr. Katkoff's moderation, that is a relative word, and there is a large party in Russia who consider him too conservative.

I have been much with the Russian peasant, and have observed this point particularly, and only repeat that it is a fact that the Russian peasant, not of course an Esthonian one, understands the church Slavonic, so far as it is used in the church services. I have even seen peasants reading aloud the Gospel in Slavonic. It is, however, a point of no particular importance.

I agree with Dr. von Holst that it is impossible to make the progress of two thousand years by two years' legislation. But if any abridgment of time can be made by legal measures, we can hardly ask the Russians to wait two thousand years, and do it as we did. Russia has, however, begun rightly at the bottom, and, by granting personal freedom and municipal self-government, has prepared the way for a greater civil liberty in the future.

In reviewing Dr. Eckardt's book, I endeavored to be perfectly fair and impartial, and did not mention many objectionable and questionable passages. I can only say that my opinion on the Baltic question, whatever it may be—and I agree with neither side—has been formed only after carefully reading both sides of a voluminous controversy, and after acquaintance and conversation with leading Russian radicals, and with representative men of the Baltic provinces, where I have some warm friends. Very respectfully yours,

The Critic of "Modern Russia."

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. announce a collection of editorial articles from the *Independent*, by the editor, Mr. Theodore Tilton, with the title: "Sanctum Sanctorum; or, Leaves from an Editor's Table;" a republication of Mr. Grant White's articles in the *Galaxy* on "Words and their Uses;" and a new work by Mr. Spurgeon called "Feathers for Arrows." It is also their intention to publish an octavo illustrated edition, bound and in paper, of Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in his Place," and a household edition

uniform with that of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have in rapid preparation the "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," by the Rev. George W. Cox, M.A., which has just been published in England. ——Messrs. De Witt C. Lent & Co., a new publishing firm, occupy the premises left vacant by ssrs. Leypoldt & Holt, at 451 Broome Street. They have in preparation, to be sold only by subscription, a memorial volume called "Presbyterian Re-union, 1837–1871," which will consist of eight chapters by prominent clergymen of both the Old and New School, giving the history of each since 1837, and of the re-union, along with biographical sketches of the leaders of the two schools, portraits on steel, etc.

—Of works recently or soon to be published in England, we notice the following books of travel. In Mr. Murray's list: Robert Shaw's "Travels in the Track of Marco Polo," or a visit to High Tartary, Yarkand, and Kashgar, and return journey over the Karakorum Pass, with map and illustrations—Mr. Shaw, it is said, being the first European since Marco Polo who has returned alive from Yarkand; "A Ride through the Disturbed Districts of New Zealand, and Notes of a Cruise among the South Sea Islands," from the journals of the late Lieut. Herbert Meade, R.N.; and "A Voyage Round the World, touching at Australia, Java, Canton, etc.," by the Comte de Beauvoir, translated under the author's superintendence. Messrs. Longmans & Co. publish "England to Delhi," a narrative of Indian travel, by John Matheson, with a map and eighty-two illustrations on wood. Messrs. Low, Son & Co. issue new editions of Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Pictures of the Pyrenees," and "Artists and Arabs." Among greater enterprises are the following, from Mr. Murray: A sequel to Dr William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible—"A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," comprising the history, institutions, archæology, geography, and biography of the Christian Church, from the times of the Apostles to the age of Charlemagne; "The Talmud," by Mr. Emanuel Deutsch; "A Mediæval Latin-English Dictionary," founded on Du Cange, but illustrated and enlarged from a great number of archæological sources, ancient and modern, by E. A. Dayman. We are also to have from the same house a further contribution to the Junius controversy, in "The Handwriting of Junius professionally Investigated," by Mr. Charles Chabot, expert, Hon. Edward Twisleton furnishing a preface and collateral evidence. This work will contain fac-similes of all the letters of Junius to Mr. Grenville and Mr. Woodfall, and one hundred pages of letters of Sir Philip Francis, out of all of which some light ought to come. Finally, we may notice two cheap reprints, by Alexander Murray & Son, that deserve to be circulated widely in this country: Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," with a brief biography of the author, and notice of his writings; and, in one volume, McCulloch's "Principles of Political Economy" and Locke's "Essay on Interest and Value of Money." Those who prefer the clearest and handsomest edition yet made of the "Wealth of Nations" will purchase that just issued by Macmillan & Co., edited with valuable notes by Professor Thorold Rogers.

—It was reserved for Lord Shaftesbury to object to the proposed revision of the English Bible, which we seem likely to get before long, that it would depreciate the stock of the Bible societies, and leave them with hundreds of thousands of undisposable copies on hand. We suppose this would result not altogether from the inability of these societies to work off their imperfect Scriptures, but from conscientious scruples on their part about circulating any but the correctest version. In that case they might, and probably would, go a step further and consider their pecuniary loss an even willing sacrifice to the truth which it is their mission to spread among all the nations of the earth. As the work of revision, however, is not the pastime of a day, it ought to be easy to reduce both the stock on hand and the manufacture, so as to keep pace with the progress of the Commission, and come out even in the end. Already, says the *Publishers' Circular*, the great producers have taken the alarm and stopped further production, of course not without hardship to their employees. On the other hand, too, the Commission is being anticipated in various ways, Mr. Murray having issued the prospectus of a new edition of the Bible, intended to give the general reader, "as far as possible, the same advantages as the scholar, and supply him with satisfactory answers to objections resting upon misrepresentations" of the sacred text. This, by the way, will be that of the Authorized Version of 1611, with its marginal references and renderings; but there will be appended a commentary with amended translations, and concise statements of the results of learned investigations in Scriptural matters during the present century. Bishop Thirlwall heads the list of editors or contributors, the general editor being Rev. Canon Cooke, Preacher at Lincoln's Inn. The *Circular* expresses a very just regret that no one of the many Jewish scholars of eminence has been associated with the English scholars, at least in the poetical and non-prophetical Hebrew books. The proper paragraphing of the Bible ought to form part of Mr. Murray's plan, and the neglect of it by the Commission which Lord Shaftesbury discountenances would be inexcusable indeed.

—The Historical Manuscript Commission in England has begun its work, and has met with a great deal of favor from the possessors of collections. The number of those offering to communicate valuable documents is so great that five inspectors have been employed merely to examine these and report upon them. It is already possible to see that the disclosures are to have an important bearing on histories both written and unwritten. The Gunpowder Plot will be illustrated by papers found in the Phelips' collection at Montacute House, in Somersetshire, and which have lain undisturbed since 1612; also by a narrative, by John Fortescue and Helen his wife, in the library of Ushaw College, near Durham. This library also has seventy-two original letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, all in cipher except two, which are entirely in her own handwriting. Important letters of Charles I., one of them interceding with the House of Lords for the life of Stafford, form part of "a grand collection of papers, comparatively unknown, in the House of Lords." The Earl of St. Germans, at Port Eliot, has several letters from the historian Gibbon which throw light upon his parliamentary career and have a peculiar interest. The Scotch collections are described as full and important.

—What with missionaries, and railroads, and telegraphs, and steamships, and the settled purpose of the British Government, the breaking up of caste in India is merely a question of time. All these levers working to the same end, the question of precedence need not be raised. We presume, however, that it is fair to reckon the Suez Canal among them, as offering a temptation to the more intelligent Hindus to cross the "black sea" which caste expressly forbids its members to traverse—in other words, to visit foreign countries. Not long since we saw here two Bombay merchants who, having visited England once in defiance of caste and returned without harm, essayed the same excursion a second time, and even extended it to America. The end of caste being visible even to the eye of caste, it doubtless finds itself, in the case of these fugitives, very much as the stricter Quakers find themselves when their demoralized brethren buy pianos and let their children learn to play on them, or even marry out of the Society. It becomes prudent to wink at these transgressions. That is what must be done, we suspect, even in the case of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, of some notoriety as the leader at Calcutta of the Brahmo Somaj, a society of Hindu theists, who aim to overthrow idolatry and caste in India. This gentleman is now in England, where he has preached in the chapel of the Rev. James Martineau, and received a public welcome as a religious reformer. It appears that his own church is but one of about fifty, in different parts of the peninsula, where similar doctrines are regularly inculcated, and which exert a growing influence in favor of education, of raising the condition of women, and against early marriages and polygamy, which so much delay the progress of the country. Dean Stanley, in behalf of all the Protestant churches, moved the resolution of welcome to Keshub Chunder Sen, and supported it in a speech of marked, but with him customary, liberality. Lord Lawrence gave some details of the personal history of their guest, who belonged, he said, to the physician caste, and, as an orphan, was educated in an English school and afterwards in a Calcutta college. Of the two classes of reformers, rationalistic and theistic, he chose to join the former, and is now the representative of the advanced section of it. They do not, however, as Keshub Chunder Sen himself explained in the course of the meeting, hold to any sectarian views. Confounded by the diversity of missionary teachings, and "passing through a bewildering series of endless dogmas, the Hindu still cherishes in his heart respect and reverence for the central figure of Christ," without attaching himself to any particular form of Christianity. Four lectures on the Brahmo Somaj, by its leader, have been reprinted in London, from the Calcutta edition, with a preface by Sophia Dobson Collet.

—The profession of medicine is decidedly that in which women nowadays choose to demonstrate their ability to accomplish whatever the male intellect can by study and application. It was but lately, in Paris, that Miss Putnam, daughter of our well-known publisher, bore off honors flattering to her countrywomen as well as to herself and her sex. Still more recently, the professors of the University of Vienna have of their own accord met to consider the propriety of awarding medical diplomas to women, although as yet no woman has applied to be examined for them

and have decided that those who have received diplomas in other cities shall hereafter be admitted to attend the lectures and to visit freely the hospitals of Vienna. Already an English and a Swiss woman have profited by this concession. At Edinburgh, a medical student, Miss Edith Pechey, entitled by her marks to a junior scholarship, of the Hope foundation, and as a consequence to six months' free admittance to the laboratory, has been refused this reward of her diligence and offered a bronze medal instead. The case, as stated by *Nature*, appears to be wholly in Miss Pechey's favor. Dr. Hope, many years ago, opened a chemistry class for ladies amid great opposition—so great that he had to take his pupils in through a window, because the regular entrance was closed against them. The fees of this class amounted at his death to £1,000, which he converted into the scholarships which bear his name—two senior and two junior—under the following condition: "The class honors are determined by means of written examinations held during the session. The four students who have received the highest marks are entitled to have the Hope Scholarships to the laboratory of the University." There seems to be no doubt that the founder designed to include both sexes in this provision. Miss Pechey stands third out of 234 men and 6 women, and first of this year's students; she is matriculated and registered, and her claim is to be legally tested. Miss Sophia Jex-Blake is on the list of first-class honors in chemistry. "So the lady doctors," says *Nature*, "may fairly be congratulated on the results of their first session in Edinburgh."

—The low condition of the English stage is not helped by a necessity under which playwrights labor of stealing all they can from foreign and notably from the French dramatists, without violating the Copyright Convention with France. They contrive to do this by varying the original as much as they think necessary for their protection under the law and to entitle the product to be called a fair adaptation or imitation, and not a "piratical translation" pure and simple. Our readers will perhaps remember what slight alterations Mr. Robertson made in the play he borrowed from the German, and afterwards brought out as his own, with the name of "School," as we showed at the time of its performance in this city. Lately, in London, an unauthorized version of "Frou-Frou" was attempted to be represented at the St. James's Theatre, and an injunction laid upon it was removed, on a hearing before the Vice-Chancellor, whose decision, however, is to be reconsidered. As a London paper remarks, the Convention is a quite one-sided one, the English having nothing which the French care to pilfer or purchase a copyright of; and the latitude which it technically allows makes the protection it affords the French author altogether precarious. As a symptom of regard on the part of theatre-managers for some other public than that which can be calculated on to pay, an invitation sent to the London press by the lessee of the Theatre Royal has been remarked upon and is worth quoting. It seems intended to get the benefit of judicious criticism prior to the first public performance, but it does not hint in what way the criticism is to be conveyed:

"THEATRE ROYAL, ———, April 11, 1870.

"DEAR SIR: We have a night rehearsal of the new piece entitled ———, on ——— night, when, if you are passing this way, I should be glad if you would look in and see what we are doing. The stage entrance will be open.—I am, etc., ———."

—A highly valuable book on the scenery, people, and customs of Japan, prepared with great minuteness, and in the most sumptuous manner, is that lately issued by Hachette & Co., "Le Japon Illustré," by Aimé Humbert, formerly a Swiss envoy and minister. It contains nearly five hundred engravings, relating to subjects of every variety and all degrees of importance, and mostly taken from photographs. The *Pall Mall Gazette* draws from it some rather striking comparisons between Japan and the British Islands, in its population, relation to the continent, and even history, though the feudal state of society exists there still in all its rigor. A landscape in Southern Niphon, which forms one of the illustrations, is said to be "quite an English woodland scene." The author, for his part, "says that the Japanese scenery frequently recalls the Swiss, and adds that the Japanese who travel tell him that no country reminds them so forcibly of their own as Switzerland." Reading and writing qualifications would not disturb the suffrage in Japan, as every man carries writing materials with him as naturally as he does his pipe, namely, a brush, a stick of India ink, and a roll of mulberry paper. The women, however, have this badge of inferiority, that they use a different handwriting from the men, and cannot read the men's, who, nevertheless, can read theirs. When the woman's rights agitation reaches those now tranquil shores, it is well to know what abuse must first be attacked. The map accompanying this volume is pronounced by the *Gazette* to be a great acquisition, as accurate as the Admiralty charts, and much fuller.

—A little more than eight years ago Renan delivered his first lecture as professor of the Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldaic languages in the Collége de France—a chair which had been founded expressly for him. The "Life of Jesus" was not yet published, but Renan was already obnoxious as a dissenter, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which he had earned by his acceptance of a Government mission to Syria, in 1860, had rendered him an object of distrust and something more in the eyes of the Liberals. Hence, two elements of opposition manifested themselves in the lecture-room on the 23d February, 1862, and a reference to Jesus as "an incomparable man," whose work was of such an exceptional character as to win for him the name of God, was seized upon by the clerical party as the ground of effecting Renan's dismissal by the Government. His course was, indeed, at once suspended by the Minister of Public Instruction, who charged the professor with having "uttered doctrines which offended all Christian creeds, and might give rise to unfortunate disturbances." Subsequently Renan was displaced in favor of M. Munk, and now, after a vacancy of three years, caused by the death of the latter, the original incumbent is restored by the almost unanimous nomination of the College and the Academy of Inscriptions, the Government confirming it according to custom. This reappointment, of which no one doubts the fitness, is one of the consequences of the new political freedom of France, notwithstanding which Renan has not shunned the appearance of being a partisan of personal government. And, as he refused to conciliate the clerical party in 1862, so now he is careless of offending the Radicals of 1870. He has just published by itself the article which he contributed, last November, to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the "Philosophy of Contemporaneous History—Constitutional Monarchy in France." (Paris: Michel Lévy. 1870.) It is designed to show that the French Revolution proceeded philosophically instead of historically, imagining that a free state is founded by popular sovereignty in the name of a central authority, instead of by successive petty and local conquests; that this idea naturally begot the First Empire, to which Napoleon was not necessary, for he merely carried out the possible parts of the revolutionary programme. Speaking afterwards of the "grand law" that the life of mankind must consist of several degrees, he applies it to French monarchy as an institution necessary to the continuance of good government after 1793—the keeping, in fact, of an historical compact between the nation and some family devoted to its interests and personifying its genius. Without such a dynastic alliance, the national conscience in no country can be fixed and stable; with it, as France had it most perfectly in the Capets, the nation has not only royalty but a priesthood—a priest-king, a Saint Louis. These sentiments are hardly to be styled fresh or adapted to present political tendencies in either hemisphere. At most, they exhibit Renan's independence, and show that radicalism in religion is not invariably conjoined with radicalism in politics, though as for the former Renan warns the "powerful religious party" which has been pursuing him that some day the Church is likely to "invoke him as an apologist to repel injurious and destructive attacks," and that then they may regret the obstacles they have put in the way of "a respectful dissenter, who has never suffered himself to be driven beyond the point where he meant to stop, even by the most unjust usage."

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

IT is a long time since we have known the magazines of the month to average so well as they do this month; the rise in value being due to special improvements which each has made, by creating new departments or enlarging old ones; but also partly due to better and more interesting writing in the body of the magazine. For example, *Putnam's* offers seven or eight pages of "Editorial Notes," which possess variety of topic certainly and contain many sensible remarks, albeit written with the "vigor" which the profane have termed "slinging ink," and which may, perhaps, better be designated as the sort of slashing and peremptory writing which may be learned in many newspaper offices. Then the critical notices in *Putnam's* are this month more pleasing than hitherto, being unmarked by a certain peevishness of tone which has often pervaded them and being all the better for being better natured. But the greatest improvement which this magazine has to show is in its long articles, four or five of which are worth attention, and one of which is excellent. This last is by Mr. Hamerton, the well-known critic of pictures and painters. It is not about art, however, but is called "Polyglots," and is intended to show that "to speak a foreign language really well, is a matter of superhuman difficulty," and that no one is really perfect and a master in any language save his own. Mr. Hamerton, who is very

familiar with France, once thought he had at last found a person perfect in French and English, and was sufficiently surprised to resolve on examining his black swan more closely. He therefore engaged him in conversation in the presence of a born Parisienne, who, for the first half-hour, she said, detected nothing in his speech that was not right, but then discovered a fault: he did not vibrate the letter *r* properly. But what person does any of us know who, speaking his own tongue, has not some fault peculiar to himself? Testing the best speakers with such severity as that exercised by Mr. Hamerton in the case of Mr. Wyld—not accepting as enough an unfailing correctness in idiom and grammar and the choice of words—we would almost venture to say that of all the tribes of articulate speaking men there is not one person, man or woman, who could not be condemned. Mr. Hamerton goes on, talking pleasantly and instructively, and, if we are not mistaken, affording in his own person an example of the general truth of his main proposition. Or, perhaps it is considering too curiously to note in him what seems a not perfect amalgamation of his French and English habits of speaking and feeling and thinking, as expressed in his style, which appears to us to express a something of French ease and accurate perception of *nuances*, and something of British stiffness—woodenness and downrightness, to speak irreverently, and to use language which we fear Mr. Hamerton would do right to call British or American in the worst sense. All his lightness of touch seems laborious as we read. Another Englishman—let us say, in hope to make ourselves better understood—who has overlaid his Briticisms with a certain amount of Gallicism, and has fallen further short than Mr. Hamerton of chemically combining the two, is Mr. Matthew Arnold, as we think any one may see who will read the preface of the "Essays in Criticism." If there ever was more palpably ungenuine suavity and more palpably genuine bloodthirstiness, we do not know where one may find it.

Another good paper in *Putnam's* is the first of a series on "Our Political Degeneracy and its Remedy"—a not very taking title certainly, but the designation of a piece of sound writing which is calculated to do good. To be vivified, however, and made readable by the average reader, we should say that a little less of the "Federalist" and a little more of the Federal senators and representatives might be desirable. There is some heaviness in the philosophizing and some creaking of the machine of thought. The first of a series, too, is Professor L. C. Seelye's essay on "Our Celtic Inheritance," which asserts that we are far more Celtic than most Anglo-Saxons (so-called) have been believing. "Pernickity People," that is to say, people who are fidgety about dirt and disorder, are the subject of a pleasant little sketch by Mrs. F. Barrow; "The Great Gold Flurry" is described by Mr. J. A. Peters; and the picture-galleries of Mr. August Belmont and Mr. W. T. Blodgett of this city are treated of by Mr. Eugene Benson, whose article is one of his best, and capable of giving pleasure and profit to most readers. One is perhaps justified in doubting whether a man with such a delight in color in languages has a right to more than one mode of giving expression to that side of his nature, and whether he is likely to paint as well as write. Still, there is M. Fromentin, of whom Mr. Benson speaks, who now is high in rank among French painters, and who ten years ago did not know whether he was "a painter who writes or a writer who paints." The affair is not ours of course, except so far as that it belongs to us to say that Mr. Benson undoubtedly writes best when he depends least on the adjective, and holds himself most rigorously to simplicity, and thus sets a needed example to several other Americans whom it would be easy to name.

The May *Lippincott's* brings to its end Trollope's "Vicar of Bullhampton," in which at last Miss Mary Lowther marries Captain Marrable and sends Squire Fenwick about his business, which for the present is to consist in roaming the world in some anger and more grief. How miserable a girl may be who marries a man she does not love is Mr. Trollope's moral in this novel, he says. Something of the same sort no doubt is to be the moral of the same author's new story, "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," which begins as the "Vicar of Bullhampton" leaves off, and it does seem as if it had already been heard times enough. "The Echo of Appomattox," which tells how the collapse of the late Confederacy affected England, France, Prussia, and Spain, is such as to please all Americans, and ought to assist us in bearing with equanimity the delay in settling the *Alabama* claims—if, indeed, more equanimity is necessary. Mr. McCarthy sets forth in his well-known manner—which is perfection in its way and a magic sword for a man who besieges all the magazines—the blind confidence in the ruin of the Union which was felt by the governing classes in England, and their bewilderment when suddenly they found Lee paroled at Appomattox instead of dictating peace at Washington amid general rejoicings. "Eccentricity as a Pursuit" is a gossiping sketch of the Comte de Châteauvillard, recently deceased; "The Cross in Legend and Art" is a pleasant paper; and there is besides in *Lippincott's* a running acount of American socialistic or communist movements. It is *apropos* of Mr. J. H. Noyes's book, to which it does not do justice, being perhaps severe enough on the Oneida Community but not full enough. It is by Mr. Lyman Abbott. The weak spot in this magazine is something entitled "The Widow Bedott in Philadelphia." It was always of the essence of vulgarity—this style of writing, and it is now so entirely obsolete that the reader can only wonder that any editor should have any thing to do with it.

"The English Governess at the Siamese Court" in the *Atlantic* continues to be very entertaining, giving a portrait of the first king, Chowfa Mongkut, whose English in particular is sufficiently amusing. It is like that of the famous Anglo-Portuguese phrase-book prepared by a pair of Brazilian linguists for the use of such of their countrymen as should travel, but, of course, is not equal to that triumph of philology, which is easily superior to all other efforts of the absurd. Here, however, is a part of Chowfa Mongkut's obituary notice of his brother, Chowfa Chudha Mani, whom, by the way, he secretly hated as being a better scholar than himself, but whom in the literary production mentioned he professes to admire excessively: "He pleased very much in and was playful of almost everything, some important and some unimportant, as riding on Elephants, and Horses, and Ponies, racing of them and racing of rowing boats; firing on birds and beasts of prey, dancing and singing in various ways pleasantly, and various curiosity of almost everything, and music of every description, and in taming of dogs, monkeys, etc., etc., that is to say briefly, that he has tested almost everything eatable except entirely testing of Opium and play."

Another readable article in the May *Atlantic* is the fifth of Mrs. Celia Thaxter's delightful sketches of life in the Isles of Shoals. This one, with its excellent painting of nature, is charmingly in keeping with the season, which, if it has not been very early, has, nevertheless, by its warm days and by the suddenness with which everything has sprung up and put forth buds, produced in the beholder a peculiarly strong impression of the presence of spring. It happens then that Mrs. Thaxter, with the keenness of her pleasure in the sights and sounds of the season, makes an attack which it is the harder just now to resist; but what she has written is absolutely good, and is independent of considerations like these, so that we can promise pleasure to almost any person who reads it. We hope that before the series is done a paper or two more may be devoted to the superstitions and other folk-lore of the isles, and to a portraiture of the Shoaler. "My Secretaryship" is a little story by a new writer, so far as we know, who seems to be "a true woman"—a term which we suppose to mean something more feminine than ordinary woman—and a vivacious lady, as well as an out-and-out sentimentalist of the most unmistakable sort. "Signs and Show-Cases in New York," by Mr. C. D. Shanly, is a piece of pleasantly humorous talk on a subject which, however, is still open to other humorists, we should say, and which ought, one would think, to tempt such persons very much indeed. "The Channel Islands" is something about Guernsey, Alderney, Jersey, and Sark, as the school geographies used to say, and is by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, who also leaves behind her much grain for other reapers, and who is not particularly entertaining. Better, we judge, than entertaining is what appears to be a very intelligent letter from Madrid, which gives the circumstances of the recent duel between the two princely cousins of Bourbon and Orleans, and describes the character of the principals. The business seems to have been one that may be sincerely regretted by all outsiders, with whatever mixture of feelings Spanish partisans may regard it.

The poetry of the *Atlantic* is by George Eliot, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and Dr. Parsons, Mr. Aldrich's being the best—a pretty neatly turned little poem—but Dr. Parsons's blank verse having a fine movement, though on the whole there is not much in "Aspromonte." But prettier than any other verses in the number are some quoted by Mrs. Thaxter:

"Ships, ships, I will descrie you
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting
And projecting,
What's your end and aim?
Some go abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with wealth and costly lading,
Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou goe?"

They owe some of their beauty to their setting in Mrs. Thaxter's descrip-

tion of the vessels sailing past her light-house, but will be liked by themselves. As for Mr. Taylor's "May-time Pastoral," it is English hexameters, but we do not see that it is not as good as George Eliot's "Legend of Jubal." We confess to having read neither of them through.

The reviews and literary notices are by Mr. Cranch, Mr. Henry James, Mr. T. W. Higginson, and Mr. Howells, and are, without exception, good, though why a little less kindness to Leigh Hunt and a little more civility to Mr. Arthur Helps would not have been in place we but darkly guess.

"Diet en Masse" is perhaps as good as anything else in *Hours at Home*, though Professor E. P. Evans's "William Blake" is enriched by two or three of Blake's most beautiful poems. The latter article, however, is on the whole slight. A short story perfectly full of love, "which is pretty to observe," as Pepys used to say, being that warm and gushing as to be a fountain of youth to the reader, is "Pink and Blue," by Miss Sarah Chester. Jack, a handsome young man, but not a kingly soul, pleadingly requests Gertie to wear a pink ribbon on the next day; Tom, not so handsome, but hard headed and royal in spirit, briefly requests Gertie to wear blue. Gertie goes up to her little room, hesitates, deliberates long, and on the next morning, such is the nature of young women, she appears dressed for the picnic and wearing the pink ribbon, which causes handsome Jack to look handsomer than ever, and Tom to look grimmer than his former self. Figure then in the imagination the degree to which Mr. Jack is taken aback by finding Miss Gertie behaving to him in a very austere manner all the morning, as if he were merely an acquaintance. The obtuse Tom, however, superior in virtue of his nature to the wiles of women, persists in his delusion and in wearing a look of pain. Gertie execrates all shades of pink and snubs everybody. Her soul is not at peace. Going away with little Kittie to wade in the water, she is overtaken by a storm, and when she tries to get back to the hotel by the beach she sinks in a quicksand. The natural cry of "Tom" comes to her lips, which is immediately answered by Tom himself, who rescues her, arriving with his burden just in time to see the somewhat shallow but handsome Jack coming down stairs to enquire "what is the matter?" Still Tom persists in keeping his eyes shut. Jack is to have her; he will be brave. Nothing, by the way, is more noticeable in all these tales than the inexorableness of even the youngest and naturally kindest of the writers of them. They are so relentless to the wretched lovers that we may be sure Malthus's doctrine is not yet going to come in fashion. There is no fear that there will not still be pairing. At last Gertie emancipates herself from Jack, who, she says, need never have left her had he but had the soul, as he had the mien, of a prince, and proceeds to do something very like making an offer of marriage to Tom, who is a little stupid to the last. So, then, "Pink and Blue" is very far from being the worst story in the world, and it is written in a sprightly, straightforward, pleasant way, the opening, in particular, showing skill.

Hours at Home begins with an article by Mr. S. S. Randall, which we opened with some expectation of pleasure, as thinking to see in a periodical which has influence in the American religious world a logical appreciation of the exact state of the controversy between the Roman Catholics and the friends of American free schools. This was the more to be expected as the article is entitled "Popular Education *versus* Sectarianism," and is by the Superintendent of the Public Schools in this city. But the sum and substance of it is this: that the Roman Catholics ought not to have any special grants of money for the support of their schools, nor should the school fund be divided. So far every non-Romanist goes; but it is not a sagacious non-Romanist, we are compelled to believe, who stops there and goes no further. *Hours at Home* might profitably take a lesson in this matter from the *Christian Union*, which is not only the ablest and best, but, also, as we suppose, the most popular of American religious periodicals. At all events, it is safe to predict that it will soon have, if it has not already, greater influence than any other religious paper in the country—an influence which will be none the less, we are persuaded, because it has taken in the discussion of this question the only position that is tenable and cannot be forced.

For the rest, *Hours at Home* has an agreeable desultory chat about "The Art to Blot," which talks of poets and their painstaking; something readable concerning an Arab wedding; an article containing curious information about the symbolism of numbers, and half-a-dozen of other pieces.

Old and New, too, as well as *Hours at Home*, discusses the question of "Religion in Schools," the writer describing himself as "a practical teacher." He comes, after more or less irrelevant pleading, to a conclusion which also has much irrelevancy: he would have a joint commission, made of delegates from all the principal denominations, prepare a Scriptural manual, which should satisfy all consciences. This the Catholics have, over and over again, said in the most emphatic manner it is impossible to do. But "a practical teacher" has not learned the art of putting himself in another person's place and understanding the grounds of a Roman Catholic's objections to Bible readings without note or comment, and it is not too much to say that all his ammunition is so much powder and shot fired into the air. Of the rest of this number of *Old and New*, perhaps the most generally interesting portion is that written by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, but it cannot be called very fresh. There is more of "Ten times One is Ten," by "Colonel Fred Ingham," and of Elise Polko's novel. There is a Sandwich Island legend, by Mr. W. T. Brigham; a careful and encouraging article on the "Mormon Problem," by Charles T. Brigham; and several religious articles which will be of interest to Unitarians, but which the world of magazine readers will not care for. The "Record of Progress" gives us some information concerning the Rochdale Co-operative plan, as tried in this country, at Fall River and near Providence, Rhode Island; some account of the People's Banks in Germany, as set forth in the recent report made by Mr. S. M. Quincy; a report of the doings of the well-known Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Libraries for the Unitarian denomination; a résumé of what has been done for the black man under the new order of things in South Carolina; a New York letter, and a letter from Mr. Sidney Andrews, in Washington. It cannot yet be said of *Old and New* that it is not heavy rather than light, religious rather than literary, and too scrappy; but it is not half a year old, and as it bids fair to live its friends may look to see it good.

The chapters of "Put Yourself in His Place," in the May *Galaxy*, are a little less exciting than some of the instalments of that story which have preceded this one; but are perhaps more interesting. They give another proof of that quality of Mr. Reade's which makes some women dislike him—or try to dislike him, for we do not know that any actually succeed—and makes some men like him: namely, his inability to conceive of women except in what may be called their adjective position, their subordination to sexual influences. This last adjective is not used in any coarse sense. The passion of love, and love of a kind out of which the physical element is not at all left, has been the spring of his best novels. In the later ones this simple motive has been somewhat overslaughed by a deal of "business" not naturally growing out of it—as in the case of this novel by trade-unionism; but here in these chapters, what with the complication arising out of Grace Carden's marriage and Jael Dence's love for Henry Little, the story is for the moment reduced to its essence, and Mr. Reade again reminds us of the Mr. Reade of "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone"—stories which, it seems to us, much as we admire all his works, he has never since their time equalled.

Mr. Mark Twain's "Memoranda," though some of them are sad—as the demise of "The Good Boy who did not Prosper"—will please all the friends and enemies of this writer. Mr. Greeley, however, will feel some natural jealousy of the agricultural remarks. Mr. Thurlow Weed contributes some queer passages from his forthcoming autobiography. He is garrulous, and that about people for whom the general public of this generation cares nothing; but the picture of the "stage" of fifty years ago is interesting, and Central New York ought to furnish a good many readers for this part of Mr. Weed's book. "Chanet" is a not over and above good story by Mr. De Forest; "Nature and Dress" is talk not very new, but all sound we suppose, by Dr. J. C. Draper; "A Marshal of France," by G. B. M., sketches very clearly the career of Bugeaud, whom General McClellan knew personally; "George Sand" is by Mr. Justin McCarthy, and appears to be fair as far as it goes; there is, moreover, the close of a shocking story by Anthony Trollope; there is the story of "The Lady of Gruach," or Lady Macbeth, by Mr. Grant White; there is a piece of Walt Whitman's which is about as valuable and beautiful as almost any equal length of that gentleman's fabrication, and these with a dozen other articles make up the May number of this clever and readable magazine.

In *Harper's*, the "Easy Chair" defends the American lecture system, of which some philosophers have thought and spoken slightingly, and says that "the platform" is a good institution, because it presents to the people, through the mouths of eminent men, or well-known men, the two sides of the questions which agitate the popular mind; and we presume he would add that the people might never, as a whole, hear both sides, but each half of the public would hear only the one in whose favor that half might chance to be prejudiced. There is a good deal in this, we sup-

pose. Two dangers, however, threaten the argument—one that this people, which listens contentedly to both sides of a question, would probably not remain in ignorance of one side, even though this should not have a lecturer; the other is that lecturers are not apt to be so exhaustive and unimpassioned as to make one very well pleased at the thought of even half the people taking law from them. We confess, however, that there are lecturers, and lecturers, and that, though we have heard few good ones of any kind, and a mighty array of very bad ones, our objection was rather to the itinerant teacher than the itinerant orator attempting to set "causes" in motion.

"Secular and Sectarian Schools," by Mr. Lyman Abbott, is the best presentation of this vexed question that we have found in the magazines of the month, but it wears a very non-committal air. Nothing else in the May *Harper's* calls for special mention.

To define "the American state" is the object of the leader of the *Catholic World;* but inasmuch as the modern course of opinion in regard to religion and the functions of government, of which the existing American state is one of the results, passes with our author under the name of "the revolution," it is difficult to see how he can speak of the state, as he does, with praise, or how he can predict ruin to "the revolution" and glory to the American polity. The article is, perhaps, not worth reading, as being of the vagaries of a man who has always done more of the labor of thinking than the world has ever been able to think justified by the usefulness of the product of his thought.

"Dion and the Sibyls" goes on in an agreeable fashion, though nothing would be easier than to parody with ludicrous effect the mixture of story and antiquarian learning—the way in which the latter is brought in having of itself, indeed, almost the effect of a parody.

There is, besides, in this magazine a civil review of Emerson's prose works, an amusing paper about Sir John Maundeville, a beautiful "May Carol" by Aubrey De Vere, and some other matter, of which none is of importance.

THE HOHENSTEINS.*

We are pretty well persuaded that the days must be longer in Germany than in any other part of the inhabited world—say twenty-four hours daylight, besides the night time, in each seventh part of a week. We think the encyclopædic form of novel could not otherwise have originated there—a summer's reading between two covers. The book whose title is affixed to this notice affords a forcible contrast to the rapid, hit-or-miss, slangy style of some of the modern English novels, such as "Red as a Rose," "Cometh up as a Flower," "Within an Ace," where the eighth sin, more deadly than the seven others, is evidently to be "slow." That horror of being bored which is the simple explanation of many complex social conventions in England, has not yet dawned on the Fatherland—rather a patience, a longanimity exist, which may make it a blessed habitation for the professional story-teller. We are curious to see how representative government may affect this disposition; yet the Grand Cyrus was written under a "despotism tempered by epigrams," and we are still in doubt. It is high praise to say of "The Hohensteins" that in spite of its length it is not tedious, but that the interest is remarkably maintained through the diversified and complicated adventures of a whole family. Both author and translation have considerably improved since "Problematic Characters" appeared. There was an element of fertility in that story which, though perhaps intentional, was too undramatic to be tolerable, whereas this plot is ably constructed and, though complicated, is coherent.

The story opens in the spring of 1848, and deals with three generations of the Hohenstein family then living, and variously affecting and affected by the political and revolutionary activity of that year and the following one. In spite of the name—or perhaps because of the impossibility of moulding a hero out of a grand-uncle, three nephews with their wives, and five grand-nephews and nieces—Munzer, an ardent patriot, and a revolutionary politician, is the real hero of the book, and is powerfully drawn. An occasional realistic touch in his character, life-like inconsistencies, and a strong pervading vitality suggest that this personage is drawn from life, and Cajus, though of inferior type, has the same stamp. Major Degenfeld, also, is a valuable addition to the usual stock characters, and is so delicately discriminated from his companions and co-workers that we shall be surprised if he is not recognized by those more familiar than ourselves with the actors in that drama of high hopes and bitter failures—the German uprising of 1848. We, who have played and won in the great game of civil war in the years just passed, must read with an appreciative if painful sympathy of the gallant efforts, the stifled purpose, and the loyal self-devotion of our less fortunate brethren.

In the Hohenstein family, we have the usual rich and despotic head of the family, the usual interested and scheming heirs, and the female villain, who is rather a special possession of German and Prussian novelists, but who in this instance is unusually genuine and coherent, though decidedly improper; we have the good young man who is poor and wearisome, with the profligate favorites of fortune, his cousins—in short, the usual *dramatis personæ;* but the life of the book is the incubation, the bursting forth and the collapse of a political movement, and here Spielhagen has been a true artist, and has focussed the light on Munzer's figure. This man, variously gifted, influential, beloved, and sincere, whom we see first as the centre of a great and hopeful activity, we follow through the tragic mistakes and failures of his life to its close (which, by the way, is the best managed thing in the book), and forgive him his long speeches for the sake of the earnestness in him. Antonia (the female villain) taxes him with being not one of the people:

"You mock me!" replied Munzer, with a melancholy smile. "I cannot blame you for it, you have cause enough. You wish to know where my kingdom is. Here, behind this brow, within the narrow walls of this head! And who are my royal parents? Poor peasant people, who wasted their sad lives under the burden of heavy baskets, in which they carried earth up to the narrow terraces of the slate mountain, where every two or three years they reaped a pitiful harvest of grapes. The toys they put into my aristocratic hands were a spade and a hoe; my playmates were half-wild goats browsing on the coarse grass of rocky heights. My royal parents died of grief, misery and sorrow; and I, their only princely son, would have perished likewise of misery and hunger if the priest in the nearest village—the only true friend I have ever known—had not taken pity on the poor ragged orphan, and shared with him his pittance of daily bread and precious knowlege."

There is an occasional touch of humor, which is refreshing among so many of the very highest sentiments, as where Camilla says: "A few thousand dollars more or less do not matter much." "The mother sighed. She thought of several old bills, of which her husband had no suspicion, and how enormous the difference between a few thousand dollars more or less is for a maternal heart, beating affectionately for her daughter's wardrobe!"

"I believe Munzer is going to lose his senses," said Dr. Hohn. "How can a man be so clever in general, and such a fool in particulars?" Aunt Bella, too, with her shabby-genteel expedients, is cheering.

The translation is not without its defects, of which these are a few:

"Your lady (meaning 'your mare') is knocking her fore shoes to pieces on the pavement. *Apropos* of lady! are you really going to exchange her for Brinckman's sorrel?" "Two thousand years ago it was called folly to fill new wine in old bottles." "Hampered by the *bans* under which I have been put by my family." "It was a deed, and he had always felt that Wolfgang suspected him of not being energetic enough to do a deed."

It is an awkwardness to speak of *Rheinfeld,* and in the same sentence to translate the name of a place into "Churchtown." We would also suggest to the proof-reader that the final *e* in "noblesse oblige" and "misère" is never accented." There are some very dramatic scenes in the book, as that where Antonia and Munzer are hidden by fog from the advancing troops, and the last sight which we have of Degenfeld and Balthazar; and finally, we can assure intending purchasers that patient readers will be no losers.

The Great Empress. A Portrait. By M. Schele De Vere, of the University of Virginia. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.)—Like another Southern author whose book we had recently under consideration, Professor De Vere seems bitten with the desire to "ensnare youthful devotees of light literature" into the acquisition of historical knowledge by keeping carefully out of sight such dry and prosaic matters as dates and precise references, and setting before them instead a highly colored picture of the times and people whom he is describing. His "Great Empress" is scarcely to be called a valuable contribution to historical science, but is rather a much expanded magazine article in the style with which his readers in *Putnam* must be already familiar. One lingers over passages like one we are about to quote, describing a scene in the life of Tiberius, and wonders whether it is only the general public for whom this profitable kind of amusement is provided, or whether the avenues to knowledge are in like manner smoothed and made pleasant to students of the Virginia University.

"There he lay, exhausted and weary in the early morning, with a sinister and ferocious expression in every lineament, and savage rage lurk-

* "The Hohensteins. A Novel. By Friedrich Spielhagen. Translated by Prof. Schele De Vere." New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

ing in every wrinkle; his whole countenance filled, as it were, with the concentrated infamy of many ages. Suddenly a light step was heard on the crisp sand, and, with sylph-like quickness, there bounded forth a Bacchante of marvellous beauty. Grapes of golden hue, relieved by ruddy vine-leaves, encircled her temples in a rich garland, and waved in airy dance as she came gliding in softly, touching her cymbals with timid finger and looking wistfully in the dread emperor's face. He smiled, and off she bounded again in the wild, intoxicating Bacchic dance, her lustrous and defiant eyes throwing out vivid flashes of light, her bosom heaving in the roseate warmth of her youth, and all her limbs swaying to and fro—now in a tumult of wild passion and now in the soft waves of infinite grace. As he gazed at her with a passing thrill of admiration, she stood still for an instant in all the perfect symmetry of sculpture; as he wearily closed his lids, she became at once again all motion and fire, till her deep black hair fluttered in ringlets around her, her light robes flew back from the jewelled brooch on her knee, and her tiny sandals clinked on the bright mosaic in unison with the capricious clank of the cymbals. The emperor looked again as she passed, now near, now at a distance before his eye, but ever radiant with sublime beauty; his eye blazed up in unwonted fire, and he beckoned her to fill the golden goblet by his side with Falernian wine. He raised it eagerly to his lips, as if to drain its ruby vintage to the bottom; but he fell back exhausted, overcome by the power of his passion, and soon he was writhing in one of those paroxysms of rage which made men whisper in stealthy conclave that their master was a madman."

The full value of passages like this, however, and of numberless others which rival it, is only to be understood by readers of the entire work, who know that it has no bearing on what follows or what precedes it, and that it shows only how easy it is to superadd the lighter charms of fiction to the graver details of history.

**** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Alger (H., jr.), Ben the Luggage Boy: a Boys' Story	(Loring) $1 25
Appleton's Railway Guide for May, 1870, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Aguilar (Grace), The Mother's Recompense	(D. Appleton & Co.)
The Vale of Cedars	" " 1 00
Allibone (S. A.), A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors Living and Deceased, Vol. II., K–S	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Barker (Prof. G. F.), The Correlation of Vital and Physical Forces, swd	(Chas. C. Chatfield)
Caldcleugh (W. G.), Homer's Iliad translated into English Verse	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Caxton (Laura), Marion Berkley: a Story for Girls	(Loring) 1 05
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 29, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell) 0 05
Gleason (Mrs. Dr. R. B.), Talks to my Patients	(Wood & Holbrook)
Howard Paul's Jokes, swd	(Loring) 0 25
Manton (Kate), Man's Wrongs; or, Woman's Foibles	(Crosby & Damrell)
Merrick (J. M., jr.), The Strawberry, and its Culture	(J. E. Tilton & Co.)
Rand (E. S., jr.), Seventy-five Popular Flowers, and How to Cultivate Them	(J. E. Tilton & Co.)
Savage (M.), The Woman of Business: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.) 0 75
The Private Life of Galileo	(Nichols & Noyes) 1 50
Schem (Prof. A. J.), Deutsch-amerikanisches Conversations-Lexicon, 1. Band, A bis Austräge	(F. Gerhard)
Sargent (H. W.), Skeleton Tours through England and the Continent	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Swan (J. G.), The Indians of Cape Flattery, swd	(Smithsonian Institution)
The American Tune Book	(O. Ditson & Co.) 1 50
Winans (R.), One Religion: Many Creeds	(J. P. Des Forges)
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1870.

The Week.

THE Senate has shown that it can waste time over the question of adjournment as well as upon matters of legislation, and consequently it is yet uncertain whether the date fixed by the House—the 4th of July—will be the one finally agreed upon by both chambers. The Senate has also indulged its fondness for procrastination by postponing once and again the Franking Bill, which may or may not have the luck to be passed this session. On Monday, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, spoke for two hours in favor of a protective tariff. A debate the same day on the Bureau of Education elicited a great diversity of opinion in regard to the usefulness of such a department of the Government. In the House, Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill, after having been debated on Wednesday and Thursday, was on the latter day recommitted at Mr. Jenckes's request, and whether it too emerges again before adjournment we presume is not certain. Mr. Jenckes was not to be taken by surprise by his opponents, and the short discussion has had several excellent results. In the first place, it has kept the measure alive, and recalled the attention of Congress and the public to it; it has, besides, exhibited the weakness of those who denounce it, Mr. Peters, of Maine, being without doubt exactly the antagonist that Mr. Jenckes would have prayed for; and finally, if it has failed to convert Mr. Bingham, it has developed the adhesion of Mr. Kelley and Mr. Schenck to the principle of the bill, and cannot but encourage the friends of the reform to renew their efforts incessantly.

It was opposed by Messrs. Maynard, Peters, Bingham, and others, in speeches which, without any reference to the merits of the bill, were, it is no exaggeration to say, a disgrace to human nature. It would be difficult to crowd into the space they occupy in the *Globe* more falsehood, absurdity, misrepresentation, greater contempt for facts, more clap-trap and humbug, and more unblushing confessions of ignorance. One assumption ran through every one of them, and that was that there were no faults in the civil service now which were not inherent in human nature, and that (and this was the really impudent part of it) appointments and dismissals were now made solely "in the interest of the public service." In fact, if any one wants to find a parallel for the performance, both as regards style, temper, logic, and candor, one has to seek it in the arguments by which the slave-trade was defended by royal dukes in the House of Lords. The pro-slavery orators here usually showed more respect for the understanding of their hearers. One of Mr. Bingham's arguments was "that this bill creates an aristocracy in the face of that wise provision in our Constitution that neither the United States nor any State of the Union shall create titles of nobility;" but then the sage omitted to account for the existence of that worst form of "aristocracy," the military "aristocracy" in the army and navy, under which the country has been groaning for half a century. He then added "that it was an absurdity, as his friend from Illinois (Mr. Cullom) remarked." The basis for this lucid observation was also supplied by his friend from Illinois, viz.: that "the author of 'The Mechanism of the Heavens' did not prove himself a very skilful man in civil affairs when called to a civil trust by the first Napoleon." Mr. Bingham is wasted in the House; it is not "educated up" to him.

However, we think he was, on the whole, outdone by Mr. Maynard. This gentleman's forte seems to be foreign politics. One of his reasons why illustrations drawn from the civil service of European countries are of no use to us here is, that in Europe "the object of government is to get as far away from the people as possible," while "the object in this country is to keep the government near to the people." There are some persons with whom it is treason to the human understanding to argue, and we do not say that Mr. Maynard is one of them, but one is puzzled to know how to deal with him. The civil service system which he is defending in this country, is the old aristocratic system which prevailed in every country in Europe down to the French Revolution, and in some still later. Its basis is favoritism, nepotism, personal gratitude or affection—in short, jobbery and disregard of the public interests. In proportion as "government has got near the people," to use the Maynard jargon, that system has disappeared, and the system of competitive examinations and promotion for merit been substituted for it. No civil service is a popular one which is not open to all, without other qualification than knowledge and character. What the people want is a fair field and no favor. Mr. Maynard ought to know that there is no civil service in the world, *and never has been one*, which was in the hands of a *smaller* and more disreputable class than ours, or which was managed with more brutal disregard of the interests of taxpayers, or to which the honest poor man has less chance of access.

The bill was sent back to the Committee to save it from total defeat, a result which was of course not wholly unexpected. As we have often said, Congress is the fountain-head of this stream of corruption, which now overflows the country, and which rises higher every year; which is debauching and degrading every branch of the Government, and converting the legislature in particular into a mere board of office-brokers. The members of Congress get and keep their seats largely through the efforts of the unclean herd with whom they fill the Government offices. To reform the civil service is to deprive them of the means either of rewarding their friends or punishing their enemies, and compel them to appeal to their constituencies on their own merits—a prospect for a large number of them full of horrors. Therefore, it is safe to say that until the public sentiment forces this particular reform into the party platforms, and terrifies those who live by the abuses into submission, we shall never see it carried. One might as well expect to see in Turkey a movement against polygamy originating among the Sultan's eunuchs.

The "Reform Party" in South Carolina, of the establishment of which we spoke some weeks since, seems to be well under way and to be increasing in size and spirit with gratifying rapidity, though we fear there is but little chance of its carrying the elections; the State seems to lie almost completely at the mercy of the white and black corruptionists who have been plundering it for some years past; and that the negro voters are not yet educated to their responsibilities is clear enough to everybody; and if not, it soon will be, for Mr. B. F. Whittemore is to be sent back to Congress, we see. Apparently, nothing could be worse than the conduct of the high officials of the State. It is, for instance, constantly asserted, and is nowhere denied, that a senator, Leslie by name, who held the office of Land Commissioner, and spent altogether some $600,000 of the State's money, and then resigned without satisfactorily accounting for much of it, openly declared that if the Advisory Board tried to make him account for it, he would have the chairman of that body "in his own penitentiary in less than two weeks." The Advisory Board consists of the Governor, the Attorney-General, the Secretary of State, the State Treasurer, and the Comptroller-General. More than this, when Leslie "resigned," and there was talk in the Senate of compelling him to explain his conduct in office, he coolly enquired which senator would like to begin, and dared his colleagues to press him for the reasons of his resignation; and none of them pressed him, he having a tongue in his head and knowing certain secrets. Plenty more things of this sort might be related, and have been, and nothing is surer than that the rescue of South Carolina from her present rulers is a thing for which decent men everywhere—Democrats and Republicans, especially Republicans—should pray with fervor. As we say, however, there seems to be as yet but little ground for hope, though probably a thorough organization of the new party and some hard work may secure a legislature for next year which shall be less of a disgrace to civilization

than the last was. We must not forget to mention that the T. J. Mackey who figured in a shooting affray in the Common Council some months since, and who escaped punishment by pleading "morphine," has just been made a trial justice by Governor Scott.

More encouraging is the non-political South Carolina news, which, indeed, is a great deal better than most persons in this section of the country have been hoping for, and is absolutely good. It is surprising, for example, to learn that one small association working in Newberry District, a fine country with a beautiful climate and lying in the middle region—between the sand and the hills—alone has introduced almost 500 European immigrants, Swedes we take them to be, for the gentleman who gave the account of them went on to say, that "if you give a Swedish laborer a peck of meal and three pounds of bacon (a week) you may expect him to tabernacle with you only for a night;" and he added something to the effect that the Swede is a free man, who comes to this country to better his condition and not to be a serf, and who must be treated accordingly. These remarks were made in a convention which sat for several days in Charleston, and included delegates from Georgia as well as from all parts of South Carolina. Looking over the report of the proceedings, we noted an entire absence of the spirit but recently pervading the South Carolinian mind—the spirit which demands, not immigrants who desire to better themselves, but a servile peasantry. It appears as if there were now a genuine wish to foster the sort of immigration from abroad and from the North and East which has built up the States of the West and made them the wonder of the world; and an elaborate plan to accomplish the desired result was submitted to the convention and, after intelligent debate, adopted. The South was always ready enough to hold conventions, agricultural and other, and it is hard, when we read the Charleston resolutions, not to think of the gentlemen who used regularly to meet and resolve that Norfolk, Virginia, was designed by God to be the greatest seaport on this continent; but still the resolutions before us have a very business-like and hopeful look. In brief, this is the general scheme: Landholders and other capitalists are to subscribe land, or money with which to buy land, and this is to be divided into farms, of which every other one is to be given to any respectable and healthy man who will occupy it and improve it, holding it at the end of ten years in fee simple, and, until the ten years' term expires, under the sole condition that he shall not abandon it, but shall cultivate it. Alternate sections the association is to hold. Four freight and emigrant steamers are to be built, and every means is to be tried to induce emigrants from Europe, whether bound for South Carolina or for Oregon, to make the journey *via* Charleston—a route alleged to be cheaper than any other now in existence. Chinese laborers—of whom, as "cotton-hands," glowing accounts were given—are to be called into the rice districts. The erection of cotton-mills is to be encouraged, and figures were read, which seem reasonable, tending to show that a manufacturer who should barely pay expenses in running twenty frames in New England, could make $15,000 a year by running them in Georgia. An instance was given of a manufacturer who actually had done both these things so lately as last year. Our space forbids our giving further details of the projected plan, but, as is said above, it looks hopeful.

It is said that a man is either a fool or a physician at forty; and if the alternative has hitherto seemed a hard one, the action of the American Medical Association last week should serve to reconcile a good many of us. This body met at Washington to hold its twenty-first annual session, and the presentation of credentials by colored delegates and by some white delegates who did not scruple to consult with colored physicians, gave rise to a noisy and heated debate which ended in the triumph of prejudice. It appears, therefore, that political ethics and professional ethics are not co-extensive, and the more we contrast the stress laid by the medical fraternity upon their "ethics" with the rowdy behavior of too many of them toward negroes and women, the more transparent becomes their abuse of the term. The regulations included under it, though frequently calculated to protect the public from imposition, closely resemble in other respects the worst features of trades-unionism, and serve like purposes of persecution and repression. Few close corporations are so odious as a medical society may easily be and often is, and the exclusiveness which forms the basis of doctors' morals is singularly inappropriate to a science which is as empirical as agriculture, and whose therapeutic literature, at least, resembles nothing so much as a farmer's almanac or a cook-book. The majority at Washington, we are well aware, was due to the presence of Southern members, and this the Association could not help; but we should have been glad to see, on the part of the minority, an avowed intention to disregard so much of the ruling as made it unprofessional to consult with physicians of color.

Speaking of the Hartford and Erie business before the Massachusetts Legislature, last week, we made a most absurd though transparent blunder, by the accidental omission of one clause of a sentence. What we said was that "The independent press, we are sorry to say, and, indeed, almost all the Boston papers, oppose all further loans," etc. What we should have said was, "The independent press—from which, we are sorry to say, we must exclude the *Boston Advertiser* and, indeed, almost all the Boston papers—oppose," etc. We owe an apology for this to the Boston papers, for most of them are warm friends of the road. The Committee has reported in favor of giving further State aid to it—to the extent of $3,500,000. The assailants of the State treasury have been ably represented, while the Attorney-General has had to fight single-handed; and common rumor says that if you examined the coat-tails of the men you met in State Street, you would find a bond in nearly every one of them. It is calculated that if the Commonwealth now takes hold of the road, and pushes it through, it will cost about $20,000,000 to equip and put it in working order, making the total cost of this great "artery" about $50,000,000. Altogether, the performance may be considered the greatest raid ever yet made by a railroad Ring on a State Government, and throws Fisk's and Gould's operations at Albany far into the shade. One not improbable, and we were going to say not undesirable, result of the swindle will be the transfer of the State government to other hands. We should not, indeed, be surprised to see the impeccable Butler raising the standard of reform, and rallying the majority under it.

The *World* has contributed a valuable and very amusing chapter to the history of journalism, by collecting and reproducing the various "amenities" which several of our contemporaries have been interchanging during the last week or two, apropos of the McFarland case and various other matters and things. It has done great injustice, however, to our esteemed contemporary the *Tribune*, in reprinting some of the billingsgate in which that paper occasionally indulges without quoting any of the reasons it has given at sundry times why no paper should ever be guilty of personalities, or ever wander from the discussion of subjects and the public conduct of individuals. It seems to us the collection is hardly complete without some specimens of cant as well as of ruffianism. In other respects, we cannot speak of it too highly. It will raise the profession of journalism, indeed, has raised it already, in the opinion of all thinking men; and the profound interest the public takes in this newspaper vituperation, not to speak of its high literary excellence, will, doubtless, cause increasing demand for it, for public as well as for private libraries, as the years roll on. We confess, too, we have ourselves taken deep satisfaction while listening to the thwacking and mud-throwing which has been going on around us, in the reflection that it was all due to the intense zeal of some gentlemen for the purity of the family. Everybody engaged in the row, unseemly as his behavior may have seemed to careless lookers-on, was really either pushing home or repelling a charge of "free love," which, as it seems to us, ought to dispel the apprehensions felt by many about the prevalence of opinions hostile to marriage.

So far as Mrs. Lincoln's claim to a pension rests upon mere sentiment, and her desire for one is in order that she may, to use her own words, "live in a style becoming the widow of the Chief Magistrate of a great nation," we agree with the Senate Committee on Pensions that

there is no obligation to make any further provision for her. Unfortunately, too, she is a person whose breeding does not qualify her either to enhance the sentimental view of her case or to set the "style" for Presidents' widows; and if she were allowed to do the latter she would probably give Europeans a very false notion of the dignity and state of our "chief magistrates." Something of the Committee's concern for what we may call republican appearances is therefore justified by our experience of the petitioner; but we fail to sympathize with their attaching so much importance to the precedent they were called upon to create, and with their seeming belief that it would be a damaging blow to republican purity. They say, truly enough, that pensions have hitherto been granted only in the military and naval service; and as they proceed to state that "it has not been deemed advisable in a *free* country to provide permanent emoluments in favor of the families of high officers of the state, as in European countries," we conclude that they think pensions in the civil service a mark of the degraded condition to which monarchy reduces its subjects. They also evidently look upon them as establishing "caste," since, as matters now stand, "when eminent officers end their official term they become equal, but not superior members of society." The Committee might further have felicitated the country that there could not be found here a bloated aristocracy of superannuated schoolmasters, such as, for perfectly intelligible motives, the grinding tyrannies of Europe have instituted. But really the Committee's arguments induce very serious reflection as to the favor which the civil service reform is to meet with in the Senate; especially as Mr. Edmunds was the chairman, and presumably the author of the adverse report on Mrs. Lincoln's claims.

The private advices received from England, in a still greater degree than the public ones, indicate that the difficulties of the Gladstone ministry are increasing seriously. It seems as if it would require a special interposition of Providence to make a cabinet containing Bright and Lowe work well, and Mr. Gladstone's mind, if acute, is also impressible and fluctuating. Moreover, there are signs that the House of Commons, having abolished the Irish Church, feels that it has redeemed its pledges, and finds the work of reform begin to pall on it. Hence some of the increasing difficulty shown in "understanding" the Irish Land Bill, of which our correspondent spoke last week. Meantime, its flagging energies will probably be quickened by the increasing signs of political union between the Irish Catholics and Protestants. Should the Irish Protestants throw their weight into the "Nationalist" scales, which they have not done since 1782, they would probably force on England, without further delay, a solution of the Irish problem almost as serious as that to which she was driven in that year, when she, for the first time, acknowledged the independence of the Irish Parliament. The Protestants can at any time give point and force to the aimless blather of the Fenians.

The French police are busy with the investigation of the great conspiracy, the proportions of which are of course alarming, and arrests continue to be made on a great scale. On one of the alleged conspirators was found a letter from the well-known publicist, Gustave Flourens, who has been drifting about ever since he "rose in insurrection" last month, and is now in London. He directed his correspondent to send his letters through Mr. George W. Smalley, the redoubtable London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. At first it seemed as if Messrs. Smalley and Flourens had joined forces, and we really expected to see the air darkened with the splinters of thrones and altars, but it turns out that Mr. Smalley knew nothing of the contents of M. Flourens's letters, and merely forwarded them as an act of friendship, which information has doubtless smoothed the pillow of many a brutal despot. Mr. Smalley, at the last accounts, was in Paris, asking to be "examined" touching his connection with the conspiracy. If the Imperial Government does not examine him, or examines him with less than twelve Procureurs Impériaux, or in any place but a good large hall, and on a raised platform, it will be guilty of a great wrong towards a modest, unobtrusive, and sweet-tempered journalist. Flourens, by-the-by, disappeared on the night he "rose in insurrection," revolver and all, and so effectually that the police would have had no evidence of any overt acts of his after the first rising, if he had not written a letter, which was intercepted, to a friend in Paris, describing his exploits. They now have it under his own hand that he is a sanguinary monster, and spent that night in slaughter.

The *plébiscite* has, as was generally expected, resulted in a large majority for the Government—about 7,000,000, it is supposed, out of a vote of 8,500,000. This is the ninth *plébiscite* which has taken place in France, and all with the same result—an enormous majority for the party in power. It is safe to say that, with the existing highly centralized administrative machinery, no other result is possible. All questions put by the powers that be to the people, whatever they may be in form, will be, in fact, leading questions—that is, the answer to them will be suggested beyond the possibility of mistake. The Radicals say that the Imperial arrangements in the present case put the result beyond doubt, apart from the general tendency of the country people to fall in with the ideas of the maires, the sous-préfets, the gens d'armerie, and the gardes champêtres. But then it must be admitted, also, that the performances of the "irreconcilables" in Paris have not been without their influence on the agricultural mind. The peasant's intellect cannot grasp Rochefort, and Flourens, and Paschal Grousset. The moderate liberals, however, even the most moderate of them, such as M. de Mazade, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, are seriously alarmed by what has happened, and hold, and not without a show of reason, that the plebiscitary confirmation makes the reform illusory. It throws the legislature into the background, and renders it possible for the executive at any time to reduce it to total insignificance by an appeal to the people, as the Emperor is the sole judge when this appeal should be made. The Emperor's reputation for shrewdness will probably now rise again, as he has evidently hit on a device which gives him most of the advantages of constitutional sovereignty, and none, or next to none, of its inconveniences.

The full details of the massacre of the captives by the Greek brigands have reached us by the last mail. It appears that to go to Marathon, twenty miles from Athens, the party had to give notice to the Minister of War and procure an escort of troops, but the Government was left to judge what escort was necessary, and only furnished four gendarmes, following up with an infantry patrol of ten men. On their return, a volley from the bushes unhorsed two of the gendarmes, and placed the party in the power of about thirty brigands, the infantry patrol being easily beaten off. The ransom was then fixed at $120,000 and an amnesty; the money was forthcoming, but the amnesty was forbidden by the constitution. The Government, however, on the earnest solicitation of the captives and of the British Minister, solemnly promised that the troops should not go in pursuit till the terms were arranged. In spite of this promise troops *were* sent in pursuit, and the brigands, finding themselves hard pressed, butchered their prisoners, two by two. The most horrible part of the story is, however, that, according to the Greek Prime Minister, the brigands were encouraged to persist in asking for the amnesty by the emissaries of the "outs," so as to force the Ministry to call the Chambers together, and thus give the Opposition the chance of turning them out of office. Indeed, most of the great strikes against foreigners made by brigands are believed to be instigated as measures of party warfare to bring discredit on the Ministry. It is safe to say that a lower pitch of degradation "politics" have never reached than they have reached in Athens, not excepting South Carolina. The intrigues of the harem are more respectable than the wiles of the Greek "statesmen." We have received a letter from a correspondent urging as an excuse for Greek iniquities, the old story of their having an expensive royalty imposed upon them after their liberation fifty years ago, but we are too familiar with this plea, and with its absurdity, to be willing to devote any space to it. That a power which cannot protect travellers five miles from the king's palace without the aid of an army, and is now allowing the Ionian Islands to go to waste, and the roads and public buildings to fall into ruin, should have been wild to get Crete a year ago into the same precious corporation, is a striking illustration of the way the Greek mind looks at its own defects.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

We spoke briefly, last week, of the new phase on which the contest between labor and capital was entering in Europe, owing to the attempt to organize the labor of all countries against the capital of all countries in one grand international union, which the leaders were commencing, and the success of which they at last think they foresee. The papers received by the last mail show that in France the socialists are now directing all their energies to this end, and that a triumph over capital in Paris simply would no longer satisfy them. They are still as desirous as ever of getting the government into their hands, and are, therefore, as hostile as ever to the Empire, or, indeed, to any government which recognized the right of property as it is now recognized by the legislation of the civilized world; but they are no longer ready to fight for the triumph of their opinions. They have learnt by bitter experience that capital is sure to beat them in a physical struggle, and that, if they mean to win, it must be through the weight of numbers and organization, and through the influence on legislation which the extension of the suffrage has nearly everywhere thrown into the hands of the working classes. They have, moreover, secured the services, as directors of their operations, of a class of men very much superior in education and intelligence, and in knowledge of the condition and capacity of the laboring class in different countries, to any they have ever had before. They are opposed, too, to all local strikes. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* reports that he had recently an interview with one of the chiefs in Paris, who assured him that the recent strikes at Creuzot and elsewhere were not, as we had supposed them, experiments on a small scale, directed by the central authority, by way of drill or practice; that they received no encouragement or assistance whatever from headquarters, the leaders being occupied solely with the problem of producing a general international strike.

This change of tactics is due to a variety of causes. The profitlessness of local strikes, so long preached by economists, has at last been found out by the workingmen themselves. If only resorted to rarely, strikes produce only a momentary effect on wages, and this never sufficient, or certainly not more than sufficient, to make up for the loss sustained during the period of idleness. If resorted to frequently, as they have been of late in England, they drive away business. Their effect on certain trades in England has been already disastrous. Locomotive building, for instance, is rapidly going to France and Belgium, and shipbuilding has left the Thames. This is what the economists always predicted would happen if capital were in any locality too hard pressed by labor; but the laborers always refused to believe it; they now see it. Moreover, the flight of capital from hostile localities has been greatly facilitated by recent improvements in the means of communication between different countries. The effect of the telegraph and the railroad in widening the field for the employment of capital has been enormous.

The workingmen have accordingly now set about the job of clipping the wings of capital, and forcing it to stay where it is invested, and make the best terms it can in the local market, by a general organization of labor, using for this purpose the very means which have made capital so volatile. They want to arrange matters so that when the English engineers strike for higher wages, nobody who wants a locomotive or boiler will be able to cross over to the Continent and get it any cheaper than they are willing to furnish it; so that, in short, wherever the capitalist turns he will find himself hemmed in, and will have to surrender at discretion. Of course even this is only a step towards other and better things. Beyond all strikes and associations and guilds, the workingman thinks he sees a reorganized society in which the government will relieve him of the trouble of striking; will see that capitalists get no interest, and that nobody lives idle on the interest of capital, or has any enjoyments which are not equally shared by all; in which all carriages shall be public; all picture galleries free; all schools and colleges common; all clothes of about the same cut and cost; and in which ice-cream will be consumed by such persons as like it, and not as now by those who can afford to purchase it. Of course, in this state of things the government would be under an obligation not only to see that everybody worked for his living, but that everybody found work to do.

As might be guessed, the moderate Radicals in France are anything but pleased with their allies' state of mind. A reorganization of the government is what the former are striving for, a reorganization of society the last thing they think of; and they are a good deal disconcerted at finding, now that political life has been restored, that the workingmen have hardly made any change in their aims since 1848, while they have chosen means far more formidable than bullets. One of the working-class representatives laid down, in 1848, that "the best government for them was that which made their lives a little more tolerable," and this the régime of individual liberty, which M. Jules Favre and his friends seek, does not seem likely to do. De Tocqueville, in the Constitutional Assembly in 1849, called loudly for such peremptory action as would relieve the country of the weight of anxiety which the talk of socialism imposed on it. M. Thiers pointed out to Louis Blanc—who was trying to persuade the Chamber that, if all had to work for all, each would make it a point of honor to do his best—that his ideal society would be lazy and slavish; that people do not and cannot be got to do their best for the community at large; that you may say to a man, "Die for your country," and he will do it; but if you tell him to weave or work iron for his country, he won't do it. Moreover, the experiment was very fully made, the previous year, in the National Workshops. When it was first announced, in 1848, that the Government would find work for the unemployed, on the 9th of March 6,000 men enrolled themselves; by the end of the month it had 30,000 in its pay, and by the end of April 100,000, and the tide still flowed in from every direction. It soon became impossible to find even the appearance of labor for so large and motley a multitude, and it was necessary to keep a large force of them on what might be called "the retired list"—that is, idle—at a franc a day. The result of this was that thousands more abandoned their places in private employ, and loafed at this rate. In short, human nature triumphed. The Government had at last to break up the workshops to prevent the total disorganization of society. The result was the terrible three days of June, in which the Archbishop of Paris, two members of the Assembly, and fifteen hundred others on the side of the Government, fell.

There is no sign that the ideas which led to this frightful tragedy are any less deeply rooted in the working-class mind than they were then, while there is no doubt they are far more widely diffused. Jules Favre delivered an address, a month ago, at the request of the Société de l'Instruction Elementaire, on the "Inequality of Social Conditions," in which he showed that human nature is the ultimate fact of politics, that you cannot change it or get rid of it, and that society can only flourish, or indeed exist, by giving it liberty. The discourse showed throughout with what alarm the best men in France look to the future; and the evils of the situation are aggravated by the fact that all men with black coats on their backs are regarded with suspicion by the working-classes, and their economical teachings treated as pleas for their own selfish ease and comfort. But then the existing order of things has still powerful support in the peasantry, whose passion for land, and possession of it, make them the fanatical friends of property.

THE NEW CRISIS IN AUSTRIA.

Of the two grand divisions of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, as reconstituted after the great shocks which threatened its break-up in 1866, the eastern, or Hungarian, has been steadily and quietly progressing in its sphere. The conservative power of its old constitution, the political aptitude of its leading race—the Magyar—the moderating influence of a nobility tried in statesmanship and legislation, and, above all, perhaps, the prudent and consistent parliamentary guidance of Francis Deák, have made its new trial of freedom and autonomy more successful than even its warmest friends dared to anticipate. The Andrássy Cabinet, though hard-fought by an active and able opposition, is still at the head of affairs. The reunion of Transylvania, Croatia, and Slavonia with the central country—Hungary proper—has

been completely effected, in spite of the centrifugal tendencies of the Rouman and South-Slavic populations; the Croat deputies have occupied their seats in the Diet of Pesth; and the incorporation of the Military Frontierland, as an integral and civil part of the whole, has been begun. No considerable shock, no crisis, has taken place since the inauguration of the new era. There is no lack of difficulties in the path of the Hungarian Government, but its ability seems to be adequate to the task, and it finds support in the energy of a nation.

The course of the western, or Cisleithan, division has been considerably less steady and successful; and this is far from being surprising. Its constitutionalism is of recent date; it lacks the weight of traditional policy; it has neither a central nationality nor a leading class; the clashing interests of its component parts, of which none is strong enough to become decidedly dominant, admit of no pronounced and yet common leadership. In one word, it is an unnatural conglomeration, whose *raison d'être* is of an almost entirely negative character. It exists because none of its component parts is able to exist by itself, or inclined to share the fate of any of the adjoining countries. Left to itself, Galicia would suffer the terrible fate of the Polish provinces now groaning under the heel of the Cossack; the Czechic nationality of Bohemia and Moravia would be for ever crushed by the overwhelming force of all-annexing Prussia; and the German group of the Imperial provinces, so long accustomed to rule, would be degraded to a frontier territory of the hated Hohenzollerns. The dread of absorption by Russia or Prussia keeps the antagonistic elements together, and this dread of absorption has also made their equally unnatural, dualistic connection with the Hungarian half of the Empire a political necessity. But the Poles of Galicia hope and work for the restoration of a free and united Poland; the Czechs dream of the establishment of a northwestern Slavic realm, with the aid of the Czar, or of a Panslavic movement; and many an Austrian German would hail with joy a new revolution which would make both Prussia and Austria equal members of a common German fatherland. The common negative interest which binds to each other the heterogeneous parts of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is strong enough, it is true, but it could hardly be expected to form more than a loose confederation.

And yet the transformation of 1867, executed without the co-operation or the consent of the Bohemians, was intended to weld the Cisleithan provinces into a consolidated half of a dualistic empire. The Bohemians protested against the whole of the arrangements, and resolved to hamper, as far as in their power was, the action of the Vienna Parliament. Abstaining from its sittings appeared to them the most effective means, and to this day their obstinacy has withstood both the threats and the disdain of the Reichsrath. Their representatives to this assembly, elected by the Czechic majority of the provincial Diet of Bohemia, have all steadfastly refused to occupy their seats. The Czech ultimatum demands of Vienna an autonomy for Bohemia and Moravia similar to that of Hungary. The Poles were less harsh in their opposition, and appeared in the Reichsrath, though strongly urging a modification of the constitution in favor of provincial self-rule. The Sloven representatives of Carniola and some adjoining parts pursued a like course. The same did the representatives of the Tyrol, though prompted not by national but by religious motives. The opposition became from day to day more conscious of its power, and the Reichsrath soon split into two hostile camps, the federalistic and the centralistic. The action of the Cisleithan cabinet, too, became wavering, and the Dalmatian insurrection greatly added to its perplexities. The Chancellor of the Empire, Count Beust, and with him the Emperor Francis Joseph, leaned to the federalistic side.

On his return from his eastern journey, in December, 1869, a new session of the Reichsrath was opened by Francis Joseph, in a speech which betrayed the leaning of the monarch on one side, and a want of harmony in the Cisleithan cabinet on the other. A few days later, the dissensions in the ministry culminated in an open rupture, the majority and the minority—the former embracing the centralists Giskra, Herbst, Hasner, Plener, and Brestel; and the latter, Minister-President Count Taaffe, the Polish Count Potocki, and Berger—each presenting its views on the main question in a separate memorial to the Emperor, and each offering its resignation. Francis Joseph hesitated. The majority of both houses in the Reichsrath, in which the Slavic element, in the absence of Czechs, was slimly represented, thundered against the minority of the cabinet, denouncing its recommendations as treason to the constitution. Francis Joseph finally accepted the resignation of Taaffe, Potocki, and Berger. After some difficulties, Hasner succeeded in completing the cabinet. Giskra was its soul. Beust seemed to have suffered a defeat. Soon after, offended in their religious honor by members of the majority, the noted Tyrolese representative, Greuter, and his associates, withdrew from the Reichsrath. The Poles threatened to do the same if their national demands were not granted. Giskra in vain negotiated with them; more intractable still, the Czechs refused even to open negotiations. His project of a law rendering the elections to the Reichsrath direct, by districts, instead of provincial, by the Diets, was the great stumbling-block. On the 21st of March, 1870, he retired from the cabinet, but Hasner, for a short time, continued the same experiments. They proved futile. Yet he persisted in pressing the change of the electoral law. But now the Poles and the Slovens finally executed their threat, and withdrew from the Reichsrath, after a solemn protest and warning. The assembly thus dwindled down to a rump-parliament, numbering a bare quo rum. The German element alone was represented. The fall of the Hasner ministry immediately followed the retirement of the Poles and Slovens. Count Potocki was entrusted by Francis Joseph with the formation of a new cabinet, and fresh negotiations with the Czechs were at once begun. The Reichsrath was prorogued April 8, on which occasion the eloquent Kaiserfeld, of the centralist or German party, made a doleful but dignified address to the House. When the parliament reassembles, it will be seen whether the means has been found of reconciling the conflicting interests and passions of the Cisleithan nationalities by a bond of federation both loose and strong, or whether the only alternative still remains to Austria, as some one expressed it, of "unity killing liberty or liberty killing unity."

NAVAL REORGANIZATION.

In the midst of the naval controversy between the line and staff about the degrees of rank sought by the latter, the attention of both sides of the question is concentrated on a claim that the so-called "executive officer" shall have precedence of all staff-officers, without regard to his lineal rank, but simply *ex officio*. The staff-officers assert that there is no conclusive reason why such claim should be admitted in any degree or manner whatever. Authority in military government always centralizes. The military body, according to the number of men included in it, is divided into many bodies, the larger comprising the smaller. In an army, the corps include divisions, the divisions brigades, the brigades regiments, and the regiments companies. In a navy, fleets include divisions, divisions squadrons, and squadrons single ships. Authority and responsibility in a general way centralize in him who is duly assigned to command the whole or only a part of an army corps or fleet. This centralization of authority and responsibility in one man necessarily implies prompt obedience from all who may be duly placed under his orders, and that he should be supplied with special assistants to relieve him from the burden of details necessarily pertinent to the office of command. Assistants of this character are denominated aides-de-camp and adjutants, who are selected without reference to their lineal rank in the army. A colonel commands a regiment; the lieutenant-colonel, who is next in rank, is not the adjutant; this temporary office is usually filled by a captain or lieutenant of the line. The regimental adjutant has no other precedence than that belonging to his rank. He gives orders in virtue of authority delegated to him by the colonel for the accomplishment of specified purposes.

In the navy, "fleet-captain," "fleet-lieutenant," and "executive officer" are the titles of the assistants, whose duties are analogous to those of aides-de-camp and adjutants in the army. The line-officer whose rank is next below that of the commander of the ship has in recent times assumed the name of executive officer. Like the adjutant of a regiment, his office is to supervise the details of the command, and exercise authority delegated to him by the commander in preserv-

ing order, securing observance of the regulations, as well as the general and special orders of his immediate superior. He exercises the functions of a chief of police on one hand, and general inspector of neatness and cleanliness on the other. He presides at scrubbing of decks, at exercises of various kinds with guns and sails, and takes the place of the officer of the deck at "general quarters," and while the ship is entering or leaving port. He does very many and very different things, all of them important; but all that he does is absolutely the work of his commander, and not his own. The statutes hold the commander responsible for the safety and efficiency of the ship, as well as for the proper fulfilling of the purposes for which the vessel was built, equipped, and commissioned. On the principle that *qui facit per alium facit per se*—or, that the principal is accountable for the conduct of his agents—the responsibility which pertains to the official acts of the executive officer legally devolves upon the commander of the vessel. Theory requires that the captain himself shall do everything. Practice permits him to do by deputy all official acts, with few exceptions; so that the affairs of our public ships generally have come to be administered just as those of the Navy Department were said to be under Mr. Borie, by an irresponsible alius or deputy, leaving their commanders free from the incumbrance of official cares or occupations. The modern cruise of an American man-of-war is for the commander almost a yachting excursion, without much anxiety for its general cost. The master of a private yacht can scarcely be more fastidiously careful of the owner's comfort on board than is the executive officer of a ship-of-war of her commander's ease and tranquillity. He stands between him and the affairs of the ship; assumes to be the exclusive legitimate medium of communication between the commander and all his subordinates in the ship, and, in this manner, relieves him almost entirely from the trouble of listening to appeals to his authority to decide mooted questions. It is often pretended that no staff or other officer may ask leave of absence without the sanction of the executive officer—a pretension of authority, especially in cases where the staff officers are the official seniors of the "executive," for which no conclusive reason has been assigned.

In the British navy, it was the practice to promote very young men, scions of aristocratic families, to command ships, for which neither experience nor professional acquirements qualified them. To compensate for want of knowledge in such cases, it was the custom to associate with the young captain some experienced lieutenant, who, through lack of family influence, could not expect promotion. The young lordling depended upon this old lieutenant for conducting all the details of the command of the ship. He seldom or never left the vessel from the commencement to the end of the cruise. He became of necessity the actuary of the vessel, although legally the commander was alone responsible. The "Admiralty Instructions for the Government of Her Majesty's Naval Service" impose all responsibility on the captain:

> "In the absence of the captain and commander (where there is one borne), the senior lieutenant of the ship is to be responsible for everything done on board; he is to see every part of the duty as punctually performed as it could be if the captain or commander were present. He may put under arrest any officer whose conduct he shall think so reprehensible as to require it; and he may confine such men as he shall think deserving of punishment; but he shall have no power to inflict corporal punishment on any person, unless he shall have succeeded to command of the ship by the death or incapacity of the captain or officer who was appointed to the command, or unless he shall have been left in charge of the ship whilst the captain shall be absent on admiralty leave, or on leave for a lengthened time granted by a commander-in-chief abroad."

The functions of the senior lieutenant are clearly indicated in this regulation. Except only that he is excused from keeping watch in turn with others of his grade, his precedence and privileges are those pertinent to his rank. But, colloquially, he was sometimes termed "dry nurse" of the captain, over whom his influence was very great. He never assumed, however, that an officer should not communicate with the captain without first obtaining his permission. Nor was he called "executive officer;" for the reason, we have been told, that all line officers, and the captain especially, are denominated "executive officers."

The organization of the English navy has been copied in very many of its details into the navy of the United States, and this provision for enabling inexperienced lordlings to command ships has been imitated so far as to place competent American commanders in a position analogous to that of aristocratic youngsters of the British navy. Acquiescence on the one hand and assumption on the other have brought the American "executive," who corresponds to the English senior lieutenant, to be the ship's factotum, claiming to be second in command, with an official individuality and responsibility exclusively his own. He punishes men in a cruel, fantastic, and illegal manner, without the commander's knowledge, as shown in the Seely trial, to the injury of the popularity of the naval service. The cruelty, injustice, and tyranny to which men in the navy are exposed has been shown, also, in the case of ordinary-seaman King, of the *Portsmouth*, who was tried, convicted, and punished twice, illegally and cruelly, for one and the same offence—first by a "summary court" and then by a court-martial, with the approval of the rear-admiral in command of the squadron. That the victim was at last rescued, by the judicious interposition of the Secretary of the Navy, from the infliction of five years in the penitentiary at hard labor, for applying gross terms of reproach to the executive and commanding officers, probably on provocation enough to justify an outburst of indignation on the part of any man possessed of self-respect in any degree, does not excuse the conduct of the rear-admiral and his officers in the case. The Secretary of the Navy has acted wisely and justly in the premises. He must perceive that, while officers are permitted to act thus tyrannically and cruelly with impunity, no measures devised to attract seamen to the navy can be effectual.

Strict, prompt, and cheerful obedience to lawful orders and regulations, which constitutes discipline, can be secured in ships without resort to either cruel, fantastic, or illegal punishments. But as long as the line shall be recognized as a privileged class or caste, the tyranny which now smirches the American navy will continue. A first and essential step towards reformation in this particular will be the enactment, without amendment, of Mr. Stevens's bill to reorganize the navy, which provides a positive rank for staff-officers, and thus places them upon a legal footing, or equality with those of the line, ignoring the latter as a superior caste of American citizens. While it does not release staff-officers from their obligations of obedience to the commander of a ship or station, it does not recognize any transient, *ex-officio* precedence, such as claimed for the so-called executive officer, nor make him the measure or criterion of the rank of those staff-officers who are his seniors.

All the points connected with this controversy have been patiently and carefully scrutinized by the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives. Leading members of both the line and staff have been heard by the committee. Their statements and arguments have been duly considered. The results of the committee's deliberations are expressed in Mr. Stevens's bill to reorganize the navy. Extremists on both sides of the question are not entirely satisfied with its provisions, which implies that the committee has fairly compromised the differences of opinion on the issues between the two parties. If this bill shall become a law, it will, in the judgment of very many judicious gentlemen, experienced in naval life in all vocations, contribute largely towards restoring harmony among line and staff-officers, and remove the chief cause of aversion which competent professional men of all classes manifest to employment in the naval service. And, last though not least, it will tend to check that tyrannous spirit which is fostered, especially among the younger officers, by the existing naval system—a spirit which has led to such exposures as the court-martial trials of Dr. Green, Lieutenant-commander Seely, and ordinary-seaman King have spread before the public.

THE McFARLAND CASE.

THE public is so sick of the McFarland trial, and it is as a criminal proceeding so utterly devoid of interest even to lawyers, that we should owe an apology to our readers for making any further allusion to it, if it were not for the light it throws on some curious phases of manners and morals. We think we are not guilty of unwarrantable disrespect to the judge who presided over it, when we call it as sorry and disreputable a

farce as has ever been permitted in a court of justice. McFarland was charged with murder, and he set up the defence of insanity. All the evidence, therefore, going to show that he was insane before and at the time he killed Richardson was pertinent and admissible, and might have been got in readily in a week. But the Recorder actually allowed another issue to be tried at the same time, in which the public had not a particle of interest, which ought never to have come before the court, and could not regularly have got before the court at all—namely, whether certain persons connected with the New York *Tribune* had or had not had anything to do with inducing McFarland's wife to leave him; and with this weighty question the court, the jury, and the newspapers were actually occupied about twenty days out of the twenty-seven the trial has lasted, to the great shame and scandal of all persons who believe that courts of justice have some higher function than aiding bellicose editors and reporters to pay off old scores by blackening each other's character.

Whether McFarland was insane or not when he committed the murder we do not propose to discuss. It is quite certain there was a good deal of method in his madness, if we may judge from the evidence adduced in support of it, for it is he who must have furnished his counsel with a list of the various oyster saloons, restaurants, and offices in which he told the story of his wrongs and exhibited that peculiar expression of the eye of which we have heard so much, to say nothing of the persons to whom he casually revealed his symptoms in the street. But no evidence was produced convicting him of habitual drunkenness. There was testimony showing him to have been seen drunk two or three times, but there was plenty of counter-testimony in favor of his general sobriety. It also appeared incidentally, and was indeed revealed by one of his own letters, that he was violent in his temper and had been guilty of abusive language to his wife, and that he was poor; but these things do not seem to have diminished his wife's affection for him down to a very recent period. None of his wife's friends and supporters produced any evidence of positive ill-usage, and the only proffer made of such evidence was a letter written by Mrs. McFarland to Mrs. Sinclair or Mrs. Calhoun, but as it was written after Richardson had appeared on the scene, the Recorder very properly ruled it out, on the ground that it might have been written by way of preparing a justification in the eyes of her friends of the step she afterwards took.

However, with the propriety of Mrs. McFarland's, or any other woman's, living or not living with her husband the public has nothing to do. On this matter of living together husbands and wives are the sole and sovereign judges. If the interests of children have been provided for, society has no right to force a man and woman between whom, for any reason, mutual repugnance has sprung up, to remain under the same roof as members of the same family. But when the question comes up in what manner and for what causes shall the marriage contract be dissolved, so as to enable the parties to enter into fresh contracts of the same nature, society alone is competent to answer it, and we are all interested in the answer to it, for on it domestic purity, the physical and moral welfare of children, and the very integrity of the state depend. Now, in this McFarland case, the question of the propriety of Mrs. McFarland's living with her husband after she had ceased to love him, and he had ceased to provide a comfortable maintenance for her, has been, we will not say, artfully, but we must say most disingenuously, mixed up by a good many people, who ought to know better, with the other and far graver and totally distinct question of the propriety of her receiving the addresses of another man with a view to marriage before her marriage with McFarland had been dissolved—and not only this, but before she had formally separated from him; and upon these two questions, thus most improperly mixed up together, the public has been asked by some newspapers, with the sanction, if not connivance, of some ministers, to deliver a common verdict of approval.

It appeared on the trial that Mrs. McFarland, on the 24th of February, 1867, sent for her husband at a friend's house at which she was staying, being already, and having been for some time, acquainted with Mr. Richardson, and then and there, in the presence of several witnesses, announced to her husband that she would live with him no more. This she had a perfect right to do. But, one fortnight later (March 9), Richardson wrote her from Boston an impassioned love-letter, speaking of his having been "waiting for her for years," and dwelling joyfully on the prospect of their marriage, and making various other allusions showing that he had been for some time on the footing with her of an accepted or, comical as it may sound, affianced lover. In spite of this letter, to which Mrs. McFarland's friends refuse to apply any stronger term than "imprudent" or "foolish," they ask us to believe without question that Richardson had had nothing to do with her determination definitively to abandon her husband, and that it was caused solely by the drunkenness, shiftlessness, and violence of the latter. They ask us, moreover, to treat her verbal announcement, on the 24th of February, of her decision to leave him, as a "separation" sufficient to justify her afterwards receiving any man's addresses; and, in defending Richardson's conduct, always speak of "the separation" as if it operated in morals, if not in law, as a dissolution of the marriage contract. Of course, under this theory, her resorting to Indiana for a fraudulent divorce—fraudulent in morals if not in law—and her refusal to seek or obtain one in her own State, in which the marriage was contracted, becomes at worst merely a trifling peccadillo hardly worth notice.

But there can be, and we venture to say there is, no difference of opinion in the whole matter amongst the sane and healthy-minded portion of the public who know the influence of sexual passion in clouding the judgment and enfeebling the will; and their opinion, we venture to assert, is this: that to permit either wife or husband to so far release herself or himself from the marriage contract, by a mere verbal announcement, as to make it lawful and proper to enter into amatory relations with another person, with a view to a second marriage, would result in practice not perhaps in promiscuous intercourse, but in that relation of the sexes known as "free love"—by which we mean simply that the tie between man and woman known in civilized communities as matrimony, would rest simply on inclination, and society would have even fewer guarantees for the legitimacy of children and the preservation of the family institution than it has for the paternity of calves or the rearing of young birds. Among the religious, the pure, the conscientious, the disciplined, and cold-blooded, such a usage might not be unattended with danger; but it is not for the religious and the pure that legislation is needed, but for that vast body of the human race in whom, in all that relates to the intercourse of the sexes, brute passion is only kept in check by law and custom and public opinion.

We have been asked, however, not only to approve of Mrs. McFarland's mode of dissolving her contract with McFarland, but to approve of the ceremony by which she entered into a new contract with Richardson on his death-bed at the Astor House. Everything was done that could be done to attract attention to that ceremony. The *Tribune* teemed for days previously with articles, letters, and telegrams, which were intended to impress the public with the idea that Richardson was clearly in the right, and, therefore, an innocent victim, and that McFarland, although he was in the hands of justice, was clearly in the wrong, and ought to be hanged. At last, when all hope of Richardson's recovery was gone, and decency and humanity required that he should, as far as the public was concerned, be left to die in peace, a veil drawn over his frailties and misfortunes, and his name and memory be left quietly and hopefully to men's charitable judgments, a grand tableau was arranged in his room in the hotel. *Two* clergymen were summoned to celebrate his marriage with the woman who brought him to his doom, one of them being a total stranger to him, whom there was no reason under the sun for calling in, except the hope that his prominence would give the affair greater *éclat;* and with the clergymen came the reporters and a cloud of witnesses. Every word of what followed was set down for our edification, and no trick of newspaper rhetoric was left untried to seduce us into the belief that there was nothing in the ghastly scene but what was pitiful.

The notion that this ceremony would vindicate Richardson's memory and Mrs. McFarland's reputation in the eyes of the world, without reference to the facts which had preceded it, was of course a delusion, and one of those delusions into which sensational journalists, owing to the inordinate value they attach to publicity, are very apt to fall. The marriage roused a spirit of scrutiny and indignation, which threw a greater share of odium on all the parties concerned than they probably really merited, and led to the disgusting newspaper quarrels which have ever since been raging over the dead man's grave. When pressed for a reason for having it celebrated, however, those who brought about and assisted in it declare that they wished to furnish Richardson's children with a protector, and Mrs. McFarland with a legal right to fill that office. From the point of view of her friends, on the day on which the wedding took place, not only was Richardson in the article of death, but McFarland was lying in jail on a capital charge, for which he would probably be hung, leaving his children fatherless. His children were, however, Mrs. McFarland's own, and she was their natural protector. In the event of their father's death on the scaffold, their claims on her devotion would be simply boundless. She would owe them everything of which she was capable in the way of care and tenderness and devotion. As she had chosen their father, she would owe them, above all things, as complete deliverance from the consequences

of their father's crime as in the existing state of society she could possibly achieve. So far, however, from their fate being uppermost in her mind during these transactions, she made no mention of them whatever at "the separation;" and after the tragedy, and with the foregoing facts staring her in the face, she consented, under the advice of her "friends," to enter publicly into another marriage contract, in their father's lifetime, with his enemy, on whom he had, in a quarrel about her—their mother—inflicted a mortal wound, thus doing what in her lay to make the stain on their name deep and indelible and notorious. She did this, moreover, for the purpose of taking into her family, to rear up side by side with her own children, the children of a stranger, who had no claim on her whatever, and her relations with whom had brought all this woe on her own sons. Her family, then, would have consisted of two sets of children, the father of one having been hanged for murdering the father of the other—she herself being the cause of the crime—and each being to the other a perpetual reminder of a sorrow and shame for which the world has no balm. The heathen Furies may have, before now, created households like this, to furnish illustrations of the blindness and cruelty of Fate; but we are sure that nothing of the kind was ever before set up under the benediction of the Christian church. The subject is not a savory one, and we come back to it very unwillingly—all the more unwillingly because it is impossible to say anything without paining persons who were, doubtless, led into participation in the performance by simple want of reflection. But, then, it has since been defended, by numerous "organs," with deliberateness which leaves no alternative to those who do not believe the pleasant land of Bohemia is a good place to go for our rules of life. The world owes a good deal to "reformers," but then there are reformers and reformers, and there are some things on which we cannot afford to have the visionary, the crack-brained, the restless, the unscrupulous, and the sensual try experiments—and marriage is one of them.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND THE HON. ELBRIDGE G. SPAULDING.

THE Hon. E. G. Spaulding has thought proper to appeal to the public against the *North American Review*. He has published an eloquent letter recalling all the patriotic memories of the war in support of the financial merit of the Legal Tender Act. His general remarks seem to have only a remote connection with the argument or the evidence offered by the reviewer, but he has pressed one point so far as to require an answer. Ho claims that the reviewer has in one respect fallen into a mistake "which, when corrected, will leave the criticism without much force, and certainly far less pointed in regard to himself." The mistake in question is contained in the following passage: "The intellect of a Congress man gifted with no more than the ordinary abilities of his class, is scarcely an interesting subject of study. . . . But when an accidental representative, though he may possess neither breadth nor force, is able to carry, 'over the Administration and through Congress,' as Mr. Spaulding claims to have done, and as it is clear that Mr. Spaulding did, a measure of such far-reaching consequences as the Legal Tender Act of 1862, the character of that person's mind and the facts of his life cease to be matters of absolute insignificance." Mr. Spaulding in reply asserts: first, that he never spoke the words "over the Administration," etc.; secondly, that he never made the claim; thirdly, that he never claimed any particular merit for what he did.

The reviewer was occupied in dealing with the claim rather than with the words, and had he anticipated Mr. Spaulding's objection he would have obviated it by simply striking out the quotation marks, or by mentioning in a foot-note that the words were first used in the legal-tender debate by Mr. Pomeroy, of New York, in describing Mr. Spaulding's share in creating the law. Mr. Spaulding, however, now wishes it to be understood not only that he used no such words, but that he made no such claim. The reviewer, in attributing the claim to Mr. Spaulding, certainly did omit to comment on Mr. Spaulding's mode of expressing his claim. The point would have been a little out of place at the time, since it did not directly concern the merits of Mr. Spaulding's bill, but rather those of his book. This defect may, however, be easily remedied, since Mr. Spaulding wishes it. There can be no reason for refusing to gratify a desire natural to an author, although most persons who have examined the book will feel a little surprised that Mr. Spaulding should not have rested satisfied with the slight remarks the reviewer has already made upon him.

Mr. Spaulding's book is, in fact, a curious and amusing work, but its title of "Financial History of the War" is a misnomer. It is rather a financial history of the Hon. E. G. Spaulding. To speak mildly, it is almost unique as an example of self-complacency in American public men. In its pages Mr. Spaulding shines supreme. His speeches, his letters, his opinions (and Mr. Spaulding, whether as orator, letter-writer, or thinker, is not a model of condensation) are reproduced with much faithfulness, even in connection with subjects which relate neither to finance nor to war. The very title-page is a plea for legal tender made officially by its champion, the "Chairman of the Sub-Committee of Ways and Means at the time the Act was passed." The book itself, from beginning to end, is an incessant reassertion of Mr. Spaulding's prominence and of his authorship of the Legal Tender Act. There is no reason to be surprised at this fact. The only surprising circumstance about the book is that it actually does seem to prove Mr. Spaulding's claim.

The story as told by him shows that he drafted the bill originally of his own accord, without advice or consultation; that he introduced it on his own independent motion into the House, and had it referred to his own committee; that he obtained a private opinion on its constitutionality from the Attorney-General; that he persuaded his committee to report it to the House, although the committee was equally divided; that he insisted upon it in conference with Secretary Chase and the presidents of banks and boards of trade, to the exclusion of any and every other measure; that he entirely refused assent to the scheme agreed upon by the Secretary and the banks, which excluded legal tender; that the Secretary resisted the pressure during several weeks, and that at the last moment he still declared himself opposed to the principle, but heartily desired to "co-operate with the committee." As Mr. Spaulding expresses himself in a letter dated December 9, 1868, "Secretary Chase relied mainly on the passage of the national currency act to furnish the means, but it appeared to me that it would be wholly inadequate. I therefore introduced the legal-tender bill."

The claim is distinct, and it is precisely what was expressed by Mr. Pomeroy. Mr. Spaulding says almost in so many words that he introduced the bill in spite of the Secretary and of his own committee. But although so much is obvious, Mr. Spaulding finally asserts that he has claimed no merit for what he did. On this point, Mr. Spaulding is again in error. The very letter he writes is nothing but a claim to merit. His whole book is such a claim. Nay, he has pressed it so strongly as to drag three newspaper reporters on the stage, and done it for no conceivable purpose except to support his claim. As it is commonly the habit of members of Congress to furnish such information of their own accord to reporters, it will be doubly worth while to quote their words. Mr. Dawson, of the *Albany Evening Journal*, is introduced by Mr. Spaulding, in the form of a paragraph dated February 6, 1862, in order to say that "Mr. Spaulding, of Erie, has had to assume the laboring-oar in this financial expedient. He had but a bare majority of the committee with him at the outset, and when the Secretary of the Treasury hesitated, as he did for several days, the committee became equally divided. . . . The grateful thanks of all loyal men are due to Mr. Spaulding." Mr. Simonton, of the New York *Times*, is called on the stand avowedly to prove the authorship of the act, and testifies, by letter of February 13, 1862, that "due credit should be awarded to the author of the legal-tender scheme, the Hon. E. G. Spaulding. It was Mr. Spaulding who originated the proposition to force a fixed paper currency upon the country. . . . He has reason to be proud of the triumph he has achieved, and the country will not soon forget his services." Besides conferring this boon on his country, Mr. Spaulding selects these newspaper paragraphs, and no others, to reprint in his book, and then says he makes no claim to merit. And finally, Mr. Wilkeson, of the New York *Tribune*, is brought in by Mr. Spaulding in order to state that "to the patient labor of the Hon. E. G. Spaulding the country is greatly indebted . . . for what vigor has been displayed in its passage through Congress." These are Mr. Spaulding's chosen witnesses, brought up by him eight years after the event to support his statements.

Mr. Spaulding is fond of hiding behind other men, and attempts to do so on every occasion; but, if he can satisfy the public that his book is not a claim to merit, he will succeed in perverting the public morals almost as much as he did by his legal-tender bill. The true difficulty in his case is, not that he has made one claim, but that he has made two. He conscientiously tries to be on both sides at once. He asks sympathy from both camps. He calls for it from the friends of legal tender because he made the law, and he asks it from the enemies of legal tender because he thinks the law bad. And what the *North American Review* meant to protest against was his notion that a public man may be permitted to receive

credit for the authorship of a dishonest measure, the ultimate results of which he had neither the knowledge nor the capacity to foresee, and the effects of which he joins in deploring. H. B. A.

WASHINGTON, May 9, 1870.

Correspondence.

PROFESSOR SCHELE DE VERE'S "GREAT EMPRESS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent review of Mr. Schele de Vere's book, "The Great Empress," you quoted passages which seemed strangely familiar. On referring to *Blackwood's Magazine* for October, 1847 (art. "The Vision of Cagliostro"), I find a complete coincidence between its pages 411–412 and Mr. De Vere's pages 40–42. The phrases are identical, though the arrangement has been slightly varied.

I desire, therefore, to ask these questions:

1. Did Mr. De Vere write the article in *Blackwood?*

2. If not, have both authors copied or translated from a common authority?

3. Has Mr. De Vere simply plagiarized from *Blackwood* and altered the original in a few trifling particulars?

One of these three questions apparently must receive an affirmative answer. D——N.

Notes.

LITERARY.

AMERICAN works of reference on which European scholars are dependent are few enough, and it is pleasant to read Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s announcement of such a one: "Greek and Latin Lexicon of the Roman and Byzantine Periods, B.C. 146—A.D. 1100," by Prof. E. A. Sophocles, of Harvard College. The attention which this laborious and learned undertaking will naturally attract to its modest editor will be among the least of his deserts.——Messrs. Roberts Bros. have several entertaining works in press, of which the titles are: "Salmonia; or, Days of Fly-Fishing," and "Consolation in Travel; or, The Last Days of a Philosopher," both by Sir Humphry Davy, but not in the line of his greatest reputation; William Morris's "Lovers of Gudrun," printed separately from the rest of the "Earthly Paradise," in a pocket edition; Dante Rossetti's "Poems;" and "Songs before Sunrise," by Mr. Swinburne.——"Madagascar and its People," by J. Sibree, jr.—being the notes of a four years' residence in the island, with an account of mission work among the Malagasy—will be republished by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. The same house have also in press "The Virginia Tourist," by Edward A. Pollard—a guide-book for the springs and mountains, the natural beauties and wonders of the State.——The Ohio Valley Historical Series has met with the good success it deserved. The first three volumes related to Ohio almost exclusively, but the fourth and fifth, which are soon to appear, describe the early settlements south of the river. They are: "Pioneer Life in Kentucky," a series of letters by the late Daniel Drake, M.D., addressed to his children, and "giving a faithful and graphic description of pioneer life." Dr. Drake was the father of Senator Drake, who edits the letters and furnishes a memoir of the writer. Also, a reprint of "An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Col. James Smith," who, as the long-winded title states, was in 1799 a citizen of Bourbon County, Kentucky, and had been a captive among the Indians in the years 1755–59. He describes the "customs, manners, traditions, theological sentiments, mode of warfare," etc., of the Indians, and the "soil, timber, and waters where he travelled with the Indians during his captivity;" and tells of some other wonderful things that befell him after his release, and of the different campaigns against the Indians west of "Fort Pitt" from 1755 to 1799. Volume two of McBride's "Pioneer Biography" will contain sketches of Captain John Cleves Symmes, "with a full explanation of his celebrated theory of Concentric Spheres; Robert McClellan, one of General Wayne's scouts during his campaign in Ohio; Judge Henry Weaver, Isaac Paxton, and other pioneers of note." Messrs. J. Sabin & Sons are the Eastern agents for this series. Mr. Robert Clarke has undertaken for himself an enterprise in which he will be thankful for any assistance that may be rendered him. He purposes publishing a record that was kept of the names of the purchasers and receivers of lots at the laying out of Cincinnati in 1789–90, with the numbers of the lots and the prices paid for them; and he means to supplement this "with a copy of the plat, an account of the settlement, and sketches of the early adventurers." In preparing the last especially, he requests the aid of the kinsmen of the persons upon the record, whose names he has published, with a statement of the above facts, in a small brochure, to be had, we presume, for the asking. There are 224 names in all, representing considerably less than that number of families, and those who possess a genealogical turn of mind will do well to examine them. They may find that Mr. Clarke has something to give them in return for any information of theirs. To many it may be new that Cincinnati was originally called Losantiville (L-os-antiville), *i.e.*, the town opposite the mouth of the Licking. The unhappy schoolmaster who framed this compound died shortly afterwards at the hands of the Indians.——A timely publication, at this juncture, should be this, which is announced by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger: "Sheridan's Troopers on the Plains," a description of a winter campaign, "with incidents of the war-path and the chase, and manners, customs, and traditions of the roaming Indians south of the Arkansas; also, comments on the administration of Indian affairs," by Dr. B. Randolph Keim. The title promises rather too much, perhaps, but it is not to be expected that all parts will be treated with the same thoroughness. The book is to be illustrated.——"The Invitation Heeded: Reasons for a Return to Catholic Unity," is the title of a work to be published immediately by the Catholic Publication Society. The author is the Rev. James Kent Stone, D.D., a grandson of the late Chancellor Kent, and recently President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges—Episcopal establishments at Gambier, Ohio, and Geneva, New York. Prof. Stone graduated at Harvard within the past ten years with marked honors, and the number of his friends and acquaintances who will be curious to learn the reasons of his "perversion" is not few.

—When an American editor hereafter meets with a reference to the *Standard*, he must stop to think whether the consolidated organ of the Western Baptists, or the transformed organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, or Mr. John Russell Young's new daily paper, is intended. The last-named is known as the *New York Standard*, and is a rival of the *Sun* in more ways than one. Its *début* has been attended very naturally with an exchange of compliments between Mr. Dana and Mr. Young, of the sort which are just now flying thick and fast between newspaper managers in all sections of the country, and as it were by epidemic, the like of which has not been seen in many years. Mr. Young seems to have overcome one difficulty which has hitherto beset all similar enterprises in the principal cities. He has organized an American Press Association, as a rival to the Associated Press, and, in so doing, has served not only himself but the reading public. It has been surmised that Mr. Young's *Standard* is Gen. Butler's also, and that in most questions of public policy and personal interest the editor and the Congressman will see eye to eye. "Advanced Radicalism," at least, is understood to be the distinctive feature of the *New York Standard*, and, in this, whether interpreted by Gen. Butler or not, it agrees with the late *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, now simply the *Standard*, and a monthly magazine in place of a weekly newspaper. So far as number one permits judging, there is nothing but a change of shape in the anti-slavery organ. Its topics are the same as before, minus the Fifteenth Amendment, but rather more prominently than of late it will argue in behalf of woman suffrage, having absorbed the *Woman's Advocate*, another monthly. The writers are substantially the same, Mr. Wendell Phillips being in the foreground. Mrs. Howe and Mr. Higginson are also declared contributors, though, from the way they are made to do duty in the May number, we should judge that they were not engaged at first-hand. The *Standard*, albeit it adds literature to its numerous reformatory departments, will scarcely compete with the belles-lettres magazines; and its audience will probably continue to be chiefly the members of the late Anti-Slavery Society and other friends of universal "moral censorship."

—A story is told of the Rev. Theodore Parker which relates that, being met on a Sunday morning by a lunatic who warned him of the approaching, and indeed imminent, destruction and total collapse of the universe, he replied in these words, or in words of the purport of these: "Oh! that don't affect me; I live in Boston." But the other opposite opinion appears to be the prevailing one in the city itself, where, as is known, and as one of its own poets has said, Boston is held to be not only closely connected with this frame of things, but the hub of it; and, despite the respect in which Mr. Parker is held, there are probably only a very few Bostonians who would not admit, even to a person from New York, that there is room

for grave apprehension as to what will be the condition of Boston after the universe once goes. Naturally, then, all classes of Bostonians—Parkerites, Holmes-men, lunatics—are always pretty busily at work "solving the universe." Several times they have all but done it—sometimes making a very good shot at the answer in a book, but on the whole coming nearer to it in courses of lectures than in any other way. We speak only of public lectures, for what one hears about private lectures in parlors, where only a few persons, mostly ladies, are present, and where, if one could believe all that is told him, the thing has actually been done over and over again by certain gentlemen—what one hears about these private lectures, we say, has always seemed to us too much like what one hears concerning the "time" which is made by rowing crews in their practice rowing, but which is never made on the day of the race. Certain it is that no Bostonian lecturer can be pointed out who, in a lighted hall and in the presence of a mixed audience, has ever spoken "the word of fate" and settled the thing. However, they keep at it; and during this last winter there has even been extraordinary exertion made to get the universe finally disposed of. But the season passed without its being solved; though Dr. McCosh's lectures are highly spoken of by some persons who heard them; and so were those of Mr. Frothingham and Mr. Wendell Phillips. Besides, it is only fair to say that, though the season is technically over, the Radical Club continues its sessions, and that Mr. John Weiss lectures five times more before he brings to an end his latest attempt. Mr. Weiss's discourses, however, are open to the objection set forth above: though tickets may be procured at Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.'s which admit outsiders, still it is in a private parlor that the utterance is made, and the audience must of necessity be small and, we suspect, of a character to make its testimony as to Mr. Weiss's success a little suspicious. We have taken some time to come to what we were going to say, which is this: "Free Religion" lecturers and the Radical Club having latterly done so much writing and speaking and talking—of a singularly captivating and deluding kind, would the clergymen say?—some of the clergy and laity of Boston and vicinity thought it necessary that the people should have an opportunity to hear the Christian solution of the universe also; so they engaged some dozen or so of ministers, eminent in the various denominations, to go to Boston and preach a course of sermons which should counteract the influence of the unorthodox and unbelieving writers and speakers above-mentioned. President Harris of Bowdoin, President Woolsey of Yale, Professors Herrick of Bangor, Mead of Andover, Peabody of Harvard, Fisher of New Haven, Smith of Andover, Diman of Brown, and Porter of Yale, were the gentlemen selected, and their lectures or sermons were so well received that they have now been collected and published in book form, the volume bearing the imprint of the Congregational Publication Society, of Boston.

—The editor of five volumes of "Historical Collections of Louisiana," Mr. B. F. French, has begun a new series which includes also Florida (New York: J. Sabin & Sons). The first volume contains four pieces, viz., the editor's translations of M. de Rémonville's Memoir to Count Ponchartrain, on the importance of establishing a colony in Louisiana (1697); D'Iberville's account of his voyage to take possession of Louisiana in 1698; and M. Pénicaut's Annals of Louisiana, 1698–1722. Finally, Richard Hakluyt's admirable version of Réné Laudonnière's history of the attempted Huguenot settlement in Florida, 1562–1567. The merit of the first three pieces, all derived from the archives of France and never before printed, is that they form an unbroken chronicle of events from 1697 to 1722; and it is Mr. French's object, if we understand his preface, to continue these records of "the gradual advance of French and Spanish colonization in Louisiana and Florida," and even to follow the history of the Gulf States down to the time of their perfect incorporation with the Union. This is an undertaking which deserves a cordial support, Mr. French having the requisite knowledge for it. We should have been glad to see, side by side with the translations, the original text, and, if as much care had been bestowed on the proof-reading as on the press-work, it would also have been well. Mr. French's English, too, it must be said, is at times slovenly and obscure beyond excuse, so much so that we feel like quoting a few of the worst passages:

"La Salle now resolved to go in search of the Mississippi River, and, in October, he left the fort, leaving Joutel in command. At the end of four months he returned to Fort St. Louis without finding *it* [the river]." (Note to page 7.)

"These trees are only found in low and swampy countries, *which* grow to a prodigious height, and bear a fruit resembling an olive." (Page 45.)

"At daylight, we gave the war-whoop (*le cri de mort*), which greatly astonished them, who, in endeavoring to find out the cause of their alarm, *was* fired upon by us," etc. (Page 85.)

"The temple . . . with the walls eight feet thick, and covered with a matting of canes, in *which* they keep up a perpetual fire"! (Page 95.)

The use of *which* in reference to persons also frequently occurs, and appears to be in affectation of Hakluyt's Elizabethan English. In reading the latter one is struck with the false impressions that must have been created in European minds by certain phrases in which the savage government is described as if a civilized monarchy—the word "king," for example, being put for "chief" or "head-man," and the same respect being shown in speaking of him as if authority were the same thing the world over. Here and there in this volume one finds traces of those cruel customs among the Indians, partly superstitious and partly instituted to maintain bravery and fortitude, which reached, probably, their most revolting pitch among the Mandans, as Mr. Catlin has described them for us. Mr. French's notes are always to the point, and their references are of no little value to students.

—Sir William Berkeley it was, and not Governor Dinwiddie, as our treacherous memory lately reported, who deemed the absence of free schools a blessed circumstance for Virginia, and whose spirit has too long animated the people of the South. They are now bravely exorcising it, with the aid to native resolution which the Peabody Fund affords, under the judicious management of Rev. Dr. Sears. Does any one wish to see how States are regenerated, and public spirit awakened to the necessity of general intelligence, let him read the proceedings of the trustees of the Fund at their annual meeting in February, and particularly Dr. Sears's report in detail of the help extended to every Southern State (Cambridge: May, 1870.) Not only will the reader obtain a clear perception of educational movements at the South, but he will find in them cause of deep satisfaction both with the principle on which the Fund was instituted and has been meted out, and with the spread of the free-school system among the towns before or beyond any provision of the State. Dr. Sears speaks with much interest of the rapid growth of the population of Texas, by European and domestic immigration, and is perhaps at this time in that part of the country arranging with the legislature for future action. We wish it were as plain as it ought to be to the people of every State, that for the European immigration they so much desire there is no bait like the common-school: it is the guaranty of public order and stability not less than of intelligence, and wherever Dr. Sears goes and is welcomed, the foreigner, if he ever has the chance, will follow and settle.

—It has been remarked and sometimes asserted, not always by prejudiced observers, that the negro intellect in youth is bright and apt to learn, but that beyond the age which will carry it through the grammar-school it falls off in capacity and wins no further laurels. We doubt if this can be considered a well-ascertained fact, or whether, if exceptions were shown in plenty, there would not be an attempt to exclude them on account of some "visible admixture" of white blood, and such a line be drawn as to prevent our citing examples of Haytians who have gained distinction in the schools of Paris. Be this as it may, an inference of similarly limited capacity in the female mind has been drawn from the experience of the Syndicate at Cambridge, which conducts the local examinations of that university, open, it will be remembered, to both sexes. The candidates are "junior" when less than sixteen years old, "senior" when between sixteen and eighteen. "It is a striking fact," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that for the last five years the percentage of senior boys who have 'passed in honors' has been without exception very considerably greater than that of junior boys," while, in the case of the girls, the reverse has been decidedly true. This may be explained, the writer goes on to say, without raising the question of mental constitution, by supposing "that schoolmistresses can teach the younger girls admirably well, but are not yet able to carry more advanced intellects through graver studies." The materials for judging rightly the question of sex must be very much more abundant in this country than in England, though they can scarcely be thought complete, either here or there, so long as the stimulus of employment is not present with girl-students as with boys; and it would be strange if the former should pursue a merely "liberal" education with the same ardor and application that have distinguished many of them in scientific courses. At Cambridge, the arithmetic of the girls showed unscientific and unsuccessful training, but they outstripped the boys in punctuation and in French; even in Euclid they gave a better average, though the best of them were not equal to the best among the boys. In general, their native quickness was of great advantage to them.

—The poets are doubtless to blame for much of the exaggeration in the common notion of the superiority of country over city virtue, and of the extent to which the mere living in contact with nature purifies and elevates the people who are thus situated. The trouble is, not only that familiarity may "make a twice-told tale of God," but that, while birds, trees, mountains, brooks, and clouds are teaching what they may of morality and spirituality, other influences are at work which quite overpower them. Country life is at once scattered, isolated, and contracted, its interests are few in number, its intellectual resources scanty, its communication with the active and controlling spirit of the age irregular and precarious. It has other accidental conditions, which differ among different nations, so that the social and political relation of the country to the town and to the state is anything but the same in all cases. For instance, the Registrar-General for Scotland, in his late report, shows that the proportion of illegitimate births is lower in the towns than in the rural districts, namely, 9 per cent. to 9·9. In France, on the other hand, the proportion is reversed, being 20 per cent. for the towns (27 to 32 per cent. in Paris) to 4 per cent. in the country. In Belgium, likewise: cities, 13·6 (31·8 in Brussels), to country, 5·7 per cent. In Sweden: cities, 24·2 (41·2 in Stockholm), to country, 7·8 per cent. These statistics, however, are quite illusory, and must ever remain so until accompanied by facts concerning infanticide as well as fœticide and prevention—the last, of course, only being inferrible from medical experience. The report just mentioned states that "in numerous instances the parents of these illegitimate children were true to each other, that the woman had borne several children to the same man, and that frequently these children were legitimated by the subsequent marriage of the parents." As this reduced the apparent proportion of illegitimate persons in the population, Scotland is perhaps in still greater contrast with the Continental nations cited than the official figures indicate. "But possibly," continues the Registrar-General, in this way "one of the strongest motives to infanticide was removed, inasmuch as the woman may have lived in the hope that the birth of the child would eventually be the means of inducing its father to marry her, and thus legitimate her offspring." This is so true, we may remark, of the Welsh settlers in the United States, that in some places most of the marriages are made after they have become necessary to legitimacy, and before the birth of the first offspring. In rural France, where the laws of landed inheritance are a premium on small families, the small ratio of illegitimates is probably due to systematic repression. In Scotland, it further appeared —and this is the most remarkable revelation—that "the counties in which the proportion of illegitimate births was highest were also those in which the highest proportion of men and of women were able to sign their names in writing in the marriage registers." For local reasons, also, on the smaller farms illegitimacy is more frequent than on the larger. And, finally, most of these births are confined to the laboring classes, the mothers consisting chiefly of farm-hands, factory girls, domestics, needlewomen, and shopwomen. The fathers are generally of the same grade.

—At the end of four hundred years from the time of his invention, William Tell has lost all claims to be considered a real personage, but is so well bolstered up with monuments and dramas and operas and poetry that he must care very little for having been kicked out of the histories. The Swiss, who, in the last century, burnt Freudenberger's book proving that the Tell legend was Danish, are now fain to acknowledge that it is even as he represented. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for January, M. Marc Monnier has reviewed the whole question of Tell's existence, and the steps by which modern criticism has made manifest his fictitiousness. Saxo-Grammaticus had told, in his "Danish History," the story of one Tokko, a soldier of King Harold, who boasted of his skill as an archer, and was put to the test by the king ordering him to shoot an apple from the head of his son. This history was translated into German in 1430. The ingenious author of the chronicle known as the "White Book" (*Chronik des Weissen Buches*), forty years later, adopted the story of Tokko, changing names and transferring the scene to Switzerland, and supplying the incident of the pole with the tyrant's hat upon it. Then came the "Tellenlied" in 1474, and transformed "The Toll" (*i. e.*, the "daft"), by which the patriot was designated in the chronicle, into "Wilhelm Tell," and after that all went swimmingly with the legend and its hero. Later chronicles supplied dates for every event, and fresh characters who, in turn, were given a complete historical outfit by the "historian" Müller. Schiller built upon this last, and Rossini upon both of them, and, as we have said, there is no hope of depriving Tell of the immortality of the stage. There is now an opportunity for somebody to make use of him in illustration of the utility of novels, and to maintain that, on the whole, the manufactured hero of the "White Book" has done about as much to cultivate patriotism and lofty sentiments of liberty in the breast of mankind as the flesh-and-blood Virginian planter, Washington, is likely to do in the same length of time.

—Among noticeable works that have lately appeared in France are the following: "Ingres, his Life, Works, and Doctrine," by Vicomte Henri Delaborde (Paris: H. Plon). This biography is based on manuscript notes and letters of the great painter, and contains the completest possible list of his works, whether painted, drawn, engraved, or lithographed, with mention of the studies in color for every considerable piece. This list will be found readable of itself. M. Daremberg, one of Ampère's executors, has brought out a second edition of the latter's "History of the Formation of the French Language," which originally appeared in 1841. Since then the knowledge of the Old French has so greatly increased that it has become necessary to complete and correct the text of Ampère by means of notes, the adding of which has been entrusted to M. Paul Meyer, who has shown his entire competence for the task (Paris: Didier). The latest of the series of inedited documents called "Archives of the Bastille," collected and published by François Ravaisson (Paris: Durand et Pedone-Lauriel) is said to be, thus far, the most interesting. It relates wholly to the epoch of poisoning in which Mme. de Brinvilliers flourished, and throws much additional light on her trial. Volume one of a "History of Hannibal," by M. Hennebert, has appeared, and indicates a purpose to make a thorough and connected study of the subject. It is occupied mainly in setting forth the causes of antagonism between Carthage and Rome, and in describing Hannibal's campaigns in Spain. The crossing of the Pyrenees and subsequent events, down to Capua, will be narrated in the second volume; the third will treat of the military operations during the long occupation of the Italian peninsula. To one who has not looked into it, the bibliography of Hannibal's passage of the Alps will be surprising. The *Revue Bibliographique Universelle* for April begins a list of works on this subject, dating from 1515, and catalogued by centuries, that already (1818) exceeds fifty in number, and is yet to be completed for the remainder of this century.

THE LIFE OF FAIRFAX.*

The General of the Parliament was worthy of a biography, and he has found a good biographer. Mr. Markham is not unassailable by criticism. He sometimes overrates his hero, and underrates his hero's rivals and opponents. He is a strong Parliamentarian (we see that two Markhams fought at Naseby), and not always free from partisanship in his judgments, or even in his statements. He exaggerates, for example, in saying that, under the tyranny of Charles I., "members of the learned professions were flogged about the streets of London." In trying to be graphic and animated, he sometimes commits faults of taste, and once or twice approaches the verge of fustian. But, upon the whole, he has done his work well, and given us probably as good a portrait as devouring time would permit of a character which, besides its historical importance, is one of considerable beauty.

Fairfax was of a great Yorkshire house, and the inheritor of fine estates and a Scotch peerage purchased by his grandfather, as in the days of the Stuarts peerages were purchased, of James I. The family was distinguished in war, diplomacy, and letters. Two youths of the name fell together in the Palatinate, fighting for the Queen of Bohemia and the Protestant cause; and Prince Rupert, if his heart was open to any such feelings, may have felt a pang when he drew his sword against a Fairfax. The General's great-uncle was Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, called by Mr. Markham, a little ambitiously, "the founder, with Spenser, of the modern school of English poetry." It was a house of that Protestant chivalry of which the "Faërie Queene" is the poetic mirror, and which abounded in the so-called Puritan camp quite as much as anything deserving of the name of chivalry abounded in the camp of the Cavaliers. The General, the flower of the house, was brought up under the eye of his great-uncle the poet, spent five years in study at Cambridge, and remained through life an example of the union of literary accomplishments and tastes with military aspirations which lends so singular an interest to the heroes of that age.

Feudalism and Catholicism were still pretty strong in the north of England, and most of the Yorkshire aristocracy and gentry, with the princely Marquis of Newcastle, took the King's side. The Fairfaxes were

* "A Life of the Great Lord Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Parliament of England. By Clements R. Markham, F.S.A., Author of the History of the Abyssinian Expedition." New York: Macmillan & Co.

drawn by the memory of the blood which their family had shed in the Protestant cause, and by their Protestant and Spenserian culture, to the side of the Parliament. With them went, on one hand, their tenantry, who followed them on feudal principles, while the tenantry of the neighboring landlords followed their chiefs to the King's standard on the same principles, and, on the other hand, the Puritan burghers of Bradford, Leeds, and other rising seats of Yorkshire manufactures—a typical instance of the mixture of aristocratic and democratic elements in the party of the Parliament. An attempt was made at first, by means of a compact between the leading men of both parties, to keep civil war out of Yorkshire altogether. And, though the attempt was hopeless, they who made it might well be pardoned. As Mr. Markham, in his description of the country which was to be the scene of conflict, passes from one beautiful dale (beautiful then, for their heathery sides were not yet covered with tall chimneys, nor had their clear streams yet become water-powers) to another, and as he gives the names of the old halls which stood along those dales, with the genealogies and alliances of their inmates, there rises before us the image of the country life of the English gentry in the early part of the seventeenth century—a life uniting some of the best characteristics of the age of chivalry with some of the best characteristics of modern times, as healthy, perhaps, on the whole, and as happy, as ever the life of mortals was. From the nature of the issue, too, the line between the parties was at first very faintly drawn, though the rising passions of the conflict soon deepened it; and to a large proportion of these gentry it was *plusquam civile bellum*, a war against kinsmen and friends, against the companions of the hunting-field and of the Christmas board, and against men whose principles were often fundamentally the same as their own—for there was no real difference of principle between Falkland and Essex, probably none between Falkland and Fairfax, but only a difference of opinion as to the camp in which the real upholders of the principles were to be found. Our own great conflict was divested, by the sharp division of territory, and the almost equally sharp division of principle, of some of the direst features of civil war.

Such a civil war as that of the seventeenth century in England is the most calamitous of all human conditions; yet even this condition has its moral ideal, which was admirably set forth in the words of Sir William Waller, the Parliamentarian General, to his Royalist friend, Sir Ralph Hopton: "My affections to you are so unchangeable that hostility itself cannot violate my affection to your person; but I must be true to the cause wherein I serve. The Great God, who is the searcher of my heart, knows with what reluctance I go upon this service, and with what perfect hatred I look upon war without an enemy. The God of peace in his good time send us peace, and in the meantime fit us to receive it! We are both on the stage, and we must act the parts that are assigned us in this tragedy. Let us do it in a way of honor and without personal animosities." Fairfax acted up to the spirit of these noble words more thoroughly, perhaps, than Sir William Waller himself, while, unlike Sir William, he played the part assigned him in the tragedy, without flinching, to the end. He may be taken as the model of a good citizen and an honorable gentleman whom fate has involved in a civil war.

In our civil war, the volunteers failed, almost without exception, as generals, and the West Pointers alone succeeded. In the English civil war the reverse was the case; the veteran officers trained under Gustavus were useful in organizing and drilling, but never rose to high command; the successful chiefs, Cromwell, Ireton, Fairfax, and Blake, were volunteers. But the English gentry were all, to a certain extent, trained to arms; Fairfax himself had just smelt powder in Brabant, and he had seen military organization, though under an evil star, in the two campaigns of Charles I. against Scotland. Moreover, these gentlemen were all huntsmen, and had acquired not only a firm seat in the saddle, but, what was far more valuable, a good eye for country. The brilliant little campaigns in Yorkshire, by which Fairfax made his reputation, were in fact the campaigns of a fox-hunter, though he skilfully combined with the rapid movements of his cavalry across the country the defensive energy of his burgher allies in the manufacturing towns, especially in Bradford. It is a pleasant trait of the chivalry which still mastered the passions of civil war that, after the defeat of Fairfax at Adwalton Moor, Lady Fairfax, who accompanied her husband in the field, having fallen into the hands of the Royalists, was sent back to her husband in Newcastle's own coach, escorted by a troop of Royalist horse. It is true the Marquis did not display quite the same chivalry towards Roundhead burghers.

Marston and Naseby are well-known stories, though Mr. Markham tells them with more detail than they have been told before, and illustrates them with more complete plans. He does his hero injustice when, apparently from his anxiety to keep Cromwell in subordination to Fairfax as a general, he gives ear to the calumnious aspersions on the conduct of Cromwell at Marston which emanated from the party feeling, mingled with personal envy, of the Presbyterian Crawford and his clan. The best confutation of these stories is the anxiety shown by Fairfax himself to have Cromwell as his second in command of the New Model army. Mr. Markham, however, adopts what we conceive to be the right account of that appointment. The organization of the New Model army was entrusted not to Cromwell, but to Fairfax; and there is no reason to doubt that Cromwell would have resigned his command, in compliance with the Self-denying Ordinance, had not Fairfax, who was entirely clear of party intrigues, and took a purely military view of matters, insisted on his retaining it, at first for a special service, and then permanently. It is said that Fairfax was Cromwell's tool; but there is nothing either in the known facts or in Fairfax's character to give color to such a supposition; and, in the most important of all the questions on which the two men came into contact, Fairfax strenuously resisted Cromwell's design. Our view of the whole of this episode has been distorted by the Restoration theory of Cromwell's character. Few writers observe the distinction, though it is most important, between the two Self-denying Ordinances. The first, which was lost, incapacitated all members of either House of Parliament for command; the second, which was carried, only relieved the members of the two Houses of their command, without rendering them incapable of appointment for the future. Cromwell, therefore, or rather Fairfax, was guilty only of omitting the form of resignation and reappointment, if, indeed, that form may not be said to have been gone through when Cromwell waited on Fairfax to resign his command.

The dispersion of Goring's rabble army and of the Club men in the west was a mere gleaning after the harvest of Naseby, though Mr. Markham dignifies it with the title of a campaign, and thinks it worthy of a military map. After Naseby, Charles ought not to have prolonged the war; but it is not necessary, with Mr. Markham, to accuse him of selfish recklessness of blood—he was unable to conceive that God would really abandon the cause of an anointed king. The ex-King of Hanover intimated pretty plainly in a manifesto the other day, and no doubt in the most sober earnest, that Providence would compromise the grounds of its own existence by failing to restore him to his throne. For the intrigues and the faction-fights between the sections of the victorious party which ensued upon the victory, Fairfax was as little suited as any knight in the "Faërie Queene." Retaining the commandership-in-chief, he would fain have confined himself to strictly military duties; but that army was not only an army but a political power, identified with one and opposed to the other of the two parties which were struggling for ascendency in Parliament; its own existence being in fact the immediate subject of the struggle. In some cases Fairfax could have little or no difficulty in acting. He could have little difficulty in receiving and restoring to their place in Parliament the two Speakers and the members of the Independent party, when, being driven from the House by the Presbyterians, they sought refuge in his camp. He could have no difficulty in insisting that the army should not be disbanded, as the Presbyterians wished to disband it, without security for its arrears of pay. But in the game that was played by the army politicians he took no part, though it was played to some extent in his name. His position was equivocal, and it is evident that he felt it to be so, and wished to resign; but it is, we think, equally evident that the best opinion of the time sanctioned and demanded his continuance in command. In the purely military sphere he retained complete control over his soldiers, who combined to a singular degree strict military spirit with active participation in politics, and who idolized Fairfax as a commander; he was able to maintain the strictest discipline, and to prevent any kind of outrage, even when the army entered London as conquerors; he saved society, by his military faithfulness and decision, from the terrible mutiny of the Levellers. He did to some extent succeed in repressing the tendency of the army to lay violent hands on the Parliament; and he might have done more, if the narrow-minded and hot-headed leaders of the Presbyterian party would have listened to the voice of the only man, perhaps, in high command who at that moment had absolutely no object at heart but the good of the whole country. "I entreat you that there may be ways in love and composure thought upon. I shall do my endeavors, though I am forced to yield something out of order, to keep the army from disorder. I desire you to take some speedy resolution for the composure of things; for the effecting whereof I should be content to be a sacrifice, as the last service you can have from me."

As commander-in-chief, Fairfax was called upon to repress the Royalist rising in Kent, which took place in combination with Hamilton's invasion from Scotland; and the execution of the two Royalist chiefs, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, by the general's order, has been supposed to leave a stain upon a name otherwise most spotless as regards humanity and chivalry towards opponents. Mr. Markham's defence of the act, however, seems to us satisfactory. That it was not a violation of the terms of surrender is certain: a distinction was expressly made in those terms between the common soldiers who were to be admitted to quarter and the officers who were to surrender "to mercy." Both Lucas and Lisle had been prisoners in the hands of the Parliament; both had been set free on parole; both had broken parole in taking up arms again; so that their lives were forfeit by the military code. In rekindling the civil war after the complete submission and pacification of the whole kingdom, they exposed themselves, and must have known that they were exposing themselves, to the extreme penalty; and we are certainly not in a position to say that their lives could safely have been spared. All we can say is, that, if they were fighting for what they believed to be a good cause, they were deeply to be pitied; and we have no reason to suppose that Fairfax thought otherwise when he signed the order for their execution. There is not a trace either in his character or in that of Cromwell of cynical exultation in a policy of violence and blood.

Fairfax had nothing to do with the seizure of the King at Holdenby; he would have brought Joyce before a court-martial, but he found that the officers would not support him: over political questions, of which this was really one, his authority did not extend. By him personally, and by all under his orders, the captive King was treated with perfect respect and humanity; his favorite chaplains were again allowed access to him, and he was permitted to see his children. This is the more creditable to Fairfax, because he could not have forgotten that when, on the eve of civil war, at the great Yorkshire gathering on Heyworth Moor, he had laid a petition for peace on the pommel of the King's saddle, the King had rudely spurred his horse forward and nearly trampled the petitioner under foot. Charles emphatically expressed his conviction that Fairfax was a man of honor, and if he had acted on that conviction and trusted Fairfax he might have been saved; or rather, perhaps, if he had been capable of trusting Fairfax, he would never have got into Fairfax's hands. A draft treaty in Fairfax's handwriting, found in Leeds Castle, proves that at first he was willing to restore the King, and not only the King, but the bishops, taking guarantees for the rights of Parliament and liberty of conscience—a project which certainly proves that he was but a poor politician. But Hamilton's invasion and the rising in Kent, brought about by the King's intrigues at the very time when he was negotiating with the Parliament for a settlement of the kingdom, revealed the abyss of Charles's perfidy; and as Fairfax allowed himself to be put on the commission for the King's trial, and attended the first meeting of the commissioners, it appears that by that time he had become convinced that there was no course left but the judicial deposition of a monarch with whom it was impossible to make any binding agreement. But he started back at once when he found that the majority of the commissioners were bent on putting the King to death; and it appears to have been a matter of notoriety that he did everything in his power to avert an act which all sober students of history, however sensible they may be of the demerits of Charles, are united in pronouncing to have been a tragical and calamitous error. But his control over the passions of the army was for the moment lost. His endeavors were ill-seconded by his wife, who, in her Presbyterian and Royalist zeal, was so ill-advised as to show herself at the trial and insult the court in her husband's name. On the afternoon of the fatal day, Fairfax, having come down as usual to do business at the headquarters of the army in Whitehall, met in the gallery the King's coffin, covered with a black pall, with Juxon and Herbert following it, and uttered some nervous and agitated words, which, it seems, were really a question as to the King's behavior on the scaffold, but which were misconstrued as implying surprise and ignorance of what had taken place. What had taken place Fairfax knew too well. He accepted a place in the Council of State; and the earnestness, sincere, as there is every reason to believe, even on Cromwell's part, with which he was pressed to accept the command against Scotland, proves that his military ascendancy and his personal position were still unimpaired. If his reason for declining that command was that the proclamation of Charles II. by the Scotch was not an act of hostility to the Commonwealth of England, it was a weak one; if it was deference to the feelings of his Presbyterian wife, it was weaker still. But, knowing at once Fairfax's character and the range of his political capacity as we do, we have no difficulty in accounting for his resignation. The tyranny of Charles, against which Fairfax had drawn the sword, was buried in Charles's grave; the nation was now in its own hands, or in the hands of statesmen who might be regarded as the elect of the people, and whose policy Fairfax neither desired nor was qualified to control. An entirely new series of events opened before him. The particular service which he had been called by the voice of public duty from his pleasant home to perform for the country had been faithfully and thoroughly performed, and he might feel at liberty, as he certainly desired, to go back to Nunappleton Hall. He knew that he left the country a general in Cromwell. The character of a man who has really no desire to live in public, but having been placed by circumstances in a post of duty, and having done his duty, welcomes his release as a laborer welcomes the end of his day's work, is not easily comprehended by more ambitious natures; but, happily for nations, such characters are sometimes, and perhaps not seldom, found.

In Milton's sonnet, Fairfax is hailed as the deliverer of the land from the "avarice and rapine" which did not fail to show themselves with other evil passions in the train of that, as they have shown themselves in the train of all other civil wars. No crusader ever was more disinterested. The Parliament voted him, in lieu of a pension awarded but never paid, two confiscated estates of the young Duke of Buckingham; but he merely held the property in trust till he could restore it to the duke. The seignory of the Isle of Man was also granted to him, and the grant enabled him to give another proof of his generosity. The proceeds of the sequestrated bishopric he devoted to increasing the incomes of poor clergymen and to the maintenance of grammar-schools; the rents of the island he regularly paid to the widowed Countess of Derby, the warlike lady who had defended Latham House against him and his lieutenant. He carried nothing with him to Nunappleton but his wounds and the disease which he had contracted in the course of his campaigns. His retirement was, as retirement from public life when once resolved on should be, complete; he meddled with state affairs no more, but occupied himself with literature, the education of his child, his stud, and his garden. He translated the Psalms into verse, and wrote poetry of a religious and rather melancholy cast, the specimens of which given by Mr. Markham have no serious value, but are agreeable as proofs of the existence of tenderness of heart and refined tastes under the cuirass of the great soldier. Only when the second Protectorate ended in anarchy Fairfax came again upon the scene. It is with a melancholy feeling that we see the General of the Commonwealth, the beloved commander of Cromwell, the theme of Milton's verse, taking an active part in the Restoration, and going to the Hague as chief representative of the Parliament to carry its invitation to the King. But, in the eyes of all men of sense, the restoration of the constitutional monarchy was the only escape from anarchy; the republicans, however they may command our admiration and sympathy, were a small and hopeless minority, passionately struggling against fate for what, in the circumstances of those times, was a noble chimera. The conduct of Fairfax, unlike that of Monk, was perfectly open and honorable; unlike Monk, he disdained reward; unlike Monk, he remained loyal to his old cause and his old associates; and while Monk basely furnished evidence against Argyle, Fairfax, on hearing of the proceedings against Vane and the other victims of the Restoration, openly said that, "if any man must be excepted from amnesty, he knew no man that deserved it more than himself, who was the general of the army at that time."

One who saw Fairfax in his old age says of him: "He sat like an old Roman, his manly countenance striking awe and reverence into all that beheld him, and yet mixed with so much modesty and meekness as no figure of a mortal man ever represented more. Most of his time he did spend in religious duties, and much of the rest in reading good books, which he was well qualified to do in all modern languages, as appears by those he hath writ and translated." On the last morning of his life he called for a Bible, and read the psalm, "As the hart panteth for the waterbrooks." Many an age must pass before the world will really feel the interest in pure virtue which it feels in grandiose ambition and 'long butcher's bills.' Nor can Fairfax ever be ranked among great men. But he rendered high services to his country without asking or desiring reward either in the shape of pelf or tinsel; and he lived and died a stainless knight in circumstances where it was difficult, indeed, to escape a stain. If we look among the characters of history for Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," we shall hardly find the ideal better realized anywhere than in Fairfax.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF CREATION.*

This volume is a collection of essays setting forth some of the most talked of facts in cosmical physics, geology, and palæontology. Quite in the usual way the author begins by appealing to the prejudices of the uneducated reader by drawing an invidious comparison between the firm-set truths of science and the "cobwebs of logic." He then gives a passing scowl at metaphysics for despising "trees, and birds, and rocks, and fossils, and other material things," and assures the student that he has a more direct and certain way of arriving at the history of the universe. A perfect fusillade of rhetorical fireworks celebrates the outset of the author and reader in their new path. We have the "Epic of the Trilobite," the "Vistas of the Fleeting Ages," the "Ruins of Continents," and the other adjuncts of the spectacular drama of creation which it is the wont of science popularizers to parade before the public.

Accompanying our author on his rapid course through creation, we are shown what he terms the "Ordeal by Water," in which the instructive but somewhat type-worn Temple of Serapis, the changes of level of sea-shores generally, and the uplifting of volcanic islands—"ocean births," in the exalted language of our guide—are passed in rapid review. Then comes the "Ordeal by Fire." Here the Mosaic account of creation and the deluge are combated. A chaotic impossibility is figured as a volcano, and some of the text of the chapter is about as near to the truth as the picture. We next have "The Solar System in a Blaze." After perusing this peculiar chapter, we are sure the reader will sympathize with us in our abiding regret that the nebular hypothesis was ever invented, or that, being invented, it had not been kept as a bit of esoteric doctrine only to be taught to old and steady heads. As it is, the publication of this doctrine has given a place of refuge where obscure thinkers on all physical matters can become nebulously incomprehensible, and where their erratic imaginations can comet around in profound disregard for all known laws of matter. Worst of all, it affords an unbounded field for fine writing. How our author has availed himself of it may be seen from a chance selection:

"And what is the substance of that filmy comet which sweeps with such indecent haste through the ranks of the dignified sisterhood of planets? In its dazzling proximity to the sun at perihelion, it can only exist as a fiery vapor, like the substance it seems to be (*sic*). And if we gaze across the cold and starless interval which separates our firmament of stars from its nearest neighbors, there we may witness a universe in its formative stage. There, indeed, are firmaments so remote that the eye of the telescope is strained (*sic*) in the attempt to descry the component stars; but nearer to our domestic earth than these are the materials of firmaments which remain *rudis indigestaque moles*—the *semina rerum*, the primordial igneous vapor from which worlds are destined to be formed in some far distant future age—so distant, probably, that the career of terrestrial things will first have closed, and mankind will have been ushered into another state of being."

We have also a neat figure of "The Solar System rotating in Space." The details are so accurately given in this figure that we are compelled to suppose that the author has come into possession of a photograph taken by some of the ancient astronomers of these outside firmaments. After giving his Pegasus a short rest, our author sets out again to take us through the "Reign of Fire." We can promise the reader that he will find it diverting to trace in detail, as the author enables him to do, the processes which went on on the earth's surface at a time when "the morning and evening twilight almost met each other in the midnight zenith, so high and refractive was the heterogeneous atmosphere." But, the professor assures us, "there was no need of twilight; an ocean of fire sent up to the nocturnal heavens a glare that was more fearful than the poisoned ray of the feebly shining sun." However, we must leave it to those whose inclinations tempt them to study this remarkable chapter and that which follows, wherein "Old Ocean commences Work."

Having disposed of the preliminary work of creation in about sixty pages, our author begins the history of life with a pretty good account of the Eozoon Canadense, yet indulges his propensity for smartness in the most lamentable way. It leads him to call the Irish Eozoon the "first Fenian," and to speak of "Johnny Bull thrusting his elbows into the sides of Young America," when he only means that there is a certain correspondence between the form of the opposite shores of the North Atlantic, if he means anything at all. In the succeeding three hundred pages the general facts of the succession of animals are tolerably well given, wherever the author's rhetoric will allow us to see them. The titles of the chapters show very well the extravagant spirit which prevails throughout the work; we have such headings as the "Garden of the Stone Lilies," "Scouts of the Reptile Horde," "Geography of the Empire of Reptiles," etc. It is with no little satisfaction that we find amid all this two chapters—one, "Something about Oil" (meaning petroleum), and another, "Something about Rock Salt and Gypsum," in which the author talks about things which he has evidently studied attentively, and where his personal acquaintance with the facts gives his account of them a special value. These two chapters set forth the phenomena of which they treat in a better shape than they are to be found in any popular work with which we are acquainted, though there are some of the conclusions with which we cannot agree. After this the book relapses, and we have more about "World Thoughts," "The Tooth of Time," "Cycles of Matter," a succession of chapters containing a rhetorical solution of most of the problems of modern science. After having discussed and settled all these, we feel unfeignedly thankful that the considerate author does not "attempt to lift the veil which conceals the destiny of other firmaments."

In these days when pictures count for so much, we cannot pass the illustrations by. In scientific works especially, these are important, for the impressions the public get from them are more vivid and enduring than what the text supplies. Those of this work which are intended to furnish the reader with an idea of the ancient life of the earth are among the most unhappy results we have ever seen of the temerity which undertakes to reproduce scenes of which we have only the merest fragments and wreck. We are sorry to add that the book is likely to prove of little value, except where it may chance to awaken somebody to look up a better. We are still more sorry to say that it is likely to have a certain popularity among the public for which it was written.

* "Sketches of Creation: A Popular View of some of the Grand Conclusions of the Sciences in reference to the History of Matter and of Life, etc. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., Professor of Geology, Zoölogy, and Botany in the University of Michigan." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870. 12mo, pp. 459.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR APRIL.

In his life of Rufus Choate, President Brown quotes a just remark which Mr. Choate once made about John Quincy Adams, for whom he had a great admiration, not only because of his vast knowledge and his remarkable facility in using it, but also because of his force of character. "He has peculiar powers as an assailant," Mr. Choate said, "and almost always, even when attacked, gets himself into that attitude by making war upon his accuser; and he has, withal, an instinct for the jugular and the carotid artery as unerring as that of any carnivorous animal." It would seem that the descendants of "the old man eloquent" have in a high degree of perfection his ability to see the vital point of attack and his willingness to fasten on it. Nobody would say, for instance, that the late minister to England has no fighting blood in him, nor that he is at all wanting in the instinct for his antagonist's jugular and the power of sticking fast to that artery when once he has closed upon it. And the directors of the Hartford and Erie would be as little likely, we imagine, to charge undue mildness and feeble inefficiency against the younger Charles Francis Adams as would Earl Russell against the elder, or Mr. Jefferson against the second President. In this last number of the *North American Review*, Mr. Henry Brooks Adams justifies his title to the family name by making a deadly attack on the framers of our legal-tender legislation; and Mr. E. G. Spaulding, recently a member of Congress from this State, must, if he has discernment, perceive himself to be, as one may say, pinned, and in urgent need of the assistance of the humane. It will be seen, from a letter on another page, that Mr. Spaulding, having imprudently shown signs of life before Mr. Adams left the field, has been despatched by having several large stones thrown on him.

We do not know whether Mr. Adams makes more or less impression on most of his readers by the deliberate contemptuousness with which he is apt to treat the more contemptible or feeble of his opponents. There can be no doubt, we should say, that his method has its effect on the tempers of the latter; nor is there any doubt, we fear, human nature being the imperfect thing it is, that a large minority of the spectators of his cruelty get from it a lively pleasure. Probably some of our readers remember with satisfaction the elaborate comparison between Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Hoar which Mr. Adams contributed to a recent number of the *North American*, and how it must have pleased the Secretary of the Treasury to learn the estimation in which he is held by some of his fellow-citizens they can imagine. Equally well pleased we may suppose Mr. Spaulding to have been when "his attention was called" to the following passage—such passages never, it is observed by editors, being read by the subjects of them until some friend or other happens to mail them a copy of some obscure periodical, which, in the natural course of events, they would not have seen. The passage is as follows:

"The intellect of a Congressman gifted with no more than the ordinary

abilities of his class, is scarcely an interesting or instructive subject of study; nor are the discussions that arise among such men likely to be rich in stores of knowledge or experience. But when an accidental representative, though he may possess neither breadth nor force, is able to carry, 'over the Administration and through Congress,' as Mr. Spaulding claims to have done, and as it is clear that Mr. Spaulding did, a measure of such far-reaching consequences as the Legal Tender Act of 1862, the character of that person's mind and the facts of his life cease to be matters of absolute insignificance."

As we say, there is no doubt that this is certain to have some effect on Mr. Spaulding's temper; and there is no doubt of the cleverness of it; nor that for this and other reasons it will please many persons and will be admired, as most of Mr. Adams's writing should be. But there may well enough be doubt if this way of administering justice is, on the whole, so effective in mixed communities as some other ways. We confess to having felt, as we read, some slight stir of the sentiment of compassion in favor of Mr. Spaulding, and some slight indignation against his executioner; and to having had some thoughts concerning the justice of capital punishment, indeed, but also concerning the reasons against vivisection, even of criminals. But we need not insist upon this point. Or, at least, insistence is not necessary on Mr. Adams's account, for he himself says, further on, that "it is easy, only too easy, to ridicule and satirize the doctrines of men like Mr. Spaulding; and something like an apology to the public is due for the extent to which this appetite has been indulged in these pages." Not only that, we should say—not only is it always easy for a writer with such a public as ours to satirize particular men and doctrines too much, but it is also easy for him to indulge too much his aptitude for general ridicule and satire. American political writing cannot be too simple and direct if the writer would see anything effected. Still, no doubt, it is well in the end, here as elsewhere, that the best men should speak out without reserve their whole mind, contempt and all. Only, if they do so, they must have a capacity for writing. Barring objections to the tone of some few portions of it, adverse criticism will find nothing to fasten upon in this article, and we recommend its perusal to all persons who desire the masculine pleasure of reading vigorous English, embodying sense, wit, and knowledge, and also to all those who wish for information in regard to Mr. Adams's specific subject—the Legal Tender Act—and in regard to the wider subject of the way in which legislation is done in Washington.

Another article, which should be studied by everybody who is in a position to influence public opinion, and who would influence public opinion for good, is Mr. F. B. Sanborn's essay on "Poverty and Public Charity." It is full of figures, and is not too readable, unless one is interested in the subject of which Mr. Sanborn treats; but it is full of information too; and we suppose that very few people who are interested in the care of the criminal and helpless classes in any American communities would not get from it valuable instruction, as we are sure that very few general readers of an optimistic turn would not get from it much encouragement. All things considered, we doubt if the science of charity has a better friend in this country than Mr. Sanborn, who has the peculiar good fortune of being at once a well-known philanthropist and a practical helper of people who need help and who are within his reach.

"The Norman Conquest of England," an essay by Professor William Allen, of Madison University, is marked by all that writer's carefulness and soundness, and is what the best reviewing of its kind should be—an addition to what one can learn from the book reviewed. Fault may reasonably be found with most of Mr. Allen's writing, as being deficient in life; it is not to be called attractive reading. But such is his honesty and ability, and the things which interest him are of such a character, that his reader may always be sure, when once Mr. Allen has consented to treat of a subject, that what he writes will be worth attention—that to read his criticism of an author will be to listen to two men of ability talking about a matter of which it is well to hear. So far as we know, we have no better informed and more intelligent critic of works relating to English history than Mr. Allen has proved himself to be.

Dr. Hammond is the author of an interesting paper—much better worth reading than many of his later and hastier writing has been—on the "Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism," or Spiritism. His descriptions of cases of clairvoyancy and so-called "mediumship" which fell under his observation in the course of his own practice are of particular interest, and will be found worth attention by the faithful as well as by the "sceptics"—as the mediums call the disbelievers. It is not, of course, to be expected that the believers will accept either Dr. Hammond's inferences or his facts; but they may profitably read and see what it is that they have to meet. Though, for that matter, we believe they no longer seek to join, battle with the men of science, but give over such to darkness of mind. And a great darkness it is in Dr. Hammond's case, his essay being sufficiently materialistic in tone to shock Miss Emma Hardinge into fits.

Mr. Charles L. Brace's "Darwinism in Germany," Miss Agnes Irwin's review of M. Tenot's "Paris en Décembre," the Rev. George Ellis's review of Mr. Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West," an article on "The Prospects of the Political Art," and four notices of late books, are the remaining contents of this number of the *North American*. The book-notices, few as they are, maintain the literary character of the quarterly, for each work examined is an important one, and the notices are of a very high order. Particularly worth attention is the review of Mr. Carew Hazlitt's "Library of Old Authors." Mr. Hazlitt has more than all his father's ill temper and arrogance of mind and very much less than his father's ability, and as he has chosen to work in a field where knowledge is essential and there is absolutely no place whatever for arrogance and impudence, it may be imagined how easily he is made a prey. He falls with such a great ruin on being touched with the pen of a man who is acquainted with his subject that one is at first inclined to be sorry for him, but it is only a moment's work to bethink one's self that he deserves all the castigation that he has skin enough to bear, and that it is a good work to give it to him; for not only has he always been full of insults to men infinitely better than himself, but some publisher on the other side of the water has him now in pay and is going to let him edit a library of reprints of old English authors—for which task—as is made evident by his *North American* reviewer—Mr. Hazlitt is less fit than the first day-laborer one might pick up in the street. The day-laborer would probably be content to print as they stand such texts as the publisher might give him, but as for Mr. Hazlitt he will add blunders of his own to the blunders that he finds in his texts; he will abuse every student of Early English who has had the luck to be born and to die before his appearance, and he will make notes of a degree of foolishness that will go far to reconcile even Mr. Henry Bohn to the existence of the gentleman who first robbed him and afterwards called him an ignoramus. Perhaps the reader who is ignorant of Mr. Hazlitt's character and habits will be inclined to think that his critic in the *Review* bears on a little too hard; but even such a reader will not fail to observe that nothing is said against the offender which does not carry with it instruction for third parties, so that the article is a lesson in literature as well as in morals.

The review of Ellis's "Early English Pronunciation" is another essay which will bear the examination and the close study of every one interested in the history of our tongue. Doubtless, however, the people will be few who will give their approbation to the writer's scheme for making Chaucer intelligible to the average general reader. Chaucer, as he is, is so good and so easy, that a person who is not willing to surmount such difficulties as he presents, is a person not capable of appreciating him. "Popularizing" Chaucer, if it is ever to be done, will be done not by making over the poet, but some of the rest of us.

The Hollands. By Virginia F. Townsend. (Boston: Loring. 1869.)—This is a trivial and commonplace story, of a kind which is found most often in the columns of the so called ladies' magazines. Like most of the women who are engaged in producing domestic love-stories of an unexciting if not of a soothing description, Miss Townsend appears to have read Mrs. Harding Davis's stories with a good deal of interest, and to have laid some of their worst lessons more closely to heart than was at all worth while. We suppose it is in great part owing to Mrs. Davis's studies in that direction that so many of our story-writers give us more than is quite agreeable in the way of facial and muscular contortions on the part of their characters—that they turn their faces gray with agony, "smite and choke and half smother" their voices with pain, and in other ways manage to disfigure them bodily and mentally without mercy. Miss Townsend, at all events, in mannerisms like these, recalls a model on whom she has not improved, and whom it would have been as well to study merely for the sake of avoiding her errors. In all other respects, "The Hollands" is about on the level, or perhaps a trifle below the ordinary level, of magazine stories.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Brooks (Rev. C. T.), Schiller's Homage of the Arts, and Other Translations	(James Miller)	
Dryden's Poetical Works, Globe ed	(Macmillan & Co.)	$1 75
Froude (J. A.), History of England, Vols. IX., X	(C. Scribner & Co.)	2 50
Goddard (Julia), Baffled; or, Michael Brand's Wrong: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	
Hesekiel (J. G. L.), Life of Bismarck	"	
Keary (A.), The Nations Around	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Le Pileur (A.), Wonders of the Human Body	(C. Scribner & Co.)	1 50
Miles (Rev. H. A.), Traces of Picture-Writing in the Bible	(Little, Brown & Co.)	
The New-Fashioned Girl: a Story of To-day	(James Miller)	
Von Hillern (Wilhelmine), Only a Girl: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1870.

The Week.

THE folly of removing the National Capital received a temporary check on Wednesday week, when the Senate appropriated $500,000 towards a new building for the State Department, and a still further amount for an extension of the Capitol grounds. The Legislative Appropriation Bill was under consideration at the time, and the provision in it for the Educational Bureau was maintained against an attempt at reduction. On Friday, Mr. Sumner introduced a comprehensive bill to make it unlawful for color prejudice to be indulged by common carriers, innkeepers, managers of theatres and other places of amusement, officers or teachers of common schools, trustees of incorporated church and cemetery organizations and benevolent institutions; and to eradicate the word "white" from State and national legislation; with appropriate penalties. The House has discussed the decline of American commerce, a general amnesty, and the Tariff Bill, which it shelved on Monday, at the instance of Mr. Dawes, whose practice, though parliamentary and patriotic (as we take it to have been), was certainly calculated to enrage Mr. Schenck. The latter, to be sure, flattered himself outrageously when he stated that, if the bill could pass the House this session, it would pass the Senate next March. That was quite too refined a probability to justify wasting the two months yet left for work. On Monday, also, Mr. Bingham carried a bill to protect the colored voter under the Fifteenth Amendment.

The fate of the Tariff Bill seems, humanly speaking—in all that relates to the tariff and to Georgia one has to put in this qualification—to be sealed. Mr. Schenck has introduced a bill for the reduction of internal revenue taxes, to the extent of about $35,000,000 in all, and this rousing the interest of the House in new schemes, Mr. Dawes was successful in obtaining a postponement of the consideration of the tariff, for the purpose of dealing with the appropriation bills—only six weeks of the fiscal year now remaining. This is looked on as putting the passage of the Tariff Bill out of the question, and the high protectionists are not sorry, while the revenue reformers are, as enough reduction had been made in it to bring it much nearer to what most sensible men begin to acknowledge any tariff that is to stand must be. This is, however, a sorry result of five months' labor, especially when it is considered that we shall see the whole ground gone over again next December, and shall have the same treatises on protection and free trade from the same men, the same uncertainty, same recrimination, and same frantic struggle of opposing "interests." Mr. Schenck's reduction in the internal taxation repeals the tax on legacies and successions, which are probably as unobjectionable taxes as exist, both as regards the objects on which they fall and the facility of collecting them, and his removal of them, considering his reluctance to touch even the most outrageous portions of the tariff, suggests some interesting reflections as to what his theory of taxation is. He proposes to increase the exemption from the income tax to $1,500, and diminish its inquisitorial features, and prohibit the publication of incomes, all of which are improvements; and he righteously sweeps away a large number of small dues, which plagued far more than they profited, and have been the disgrace of our revenue system. The measure is, however, doubtless intended to serve the purpose of a sop to the revenue reformers, and to stop their grumbling, without making serious changes in the present tariff, which in default of anything better is to be made to serve another year.

The two Woman's Suffrage Associations—Mr. Beecher's and Mr. Tilton's—have been in session during the week in this city, all attempts to unite them having failed, owing to the obduracy of Mr. Beecher's Association, which monopolized not only nearly all the talent, but all the honors of the occasion, and the roar of whose heavy artillery at Steinway Hall almost completely drowned the barking of Mr. Tilton's small mountain guns up at Apollo Hall. "Fraternal salutations" were interchanged during the session, Mr. Tilton's surpassing in tenderness, Mr. Beecher's in dignity. That anything new was contributed to the discussion by either Association we are, however, unable to assert. The arguments used and the promises held out as to the results of the extension of the suffrage were much the same. The McFarland case had evidently stimulated the enthusiasm of several of the female orators, and though they were very anxious to avoid mixing up the suffrage with the sexual relation, it was quite evident that they were no nearer than the rest of the world to separating in their thoughts woman as a citizen from woman as a possible or actual wife and mother. Allusions to the case were frequently made; one lady lauded Horace Greeley for his devotion to the "fugitive wife," and Mrs. Stanton, who is one of the leaders of the movement, delivered a lecture on it, to women only, on Tuesday morning.

By-the-by, when Miss Noble, with the acuteness and perspicacity of whose criticisms on the drift of the movement we are more and more impressed every day, alleged in the *Nation* of June 20 that *Jany.*

> "The most cursory reader of the reports of woman's rights meetings in the newspapers must be struck with the tendency to two lines of false reasoning very prominent in the debaters, viz., the arguing from altogether special and accidental cases to universal rules; and, again, the sorting out into grievances redressible by civil law life's most intimate and awful woes, the catalogue of domestic sufferings, whose baffling problem is, that the very conditions which make their terror make also for the purest and best joy given to mortals, so that how to deliver from the one without jeopardizing the other, is the riddle yet unsolved"—

the *Woman's Journal* accused us with great violence of "professional dishonesty" in representing her articles as having been written by a woman, as no woman would venture to assert that the woman's suffrage champions meant in any manner to meddle with or regulate marriage, or divorce, or the sexual relation. Our astonishment may therefore be guessed when we found in the same periodical, a few weeks ago, in a letter signed by some of its editors, and addressed to Mr. Theodore Tilton, the fact that the New York Suffrage Association had undertaken the discussion of marriage and divorce, and deficiency of offspring, given as one of the reasons why the Cleveland Association had been founded.

We now venture to assert that the Cleveland Association will, as it extends its organization, find it impossible to keep clear of the very same topics; that they are already cropping out in its debates, and for the simple reason that its recruits are and will be largely drawn from that vast body of persons, of both sexes, to whom the yoke of the institution of marriage, as at present established, is irksome, and who believe that a freer gratification of individual desires ought to be provided for by law. We affirm, moreover, that the exclusion from the discussion of woman's condition, in a country so slenderly governed by tradition and habits as this is, and in which all discussion takes inevitably the widest possible range, of everything relating to her functions as a female, is not possible, and would not be expedient if it were possible; that, as long as she has to perpetuate the human species by child-bearing and nursing, those who propose to better her lot must make up their minds to deal openly, boldly, and persistently with her sexual relations, for to this they are sure to be driven eventually. We call attention to this matter because we believe the attempt to carry on the movement with a false bottom is full of danger, and helps to hide from the able and respectable leaders of the movement—of whom there are a great many—the real weight of the responsibility they are assuming. We must have no patched-up settlement of this matter, and no rearrangement of the relations of men and women in which sexual passion is ignored, and which is based on the theory that when a wife desires to quit a husband, or a husband a wife it is presumptively because he or she wants opportunities for a "broader

development," or "a more perfect spiritual union," or "a closer communion with a kindred soul," or "a freer interchange of his or her deepest experiences."

Owing, we believe, to the culpable failure of the jury to indicate by their verdict whether they acquitted McFarland on the ground of insanity, he was discharged unconditionally, and is now at large. One of the humors of the affair is that Dr. W. A. Hammond, who gave the most interesting testimony at the trial with regard to insanity, has since lectured on him, and declares that he is liable to another or other attacks of mania; and, indeed, there is no reason why he should not have as many manias as he has enemies, until, at last, he can proudly say that he has not a foe above ground. A petition is circulating in Brooklyn, asking the Governor to shut him up, but we suppose the Governor neither will nor can do anything of the kind. His wife, the day after the verdict, published in the *Tribune* a long, elaborate, and highly-wrought account of her married life, showing it to have been utterly miserable, owing to McFarland's violence of temper, habitual drunkenness, improvidence, and poverty, which has had a great circulation, and, combined with the acquittal, has excited an outburst of sympathy for her. Its force as evidence is weakened by the letters from her which McFarland has been publishing in reply, and which, written during this period of unutterable woe, are full of the most extravagant expressions of affection for him, and acknowledgments of his kindness and thoughtfulness. Moreover, although it alleges McFarland to have been an habitual drunkard, and to have been in the habit of changing his boarding-house nearly once a week through long years, nobody, of the dozens of boarders and boarding-house keepers who must have been cognizant of his excesses, was produced at the trial to testify to either his drunkenness or his violence. Still, after all allowances have been made, there is enough to show that it was a wretched marriage, and ought never to have lasted so long.

But it was only a specimen of a large class; thousands of wives all over the country are passing their lives in abject misery, trying to rear in boarding-houses the children of that large army of ne'er-do-weels who spend their time roving about in the cars, with a carpet-bag and a shawl, and passing nearly every week into a new trade, and succeeding in none—editing newspapers, speculating in land, taking photographs, manufacturing hair-pins or hoop-skirts, and, above all, peddling inventions and patent rights, which is their darling occupation. In the political campaigns they take a turn on the stump, and, when hard pressed by fate, retire for a brief season to the Custom-house, where they gather fresh strength and ideas for new wanderings and failures. McFarland, in the midst of his brutalities, had no difficulty in getting warm recommendations for office from Messrs. Sinclair and Greeley. The *Evening Post* has made a better attempt to furnish the rationale of the popular excitement over his case than any we have seen; and it is in substance this: not only is the appetite for "sensations" intense, but there is a class of persons in the community who carry their moral judgment almost entirely in their lachrymal glands, and are always sure that anybody they can cry over must be a saint. Accordingly, when Richardson was shot down, they went and wept by his bedside; McFarland then being put on trial for his life, they went and wept with *him* over his "desolate home," to which Mr. Graham made such touching Latin allusions, though where the home was or ever had been there was no evidence to show; McFarland being acquitted and safe, if not sound, Mrs. McFarland appeared on the scene with her statement, and now they are weeping over her. Had he been convicted, she would probably be an object of intense execration. Of course, we do not mean to say that the same persons pass through these alternations of feeling, but simply that they all belong to the same category.

The news of the passage of the Woman's Suffrage Bill to a second reading in the House of Commons excited a good deal of rejoicing amongst the friends of the movement both here and in England. As might have been expected, however, the incident was mainly valuable as an advertisement. Wednesday, the day on which the vote took place, is the equivalent of the Saturday sessions of "the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union" in Washington, and is generally given up to bores and visionaries. Moreover, the House was, as usual on that day, very thin, and the bill was sure to be defeated by a large majority if any attempt had been made to push it to a third reading. The measure was killed a few days later, without difficulty, on the motion of its enemies. Its friends would doubtless have been very well content to sleep on their laurels. It would, however, have only applied to unmarried female taxpayers. The suffrage movement of late has been unfortunate too in this country. It has been checked in Vermont by a popular vote against the introduction of a female-suffrage clause in the constitution; and in Illinois the Constitutional Convention has on reconsideration refused to submit the question to the people, influenced, it is said, mainly by the arguments of one of its lady opponents. We believe these reverses are in great part due to the feeling which the continued discussion is developing that the questions raised by the agitation go far deeper than the distribution of the political sovereignty, and the mass of the community shrinks therefore from attempting to deal with them. But the whole matter is in the hands of women themselves.

While the freight business of the Pacific Railroad has not immediately answered expectations in regard to it, the road's importance as a national highway is daily increasing. The latest result of it is the establishment of regular steam communication with Australia. The *Wonga-Wonga*, which left Sydney on the 26th of March, and Auckland on the 4th of April, inaugurated the line, and at Honolulu connected with the *Idaho*, which reached San Francisco on the 5th of May. Almost all the passengers were on their way to England, and the trip from Sydney to Liverpool was for them a rather agreeable and highly diversified excursion of less than sixty days. There is little doubt that this route will be preferred to all others between Europe and the South Pacific, at least so far as shortness is concerned; but it may be questioned whether it will tend to knit the bonds of the British colonies and the mother country. The mail service must create among us an interest in Australian affairs which cannot be said to have existed hitherto, any more than Australia has cared much for what was going on in the United States. We may also naturally anticipate an interchange between the mines of the Pacific coast and those of the colony, and with the wares and tools which we shall send out there, will go not a few skilled workmen, and many adventurers and speculators. Our political ideas will travel thither by the same course, and that they will have some effect is already predicted. The Taranaki (New Zealand) *Herald*, which arrived here by the first direct mail, talks openly of "New Zealand seeking relationship with America," and declares that that colony is practically severed from Great Britain in consequence of imperial neglect, and that it is henceforth to draw its commercial advantages from the United States, with a fair chance of imbibing its republican notions.

In spite of the excitement produced in England by the Greek massacres, none of the wild schemes of revenge proposed at the outset by a portion of the press seems to have met with popular favor. Indeed, Lord Clarendon made all high-handed measures impossible by his offer to the brigands, at the execution of which the Greek Government agreed to wink, not only to pay them the ransom, but to get over the amnesty difficulty by conveying the whole band in a British man-of-war to Malta—probably, on the whole, as complete a bit of baseness as a high officer of a great state was ever guilty of, and which, there can be little question, was due to the social position of two of the captives. When Mr. Moens was captured, and held for two months by the Italian brigands, they were hunted vigorously the whole time by the Italian troops, the British Government looking calmly on, and he was left to pay his own ransom; and, what is more, the Italian Government refused to reimburse him, and the British Government refused to back his claim; but Mr. Moens was unknown "in society."

The Greek Government appears to have been actuated in breaking its engagement not to pursue the brigands partly by the desire of avoiding the repayment of the ransom, which it felt would be de-

manded, as it had undertaken to escort the travellers, and partly by the hope of escaping a collision with "the opposition," which, as M. Zaïmis, the Prime Minister, explained to the British Minister, was believed to be at the bottom of the whole thing. One of the captured brigands declares that the news of the projected excursion was communicated to them by an unknown person from Athens, and that two persons in masks, whom the chief treated with great respect, came out after the negotiations had been opened to urge them to insist on an amnesty. The brigands appear to be simply a portion of a gang of seven hundred cut-throats and vagabonds who went to Crete as volunteers during the insurrection and were brought back at its close, and then "went into politics" as highway robbers. The utter demoralization of the political class in Greece could hardly be better illustrated than by the fact that "the opposition" in the Parliament is usually at least believed to be in a league with the footpads, who make it impossible to take a walk on the road five miles from the king's palace. The army and the people seemed really put to shame by this last performance, and the troops pursued the brigands with great fury. If it were not for the promise not to pursue given by the Minister of War, and the long previous connivance at the exploits of the robbers, nobody could blame the Greek Government for what it did. A government cannot treat with thirty cut-throats at the gates of its own capital without loss of self-respect, and without breaking down all popular confidence in the law; and sad as was the fate of the unhappy gentlemen who were ruthlessly and uselessly butchered, their safety would, under ordinary circumstances, have been a secondary consideration. One of the most curious things about the condition of Greece is that as shrewd a people as the Greeks are do not see the enormous amounts of money they might bring into the country every year if they only made it safe and attractive to travellers. They have only to look at the revenue Switzerland draws from tourists to see what a paying operation it would be to hang their brigands, equip a good police, and open a few roads. Their soil is holy ground to the educated men of the civilized world, and would swarm with pilgrims; but the interior is now hardly more accessible to Christians than Mecca or Bokhara. It is estimated that, on a moderate calculation, the brigands have levied on the peasantry about $30,000 since February last, and they have taken about $100,000 in ransoms.

The Winnipeg rebellion has had a singular termination. The Canadian Government has conceded to the insurgents nearly everything they asked for, and, amongst other things, the autonomy of "the province" which they have created, and the control of the public lands. Riel, who was, a month or two ago, a windy, vaporing rebel, who was certainly to be hanged for his brutal murder of Scott—and, if the deliberate killing of a human being, without the slightest necessity, be murder, that was certainly a very foul one—has lived to see his agents received as respectable diplomatists, and with them the statesmen of the New Dominion have treated on a footing, if not of equality, at least of what is as good as equality. The armed force, therefore, which the Michigan authorities refused to allow to go through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, is reduced to the character of a surveying party, and the one chance of waging war that will probably ever offer itself to Canada has passed away. The New York *Times* taunts the Fenians in a most unseemly manner for not having taken the field before the unpleasantness was over, apparently not being aware that the Republic has just gone into a new house in Brooklyn, and is having it scrubbed and the carpets fitted. The departure of its armies for the frontier is therefore for the present impossible.

The *Independent* has applied to Mr. Niles G. Parker, the State Treasurer of South Carolina, for a refutation of the statement we made some weeks ago that eighty-odd members of the State Legislature could neither read nor write; and he has furnished it in the shape of an assertion "that he *thinks* there was not one who could not read, and only three who could not sign their names," and one of these refrained, he believes, from that ceremony, when receipting for their pay, on account of dimness of sight, and the other two "in the hurry of receiving pay." We made that statement on the authority of a gentleman—a Republican, we may mention—of the highest character, who has just been making a thorough examination of the condition of affairs in South Carolina for business purposes. We have, however, taken measures to procure more testimony, and when we obtain it we shall take the matter up again. The *Independent* "is curious to see how we shall meet this prompt rebuttal of our wholesale charges." When we get a "rebuttal" of our charges, we shall do what the *Independent* will perhaps consider a very funny thing—viz., acknowledge frankly that we were totally wrong. Our informant took testimony on the point in a great variety of quarters, and he says the statements made to him by white men "were quite confirmed by intelligent colored men, who were earnest Radicals, but who greatly regretted the class of entirely uneducated negroes who had been sent to Columbia, as tending to degrade the freedmen in the eyes of the public, and bring them into contempt." "That a *larger* proportion," he adds, "than you have stated of the members of the last South Carolina Legislature *went to Columbia* unable to read and write, I have no manner of doubt. You will remember that until within five years it was a punishable offence in that State to teach a colored person to read. The natural ambition of these men, and the strong desires of their friends, may very likely have led them to pick up a few words, and to learn to write their names after a fashion, after they took their seats." We hope in a few days, however, to have additional evidence. It must be remembered that we are now talking of the legislators of a civilized State, possessing the power to vote away their neighbors' property almost without stint, and to pledge the credit of the State for millions—and not of hod-carriers.

The long-talked-of, much-discussed, and with-great-difficulty-arranged match between the American yacht *Sappho* and the English yacht *Cambria* has ended in a complete muddle, and we shall probably now have once more one yard of correspondence for every mile sailed. There were to be three heats, and in the first the *Sappho* won easily. The *Cambria* made some alterations in her bowsprit in preparation for the second, but asked the umpires in vain for "a dead beat to windward," instead of a "half-point off the wind," and, growing sulky under pressure, refused to start, so the *Sappho* walked over the course. On the merits of the question we are not competent to express an opinion, but it certainly seems as if a fair yacht race were one of the hardest things in the world to arrange. In horse-racing, the one inequality which has to be provided for is age, and this is readily met by weight; but yacht-racing seems to be somewhat like a race between lions, tigers, dromedaries, elephants, and buffaloes, and to tell whether the conditions of the race have been exactly the same for each competitor requires an amount of study, calculation, and familiarity with two or three sciences which few men possess, and yachting men apparently never, if we may judge from the length and unsatisfactory termination of their disputes.

M. Ollivier, as Minister of Justice, has published an official report on the alleged conspiracy against the life of the Emperor, by way of answer to the charges so freely made, and generally believed, that it was what is called in the New York police courts a "put-up job," intended to help the *plébiscite*. He says the Government was on the track of the conspirators so long ago as October, but dropped the investigation in order not to excite suspicions of using it as an "electoral intrigue;" but, finding that the conspirators went on with their arrangements, and were going to carry out their design on or before May 8, the police were again put in motion, with the result already known. A young man named Beaury, a tool, apparently, of Gustave Flourens, who is in London, has been arrested, and he it is who was to throw the bombs, which were to contain nitro-glycerine, and were calculated to put out of suffering everybody within thirty yards of the spot on which they fell. Twenty-one bombs in all have been discovered. Other persons appear to have been connected with the conspiracy, but Flourens and Beaury are apparently the two principal actors. In the correspondence the explosion is spoken of as an "amputation," the Emperor as "the poor sufferer," and the cost of preparing to blow him up as "the expenses of this sad illness." What with the conspiracy and the majority of the *plébiscite*, the Emperor appears to be in high feather.

THE END AT LAST.

THERE are two bills now before Congress which, if the Reconstruction process be capable of completion, ought to complete it. One provides for the execution of the Fifteenth Amendment, by forbidding, under the sanction of appropriate penalties, all attempts, direct or indirect, and either of omission or commission, to prevent colored persons entitled to the franchise from exercising it. Another, introduced by Mr. Sumner, provides for the admission of colored persons on equal terms to all hotels, public conveyances, licensed theatres and places of public amusement, and public institutions; and he admits that, if this be passed, there will be nothing left undone that legislation can do to improve the condition of the colored man. We hope they will both be passed without any unnecessary delay. There are so many ways of cheating people out of their votes, and there are so many voters whom it is easy to cheat, that we may be sure, in a large number of places, negroes would, by one trick or other, be robbed of their share in elections, no matter how solemnly guaranteed to them by the Constitution, unless the various modes of defrauding them were enumerated, punishment prescribed for each, and the exact mode of getting it inflicted pointed out.

As regards Mr. Sumner's bill, nobody who knows how a prejudice feeds upon itself—that is, how readily the doing of a thing presents itself to many people's minds as a justification for doing it—will have much to say against it. Nobody denies that if there were no prejudice against color it would be a great gain for the country, and any attempt to diminish it by legislation which does not seem likely to do anything to increase it, is certainly worth trying. It is not possible to allow keepers of public conveyances to shut people out from any accommodation to which their money would otherwise entitle them on account of their complexion, without acknowledging that our equality before the law is a mockery. and we know, as the result of actual experiment in various parts of the country, that the objection to riding with colored people in the cars and stages is a mere whim. When we propose to force hotel-keepers and managers of theatres to admit them on equal terms, we get, naturally, on more delicate ground, and ground on which the law may be more readily evaded, and that it would be evaded somehow we do not doubt; but evading it would be troublesome and expensive, often fully as much so as obeying it, and we have very little doubt that before long landlords and managers both would succeed in persuading white gentlemen and ladies that there really was no strong objection to staying in the same hotel, or enjoying one's self at the same theatre, with colored people, from whom the same guaranties for dress and behavior had been exacted as from the rest of the company.

But then it does seem as if two such measures, which even the most exacting of Radicals acknowledge to be all that can be asked for, ought, in order to ensure their efficiency, to be accompanied by a general restoration of the South to its normal condition; or, in other words, to the government of the majority of its inhabitants. We have no desire to exaggerate the evils of the existing state of things, and have no great pity for the "leading citizens" who are now atoning for the folly of twenty years by temporary subjection to the rule of their former slaves. Those who play high must not whimper if they lose heavily. But then the Government of the United States has something to think of besides either punishing the whites for their treason or rewarding the blacks for their fidelity. The interests of civilization and of good government at the South are in its keeping, and there is no question whatever that both are suffering deeply—not by the accession of the colored people, but by the accession of ignorant people, to power—and may suffer irretrievably, if the present régime be protracted much longer. It is not possible any longer to confine any political or social evil to a particular State. With our present habits and means of intercommunication, everything spreads all over the country, the good as well as the bad. No State can keep its corruption or its bad character, any more than its virtue, to itself; and the seeds of the vices and disorders we suffer to flourish in South Carolina and Louisiana, we may be sure, will be wafted before long further north, and find a fruitful soil enough. The more legislatures we have accessible to temptation, the larger the class of jobbers who live by tempting legislators grows, and the wider the belief that all legislators are corrupt, and may be expected to be corrupt, spreads.

We have spoken several times in these columns of the grossness of the disorders in which the government of several States is plunged in the hands of the negroes and carpet-baggers, gathering our opinions simply from newspaper articles and correspondence and occasional private advices. Very recently, business men of the highest character, both from this city and from Boston, have been examining the state of things there with reference to investments both for themselves and their friends, and, of course, one of the very first things to which their attention was turned was the governmet, for government means taxation, and on the manner and amount and application of taxation depend the rate of profits, the prospects of immigration, and the probability of internal improvements. No man will willingly invest much capital in a State whose revenues he has reason to believe will be squandered, or credit destroyed, or whose legislation cannot be depended on for a reasonable degree of uniformity and honesty. Now the reports of these gentlemen—and the two we have in our eye have been ardent Republicans and supporters of the Reconstruction policy of Congress, and do not believe any other policy was possible or desirable—describe things as being nearly as bad as bad can be. The effect on the freedman of the spectacle of large bodies of his fellows in a state of the grossest ignorance put suddenly in possession of the government of great, civilized, and wealthy communities, is of course as demoralizing as the sudden discovery of a parcel of diamonds, and just as likely to turn his mind away from steady industry, and to destroy his faith in the political value of knowledge. But this is not the worst of it. Their management of the State funds has been such, and is such, as to endanger American credit everywhere, to frighten away capital, and make general bankruptcy at some not very distant day by no means improbable. Moreover, no society was ever long subjected to such a régime without suffering in its very vitals, without finding the stock of honor, truth, decency, and patriotism on which it has to draw every now and then, to carry it through exciting times, greatly and perhaps fatally diminished.

The remedy for all this is to pass an act of general amnesty, and leave every community to its natural action. Let whatever there is of intelligence in it resume its natural weight. It is as much the interest of the negro as of the white man—indeed, far more the interest of the negro than of the white man—that the States should be well governed, and most of the political talent and experience is in the hands of white men, who are either disfranchised themselves, or so disgusted by the disfranchisement of their friends, that they will take no part at present in political affairs. No closing of the Reconstruction process will be safe or real which does not give them their *natural* influence on the government; artificial influence they have lost for ever; but of the other it is an offense against civilization to deprive them.

JURY MORALITY.

SUCH a failure of justice as occurred in the McFarland case, shocking as it was, would be of some value to the community if it would lead to something more practical than lamentations in the newspapers over the indulgence of juries for certain classes of crimes. There are signs, such as the adoption of the Judiciary Amendment to the Constitution, the new election law, and the formation of the Bar Association of this city, that the popular interest in questions of legal reform begins to revive in this State, and that there will hereafter be more use in calling attention to defects in our jurisprudence than there has been for some years past. Nearly everybody has at last got over the delusion that the election of all officers by "the people" is a cure-all; we shall before long get over the sister delusion that giving everybody the ballot is a cure-all; and then we shall be able to go to work to improve our condition by rational methods.

In the meantime, we wish to call attention to the fact that the tame acquiescence of the bench, the bar, and the press in such verdicts as was rendered in the McFarland case, is really cherishing and spreading the false notions both of public and private morality from which these verdicts flow. The origin of the impunity now accorded

to murders committed by men whose female relatives have been seduced, is simply the concession made, we believe, by all systems of law, in all ages, to men who commit murder in a sudden burst of passion. A man who killed his wife's paramour was let go free if he killed him *flagrante delicto*—human nature being supposed incapable of resisting so great provocation. This rule has, however, under the influence of popular sympathy with men who "have had their homes broken up," and of weeping lawyers, and rhetorical newspaper denunciations of adultery, grown into the monstrous doctrine, which now seems to have got a firm foothold amongst juries, that a man may murder another whom he suspects of having taken his wife from him, whenever he pleases; that he need not do it on a sudden impulse or in a passion; but may talk over it, and brood over it, and dog his victim for years, and finally carry out his design whenever he finds it convenient. The plea of insanity, too, by which murders are now so frequently excused, is receiving similar and dreadful amplification. Thirty years ago, a man who killed another had to show that he was stark mad, in other words, a notorious and unmistakable lunatic, in order to be covered by the plea of insanity. Now, he has only to act peculiarly, or, in other words, by dint of dwelling on a particular subject, work himself into a sort of monomania about it, as the wisest and calmest man in the community may do if he pleases, in order to get himself released from all legal responsibility for his acts, however bloody or atrocious they may be; and the symptoms of insanity have, in the hands of mad doctors, been worked up into a system of extreme delicacy and complexity, in which one of the obscurest of all fields of human investigation is elaborately mapped out and placed before ignorant jurymen with as much confidence as the plan of a house or a topographical survey. Worse than all, in the Cole-Hiscock case the bench made to the theory the startling addition that there is such a thing as momentary madness—so that at ten o'clock a man may be responsible for all his acts; at ten seconds past ten, mad as a hatter, and commit a murder with impunity; and at ten o'clock and fifteen seconds be again perfectly sane—and the jury accepted this ruling, and acted on it.

Now, where is this to end? If the juryman's anxiety about female chastity should continue to develop, and the symptoms of insanity continue to multiply, at the same rate as during the past twenty years, what security will any of us have for his life or limbs? What with the injured husbands and the crazy men, not one of us will, as things are now going, feel any strong certainty, on going out any morning, that he will not be brought home on a stretcher in the evening with two or three holes in his head. From the enraged husbands of course every man has an easy means of escape, but from crazy men nobody who has in the course of his business to offend or annoy anybody can have any security whatever.

Of course we do not mean to say that anything the bench or bar or press can do can change the nature of jurymen, but then there is one way in which something may be done to make their decisions less farcical or injurious in a certain class of criminal cases, and that is the closer regulation by legislation of what may be submitted to them. "Judicial discretion" used to be a thing to which the legislature could trust a great deal, but of late years it is evident that the less there is left to it, the better. It has been found necessary, for instance, to interfere with it in the matter of granting injunctions and appointing receivers; and, since the charge in the Cole case, and the trial in the McFarland case of the charge of "conspiracy" against the writers for the New York *Tribune*, it seems pretty evident we need some such changes in the criminal procedure as will greatly narrow the field of enquiry over which the juryman's mind may be permitted to roam. For instance, it would unquestionably not be a bad plan to follow the suggestion Governor Alcorn has made to the Legislature of Mississippi, and deprive juries of all cognizance of the plea of insanity, and make it triable either by competent judges or by a medical tribunal, whose decision should on this point be final. This would prevent many great scandals, and put a check on one class of crimes which we are afraid will, under the present system, grow rapidly.

As regards other restrictions to be imposed on juries, in cases like that of McFarland, in which they are likely to make themselves the exponents simply of popular passion, and totally disregard the judge's ruling as well as the evidence, there are two things which might be done. One is, modify the rule of "twice in jeopardy," and make a man triable again, when the jury disregard their oaths, just as he is when they disagree. Of course, this would have to be done with caution, and the power of ordering it should be reserved to the full bench. Excited juries, who have been worked up into a half-frenzy by fights and weepings among the lawyers, and by intense popular interest in the trial, and muddled by ponderous masses of evidence, afford no more protection to life and property than a mob. Readiness to acquit persons who commit murder, in obedience to popular impulse, is just as dangerous as readiness to hang persons who have not committed murder.

The other is the imposition on the judge of some stringent rules as to what he will allow to go to the jury. It must be remembered that our "rules of evidence," as they are called, have no basis in the constitution of the human mind. They are simply a set of contrivances to make the demand on the mental powers of juries, mostly untrained men, as small as possible. They do not exist, or anything like them, in any system of law in which causes are tried by professional judges. For instance, in France, hearsay is received just as readily as direct evidence, and so it ought to be; for, though its proving power may be less strong than that of direct evidence, it has *some* proving power. But our law very properly shuts out from the juryman's eye all testimony the value of which it is supposed he could not readily estimate, even at the risk of a failure of justice. It allows nothing to go before him which has not a direct bearing on the issue, while, if the trial were a logical process, everything that had the remotest connection with the issue would be laid before him.

Now, in these sentimental murder cases, he is probably in a less judicial frame of mind than he ever is at any other period of his life, and, therefore, needs more of the protection of the court. What those rules ought to be a newspaper is hardly the place to discuss. It is strictly a lawyer's subject, and every lawyer who has paid attention to the trials of sentimental cases will have plenty of suggestions to offer as to the best mode of narrowing the issue, so as to get out of the juryman the least possible amount of his passions and prejudices and the greatest possible amount of his common-sense and his respect for law. For instance, when the plea of insanity is set up, as in the McFarland case, a jury ought not to be allowed to render a verdict of acquittal without saying whether it was rendered on the ground of insanity or not. Had they done so in McFarland's case, he might have been, we believe, shut up. As it is, he is at large, and is believed to be insane, and has committed one murder, and is pronounced by the first authority in this city, on this class of subjects, to be likely to have another attack of acute mania or something like it, and yet there is apparently no way of getting him put under restraint unless he should commit another murder. The very helplessness, too, with which the community submits to such verdicts, which all declare outrage the moral sense and encourage crime, naturally spreads and stimulates the feeling that it is the business of the juryman to express, not the sober second thought of the community, but its first hot thought, and to drown the sense of responsibility for the manner in which jury duty is performed. We moan and groan over the folly and wickedness of such verdicts, but treat them as if they were oracles which there was no gainsaying, and that once we had empanelled twelve men and sworn them to decide according to the evidence, the public had no more to do with the affair than with the thunder or the rain. It is, therefore, not unnatural that when an ignorant and stupid man finds himself charged with a case, he should feel perfectly authorized to substitute his own rough notion of what he would do under like circumstances both for the enactments of the legislature and the rulings of the judge.

VASSAR COLLEGE.

FINDING ourselves, after some years of humble and attentive consideration of what many excellent men and women say at conventions touching the value of the suffrage as a means of improving the moral and material condition of the female sex, unable to see any reason for changing our

belief that, on the whole, the prizes of life will always go to the strong hand and strong brain, and that the weak and the stupid, or both, will always in this world have an uncomfortable existence, as long as the social organization is based on individual liberty; and that there is nothing more mysterious or incredible in difference in the powers of the sexes than in difference in the powers of individual men; and being, in common with the vast majority of our sex (the male), firmly resolved to resist to the death, on foot, on horseback, and in steamboat, and with all weapons, ancient and modern, any attempt which ill-advised reformers may make to base the social organization on anything *but* individual liberty, or to compel us to divide our honest earnings with either Jim Fisk or Daniel McFarland, or with distressed needlewomen or oppressed wives, in accordance with any laws but the laws of trade and the laws for the relief of the destitute poor—we feel the greatest interest in all efforts to improve woman's chances in the race of life which recognize that life *is* a race, and not a ride in a State omnibus.

Under the influence of this feeling, we went up recently, unsolicited, to Vassar College, in this State, and asked the permission of the authorities to look on at the institution in its ordinary working days, and were at once allowed to plunge into every department, and, indeed, we may say, every nook and corner of it, ask whatever questions we chose, and put what construction we pleased on what we saw and heard. We watched and listened and enquired with two beliefs constantly in our mind: one is, that any system of education for women which seems likely to render them less fit to practise what we may call the social arts—that is, to cultivate the gifts and graces, the ways of thinking, speaking, dressing, eating, walking, which distinguish civilized from barbarous life, and which make a drawing-room, with its owner, a refined woman, sitting in it, one of the fairest scenes, the holiest, happiest, and purest, that human progress has produced—no matter what else it may do for her, is a failure and an offence. Refined homes are the *end* of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroading, navigating, digging, delving, manufacturing, inventing, teaching, writing, fighting, are done, first of all, to secure each family in the quiet possession of its own hearth; and, secondly, to surround as many hearths as possible with grace and culture and beauty. The work of all races for five thousand years is represented in the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. It has no better result to show. The second belief was that, no matter what Congress or the State legislatures may do, the physical fact of sex will always weigh heavily on women as a class, if they ever attempt to compete with men as a class, and that, therefore, their education must be at least as careful and thorough as men's; and that girls cannot, in these times of incessant speculation about the very bases of society, be brought one minute too soon face to face with the fact that, if they mean to contend for all the prizes of life, they must submit in all things to the rules of the game; and the first of those rules is this, that the person who knows most, and has had the best preparation, and has strongest brains, and best digestion, and can in the greatest number of days in the year approach his or her work with the steadiest pulse, shall have the highest place; that there are no allowances made for age or weakness; and that there is not a single place in the world on which the wearied or wasted can fall back for shelter or refreshment, except the custom-house, and this only in the United States.

Vassar College, too, was interesting to us as an attempt to solve on a greater scale the dormitory difficulty, which, as we pointed out some weeks ago, is the very first difficulty which a young girl has to encounter in seeking a university education. She cannot be flung down in a strange city and left to provide lodgings as best she can, nor will such lodgings as would suit young men very well do for her, because she might be very well lodged for all the purposes of material comfort and yet be exposed to influences which would deprive her, at the age when her character and tastes are forming, of the social training which is necessary to fit her for what we consider, as we have said already, that greatest of women's functions, the government of households. Vassar College lodges all its students, and thus they are constantly exposed, though in the enjoyment of as complete liberty as is consistent with the fact of being in another person's house, to whatever influences are uppermost in the place. In other words, they are constantly taking its tone. We are all sensible, in the case of young men, that the value of a college education lies only in a small degree in the amount of positive knowledge it communicates; that a very large part of its usefulness lies in its giving the student his first taste of liberty, and his first knowledge of the strength and weakness of his own character, and his first chance of finding out by actual experiment what rank he is likely to occupy in the generation in which his lot is cast—that dread experiment on which all enter so joyfully at sixteen, and from which most issue so sadly at forty—resigned, if not satisfied. Perhaps one of the hardest features in woman's lot, hitherto, is that she has been carefully denied the opportunity of trying it; and after a youth passed at home, among admiring friends, and under the flattering eyes of a fond if not foolish mother, enters on life with a thousand dreams and longings and aspirations, and a thousand delusions about her own powers, of which a few years of sharp and *real* competition and attrition with her contemporaries would have delivered her, and in delivering would have strengthened her.

Unless we were greatly mistaken, we saw plenty of signs at Vassar of the good results of passing in hard work, amidst a great crowd of competitors, the four years usually given up by young women to lovers, novels, music, visits to young friends, and the desultory and rather soporific process called "study" or "course of reading" at home. We believe we never before met so many really simple, unaffected, unconscious young ladies as we saw there. They had acquired what we may be forgiven for calling the sober masculine air of people who have business to do and are quite equal to it, and are too much occupied with it to have time or attention for anything else. This was very manifest in their demeanor both in the classes and elsewhere, and it was so striking as to go far in our minds towards refuting the theory of the constitutional preoccupation of woman with her own appearance. At all events, it went far to prove the power of training to conceal this preoccupation without depriving us of any of its results. For its results were there. There was nothing in dress or manners to make anybody fear that any of the graces of life were going to suffer from the experiment; nay, there were plenty of signs that it was likely to give homes what they have perhaps wanted most of all—the dignity of strength—the repose that comes of knowing exactly where one stands, and what one can achieve. We were, moreover, impressed greatly by the voices and the reading and speaking. Any college which teaches what an excellent thing in a woman a sweet voice is, the depth of the charm that lies in clear and carefully modulated enunciation, will confer an enormous benefit on American society; and we think we can venture to say that Vassar College is doing it, and is sending out every year a hundred women to whose talk it will be pleasure to listen, if not for the sense at least for the sound; and how it accomplishes this we discovered by looking on at most careful and apparently most successful drill in the elocution class.

We must add, too, that the physical results of the training seemed everything that could be wished, so far as they were indicated by the appearance of the girls and by the reports of the doctor. A more robust, plump, and rosy company than the three hundred and seventy we have never seen seated in one room, and one could readily understand how it should be so on considering the purity of the air and the abundance of the temptations to exercise out of doors, in the shape of gardening, rowing, skating, walking, and riding on horseback, to say nothing of regular and compulsory gymnastics three times a week under a lady teacher. We doubt very much whether any institution in the world has ever offered young girls such a chance of combining the physical with mental culture. There are no rules, except that each student must attend the recitations, and be prepared for them, rise and retire at certain hours, and behave like a lady; while in all that regards health, manners, dress, and the minor as well as greater morals, she has an adviser, who stands *in loco matris*, in the person of the Lady Principal.

As regards the quality of the instruction, we hesitate about basing praise on an amount of observation on which we should not feel warranted in basing censure; but all that we saw impressed us most favorably. The answering, translating, and demonstrating which we witnessed were done in a style which we have never seen surpassed by young men of the same standing, and in the treatment of some subjects—in readiness and cleancutness and dexterity in expression—the superiority to young men was very perceptible. Moreover, we thought we saw evidence of women's superior conscientiousness, in the absence of all attempts to fumble with questions, or taking random shots at them when an avowal of complete ignorance was clearly the only proper way of meeting them. There was one thing, too, plain to be seen in every class, and we were going to say, on every face, and it is something which it must be confessed one rarely sees a trace of among boys, but which one can hardly see on girlish faces without feeling a lump rise in one's throat, for there is infinite pathos in it: and that is the look of earnest desire to make the very most of this day and this hour and this teacher, of gratitude for all these advantages, of intense eagerness that whatever sacrifice has been made to put the girl here, shall not

be wholly fruitless. One looked in vain for a reckless or idle or indifferent countenance.

How much this, or institutions like it, will do to open new fields of employment to women, or fit them to compete with men in the various trades and professions, is a matter about which everybody will have his own opinion, and everybody's opinion must for the present be speculative. It is quite certain, however, that everybody is the better of a careful education, no matter what his or her course in life is to be; and even if woman's sphere should never be very different from what it is now, there is enough work to be done inside of it, and as important and delicate work, too, as the world has to show, to make women's colleges always amongst the most important institutions in existence. Helplessness, want of self-confidence, want of knowledge of one's self, the nervous feebleness that comes of want of intellectual method, are just as serious evils in the mother of a family as in a member of the bar; and it is indeed a far greater evil for the community to have women "decline housekeeping," through sheer incapacity, than to have them fail as lawyers or ministers or brokers. There is one reason for thinking, however, that a college will never be to girls, what it is to boys, a place of training for professional work; and that is, that girls, as a class, have, what boys have not, an instinctive leaning to one calling in particular—that of a married woman—and this is a calling which morally and physically disqualifies those who pursue it for any other. The instinctive leaning to it, too, is so strong in the earlier years of every woman's life that, whatever she may say or try to persuade herself, she will never, except in rare cases, make deliberate choice of any other calling, and devote herself to preparation for it with the ardor necessary for success in it, until the age for preparation has passed. We find, accordingly, that the complaints of having no work to do, and no place in society, and of pining away in idleness, do not come from women under twenty-five. Nay, they only rarely come from women under thirty, and hardly ever from any women except those who for various reasons have failed or neglected to enter the profession of matrimony. But at twenty-five or thirty it is too late to enter any other with much chance of success—indeed, with any chance of success—against male competitors, who have from the age of fifteen been steadily working for a certain vocation. Consequently, the fact of which we hear so often, that there are forty thousand unmarried women in Massachusetts, or anywhere else, sighing for employment, proves little or nothing against the present division of labor between the sexes. No woman's complaint on this subject ought to be recorded without adding the age at which she utterly abandoned all expectation of marrying and bearing children, for it was only then that she began to desire to have society reorganized for her benefit, as, indeed, everybody does who finds himself unsuccessful.

ENGLAND.

April 29, 1870.

I am at the present moment at some distance from the great centre of political interest and social gossip. For the last ten days I have been amidst the Yorkshire moors, in the country celebrated by Miss Brontë. Bleak upland pasturages, bounded by stone walls and swept by constant gales, rising at times into massive heath-covered hills, and intersected at intervals by deep and fertile valleys, form the staple of the scenery. There are a few cotton-mills along the course of the rivers, and there are little nooks high up on the hills affording shelter to solid stone farm-houses, with perhaps a stunted tree or two to contrast with the general bareness. The inhabitants are as different from the southern laborers as the country from the rich but rather tame and petty scenery of the agricultural country nearer London. They talk a dialect which at times is scarcely intelligible to the ear of a cockney; and are not very propitious to strangers. They are, in fact, a stubborn, independent race, less amiable and far more prosperous than the average of our population. Their style of conversation may be estimated from the following typical fragment. A stranger meets a rustic on the high road and says: "Good night!" "Good night," is the reply, "and *damn you*." Still they are a fine race, full of character, and with much intelligence and vigor. I will not, however, enter into a discussion of their merits; only remarking, for the benefit of travellers in England, that by diverging a little way from the beaten tracks they may often come upon provincial populations preserving much that is interesting and characteristic. I mentioned my absence from London by way of apology, in case my news should be somewhat of the stalest. And yet I know not whether it is necessary; for just at the present moment all England is talking about the same subject. You will have heard before receiving this all the details of the massacre of English travellers by Greek brigands. The telegraph deprives me of the chance of ever conveying a piece of news with the bloom of freshness upon it, and I am not sorry to be excused from dwelling upon a very painful subject. At present, the only question seems to be how far we can hold the Greek Government responsible. The brigands were evidently well informed as to the position of their captives. One of them, who was fortunate enough to escape, was an English peer; and two others who were killed were brothers of well-known noblemen. The brigands therefore made a moderate demand in asking for £25,000, and, if the Greek Government had behaved with proper consideration, they would have received it. Where brigandage has been carried out so systematically, and there is a regular connection between the ministry and the leaders of the robbers, it would seem that an arrangement should have been easily made. The Greek Ministry, however, vacillated, and, after promising to facilitate the payment of the ransom, suddenly declined to give an amnesty, and then sent troops to attack the brigands. The result was only what might have been expected; and we have an unpleasant difficulty upon our hands. I presume that after more or less expenditure of eloquence it will be satisfactorily settled, as a government which depends so much upon the good-will of its powerful neighbors cannot afford to allow massacres of their subjects to take place within twelve miles of the capital. The principal interest in the matter to those who have no relatives in danger will consist in the light thrown upon the condition of Greek society.

This Greek trouble has for the moment driven out of our heads another topic which had previously been causing great excitement, and of which we have not heard the last. Mr. Newdegate, as you may be aware, is the great champion of Protestantism in the House of Commons. As a general rule, champions of Protestantism are regarded as bores, and their feeble attempts at rousing the anti-Popery spirit of the nation are unequivocal failures. It so happened, however, that a motion brought forward by Mr. Newdegate for enforcing the inspection of convents was carried by a surprise. Government attempted to meet it by the previous question, but by some unforeseen accident their usual majority was not at hand, and Mr. Newdegate has had a temporary triumph. It is scarcely probable that he will get anything more; but the state of feeling which has been waked is deserving of notice in several ways. Ultra-Protestants of course are exultant, and some of them probably believe with more or less earnestness that convents are the scenes of iniquity and tyranny such as General Garibaldi has attempted to describe. On the other hand, the Catholics are furious; they have held public meetings; they have declared with much emphasis that all the nuns are saints and angels, and all the convents are little heavens here below; and they have declared Mr. Newdegate's motion to be unprovoked and insulting in the extreme. Moreover, they have given very broad hints to Government—or so it is reported—that Catholic members will oppose every Government measure if countenance is given to the obnoxious motion. Considering how much Mr. Gladstone depends upon the support of Catholics in his Irish policy, this is of course a very serious threat.

Meanwhile, what does the ordinary Englishman, who reads his *Times* and calls himself a moderate liberal and conservative, think about it? I should say that he looked at both sides with a certain malicious amusement. He has long ceased to care much for the old Puritanical prejudices, and considers Mr. Newdegate's zeal to be on the whole a fair matter for ridicule. Mr. Newdegate is a gentleman, and a man of some sense; but unluckily he is seconded by two or three zealots, who are constantly bringing the cause into contempt. Poor Mr. Newdegate was provoked last session into remonstrating with his *soi-disant* supporter, Mr. Whalley, in public, and declaring that he was bringing the whole cause into contempt. And there are worse men than Mr. Whalley—such, for example, as Mr. Murphy, a vulgar ignorant ranter, who goes about the country getting up, or trying to get up, rows between the English and the Irish laborers by insulting the religion of the last. In short, the old-fashioned and hot Protestant zeal has fallen into discredit, and I fancy will never again show much vitality. But it would be the greatest of mistakes to fancy that this showed any approximation to sympathy with Catholicism. Of course, a good many converts have been made of late years. Catholic churches and chapels have multiplied, and convents have increased still faster. Thirty years ago, convents were almost unknown, and now it is said there are as many as six thousand nuns. But, in spite of this, and in spite of ritualism and similar developments, public opinion is, I fancy, running in a very different direction. There never was a time at which priestly authority was more generally unpopu-

lar and even contemptible. The movement towards Rome has included a great many clergymen and many women of the higher classes, but it has entirely failed to strike any deep roots in the nation. The Catholic party has rallied to itself precisely those people who are most averse to the general movement of English thought, and is intrinsically feeble as well as unpopular. Hence, I think, the common sentiment may be expressed somewhat as follows: We think that Mr. Newdegate is a bigot, and many of his supporters are bigots of the most unpleasant kind. We have not an atom of sympathy for them; but, on the other hand, we do not sympathize any more with their opponents. We would rather that nothing had been said about convents, for we do not seriously believe that any great evils are in existence; and we certainly regret that what has been said should have taken a wantonly insulting tone. But as the question has been raised, we would rather have convents inspected than not. Of course, it should be done in such a way as to give no unnecessary offence; but it would be rather a good thing on the whole, and decidedly gratifying to our feelings, to show that we will not trust ecclesiastical authorities further than we can see them, and that we are fully determined to keep a strong hand upon their proceedings. Of course, we leave young women to make fools of themselves (which I fear is the average English expression for going into a convent) as much as they please; but we should decidedly prefer that the priests shall not be left to be their sole superiors. The main argument of the Roman Catholics is that they have perfect confidence in their bishops; and that is an argument which does not precisely commend itself to the English mind. We are more apt to consider all priests as foolish and objectionable persons who will be all the better for lay control; and Roman Catholic priests are the worst examples of the class. I imagine that Government will be able in one way or another to shelve the question for the present; but the feeling which has been evoked is significant of the rising importance of ecclesiastical disputes in general. In every direction there are symptoms that the relations between church and state are bringing on a new series of contests.

Correspondence.

HOW TO DEAL WITH POLYGAMY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir—May a subscriber ask for a place in your columns for some remarks suggested by a paragraph in your issue of April 21?

You say: "In polygamy all parties concerned are consenting parties. The arrangement is what the civil lawyers call consensual. In other words, there is nobody in it calling herself or himself a victim, and appealing to us for protection. . . . The nearest approach to a precedent for the proposed action of our Government towards the Mormons is the dealings of the English Government in India with the Thugs, who held it to be a religious duty to murder and rob. But then they did not practise the rite on one another, but on Gentiles, who were utterly opposed to participation in it, and were therefore entitled to have the Thugs exterminated. We may add, too, that on the simple ground of feasibility there is a wide difference between regulating the sexual relation and any other. Any relation of the sexes generally approved of by public opinion cannot be restrained by law."

This seems to say that, so far as the state is concerned, a man may take a bevy of wives, if all the wives are willing, and the select district in which he lives is not scandalized. Leave the case to the public opinion of the spot to which it immediately belongs, whatever the rest of the country may think of it. If Indian Thugs had despatched only Thugs, the Indian Government need not have stirred. Let Thuggery exterminate Thuggery—a good riddance to it. Now, is this view quite up to the demands of modern ideas? Is not a faithful government in these days expected to stop, so far as it can, the profession and practice of consensual slaughter? If, again, a community should settle itself on an uninhabited tract within the jurisdiction of a civilized power, and bring in a religion of human sacrifice, especially the sacrifice of women, how then? No woman need call herself a victim; every woman would exult in the spiritual despatch. Care being taken to molest no stranger, the lot would fall on the privileged, not on the persecuted. And yet the nineteenth century might hesitate to absolve the state from trying to overthrow the barbarous altar and trample out its fire.

Marriage undoubtedly requires consent; but as an institution it has more than a contract in it. First the contract, then the relation; the contract for the sake of the relation; the relation vital to the state; the state its regulator and guarantor. The sanctity of marriage is a *public* interest, far transcending the scope of any ordinary contract. Whatever may be set up by way of excuse for polygamy in the East, Western civilization hitherto has loathed it. The idea of one to one has marked, for the most part, the European family of nations, and especially the Teutonic race. To us that moral, spiritual, cordial unitedness of man and wife, which we were wont almost to worship, is impossible on any other basis. The mutual all-in-all of married life is a mere dream without it. A man who gives his heart in twentieths to a score of mates is a twentieth of a husband to each. The harem is a poor mockery of the home, and the home is the last quarter in which the doctrine of non-protection should be applied. Political toleration cannot be bound to remit individuals or societies, however willing, to the license that preceded law.

Can, indeed, a province that, in spite of a degrading taint, is outwardly more than half-civilized, now sequester itself from the vision of the rest of the world? Any peculiar community, in these days of inquisitive travel, is sure to draw private curiosity, and that is sure to end in public gossip—the more peculiar, the more attractive to certain minds; the more coarse, the more fascinating to certain other minds. The United States supply, within their borders and their dominion, a lawless and shameless spectacle to the gaze of mankind.

Even if, for the sake of the argument, it be granted that possible isolation may be a plea for legislative abstinence, where is the lawgiver to draw the line? Shall any grandee plant his free-will seraglio in his secluded park if only he keeps off all trespassers? But it may be said we are dealing with a self-governing *commonwealth*. In fact, this has been too nearly true. In right, it is utterly otherwise. The normal Territory is neither self-governed nor mature. It governs itself just so far and so long as a higher power chooses to trust it. Theoretically, it is at the mercy of Congress, which—under or not under certain limitations in the Constitution of the United States, not one of which touches the power to interfere, whatever may be said of means—for the gauze of "religion" cannot shelter everything—may at any time revoke and cancel Territorial laws. A Territory is a dependency. Its condition is prospective; it is an apprentice. Probably, in every one of the States into equal partnership with which it aspires to enter, polygamy by name, or in its early stage of bigamy, is treated as a crime, not reducible to a mere breach of contract, to be condoned carelessly or collusively by the parties immediately concerned. The public opinion of the *United States* is not yet Arabian; the act of July, 1862, which makes bigamy a crime in all the Territories and in all places subject to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, presumably expresses the general sentiment of the country. It is law in Utah at this moment, though it be still a dead letter. Every Territory is under training. What sort of training for entrance into the company of the States is furnished by an education that saps the very stay of family life? The Territories are nominally open to all comers. The Mormon community recruits itself freely from the dupes and devotees of lust, fraud, and superstition in the Old and the New World. Foul runnels trickle into the great sink. The curse feeds and strengthens itself; for decently-bred persons shun its borders. Thus far, the Territory has been virtually closed against the very settlers on whom a regular State can safely or excusably be built, and the Sultan of Utah faces the President of the United States, peer to peer. Every hour adds to the ugly anomalies that are gathering up against a difficult day of "reconstruction." As if we had not broken teeth enough already on that file. Friction, early or late, must come between this exceptional stumbling-block of polygamy and the accepted pillar of marriage. The thing should have been crushed out at the start. We let the dog in, and now we have the whelps to fight with. We have waited very long on the chapter of accidents. When Brigham Young dies, as saints must, another hierarch may rise to treat on condescending terms with the Gentile of the White House. No doubt, the difficulty of solving this problem is very great. Puzzling questions of various kinds beset it. We have allowed a sort of prescription to overgrow it. But to fold our hands and wait till local opinion comes round—that is, till Satan casts out Satan—because public opinion is law in affairs of sex, if logical, is humiliating. Let us be anxious, at least, to unfold them at the first chance. The situation is not to be too patiently accepted.

One word more. The material prosperity of the Mormon settlement, in the hands of a shrewd and knowing manager, has half-veiled the true character of the government. It is a spiritual despotism, wielded by a carnal priesthood. That is the corner-stone of this sensual and consensual den. Though the degradation of woman, under the forms of "spiritual marriage," be an affair of sex, it is also a good deal besides, and the

nation may dare to use the first fair support it can find for a lever to wrench the bolts out of the system. May it find one very soon. Y. Y.

[Our objection to the horse-thief illustration of the Chicago *Tribune* was that it was not a parallel case, no count being taken in it of the two most important elements in the Mormon problem—the religious feeling in favor of polygamy and the popular approbation of it. It consequently was as an illustration misleading, and not enlightening. We never meant to say or insinuate that horse-thieving, if practised as a religious rite by a whole community, would be a respectable usage which the Government would be bound to let alone. What we meant to say, and said, was, that in considering the best mode of getting rid of it, Government would be bound to take note of the fact that it *was* a religious rite, and not merely a means of gratifying bad passions, and that it would therefore be doubtful whether the use of force was expedient; or, at all events, whether other influences would not have to be tried first. We mentioned the British dealing with Thuggery in India as a much nearer approach than horse-stealing to an example for us in dealing with polygamy; but pointed out that Thuggery, although of divine ordinance in the eyes of the Thugs, unlike Mormon polygamy, wanted the consent of its victims. In other words, we tried to explain that Mormonism was a novel and peculiar problem, such as no government ever before had to solve, and that it would, therefore, be great folly to attack it with the common law and Hobbes's *Leviathan*. Our objections to polygamy as an institution are just as strong as "Y. Y.'s;" but they are no stronger than our objections to prostitution and drunkenness, and we are quite sure its influence on society is no worse. Nevertheless, if it were proposed to put everybody in jail for two years who was found guilty of fornication or intemperance, or confiscate his or her property, we should oppose it, and for precisely the same reasons which lead us to oppose Mr. Cullom's bill for the suppression of polygamy. Righteous indignation is a poor guide for a legislator. It is no longer permitted to us to hope, in our time, that the walls of Jericho will fall if we walk round them and blow a horn. We have to plant batteries, open a sap, make regular approaches, and be advised by competent engineers that the breach is practicable before we make our final assault, although we may all the while be firmly persuaded that no city ever did contain so many shameless rascals, or was the seat of so many abominations.—Ed. Nation.]

PUBLISHERS AND COPYRIGHT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir—People sometimes ask why the copyright question makes so slow progress. One reason is that the matter still remains in the primary and chaotic state, so far as the general public is concerned. The national mind now stands, in relation to international copyright, just where it did in relation to free-trade at the close of the war; that is to say, it has forgotten its previous knowledge, and possesses only the most vague and imperfect ideas. The "Veteran Observer's" notion that revenue tariffs and copyright laws were inconsistent is a case in point—a strong but by no means a solitary case. Some months ago, an editorial acquaintance, in criticising something which I had written for him, quietly taxed me with "entire ignorance" of a material fact. This great fact I had left out of consideration, merely because I did not consider it relevant to the points at issue, though a superficial observer might have imagined a connection. In short, the editor had started a regular game of *controversia*, or cross-purposes, which I did not think it worth while to pursue further in print; but, when we next met, I explained it to him in a few sentences, and he owned that I was right.

Not to weary you with examples, I proceed to the subject and object of this letter. All the persons whose names appear at the foot of title-pages are indiscriminately spoken of as *publishers*, and we hear it said that the "publishers" think so and so about this and that, whereas the term comprises two very distinct classes—the *publishers* proper, and the *book-manufacturers*. The latter name is not a very good one; it does not explain itself, and, from the apparent analogy of "book-making" and other phrases, may cause confusion; but it is the best I can suggest—in fact, we want a new word for the business. The publisher, pure and simple, only *publishes* books, that is, introduces them to the public. He has nothing to do with making the materials of his books, that is, the *material* materials—if you will allow the expression—the paper and ink. He owns no types, no plates, no printing-presses; his printing is done for him by other parties, just as his binding is. The book-manufacturer owns all these things, and makes books on so large a scale that his business as a publisher, extensive as it may be, is quite subordinate and secondary to the other branch. Hence the relations of these two species to authors and to the public differ in many respects, but I only wish at present to call your attention to one of these differences. *The publishers proper are all in favor of international copyright; the book-manufacturers are nearly all* dead against it.* I do not think your intelligent readers will require an explanation of this fact; but, should the reason be asked for, I am always ready to show how it follows, from the respective differences of the two species.

Carl Benson.

May 4, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have in press "The Song of the Sower," by William C. Bryant, illustrated; a new edition, revised and extended, of their "Hand-book of American Travel;" "The Lady of the Ice," by James De Mille; "Lay Sermons," by Prof. Huxley; "Primitive Man," by Louis Figuier; and Sir John Lubbock's "Origin of Civilization, and Primitive Condition of Man."——Messrs. Harper & Bros. issue a new edition of "The Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland," by the late Abraham Mills, A.M.—a work of which we lately said, it is "a body of sound criticism, by the best critics, upon all noted English, Scotch, and Irish writers, from the days of Alfred to those of Junius; and this criticism is illustrated by selections which are very judiciously made." We also preferred it as a text-book to those compendiums hitherto in use in our schools, and we now understand that the forthcoming edition will find its way into some of our higher courses of instruction, where it can hardly fail to do good.——A life of the well-known New York merchant and philanthropist of forty years and less ago, Arthur Tappan, is in preparation by his brother, Mr. Lewis Tappan, who has also earned a title to be remembered as one who loved his fellow-men. The book will be published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, and will doubtless have a good deal to tell of the early days of the anti-slavery agitation, when it was not every merchant who was willing to avow himself an abolitionist, or subject himself to mob violence, or redeem the fanatics of that time from the common jail. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton also announce "Paris in December, 1851, or the Coup d'État of Napoleon III.," translated from the French of Eugène Ténot (13th edition) by T. W. Adams and A. H. Brandon, who add numerous original notes. Also, "The Choice of Paris," a classical romance by S. G. W. Benjamin.——With monthly part No. 30, Zell's Popular Encyclopædia completes the letter H and its first volume. This enterprise, though less original and, from its nature, more liable to defects than such undertakings as Thomas's Pronouncing Dictionary and Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, must nevertheless be ranked with these in point of magnitude and utility. A larger staff of editors might, and of course would, have ensured greater accuracy, but even then the "perspective" of the compilation would have been difficult to regulate. There will be one other volume.——Those who were interested in the proceedings of the American Philological Association at Poughkeepsie last July, will find an abstract of them in a small brochure just printed in this city, and to be had, we presume, of the secretary, Prof. Geo. F. Comfort, at Franklin Square, in this city. We learn from an announcement at the end of this report that the Association will hold its second annual session in Rochester, N. Y., beginning on the afternoon of the 26th of July next. Persons intending to be present are requested so to inform either Prof. Comfort as above, or Prof. A. H. Mixer, at Rochester. Notices of a desire to read papers at the convention must be sent to the former by July 15.

—The firms which publish books by subscription have recently united in an agreement that they will discharge and mutually refuse to re-employ any agent detected in selling their books to the trade or to newsdealers, or in any way but as he is engaged to do. The number of firms of this description is stated to be: Hartford, Conn., the headquarters of the business, 12 to 14; Norwich, 1; Springfield, Mass., 3; New York,

* Nearly all. Quarrels among themselves have driven over a few to the other side.

7; Philadelphia, 5; Cincinnati, 5; besides others which we are unable to locate. In the eight years, 1861–68, there were issued from Hartford alone about 30 subscription books, the other cities publishing, perhaps, enough more to make 100. The business in Hartford amounted during that time to $5,000,000, and employed 10,000 agents in disposing of 1,426,000 copies. The character of the works which have been sold in this manner, and the extent of sales, may be gathered from the following statistics: Greeley's "American Conflict," 225,000 copies; "Nurse and Spy," a tale of the war, absolutely devoid of merit, 175,000; Kettell's "Rebellion," a work we hear of for the first time, 120,000; the late A. D. Richardson's "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," 100,000, and his "Beyond the Mississippi," 90,000; Stephens's "War between the States," 62,000; Frank Moore's "Women of the War," 60,000; Prof. Stowe's "Origin and History of the Books of the Bible," 60,000; Mrs. Stowe's "Men of Our Times," 55,000; Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," 60,000. An utterly valueless work by the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, called "Sunshine and Shadow," has had a sale fully equal to the average of those just named, and other adventurers in this same field have been Dr. Holland; the historians, Abbott, Lossing, and Headley; newspaper correspondents, like Junius H. Browne, Thomas W. Knox, and George Alfred Townsend; editors, like the late H. J. Raymond, Samuel Bowles, and Augustus Maverick; law professors, like Chamberlain and Parsons; together with Mr. Beecher, Mr. Parton, Mr. P. T. Barnum, and a few other persons of some note as lecturers or writers, including, among the latest, Miss Olive Logan. The impetus given by the war to this business is apparent, and it furnished not only popular subjects for book-making, but a host of cripples to serve as agents. Religious books, embracing a "Cottage Bible;" medical works; and books for making every man his own lawyer, represent what may be called the natural staple of the subscription business.

—We have not reckoned among these publications "Appletons' Encyclopædia," and similar works, involving an enormous outlay for a period sometimes of years. These exemplify the legitimate uses of subscription agencies, where the public may fairly be called upon to share, for their own good, a burden too great to be shouldered by any publisher. The feature which distinguishes the subscription business that has sprung up during the last ten years is, that it may be carried on with almost no capital, and without any risk whatever—even of bad judgment. We have cited chiefly original works, but an equal number, we believe, are reissues of books that have had their day and dropped out of the market, or, like Smith's Dictionaries, are reprinted from foreign sources. Of the former class is Sears's "History of the Bible," which some of our readers may remember as a new publication, and the plates of which were, after a long interval, offered for sale at $500, probably costing less to the final purchasers, who at once sold 150,000 copies. "Moses and the Prophets," "Indian Massacres," and "Chambers's Information," were in like manner dug out of their graves and set to walking the earth again. Among the reprints, Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" and Baker's "Nile Tributaries in Abyssinia" are the best we can name, though neither could be trusted for typographical accuracy.

—Recurring to the original works of which we have given the statistics, we venture to say, with all respect to their authors, that there is not one the loss of which would have been seriously felt in our literature, and without any qualification we assert that not one was prepared with the conscientiousness and thoroughness that would have been felt necessary in a work designed for the regular trade, or in a work on which the author was ready to stake his reputation. On this last point, especially, we insist, because every author ought, in his slightest work, to have regard to his reputation, and because the requirements of the subscription business are such that it is generally impossible for him to do his best or anything like his best. The elements of success for an original subscription work are these: (1) It must be timely—the subject of a biography, for instance, is hardly cold under ground before the biographer has contracted to deliver twenty or thirty pages of copy per diem until the life is written; (2) it must be "popular," and that is a sufficient reason, besides haste, why it cannot be first-rate; (3) it must be bulky; all the better if in large type and double or triple-leaded, for so the 600 pages will be more cheaply filled; (4) it must be flashily bound and have a very expensive air; (5) it must be high-priced, or else it will never give support to canvassers, whose commissions amount to 50 or 60 per cent. The result is that books of this sort are sold for 25 per cent. more than books of the same style and cost of manufacture are sold for through the trade, and the public is imposed upon in every particular—merits of contents, of paper, type, and binding, and publisher's outlay. In short, to sum up the ethics of this business as now conducted—simply with an eye to profits—we may say that it depends for its prosperity on the want of literary discrimination and practical knowledge of books of the people of the rural districts, and on American good-nature, which cannot withstand the appeal *ad misericordiam* of a subscription agent in the guise of a one-legged soldier, a widow, a young lady supporting her only mother, or a superannuated clergyman. For the injury done to the booksellers' trade we refer our readers to a series of excellent articles in the New York *American Booksellers' Guide* for the first half of 1869 and March, 1870. And as for the authors who consent to be demoralized by subscription contracts, we may state that they are allowed but 5 per cent. on the selling price, while their copyright with publishers of the old school is 10 per cent.; and that, obviously, in order to acquire the same income, they must have twice as many copies sold in the first instance as in the second.

—The *World* has claimed a right of invention in the excellent word "carpet-bagger," but it is at best (like most wit) but a case of *re*-invention. The word itself is some four centuries older than those who would assert a right of patent in it. In the third chapter of the Second Book of Monstrelet's Chronicles is the following passage: "En ce temps la Comtesse de Hainaut, douairière, fut défiée d'un pauvre *saque-main* (carpet-bagger) lequel étoit nommé l'Escremot-Câtel, natif de Ligny en Cambrésis, *pour lors* capitaine de la tour de Beaumont." The parallel is exact. Escremot-Câtel (an unsavory name) was an adventurer from abroad, for the time being in a post of some consequence, and making the most of his opportunity by pillage, as presently appears. At any rate, there is the very word "carpet-bagger."

—The *American Law Review*, which is now on the eve of entering upon its fifth volume, continues to be the valuable periodical which it has been from the beginning—its digests being serviceable as being practically an index of current decisions both in this country and in England; its reviews of new law books being the work of careful hands; and the articles in the body of the magazine being, if not authoritative—as, indeed, what law can be which does not come from the bench?—at least marked by more than ordinary knowledge, and such as to be in various ways helpful to the profession. It is of course not very often that the literary world, as such, is directly interested in any of the contents of the *Law Review*, but now and then, as in the number before us, there is a paper which is worth the attention of writers and publishers, whether or not readers need care much for it. "Copy before Publication" is an essay of the kind to which we refer, and its subject is the decision which the Circuit Court of the United States for the Southern District of Illinois has recently rendered in the case of Crowe *vs.* Aiken. Mr. Crowe is the husband of the actress known to the boards as "Miss Kate Bateman," and Aiken is a theatrical manager, who produced without Mrs. Crowe's leave the drama of "Mary Warner," which Mrs. Crowe, or her husband, procured to be written for her especial use by Mr. Tom Taylor. Four hundred pounds sterling the Crowes paid Mr. Taylor for the right of playing the piece for five years in this country, and, as "Miss Bateman" is a "star," who plays here and there and everywhere, it behoved the Crowes to prevent any manager's presentation of the drama in which she does best. They therefore brought suit against Aiken, who seems to have had little or no defence, but whose plea in bar of an injunction has caused the laying down of the following principles, by which, no doubt, the fraternity of authors and managers in this country will be for some time governed. An author, whether of plays, lectures, or sermons, has, before publication, an exclusive right to control the use of his literary productions; and no one in the audience of such author is at liberty to take down in shorthand the play, sermon, or lecture as delivered by actor, preacher, or lecturer. Moreover, at common law, the delivery or representation of a sermon, lecture, or play does not constitute publication; and although, by an English statute (5 & 6 Victoria, cap. 45, § 20), the first representation of a play does constitute publication, our American statutes have never limited the common-law right. So, then, when Mr. Emerson, for instance, asks the press to refrain from giving *verbatim* reports of a lecture of his, he asks no more than he could, in all probability, safely demand and insist upon. To be sure, says the court, from whose decision we are quoting, a person who, by unassisted memory of a performance that has been authorized by its literary proprietor, can carry it away in his head, may be entitled to reproduce it from his recollection of it—though why this should be so is not too clear, the author's right being the same, the layman might think, whether thieves have extraordinary powers of memory, or only ordinary.

But there will always be a presumption, the court remarks, and a strong one, that an unauthorized representation of a play—and we suppose the same thing holds of the re-delivery of a sermon, speech, or lecture—is not the fruit of an unaided effort of memory, but is proof of stealing, and the burden is laid on the defendants in such cases of showing that they have not been guilty of larceny. Thus much is law, says the court, as regards one or two representations of a play, or repetitions of a lecture or sermon; but as for repeated authorized representations, or regular deliveries by preachers or lecturers—they would operate as a dedication of them to the public, and make them, we suppose, the lawful prey of anybody who could make it appear that he had got them without the help of other people. Probably the cases are few in which the law, as thus laid down, would be invoked by any persons except such as hold the manuscripts of plays, the lectures and sermons being not very many which would be worth anybody's while to steal, unless he could at the same time kidnap the lecturer or clergyman, and exhibit him to audiences; and there being also few "platform speakers" who do not welcome any possible sort of advertising. But it is beyond a doubt that the managers of theatres, the agents of "stars" and "troupes," the authors of "adaptations," and the theatrical world generally, would be all the better for having a sharp eye kept on them. Another of the papers in this last number of the *Law Review*, in reading which the general reader may take pleasure, is one with a title that most general readers will look at with some small bewilderment. "Contributory Negligence on the part of an Infant" is its heading—a heading of which a full and clear interpretation is furnished by the essay, of which we say no more than this, which is perhaps more than we have any right to say: the subject treated of is interesting as being precisely one of those on which "the common sense of mankind," and the common sense of mankind as expressed by the judges, would seem at first sight to compel conclusions almost directly opposite; and—again speaking as a layman—is precisely one of those as to which the layman, on second or third thought, would coincide in opinion with the judges. The writer of the essay of which we speak is of opinion that some at least of the judges who have decided late Massachusetts and New York cases, involving questions of the contributory negligence of infants, have decided them wrongly, and that he does not establish his view as the true one we certainly are not prepared to say. But there is not much doubt that it would be a good thing if this essay, and others like it, were to be studied by the immense crowd of voters and writers who think that making new laws, instead of understanding old ones, is the right way of keeping government going and making it prosperous. People talk against the jury system; but when one thinks of the contemptuous ignorance concerning the working of existing law, and the ignorant superstition concerning laws to be made, one is excusable for doubting if the faithful juryman may not be the saviour of republican government here, as he has been the defender and saviour of constitutional government elsewhere.

—The *Law Review* is not always austere, but occasionally permits itself to be decorously jocose, though it cannot be said to exert itself to do justice to the comic side of the profession, and indeed may be conceived of as repelling with dignity the hinted suspicion of its more than tolerating fun. In this number, however, it takes occasion to say that it cannot quite agree with certain remarks recently made by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which has been reviewing "Hardin's Reports"—a volume containing reports of cases adjudged in the Kentucky Court of Appeals between 1805 and 1808. The critic had to speak of several jurists; and among others of Judge Bibb, a judge once very well known west of the Alleghanies, and so well liked that, if we are not mistaken, he did not die before attaining the regular Southwestern and Western immortality of having a county called after him. At all events, Bibb County, in Georgia, bears his name; and that the old gentleman's memory is still green in that region his *Courier-Journal* reviewer gives sufficient testimony. This is how the latter speaks: "On page 157 we find in a foot-note a query stated in these words, '*Tamen quære de hoc.*' How like that grand and simple old judge! Everything about him was fragrant with learning and genius." This little outburst will seem to some people incredible. But it will not seem so to anybody who knows much about the literary ability of the South—which, by the way, finds very good expression in the *Courier-Journal*, a paper which held and holds the mirror up to the average Southern nature, both political and literary, quite as well as any periodical south of Mason and Dixon's line. The North has had to endure a good deal of tolerably well-deserved caning for its literary deficiencies; and more or less of this was administered by the South, or by foreign critics who administered it directly in the interest of the South; but nothing is more certain than that from the first day when literary work began to be done in this country, it has not lain in the mouth of any Southerner to say with anything like grace any but respectful words of Northern literature. It is not to misstate the facts in the case to say that practically the whole South was precisely as fragrant with learning and genius as Judge Bibb's admirer appears to be. True enough, there is no longer need of insisting upon considerations of this kind, which doubtless were never too profitable.

—If there is anything which experience in educating the young has settled for us, it is that school libraries (and we should probably have the Rev. Mr. Bacon's sanction in including Sunday-school libraries) for the use of the scholars are altogether unprofitable. The money which has been thrown away on them would, if applied to the repair of the school buildings, or to the furnishing of books of reference and apparatus for the teachers, have had an appreciable effect upon the standard of instruction in our common schools. In cities or the larger towns, no school library could compete with the public one, or even with the reading generally obtainable at home; or if it could, it would probably be composed of books which the State would not be justified in purchasing for the young. There is in St. Louis, as we observe from the Fifteenth Annual Report of the School Board, a special provision for school children which we are inclined to think unique. We refer to what is known as the Public School Library, which is now thoroughly incorporated with the general system of instruction. It is a collection of nearly 20,000 volumes, in which novels form a fifth part and juveniles a twelfth, the ratio of demand and issue during the year 1868 having been 31 per cent. for juveniles, 46 per cent. for novels, and 23 per cent. for the remainder. There is also a reading-room well supplied with newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, American and foreign. Members or officers of the School Board are admitted for life to the privileges of the library, and all teachers in the public schools of the city and the pupils of the Normal School are admitted freely during their connection with the schools; and it is made easy for a pupil in the O'Fallon Polytechnic Institute to obtain a three months' privilege as a reward of faithfulness in his studies, and at the same time to gain credit for life-membership with each renewal of the privilege. Finally, any person whatever may use the library for three months for one dollar, and for life for twelve dollars paid all at once or in the course of three years.

—That part of the St. Louis report which relates to instruction in German is very interesting, and deserves to be printed separately for circulation among the school boards of other cities. It cannot be doubted that this branch of public education, wherever adopted, offers, even for Americans, a powerful inducement to settle there for the sake of their children. The number of enrolled school children in St. Louis during the past year was 21,186, and although 63 per cent. of them were born in St. Louis, and only 2 per cent. in Germany, more than 35 per cent. were of German origin. Not all of the latter attended the nineteen schools having German-English classes, but the report seems to make conflicting statements as to the actual number: on p. 29 it appears as 3,461; at p. 89, as 5,013. The proposed extent of German instruction is, wisely, only to teach how to read, speak, and write the language, all other lessons—as in geography, arithmetic, grammar, history—being in English. Experience has shown that one hundred or more German-speaking children should be in the school where German is introduced. This ensures full employment to the special teacher, and speedy acquirement of the power to converse on the part of the English-speaking scholars. "The German reading book should not be commenced until the second year of progress in the English Reader. Anglo-American children should in no case commence German before the fourth year in school." Recitations should be held in the regular class-rooms and not apart, and should not exceed half an hour in length—in the lowest grades even less. Besides the more obvious advantages of this intellectual fusion of the native and foreign elements of the population, the musical taste and feeling introduced by the latter will exercise a most happy influence on the American character. Finally, "the extra expense per pupil for the year 1868–9 was $3 04 to each of those studying German reckoned in the average number belonging. This amounted to an addition of $0 84 per pupil of the average number belonging to all the schools."

—"Even if we suppose," we remarked the other day, of the women of Illinois,—"even if we suppose the majority to vote in favor of accepting the suffrage, their getting it might be, and probably would be, a concession to a minority—since, in every closely contested election, the majority consists of two minorities." As we have been asked by a correspondent to explain

what we meant by this last sentence, we shall instance a case in which, out of a total polling of 1,000, the vote was divided between 520 on the one side, and 480 on the other. Now, this majority we can abstractly separate into two parts, 480 and 40, either of which is a minority of the total vote, and of which the latter decided the election. If the 40 had absented themselves from the polls there would have been no minority or majority, and no decision: consequently we may say that, as the phrase is in regard to third parties, they held the balance of power and determined what should be law for the majority. This is with us of so frequent occurrence, as in a State like Pennsylvania or Connecticut, that the virtue commonly ascribed to the rule of the majority, and the assumption that the voice of the majority is the voice of God, appear a little ridiculous. Very often, indeed, the minority that turns the scale is the unreflecting, negative, and weak-kneed class who vote, as well as they can guess, with the winning side; and too often this minority is bought and paid for. For all that, the majority is the best rule in practice that we have yet found, and nothing is more admirable than the regular acquiescence in it by minorities scarcely inferior in number to the prevailing vote. If the question before the women of Illinois were simply of what they wanted—as whether they would have a prohibitory law, or would grant a railroad franchise, or would order a removal of the State capital—the majority test would be unexceptionable. Where, however, the question was one of rights, the unwillingness to yield simply to the demand of a minority seemed to us to need the reminder that the essential part of many a majority is only a minority in disguise.

—At various times attempts have been made to seduce us into opening a department of "Notes and Queries," a thing that we have always refused to do for several reasons, of which there is one that alone is amply sufficient. Whether or not there is a limit to our knowledge—and we have never pretended to infallibility and omniscience in respect of such matters as are rather curious than of benefit to mankind—there is, at any rate, a limit to the space at our disposal—a limit of which we are seldom without a more or less painful consciousness—for constantly we are compelled to refrain from dealing with subjects that deserve attention, and to which we would gladly give it had we more room. Like other people, however, we occasionally depart from our rules, and are about to do so now, this present departure being made partly for the sake of saying, what we have said above, that in general we decline utterly the attempt to answer such questions as this that follows. A correspondent wishes to know who is the author of the well-known spirited song which begins with the line:

"We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,"

and which has for a chorus some such truculent lines as these:

"Here's a cheer for the dead already,
And a health to the next who falls."

Spirited we have called the song, and so it is; and although it is too long, and has not the finish which ensures length of days, no doubt it will for some time yet be popular in the barracks and ward-rooms among the gentlemen who used to drink "a bloody war and a sickly season." Moreover, there is something impressive in its grim, not to say ghastly merriment; for it offers itself as the voice of a drinking company of soldiers among whom the cholera is at the moment making havoc. So, at least, we have heard; and its origin we have heard attributed to some verse-maker who was in the British army in India at a time when the pestilence was raging in the camp or quarters. But whether or not this is certainly so, we cannot tell; nor do we remember to have ever heard the author's name, which we hereby promise to print if any one will furnish it to us. So also in regard to the author of the anonymous lines which we quoted from Mrs. Celia Thaxter's last article in the *Atlantic*—lines which we print again for the convenience of possible informants, and also because they are lines that much more easily can be printed not often enough than too often:

"Ships, ships, I will descrie you
Amidst the main,
I will try you,
What you are protecting
And projecting,
What's your end and aim.
Some go abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with wealth and costly lading.
Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou goe?"

A correspondent writes to us to say that these melodious and captivating verses, which linger in the memory like music, are prefixed to Washington Irving's "Voyage," and are there credited to an "Old Song." Now, says our correspondent, Irving's "Old Song" was much the same as Scott's "Old Play;" that is to say, when he wanted lines for mottoes and the like, he himself made them and attributed them to forgotten authors. To this we shall say, that we should want very much stronger evidence than is here suggested before believing that.

—The British people are being persuaded by their physicians that insanity is greatly on the increase among them, and a writer in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* has stated that not only is this the case, but that "the cures of the insane in our private asylums are not more numerous than they were from 1748 to 1814, when the treatment of the insane was a disgrace to humanity." In ten years, says another writer, the number of recorded lunatics has increased 45 per cent. The plan of large asylums has proved to be unfavorable to recovery, and yet these have every year to be enlarged to accommodate the growing number of patients. The increase is confined almost wholly to the pauper class, and thus intimately connects the problem with that of pauperism. With us, if we are not mistaken, the most alarming phenomenon in regard to insanity is the increase of it just in proportion as crime diminishes. There being no crime without legal responsibility, and "frenzy" and "temporary insanity" not admitting of the latter, society seems likely to be divided hereafter not into the good and the bad, but the sane and the insane—a distinction which would serve well enough as the basis of a new code if we were not dependent on "experts" to tell us which are which—and all actions into customary and "abnormal." In fact, the practice of summoning skilled witnesses to sustain either side of a case at law has long since condemned itself as wholly untrustworthy and misleading. Medical evidence is even more to be suspected than any other, and we hope the time is coming when no member of the profession who respects himself, and who wishes the esteem of the best portion of the public, will consent to testify at the request of either party in a criminal suit, unless where there could be no difference of opinion among intelligent physicians—that is, where the facts are capable of scientific demonstration, as by an appeal to the microscope. The inconvenience of the conflict between experts before commissioners in lunacy, in the probate and divorce as well as in the criminal courts, has made itself felt in England, where also the law is too vague in defining "unsoundness of mind." The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in discussing this subject, refers for an example to be followed to the Bavarian Code, as compiled by Anselm von Feuerbach, which "provides that in every case involving questions of medical science, the court trying it shall be empowered to associate with itself a certain number of medical assessors, to participate in the deliberations of the judges on those points with which they are professionally conversant." The advantages of having these assessors paid by the court, and judging as the court and not as partisan witnesses, is apparent. A writer in the Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, of May 14, a physician, while deprecating the employment of physicians as witnesses, is in favor of openly employing medical, as assistants of the legal, counsel. His argument seems a good one.

—"L'Uomo e la Natura: ossia la superficie terrestre modificata per opera dell' uomo," is the Italian title of the Hon. George P. Marsh's well-known work on "Man and Nature," as published at Florence by G. Barbèra. The inconvenient octavo of the American edition is here exchanged for a handy 12mo, of 644 pages, beautifully printed in clear type. Mr. Marsh says in his preface that he has introduced numerous corrections, both in his facts and in his theories, and added both in the text and in the notes a great quantity of new data and illustrations, besides making some alteration in the subdivision of the work, and suppressing portions which chiefly concerned the American public; though we are glad to observe that these do not include the foot-note near the end of the first chapter, in which Mr. Marsh improves his "having the floor" to wander a little from the subject, and to expose with proper warmth the corrupting influence of railroad corporations, both in this country and in Europe (pp. 60, 61, Barbèra). Neither in his last chapter does he omit mention of the various projects for canals in the United States, like that to make an island of Cape Cod, or that to connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi. To the Italians, this admirable work in their own language cannot fail to be welcome, advanced as they are themselves in many of the conservative and restorative modes of changing the face of nature. The speculations as to the consequences of opening the Suez Canal, on the fauna of the Mediterranean, and on the productiveness of Lower Egypt, will particularly interest a country which already bears witness to the political transformations due to the international thoroughfare built, in greater measure than is commonly understood, by Italian laborers. Mr. Marsh's book would serve in this country as the best kind of a text-book in Italian.

MR. FROUDE'S LAST VOLUMES.*

That Mr. Froude should close his history with the defeat of the Spanish Armada, in 1588, instead of continuing it to the death of Elizabeth, in 1603, is a surprise and, no doubt, a disappointment to most. We should have been glad of a complete history of the House of Tudor from his hands. But, after all, the limits which he has set to himself have this advantage, that they inclose a distinct period of national development, not merely the life of a dynasty. The reign of a great king often forms an era; but a reign is in itself essentially an artificial landmark, as compared with events which touch the real life of a nation. Mr. Froude's work begins, indeed, not with Henry VII. or Henry VIII., but with the Fall of Wolsey, the era of the commencement of the English Reformation. Fitly, therefore, it may end with the event which formed the turning-point in Elizabeth's career rather than with her death. The decisive events of 1587 and 1588 put an end to the long vacillation of the Queen, and forced her into a bold and honorable policy: "There was no more unwholesome hankering after compromise, no more unqueenly avarice or reluctance to spend her treasure in the cause of freedom."

For Elizabeth's reputation, to be sure, it were to be desired that Mr. Froude should continue the account of her reign, and exhibit to us the decision and energy of her last years as vividly as he has portrayed her earlier irresolution and meanness. These qualities, which Mr. Motley made clear enough, are here displayed with greater minuteness, and on a larger scale. France, Scotland, the Netherlands, Henry of Navarre, the Earl of Morton, William of Orange—all were again and again deluded and thwarted, not to say betrayed, by the utter want of system and vigor in her policy, and of a sense of honor in regard to her engagements. Mr. Froude's severe words seem hardly too strong for the facts which he relates: "She saw no reason to risk her throne for a cause for which she had at best but a cold concern. She preferred to lie and twist, and perjure herself and betray her friends, with a purpose at the bottom moderately upright; and nature in fitting her for her work had left her without that nice sense of honor which would have made her part too difficult" (vol. xi. p. 590).

The popular idea of Queen Elizabeth is different from this. To those who looked back to her reign across the troublous times of the Stuarts, it appeared with a halo of peace and prosperity. It was in truth a glorious period for England—a period of great events, marvellous activity, and genius—a period of new life, heroism, and spirit-stirring adventure. Naturally enough, so long as men saw only results, and could not penetrate to the undercurrent of events, Elizabeth had the credit even of things that were done in spite of her. "The general success of Elizabeth passes for a sufficient answer to doubts cast upon her ability. Effects must have had causes equal to them, and that she left England at her death the first of European powers is accepted as proof that she was herself the first of princes. It was not, however, the ability of Elizabeth, it was the temper of the English nation, which raised her in her own despite to the high place which she ultimately filled. The genius and daring of her Protestant subjects, of whom Walsingham was no more than a brilliant representative, formed the splendid pedestal on which her own small figure was lifted into dignity" (p. 457).

As a matter of personal character, Elizabeth's ruinous vacillation hardly deserves censure, inasmuch as it resulted from qualities in themselves "blameless and interesting. She was a person of clear intellectual perception, but without intellectual passions; singularly careless of herself, and therefore of undecided temperament. On great questions, where arguments are equally balanced, the loves and hates of men, their beliefs and sympathetic convictions, rather than conclusions of reasoning, give them resolution to plant their steps firmly. Elizabeth had none of these, and was in consequence uncertain, unstable, and vacillating" (vol. xii. p. 312). Neither need we criticise too severely her indifference in regard to the great movement going on under her eyes. If all Protestants had been Puritans or Calvinists, and all Catholics had been under Jesuit influences, it would have been a terrible thing for humanity. Luckily, the Lutherans and Anglicans on the one side, and moderate Catholics like Maximilian II. and Henry III. on the other, held the balance between the two extremes. Elizabeth's policy, as Mr. Froude points out, was a wise and humane one in itself. It answered in the first years of her reign, but, as the passions of both parties rose, it became no longer practicable. It was wise and humane to try to calm the fiery passions of both parties, and preserve peace as long as peace was possible; it was weak and cruel to temporize and play false in such a juncture as then was. The times now demanded convictions and action.

However pardonable may have been Elizabeth's private indifference, however laudable her desire to preserve peace, her situation was such that her only safety consisted in boldness and decision—in allying herself frankly with one of the great parties against the other. This her statesmen saw clearly, and we can see clearly now; but Elizabeth could never be brought to see it until it was almost too late. Even in the moment of supreme peril she shifted, held back, tied the hands of her defenders, and withheld resources from them in a manner truly astonishing. A hearty alliance ten years earlier with the Netherlands, the Huguenots, and the Scotch Presbyterians would have led, perhaps, to a terrible and general war; but England would scarcely have been brought nearer shipwreck than was actually the case, and it is hard to say what might have been won for Protestantism by such coadjutors as Henry of Navarre, William of Orange, Burleigh, and Morton. But this was just what Elizabeth did not want; and here lies the peculiar misfortune of the times, that the interests of humanity at this critical period depended upon the whims and accidents of her who happened to be Queen. She is condemned, not as a woman, but as a sovereign. Indeed, if we wish to retain any of that respect for royalty which is naturally inspired by the great sovereigns of the fifteenth and first half of the sixteenth century, we shall do well not to tarry long with the rulers of the last half of the century. We have seen how Mr. Froude characterizes Elizabeth. Of Mary Stuart he says (vol. xi. p. 500): "Accomplished as the Queen of England often showed herself in the art of lying, her genius paled before the cynical proficiency of her rival." Henry III. of France was "weak and vicious," "weak, cowardly, and treacherous;" his brother, Alençon, "an unprincipled fool." Of Philip II. he says that "the 'leaden foot' of the King of Spain was as fatal to his friends as the irresolution of Elizabeth to hers," and that "he lived to show that the most cruel curse that can afflict the world is the tyranny of ignorant conscientiousness."

These two volumes, with the ten preceding, form a somewhat complete series by themselves, beginning with the murder of Darnley and ending with the death of Mary Stuart and its immediate consequences. Naturally, Scotch affairs occupy a good deal of space, and the endless intrigues and revolutions of party in the minority of James are narrated with perhaps more minuteness than is desirable. The last volume is, of course, the fullest of matter, being devoted mainly to the conspiracy and death of Mary Queen of Scots, and the invasion of the Armada. Both these events are narrated graphically and vigorously. The account of the Armada receives a peculiar interest from the detailed narrative of the voyage and sufferings of the Spaniards after the battle of Gravelines—a portion of the story not surpassed by any other in interest, and painful interest.

It is never safe to assume that the history of any period has been written once for all, and that any historical composition, however excellent, is destined to be a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί. With the present great and increasing industry in searching for new documents in English history, and the masses of correspondence and other original matter that are every year brought to light, it may be that the work which Mr. Froude has done so well will some time have to be done over again. There is this to be said, however, that the weight of the new evidence thus far has told with constantly increasing effect in favor of the two views which strongly characterize this work, as contrasted with the prevailing sentiment a generation or two ago; and it may be fairly presumed that this tendency will be even strengthened. Fifty years ago, it was the fashion to regard Elizabeth as a great sovereign, with a few feminine weaknesses, to be sure, which hardly detracted from the vigor and persistency of her administration; Mary, on the other hand, was looked upon as a lovely and unfortunate woman, whom circumstances had exposed to suspicion and persecution, while her only faults were thoughtlessness and indiscretion. New evidence, and the more careful study of the old, have steadily lowered each of these women in the judgment of the present generation, so that Elizabeth is considered perhaps more amiable, but certainly less great; Mary more and more unprincipled, but also more and more able. "Her crimes," says a recent writer, "done by an ordinary sinner, might have left her the compeer of such a paltry adulteress and murderess as Lettice Knollis. Done by such as she was, they raise her to the level of the Æschylean Clytemnestra."

However it may be with disputed questions such as these, the claims of Mr. Froude's work to the somewhat indefinite rank of a "standard history" are for the present well established. It is the only book that treats

* "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Reign of Elizabeth." Vols. XI. and XII. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870. 12mo, pp. 702 and 658.

minutely of a most important epoch of English history—an epoch less full of stirring deeds, and therefore exercising a less obvious influence on the national development, than the century following, but one of no less vital importance. It is an eminently readable book. Of all Mr. Froude's high qualities as a historian, we should place picturesqueness first; his account of the Armada, for instance, is even finer than Mr. Motley's, and the chapters on the rebellions in Ireland are exceedingly graphic. Hardly inferior to this, if inferior at all, is his power of grasping the essential ideas of the period of which he is treating, and placing them clearly and strongly before the reader; of this, one of the very highest qualities of a historian, we have an admirable example in the opening of Chap. XVI., in the ninth volume; the conclusion is also fine, although perhaps inferior to the passage just referred to. His powers of analysis, both of policy and character, are good, although less marked than the qualities already mentioned. One gets a quite distinct idea of the personalities of the leading characters, but it is in most cases rather from their actions and copiously quoted words, than from any careful judgment of the historian. So with the diplomatic puzzles, and the bewildering politics of the French and Spanish courts; these are carefully analyzed, and made, on the whole, clear and comprehensible; but one doubts, after all, whether the analysis is complete and exhaustive.

Mr. Froude has been criticised, and we think justly, for neglecting the constitutional history of the period of which he treats, and confining himself almost wholly to the prominent events of the day, especially in their ecclesiastical and diplomatic bearings. We think, for the matter of that, that it is a mistake for a historian to enter largely into questions of antiquities; but antiquarian topics should be handled at least so far as they have purely historical aspects. This Mr. Froude has not done in a sufficient degree, and we must consider it his most serious defect as a historian. Another defect, and this of style, is the degree in which he repeats himself—the same ideas, almost the same words, one meets with again and again. In like manner, the abundant extracts from correspondence and other papers are full of substantial repetitions—a practice serviceable, perhaps, in intensifying an impression, but carried, we think, to excess. While, therefore, we do not think that Mr. Froude's place will be in the first rank of historians, we do not hesitate to pronounce this work an adequate and worthy history of that great period during which the change was made from Popery to Protestantism, and at the same time the English nation entered upon that career of enterprise and adventure, of thought and action, which conducted to the great revolutions and the maritime ascendancy of the seventeenth century.

DR. THOMAS'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.*

DR. THOMAS'S great production, to which long years of conscientious and painstaking labor have obviously been devoted, affords us the rare pleasure of bestowing almost unstinted praise on an American publication of large dimensions, and not restricted to a specialty—for universal biography, like universal history, can certainly not be classified among specialties. In fact, we must declare it the best, as well as the most comprehensive book of its description, emanating from the pen of one writer—in any language—which has come under our notice. In stating this, however, we mean also distinctly to qualify our approbation. What the comprehensive scholarship, perseverance, energy, and critical accuracy of one man may fairly be expected to do in this field, our author has amply done; but whether a task of this magnitude, to be well executed, is not above the powers of any single scholar—whatever his attainments may be—is to us a matter of grave doubt. The best universal history planned on a large scale, if written by one author, can be nothing more than an ably executed abridgment of a number of special histories; an all-comprehending cyclopædia of biography, if not done by a number of scholars, each elaborating his special branch, can at the best be an excellent compilation. Dr. Thomas's Dictionary of Biography is an excellent compilation on a vast scale, here and there interspersed with sketches evincing both independent research and independent thought.

We need only turn a few pages at random in order to be convinced of the extraordinary fulness—we might almost say completeness—of the work, at least as far as concerns the biography of the leading nations and literatures of the world, ancient as well as modern. A single column of almost exclusively French contents presents us with concisely executed notices of the following men, so little known to general fame: Boulard, philanthropist; Boulay, agricultural writer; Boulay de la Meurthe (Antoine, etc.), statesman; Boulay de la Meurthe (Henri George), statesman; Boulay, du, historiographer; Boulay-Paty, jurist; Boulduc (Jules François), chemist; Boulduc (Simon), chemist; Boule, cabinetmaker; Boulée, architect; Boullanger, preacher; Boullemier, ecclesiastic and writer; Boullenger de Rivery, jurist and *littérateur;* Boullenois, legal writer; Boulliau, astronomer; Boullier, Protestant theologian; Boullongne (Bon), painter; Boullongne (Louis), painter and engraver; Boullongne (Louis), son of the preceding, painter; Boulogne, bishop and writer. These notices are, of course, very brief, but others are expanded in proportion to the importance, historical or literary, of the subjects. Thus, while the majority of the articles are good for reference only, a large number of them, forming a considerable portion of the work, are readable—all being written in a clear, plain style, entirely free from lexicographical contractions and from abbreviations of any kind. The notices of Bayle, Brahe, Buckle, Carlyle, Carnot, Democritus, De Quincey, Descartes, and Dickens, for instance, are both brief and readable; others, like those of Alexander of Macedon, Bonaparte, Brahma, Burns, Byron, Cæsar, Calvin, Confucius, and Cromwell, are extended to the length, and partly elaborated in the style, of independent essays.

We unhesitatingly range ourselves on the side of the critics whom our author, as he expresses it in his preface, expected to "admit that, on the whole, the space allotted to each notice has been apportioned with a fair measure of justice and impartiality." And we must add that his endeavor to deal justly and impartially with his subjects, in this respect, is perhaps most evident there where a contrary inclination might most naturally be expected. Of this a comparison of articles like those on John Adams, John Quincy Adams, or Cooper, with the brief notices of Buchanan, Anna Dickinson, and similar celebrities of our day and country, will easily convince the critical examiner. The brevity of the notice of Jefferson Davis, and the judgment passed on him as leader of the Confederacy, show more than all how little the author is inclined to magnify or to criticise in accordance with newspaper talk. He seems, however, less free from a kind of patriotic Union bias in dealing with the generals of the civil war, as evinced in the notices of Banks, Butler, and others. Too great brevity in some of these notices also makes us regret a slight deviation, in the treatment of the events of that great struggle, from the "principles of perspective" so well established for the whole work. Thus, neither the notice of Butler nor that of Beauregard has any mention of the fact of those generals facing and fighting each other on the James; the latter article has hardly an allusion to that series of events; the notice of Breckenridge contains no mention of his appearing, with Early, before Washington, in July, 1864, only the defeat of their army by Sheridan being stated. In the notice of Burnside we also discover some slight inaccuracies in date—very slight ones, it is true: "Sept. 16," instead of Sept. 16–17, being given as the date of the battle of Antietam; "the 13th of December" as the day on which "he crossed the Rappahannock and attacked Lee's army" at Fredericksburg—which is correct only as regards the attack; and "May 9–11," with the omission of the 12th—the hottest day—as the date of the battle of Spottsylvania Court-House. But even errors so slight as these are exceedingly rare, which is saying a great deal, if we consider that the eight hundred pages before us—the whole will likely embrace about four times as many—contain myriads of dates. Omissions of facts and defective descriptions are much more frequent. Of this the notices of Alexander II. of Russia and of the Duchesse de Berry may serve as examples. Many heads, too, are wanting, such as, of the mythological, Dice; of the historical, Dellius; and of the literary, Büchner—names much more important than Bryczynski, Bube, or Du Buc, which we find on one page.

Of the peculiar features of this dictionary, its ample treatment of Norse and Hindoo mythology, its very rich bibliographical notes of reference appended to the more important articles, its systematic orthographical consistency—not to speak of its admirable correctness in spelling foreign words—and its elaborate pronunciation of the names, when first given, deserve particular mention. The utility, or, to speak more correctly, the necessity of the last-named feature is well illustrated by the author in his preface, in which he ridicules "the utter absurdity of attempting to pronounce foreign names according to the English sounds of the letters." "How, for example," he asks, "should we pronounce the name of the celebrated German poet HEINE, according to such a system? Should the *ei*

* "Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology. Containing Memoirs of the Eminent Persons of All Ages and Countries, and Accounts of the Various Subjects of the Norse, Hindoo, and Classic Mythologies, with the Pronunciation of their Names in the Different Languages in which they are Used. By J. Thomas, A.M., M.D., Author of the System of Pronunciation in 'Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World,' and of the Pronouncing Vocabularies of Biographical and Geographical Names in 'Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.'" Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870. Parts I.—XII. Aa—Dufrénoy.

be sounded like *ee*, as in the English words *seize, ceiling*, etc.? or like *a*, as in *vein, weight, inveigh?* or like long *i*, as in *height, sleight*, etc? Should HEINE, then, be pronounced *heen, hān*, or *hīn?* or should we sound the final *e*, and make it *hee'ne, hā'ne*, or *hī'ne?*" etc., etc. And it may be mentioned here that the author, after having devoted many years of study to the acquirement of a degree of Occidental linguistic knowledge sufficient for his task, in order more fully to prepare for it, spent nearly two years in the East, chiefly in Egypt and India, studying the rudiments, and particularly the pronunciation, of the Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, and Hindostanee, and vastly extending, as many a page proves, his stock of general Oriental knowledge. Justice to the publisher also leads us to add that the mechanical execution of the work is in every respect worthy of its literary merits.

Alfred the Great. By Thomas Hughes, M.P., author of "Tom Brown's School Days." (New York: Macmillan & Co.)—Mr. Hughes's life of Alfred is a welcome addition to the excellent "Sunday Library" published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. It is such a book as we should expect from Mr. Hughes—a book with a direct, practical purpose, not merely the biography of a great man. He does not profess to be an original explorer in the history of those times; he accepts the results of the researches of men like Pauli, Freeman, and Pearson, and aims to turn the lessons of history to the account of the highest and most pressing needs of his own generation. "How are nations to be saved from the tyranny or domination of arbitrary will, whether of a Cæsar or of a mob? is the problem before us." In answer to this question, "he has learnt to look upon the Saxon King as the representative of the nation in contrast to the great Cæsar, so nearly his contemporary, whose aim was to weld together all nations and tribes in one lifeless empire under his own sceptre." Therefore, "it must be worth while to follow as faithfully as we can the simple, honest life of the great Saxon King, endeavoring to ascertain upon what ground that life and work of the ninth century stood, and whether the same ground abides in the nineteenth for all nations, alike for those who have visible kings and those who are without them" (Preface). Consistently with this professed aim, we find everywhere an earnest religious spirit characteristic of the author.

The book is divided—not in form, but really—into two parts. The first part, consisting of eleven chapters, brings Alfred's life and reign down to the Treaty of Wedmore in 878, when his struggle for his kingdom was victoriously completed, and he was left for some years to reign in quiet. This early period is related consecutively. But the remaining fifteen chapters, which treat of the rest of Alfred's reign, are not arranged chronologically, but the facts and events are grouped under several heads—"The King's Board of Works," "The King's War-office and Admiralty," "Laws," "Justice," "Exchequer," "Church," "Friends," "Neighbors," "Foe," etc. Probably no better arrangement could have been devised than this; down to 878, the interest centres in wars and battles; after that, in those administrative reforms and peaceful enterprises which were distributed through several years.

We cannot much blame anybody who fails to discriminate between the numerous and insignificant Charleses, Louises, and Carlomans who sat on the various thrones of France and Germany during the last half of the ninth century. Still, if they are to be mentioned at all, they should be accurately discriminated; and we will point out that, on p. 241, it was not Charles the Bald that was killed by a wild boar while hunting, in 885 (rather 884), but his grandson, Carloman. The death of Carloman was naturally "the signal for renewed activity amongst the Northmen," for the reason that the heir to the throne was the infant Charles the Simple, who, by reason of the disturbed state of affairs, was set aside, first in favor of his cousin, Charles the Fat, then of Eudes, Count of Paris. Of course, therefore, it was not Charles the Simple (p. 248), but his grandfather, Charles the Bald, who resisted Rollo in 876; for Charles the Bald died in 877. Charles the Simple did not become king until 898.

One is naturally tempted to compare this book with Mr. Freeman's "Old English History," which we noticed a few weeks ago. But, although the two cover partly the same ground, their aim and scope are so different that they cannot be fairly compared. With Mr. Freeman, history is the end, with Mr Hughes it is only a means; his narrative is not so graphic, his historical view is not so broad; but, after all, this only means that he has not done what he did not undertake to do—what he did undertake to do, he has done exceedingly well.

Our New Way Round the World. By Charles Carleton Coffin. (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.)—Mr. Coffin, better known as "Carleton," the quondam war-correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, left this city in July, 1866, and, after traversing Western Europe, passed by way of Egypt to India, China, and Japan; thence crossed the Pacific to San Francisco, and returned to Boston overland, by the new railroad. Our space forbids us to follow this world-traveller through all his experiences, and we can only say, in brief, that in the Levant his impressible nature was duly affected by the relics of antiquity, and that his imagination proved equal to the requirements of every historic site which he visited; though it must be stated that the events which he recalls under these circumstances are often more vividly than accurately set forth. At Bombay he falls in with the Parsees, but differs considerably from the received opinion in regard to their origin; and we cannot altogether accept his views of the history, philosophy, and religion of the Hindus. But he gives some pleasant descriptions of his travels across India, bearing testimony to the excellent moral as well as material effects of the railroad upon the people. A voyage from Calcutta, by the way of Singapore, lands him at last on the shores of China, to which empire he devotes twenty-three chapters of his book. His sketches of the government and religion of the Chinese are not so full or clear as we find in other works. His description of the habits and manners of the people, however, are often good. Mr. Coffin evidently means to be fair, and does not attempt to eulogize or satirize them, though the picture, on the whole, is not a very attractive one. He says decidedly "that the Chinese have not yet learned that honesty is the best policy;" but this defect is not peculiar to that people. He is very complimentary to the Protestant missionaries in China, speaking highly of their personal character, and of the good effects of their labors; says that they are much more intelligent and well-informed, as a rule, respecting the Chinese than those who are engaged in trade; and that, if it were not for the missionaries, the ministers and consuls would find it difficult to get on with their business. Respecting the Roman Catholic missionaries he speaks very unfavorably, evidently having derived his views from their Protestant rivals. His remarks upon the foreign commerce with China indicate rather confused notions in his own mind respecting it, and we cannot recommend that portion of his book as of much worth. He probably obtained his information upon the subject chiefly from his missionary friends, and he frankly admits that, "upon commercial matters, perhaps, their opinion would not be of so much value as those of the merchants." He did not visit the great capital of the empire, for the season of the year was unfavorable; so he passed over to Japan, and travelled for a considerable time among the islands, giving some lively sketches of what he saw there. Once more in his native land, he gives some account of California; but the special object of his interest there was the valley of the Yosemite and its lofty domes. Some of these grand natural features so powerfully affected him as to cause "his brain to reel—his breath to stop—his heart to cease to beat—for a moment;" and they inspired him to produce some of the most effective specimens of his favorite style of writing that the book affords. Travelling eastward, he stopped at Salt Lake City, and observed something of the Mormons; and, as a result, he has given us a catalogue of the names, ages, personal appearance, and character of the many wives of Brigham Young. Should these ladies, thanks to the suffrage lately bestowed upon them, arrive at political eminence, the editors of the daily press will be under obligations to Mr. Coffin for biographical material. Finally, our traveller reached his home in New England, after an absence of two years and five months, not without wise reflections, among which are two to which we heartily respond—namely: "America does not possess all the virtue in the world," and "We have yet much to learn." The book is illustrated with nearly a hundred engravings, and with several maps.

Widow Goldsmith's Daughter. By Julie P. Smith. (Hartford: Brown & Gross. 1870.)—Writing this novel seems to have been a labor of love to its author. To her, at least, her imaginary world and its people have been convincingly real, and she has painted them with a brisk confidence in her subject, and in her own ability to do it justice, which is far from unpleasant. It is not to be called a good novel, certainly, that she has produced. It is full, for instance, of laughable blunders—of misquotations, misuse of foreign expressions, of errors in syntax and orthography, even, with not more than half of which we should feel inclined to credit the proof-reader; and she holds up vulgar and commonplace people to ridicule in a way which, to say the least of it, is not suggestive of over-refinement on her own part. Her heroine, too, belongs to a type which seems

to be fatally prevalent in our native novels—such of them, at least, as are written by women—the young woman who is tormented by a thirst for knowledge, who studies German while she washes her dishes, has a French grammar surreptitiously hidden in her mending-basket, and confounds her enemies and moves her lovers with fond pride by coming out at critical moments with pleasing facts in history or the last new thing in science. Still, much of Miss Smith's work is rather effectively done, and the way in which she displays her characters is often suggestive. Oddly enough, too, it is her faults that are her virtues; and with a more restrained vivacity and a keener sense of what ought to be omitted in making her studies from life, though she might produce more unexceptionable work, we doubt if she would be half so amusing as she is at present.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Benedict (Lieut. G. G.), Vermont at Gettysburg	(Burlington)
Boston Lectures. 1870. Christianity and Scepticism	(Cong. Pub. Soc.)
Beekman (J. W.), The Founders of New York, swd	(New York)
Culver (Rev. S. W.), Crowned and Discrowned	(Gould & Lincoln) $0 75
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 30 (Vol. I. A–H.)	(T. Ellwood Zell) $0 50
Chauvenet (Prof. W.), Treatise on Elementary Geometry	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Disraeli (Hon. B.), Lothair: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.) 1 00
Gratry (Rev. A.), Papal Infallibility Untenable, swd	(Hartford)
Goddard (S. A.), Letters on the American Rebellion	(Nichols & Noyes)
Gunning (W. D.), Is it the Despair of Science? swd	(Wm White & Co.)
Grey (Mrs.), A Marriage in High Life: a Tale, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 0 50
Harrison (Rev. H.), Memoir of Hugh Davey Evans, LL.D	(Hartford) 0 75
Kapp (F.), Life of Maj.-Gen. John Kalb	(New York)
Koner (Prof. Dr. W.), Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin, No. 26.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Lidell (Dr. J. A.) and Hamilton (Prof. F. H.), Surgical Memoirs of the War of the Rebellion	(Hurd & Houghton) 6 50
McCahon (J.), Cases Determined in the Supreme Court of Kansas	(Callaghan & Cockcroft)
Marsh (Hon. G. P.), L'Uomo e la Natura, swd	(G. Barbèra)
Riggs (S. R.), Táh-Koo Wah-Kán: the Gospel among the Dakotas	(Boston)
Rogers (Prof. J. E. T.), Manual of Political Economy	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 75
Rodney (R. B.), Alboin and Rosamond, and Lesser Poems	(Philadelphia)
Spielhagen (F.), Hammer and Anvil: a Tale	(Leypoldt & Holt) 2 00
Southworth (Mrs. E. D. E. N.) and Baden (Mrs. F. E.), The Christmas Guest, and Other Stories	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
The Young Wife's Cook Book	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
The Men who Advertise	(G. P. Rowell & Co.)
Watson (Dr. W. H.), Allopathic Bigotry, swd	(Albany)
Waterbury (Rev. J. B.), Memoir of Rev. John Scudder, M.D	(Harper & Bros.)
Wallace (A. R.), Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection	(Macmillan & Co.)
Wister (Mrs. O.), Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset	(Hurd & Houghton) 1 50

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1870.

The Week.

LAST week was entirely consumed by the Senate in passing its bill to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, and the measure which emerged on Saturday morning, after an all-night session, could only by miracle have been free from imperfections. While its chief object was to protect the colored citizen, Mr. Sherman contrived to make it also a means of preserving the purity of the ballot-box against white "repeating," false registering, false voting, and other approved Democratic machinery. The House passed on Wednesday week the Naval Appropriation Bill, and has since been engaged on the Diplomatic. On Thursday, Mr. Brooks attempted to make a little capital for himself and his party by moving to appoint a Minister to Rome, while the bill only provides for a consul. The scene which followed was almost childish at times, and the heat and bad temper and worse manners evoked were ridiculously out of proportion to the kernel of debate. Mr. Dawes and Mr. Hoar were more than an even match for Mr. Brooks and his allies, while Mr. Bingham's oratory was something to which neither the latter nor many other citizens could well aspire.

The Senate bill has twenty-one sections, and the principal provisions are: Election officers shall omit nothing that will enable citizens to qualify impartially. If the offer to qualify is refused by a judge or inspector, it shall be the same as if accepted. To obstruct the exercise of the suffrage by bribery, force, or intimidation, or by threats to discharge from employment, of ejection, or of harm to the voter's family, are punishable crimes. To oppress or hinder a citizen in respect of any constitutional right by Kuklux conspiracies, is felony, punishable in addition to actual crimes thus committed. United States District and Circuit Courts have concurrent jurisdiction of offences against the act. District attorneys must prosecute, marshals and their deputies must perform their usual duties; the Circuit Courts must, from time to time, increase the number of Commissioners to carry out the act. The latter may create special officers, besides the marshals, who may call on the *posse comitatus*, the land and naval forces, for assistance. Persons not members of State Legislatures, or of Congress, holding office in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, shall be prosecuted by District Attorneys by *quo warranto*. To accept office when knowingly disqualified is a misdemeanor. All citizens shall have equal civil rights in all the several States, and immigrants must be taxed alike. Repeating, preventing lawful exercise of the suffrage, false registering or keeping from registering, are punishable crimes; if they defeat the election of a Federal candidate, he may recover his place by *quo warranto*.

Of the financial legislation of Congress there is nothing new to report, and it is almost safe to assert there will be nothing new. The Tariff Bill, after five months' labor, has been killed; the Funding Bill is as good as killed, and nobody believes its passage is possible; about the currency nothing has been done or attempted. The truth is that the present Congress, not having been elected on financial issues, is utterly incompetent to deal with them, and has never wanted to do so. The attempts which have been made in this direction have been made in obedience to the loud demands of the public, but without the design or the courage to put any plan into execution. The only men who have known from the outset what they wanted have been the high-tariff men, but their schemes have failed, partly owing to the exorbitance of their claims and partly to their quarrelling among themselves. The great mass of members in both Houses have, however, been in a state of utter bewilderment or ignorance on all that relates to the revenues and the currency. They were all elected on the Reconstruction issue, and have accordingly clung to the Reconstruction business as long as possible, and have done their best to exalt its importance and intricacy, feeling that if it were finished they would be out of work. This more than anything else has led to the Georgia scandal. Now that the Reconstruction is over, however, and the country sick of it, there remains chaos. It is safe to say there will be no serious attempts made to deal with the financial situation till a House has been elected on financial issues, and the mind of the country on its leading points been thus clearly expressed.

Mr. Wells has been assailed in succession by the iron, woollen, and cotton interests, and we think we are expressing the opinion of all candid observers when we say that he has in each contest come off more than victorious. The three interests, however, combined their forces last week in the Committee on Manufactures, and secretly prepared a majority report, which was a general review of his statements, and if he had not got wind of it, and it had got into circulation alone, of course it would have been very difficult for him to follow it and meet it, as it would have been circulated at the public expense. The minority, however, let him know what was coming, and he prepared a reply which they have adopted as their report, so that the attack and defence go out together, and we are sure will be good reading, and, we trust, will be widely read.

The Republican party has fared badly in New York at the judicial election, the Democrats getting 60,000 majority in the city, and, it is estimated, 20,000 in the State, and electing as much of their ticket as, under the minority representation rule, it was possible to elect—that is, two out of five judges. Judicially, the Democratic candidates were as good as could be desired, and the State has now a court of last resort which will compare favorably with any similar tribunal in the world, and will before long rescue New York reports from the disrepute into which they have fallen in the eyes of the profession. This, it must be admitted, is—bad as things look in this city and at Albany—a great step in an upward direction. We have one spot of solid ground under our feet at last, even admitting that fourteen years is not as good as a life tenure.

How the Republican party came to be so badly beaten does not seem difficult of explanation. In this city the party is utterly disorganized, partly owing to the conviction that it is useless to contend against the now well-organized and apparently unpreventable frauds of the Democracy, and partly owing to the equally widespread and well-founded conviction that the party is managed by knaves, who keep up the organization simply for the purpose of dividing the Federal offices amongst themselves and occasionally selling out to the Democrats. Mr. Greeley, egged on by the Union League Club, has of late been taking occasional dives into the pond for the purpose of finding out how the water comes to be so dirty, but his flounderings invariably give it a darker tinge, and he comes up looking very slimy, and very funny, to the great amusement of the bystanders of both parties. It is the custom of the press—a melancholy custom, we think, and now more honored in the breach than in the observance—about this time to abuse our "respectable citizens" for not going to the primary meetings and attending to their political duties. It is now well established however, that respectable citizens will not attend primary meetings. We might as well ask them to bathe off the city piers on warm afternoons, and we cordially recommend our brethren to devote themselves to the discovery of some means of carrying on the government without primary meetings—in other words, of adapting the political machinery to the people who have to work it. The present system is nearly as great a failure as the theocratic rule of his Majesty the Sultan.

The condition of the Republican party in the State is not so easily accounted for; but it may safely be said that the goodness of the

Democratic judicial ticket did something for their defeat, and apathy did the rest. Apathy is a bad thing, but it is a thoroughly human weakness, and anybody who reviews the history of the party during the past year will not be too severe upon it. With a large majority in Congress, the party has neither reformed the tariff nor the Civil Service, nor funded the debt nor contracted the currency, nor seriously reduced the taxes, nor completed the work of reconstruction; nay, it has brought discredit on what reconstruction it has done by its performances over the Georgia matter. What has been done to improve the public credit has been done by Mr. Boutwell without the slightest help from Congress. Indeed, if it were not for the badness of the Democratic party, it would be difficult to urge a single reason why the popular confidence in the Republican party should be continued. But the popular dread of the Democrats is a thing that naturally wears out with time and use, and under the pressure of such spectacles as the Bullock investigation and the Hartford and Erie operations in Massachusetts. It can never under the most favorable circumstances be made to take the place of positive achievement, and it is to be hoped that the leaders in Congress will not fall into the error of going before the people in the fall with nothing better to show for their labor than they can produce at present. There are eight weeks of the session left in which many useful things are possible.

Our readers may remember that when Mr. Trumbull, some weeks ago, made his severe summing up of the "Georgia difficulty," he hinted in very plain terms that the patriots of the Bullock faction had been guilty of both corruption and intimidation in trying to get their "Reconstruction" bill through, installing themselves in office for two years. By many people this charge was ascribed partly to Mr. Trumbull's hatred of the black man, and partly to his hostility to the pure and good of all colors, and doubtless some asked themselves, as they asked themselves when the Traitor Ross refused to give up his chair to Senator Revels, for the sake of the dramatic unities: "What else can we expect of a man who voted No on the Eleventh Article?" A committee of the Senate was, however, appointed to look into the matter, and they have taken a great mass of testimony and submitted their report. Their finding is—and we blush as we write it—that Bullock and his friends have been for a long time in Washington, complaining of the Kuklux Klan, and asking fresh guarantees for "the persecuted Unionists" of Georgia; that somehow or other, while there, they have had a great deal of money and railroad bonds, which they seemed to have no particular use for themselves; that they tried unsuccessfully to purchase the votes of Senators Carpenter and Tipton against the Bingham Amendment; that harrowing reports of "outrages" in Georgia were actually prepared to order, like boots or dinners, furnished to them and paid for; that the writing of threatening letters to senators was procured in the same manner; that $4,000 were paid to that good and great man, Colonel Forney, of the Washington *Chronicle*, for "advertising and printing speeches and documents," the Colonel's editorial denunciations of the opponents of the Georgia Bill, we suppose, being thrown into the bargain. The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*—a wicked fellow—adds that some of the witnesses when first examined "were very loth to tell what they knew, and indulged in the tallest kind of lying." The report of the committee is unanimous.

The result of this exposé probably will be that the Georgia question will at last, after a year's delay, filled with this lying and intrigue and corruption, be settled as it ought to have been settled at the outset, by handing the State government back to the electors on the same terms as Virginia, and letting the "Bullock faction" go home and find some means of gaining an honest livelihood. We hope to chronicle this termination of the affair before long, and our readers will bear witness that we have from the outset predicted what has now been revealed; and we cannot help adding that the way the Republican press has either connived at or kept silent over the doings of this disreputable gang, in the belief or under the pretence that they were helping on the work of Reconstruction and of rebel "repentance," has been anything but creditable. With very few exceptions, the papers have treated the ravings of Messrs. Drake and Morton and Stewart on this subject as solid "chunks of wisdom," the Bullockites all the while laughing in their sleeves and chuckling over their prospective plunder. We cannot pass from the affair, however, without bearing hearty testimony to the services which Mr. Trumbull has, by his attitude in it from the very beginning, rendered to truth, justice, good government, and civilization. He has made every honest man, North and South, his debtor, not for being able, for this he cannot help, but for being bold, and hitting hard. "By Time," says Hosea Biglow, "I du like a man that ain't afeard!"

Talking of carpet-baggers, we may be allowed to ask the *Independent*, apropos of its "rebuttal," a fortnight ago, of our statement about the ignorance of the members of the South Carolina Legislature, a few questions which we hope will not be deemed impertinent about the witness it summoned to convict us of misrepresentation—Mr. Niles G. Parker, the present State Treasurer. It says "he has been nine years a resident of South Carolina, was a Captain in the 33d U. S. C. T., that as State Treasurer he has restored the State to solvency, and has obtained for himself the respect of business men acquainted with her affairs both in this country and in Europe." We should now like the *Independent* to inform us whether Mr. Parker himself is the kind of politician who is likely to be much troubled by the educational deficiencies of the Legislature? Also, what his occupation and his reputation were in Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he lived, before he enlisted in the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry? What his reputation was in that regiment? What kind of officer Colonel Higginson found him in the colored regiment in which he afterwards got a company? In short, we should like to know what was the nature of the preparation for the responsible office of State Treasurer which he underwent, and by what sort of process he became a South Carolina functionary whose bare statement is to be received as conclusive proof.

The Charleston (S. C.) *Daily Republican*, the official paper of the State, notices what we recently said about the ignorance of the members of the last Legislature, but does not contradict it. It confines itself prudently to general statements of "the grand work" done by that body. Now we should like the *Republican* to inform us plumply what number of the members were, in its opinion, able to read a page of the "Pilgrim's Progress" decently, or intelligibly, or to read a page of plain writing at all. We will agree at the outset to admit either of these exploits to be as "grand work" as ever was done by a statesman; but let us have a direct answer, without "ifs" or "buts" or other qualifications, and, if possible, fortified with a little proof, in the shape of statistics.

The official correspondence of the State Department with the Governor of Michigan, who had taken the responsibility of stopping the British steamer *Chicora* at the Sault Canal, has been published. The Governor's action was approved on the supposition that the steamer was carrying stores and arms for the expedition going to the Winnepeg region; but on representations from the British minister that she was only laden with goods for the Hudson's Bay Company she was allowed to pass through. There was not, in either case, any ground for the prohibition. There was no war raging in the North-west of which our Government had any knowledge, and therefore there could be no belligerent character of any kind attaching to the vessel or her contents; and if there had been a "war" at Winnipeg the prohibition would have been odd, because the Canadian canals, through which a vast American commerce passes, were freely used by the United States, even for the passage of public ships during the rebellion; and it would not have been expedient, because the Canadians might retaliate by closing the Welland and St. Lawrence Canal; and it would not have been creditable, because no people should voluntarily make asses of themselves. Apropos of this affair, there are at the present writing many rumors afloat of the old sort about the departure of "bands" of Fenians for the frontier. There is no doubt of the concentration of a certain number of evil-disposed persons along the Canada line, and the movement is sufficiently threatening to have drawn from the President a very proper proclamation of warn-

ing. As usual, the Fenian chiefs are divided as to the opportuneness of the present attack, but Gen. O'Neill seems to have prevailed as the "man of action."

In Pennsylvania, the political nominating conventions will be held next month. The Republicans of Philadelphia are as usual divided into many cliques, the division into Cameron men and anti-Cameron being perhaps the broadest. The contest for local offices has become so violent as to cause a quarrel in the somewhat famous club of young Republicans called the Invincibles, that may end in a split, and even in their dissolution. The judicial nominations are likely to excite a livelier interest than common, owing to recent legislation, by which authority has been given to supplement the salary paid to the judges as State officers with a considerable addition out of the city treasury. As the city is the most frequent and the largest party litigant in the city courts, there is a manifest impropriety in its having the power to increase or diminish the income of judges who are to pass upon its causes. At all events, an additional and unnecessary strain is put upon the virtue of an elective judiciary, its independence is still further compromised, and the proper valuation of the services of the bench is less likely than ever to be brought home to the public mind.

A convention of the Indian Commission has been held in this city, to talk over the rather lamentable state of affairs on the Plains, where a general Indian war has for some time been threatening. The most interesting feature of the proceedings was the reading of a letter from Secretary Cox, who said that the Commission had been organized by the President, and the Indian agencies given to members of the Society of Friends, with the view of bringing the moral and religious portion of the community into more immediate contact and sympathy with the Government work among the savages, but the result had not by any means answered expectation, inasmuch as very few people had ever shown the slightest interest in the movement. This is certainly rather discouraging, and not easily explained. When one considers the amount of abuse expended on the troops for their mode of dealing with the Indians, one naturally presumes that there must be hundreds at least ready and willing to show the soldiers the more excellent way. General Sherman wrote a short and rather discourteous letter to the Convention, saying the matter was a practical one and not one of feeling, and could only be settled on the spot. He came near touching the great fact which lies at the basis of the whole difficulty, which is, that the manners and morals of the white frontiersmen are part, and the most important part, of the Indian problem. To solve it, either the frontier whites must be evangelized or the Indians removed. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail and others are, we are glad to see, coming to Washington. We trust they will see while there the great white chiefs, the Black-haired-Energy-of-the-Impeachment, the Strong-Wind-Blowing-Aft, and the Apostle-John-of-Salvation-by-Impeachment.

The detailed news from Greece about the late massacres sheds some interesting light on the social and political condition of the country. Everything goes to show that the mass of the people are, considering their poverty and misgovernment, very respectable. It is the Athenian politicians who, unlike those of any other country out of the planet Jupiter, are corrupt, depraved, and, indeed, worthless. Mr. Watkin, who made the first railway in Greece, last year, from Athens to the Piræus, and from the Ilyssus to the ancient watering-place of Phalerum, which during the first year of their operation carried one million passengers, writes to the London *Times* to say that "he has formed a high opinion of the industry, sobriety, and capacity of the real working population, and of the resources of the country at large;" that the true cure for brigandage is roads; that it was roads which put an end to highway robbery in the Scotch Highlands, and even in the neighborhood of London only a century ago; that five hundred miles of good common roads, with police stations and telegraph lines, could be opened up through the country—thus bringing a large area of fertile soil within reach of a market—with the labor of the country, and within five years, for $3,000,000—that is, just the sum which it is calculated the Greeks at home and abroad contributed to the expenses of the Cretan insurrection, and a large part of which was expended in conveying to and fro and feeding the cut-throats who committed the recent outrages, and have ever since been living on the unfortunate peasantry. But nothing Greece can do will put an end to brigandage completely without the co-operation of Turkey, as whenever the brigands are hard pressed they pass the frontier, which is along the whole line a wilderness, or the next thing to it, and practically unguarded.

As an illustration of the way in which the politicians get the better of the people, we may mention that, when the Greek Constitution was revised in 1864, an article was inserted prohibiting the granting of amnesties, in order to put it out of the power of the ministry of the day to shield the brigands, whom, as they occupy somewhat the same relation to the majority in the parliament that office-holders and office-seekers occupy here, it was found impossible to bring to justice. The brigands who "worked" to get the ministry turned out, of course were always amnestied by their successors, if they cared for an amnesty; and as each party wanted to use them, it was as difficult to get active measures taken for their punishment as it would be to get our House of Representatives to pass a Civil Service bill, or give up rotation in office. Curiously enough, however, in this last case this very prohibition was cunningly turned against the ministry, the "opposition," on finding that the prisoners would be ransomed, having urged the brigands to insist on an amnesty, and the head brigand coolly suggested that, if this would be unconstitutional, they might amend the constitution. It must be remembered that these Athenian politicians are preparing themselves for the restoration of the Eastern Empire, and, like some of their brethren elsewhere, are so occupied with annexation of distant islands and the absorption of strange races and the confounding of foreign powers, that the condition of the land they live in does not give them the least concern. Their world is a world of dreams, in which of course everything goes well.

The Spaniards seem at last to have found a king in Espartero, but his origin, his age and antecedents seem to make it pretty certain that his reign will be simply a transition to a republic, not of the modern democratic type, perhaps, but of the Roman type—that is, a government of orators, lawyers, and generals, especially generals—tempered by strong popular traditions and discontent. Portugal, which has kept quiet thus far, has had a little *coup d'état*, the old Duke of Saldanha having overturned the ministry at the head of the army, apparently to the amusement of the public, and with complete indifference on the part of the king. The beauty of the affair is that it exhibits constitutional monarchy in a more advanced stage than it has ever before reached. All that it has been hitherto supposed capable of bearing was the parliamentary contests of the two great parties, but in Portugal it stands firm while the opposition expels the ministry from office and takes its place at the point of the bayonet.

There has been but little progress made in France in throwing more light on the conspiracy. The fact that a conspiracy was got up before in 1852, immediately before the *plébiscite* which established the Empire, which was never heard of after the vote was taken, combined with the fact that nobody appeared to have been actively engaged in the present one, even on the showing of the police, except Baurie or Beaury—a vagabond of very bad character—has thrown doubt on the whole story in the minds of the Parisians, in spite of the elaborate report of M. Grandperret, the Procureur-Général, who made the most of it. The only trace of Flourens' connection with the plot was his somewhat obscure letter found in Baurie's pocket, and Paul de Cassagnac came out in the *Pays* with an amusing swashbuckler's expression of doubt, whether a man who had "crossed swords with him" and "bared his breast" to him could be an assassin. The last news says, however, that Flourens has admitted his connection with the plot, and left London, but has offered no explanation as to its nature. Everybody seems disposed to admit that it is the violence of the Irreconcilables which has given the Emperor his majority, so that the police might save themselves the trouble of getting plots up.

SOWING THE WIND AND REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

THERE is a struggle going on this moment in Massachusetts to which we respectfully ask the attention of honest men, and indeed of rogues, in all parts of the country, for it is full of doctrine, of reproof and instruction. Massachusetts has a half-finished railroad, known to the world as the Hartford and Erie, which has been, and is now at this moment, in the hands of two or three men, whose knavery nobody has any longer the hardihood to deny. These men came before the Legislature three years ago, and persuaded the State to advance them $3,000,000 to help to complete the road. The conditions of the advance were that, for every $200,000 expended by them, the State was to give them $100,000, and the Company was represented as having $2,000,000 in its possession, with which it would be able to fulfil its part of the agreement. To see that it fulfilled it, and that it properly expended two dollars for every dollar advanced by the State, three commissioners of high character were appointed, without whose certificate the money was not to be paid over to the company. After these commissioners had paid over $600,000 they began to suspect things were not right, instituted an examination, and found that nothing was left of the $2,000,000 reported to be in possession of the company, the knaves having spent it all in speculating in their own stock. The commissioners therefore refused to certify for any more advances of the State money. Whereupon the knaves went to the Legislature, asked for a new loan of $2,000,000, and got it, and moreover succeeded *in having the troublesome commissioners legislated out of office.* They then went to work and spent the $2,000,000 also. The road is still unfinished and bankrupt. When its affairs were overhauled last winter, it was found that its capital consisted of a four-hundred-dollar bond and a ten-dollar bill. The knaves, nevertheless, are now before the Legislature again, asking for another loan of $3,500,000, and the committee has actually reported in favor of their getting it, of course with due safeguards as to the proper expenditure of the money—as if any safeguards were, or could be, worth anything since the knaves last winter procured the dismissal from office of the very men whom the commonwealth had set to watch them. The Governor, who weakly helped them in getting their second loan, and who weakly—though this is a mild word—connived at their overthrow of the commissioners, now acknowledges that the whole thing has been a swindle from beginning to end; everybody sees it was a swindle; indeed the knaves themselves are willing to acknowledge that it was a first-class swindle—if only they can get this last $3,500,000 paid over to them. Nay, they are, we believe, not particularly anxious that it should now be paid over to *them;* all they require is that it should be paid over to somebody for the benefit of the road, and are willing to trust to their luck and ingenuity to enable them to get at the fund as soon as the public attention has been turned in some other direction.

To appreciate the full importance of all this, we must remember that throughout these nefarious transactions the Boston press has remained silent and indifferent; that with these evidences of the futility of all precautions against swindling, as long as the State has anything to do with the road, before its eyes, it is at this moment advocating this last advance, with greater or less fervor; that the task of exposing all this villany has been left to the Springfield *Republican*, a paper published a hundred miles from the place where the Legislature sits and the knaves operate, and that to bring the facts before the public mind in the State capital a new paper, called the *Tocsin*, has actually been started; that the Massachusetts Legislature has always, and especially of late years, stood higher than any other at the North, and has been generally taken to be, and we believe justly, harder either to corrupt or to hoodwink. Nevertheless, we say deliberately that, low as that at Albany stands, we know of nothing in its history which is more alarming, or threatens greater danger to the pockets and morals of the community, than what is occurring in Boston, and we say this with the operations of Fisk and Gould fully in our mind. Considering what the character of great railroad operators has become; considering what the character of politicians is known to be; considering the apathy with which the public now listens to stories of corruption and abuse; and considering what "potentiality of growing rich" State grants in aid of corporations may be made, and *are getting to be*, the failure of the Massachusetts Legislature to resist the pressure, and the tameness of the Massachusetts public, in presence of this last great, deliberate, and long-protracted fraud, is enough to excite alarm in the mind of every man in every part of the country who has anything which a knot of politicians can vote away from him and tax-gatherers lay hands on.

And now, what is the lesson of all this? What do we mean by heading this article "Sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind"? We mean that the success of the Hartford and Erie swindle, in the richest, most intelligent, and perhaps, all things considered, most respectable political community in the world, is the direct and palpable consequence of that shameless indifference to the character of public men which a considerable and influential portion of the Republican party in Massachusetts, as well as elsewhere—we were going to say in Massachusetts *more* than elsewhere—has during the last five or six years not only winked at, but actually cultivated and exulted in. We now see, what it is disgraceful that civilized men should ever have forgotten, that character is the only sure defence of property or institutions. Laws and constitutions are but parchment; they are often the finest reading where the people are most debased; they depend for their whole value on the integrity and courage and self-respect of the men who are to execute them, and the way to have that integrity and courage and self-respect at command when we need it is to honor and reward those who show it. A portion of the Massachusetts press and some of its politicians have, however, ever since the war steadily decried and derided all show of independence and uprightness in public men, and patted on the back, honored, and rewarded any charlatan or jobber who threw his cap in the air for the "main question," and gloried in his want of conscience, and his servile submission of his soul to any caucus who thought him worth using. Even the Springfield *Republican* permitted party bravoes to revile and ridicule men like Fessenden and Trumbull in its columns for professing to have "consciences" and scruples, and to feel bound by "oaths" (as if it was not consciences and scruples and oaths that held society together), and to glorify Butler for his proposal to cheat the Government creditors in the interest of "the poor man." But we must not be deceived; the laws of the moral world cannot be suspended either for the Fifteenth Amendment or any other great measure. *They* work, no matter what happens, and retribution reaches those who disregard them, and often through even such vile instruments as an Eldridge or a Drew. Dr. Freeman Clarke, a leading Boston minister, has, we see, been roused by the subject into making some trenchant remarks in the pulpit on the morals of the politicians; but if he wants to go to the root of the evil he must go farther back than the Hartford and Erie swindle. He must touch on the deliberate elevation to the highest place of the base, jobbing, unscrupulous element in politics which the State has been witnessing for some years back.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF ILLINOIS.

OBSERVERS at a distance will look at the new constitution of Illinois to discover, if they can, any evidences of a change in the public mind regarding the principles of social science and their application to the fundamental law of the community. Among the evils which afflict American States, special legislation is perhaps the most grievous, because the most widespread. Illinois has evidently had her share of it, for we find that the new constitution prohibits it altogether in twenty-two enumerated cases, including the granting or amending of charters of cities and towns, the granting or amending of charters of private corporations of any description, the granting of rights to lay railroad tracks to be operated by steam or horse-power, the creating of fees for public officers, locating or vacating of streets or roads, establishing ferries or toll-bridges, etc. All rights and privileges of this kind are hereafter to be conferred by general laws, of uniform operation, but no law can be passed making an irrevocable grant of special privileges or immunities. The other enumerated cases in which special legislation is prohibited are chiefly of a local character, but not the less important, since the time of a legislature is often frittered away on bills authorizing school districts to borrow money, locating or changing

county-seats, regulating the jurisdiction of courts, changing the names of persons and places, and tinkering the minor details of county and township affairs—rendering it necessary to pass bills in the "omnibus" fashion, so that any expert in legislation can usually get any bill passed without letting his colleagues, and much less the public, know what it contains. The private laws of the last session of the Illinois Legislature fill five large volumes, and it is safe to say that nobody but the transcribing clerks and the proof-readers know what is in them. There is to be an end of all this folly and knavery. Whether the prohibition of special legislation will utterly extinguish the "third house," as the lobby is denominated in Illinois, it is perhaps too early to determine; but, with the disappearance of special charters for public and private corporations, the subsistence department of the lobby will be reduced to what they can steal from the State treasury.

And here we find very limited picking, for the State is prohibited from contracting any debt beyond $250,000 (except in cases of war or insurrection), and from lending its credit to any person or corporation, or making appropriations to any railroad or canal, and from discharging or releasing any indebtedness due to itself. Counties, cities, and towns are prohibited from contracting debts (including present indebtedness) exceeding five per cent. of the assessed value of their property; and a clause is submitted to a separate vote of the people, prohibiting counties, cities, and towns from lending their credit to private corporations, or taking stock in the same, or making donations thereto. This was one of the vexed questions of the Convention. Illinois has a railroad mania at the present time, and many of her local communities are voting themselves into debt with an alacrity truly astonishing. Railroad companies, without capital or credit, are obtaining subscriptions of "bonds" from towns, in some cases up to the full assessed value of the real and personal property of the communities, the assessed value being about one-third of the actual value; and this in face of the fact that a large number of towns and counties in the neighboring State of Iowa, which had a similar experience some sixteen years ago, are now in the hands of the United States Marshal, who holds executions against them for unpaid interest to an amount greater than the original debts. The principle upon which these municipal subscriptions are voted was ably discussed in the Illinois Convention. It was contended, on the one hand, that no majority, however large, can lawfully place a mortgage on the property of a dissenting taxpayer for any other than a corporate purpose; and, on the other, in a republican government, a majority can do anything. A compromise was effected by submitting the question to a separate vote, the result of which will be looked for with interest second only to that upon the constitution itself. It is impossible to reprobate too severely the theory that A and B, who perhaps have no property, can vote the farm of C as a donation to D, on the pretence that D is about to do something for the common benefit of A, B, and C. When republican government takes this shape, we may well ask what it remains for despotism to do.

The Convention adopted the self-districting system of Ohio for apportioning members of the Legislature, thus dispensing with the process technically known as "gerrymandering," or the arrangement of districts to give an undue proportion of members to the political party which happens to be in power immediately after each new census is taken. According to the Ohio system, the county is taken as the unit of political division, except in counties having more than 200,000 inhabitants, there being only one such county in Illinois. It is unnecessary, for the purposes of this article, to examine the details of the system. It is sufficient that the apportionment of legislative districts is established on a mathematical and not a partisan basis, and that it is beyond the reach of politicians, whatever may happen. Nothing but changes of population or changes of ideas can effect a change in the complexion of the Legislature. This is a very notable reform, but not so notable as the proposed adoption of the principle of minority representation, which is submitted to the people for a separate vote, in the following form:

"The House of Representatives shall consist of three times the number of the members of the Senate, and the term of office shall be two years. Three Representatives shall be elected in each senatorial district at the general election in the year A.D. 1872, and every two years thereafter. In all elections of Representatives aforesaid, each qualified voter may cast as many votes for one candidate as there are Representatives to be elected, or may distribute the same, or equal parts thereof, among the candidates, as he shall see fit; and the candidates highest in votes shall be declared elected."

If this separate clause is ratified, it takes the place of the plan of apportionment in the body of the constitution. This plan for minority representation is commonly called the "cumulative system." Under it, each voter may cast one vote for each of three candidates, or three votes for one candidate, or one and one-half for each of two candidates. A special election is to be held in Cook County (Chicago), on the 2d of July, for three judges, in which the principle of the "limited vote" is to be tested, each elector being entitled to vote for only two candidates. Whether the minority representation clause will be ratified by the people is a question involved in considerable doubt. It has to encounter not only the prejudice which assails every reform, but the ignorance which rejects everything not easily understood, and the selfishness which prompts the majority party in the particular locality where it is dominant to reject anything which looks to giving the opposite faction any chance to get its head above water.

In the treatment of corporations, the constitution proposes some radical and novel changes. It cannot be alleged that the Convention was controlled by railroad companies, for it has assumed not only to confer upon the Legislature the right to establish maximum rates of freight and passenger fare, but to make it an imperative duty to do so. The courts will probably hold that, if the Legislature does not already possess the power to establish such rates of freight and fare on existing railroads, the new constitution cannot confer it. If a railway charter heretofore granted is a contract, no law can be passed impairing its obligation. Indeed, the bill of rights in the instrument under discussion prohibits the passage of such laws, and, if it did not, the United States Constitution certainly does. This objection, however, does not apply as regards railways hereafter constructed, and it remains to be seen whether the new provision will facilitate the construction of new roads. Overissues of stock are prohibited, and all stock dividends, or other fictitious increase of capital stock or indebtedness, declared null and void. It is provided, also, that no stock shall be issued for cash actually paid, except after sixty days' public notice. These provisions are of great importance, not only to the *bona-fide* stockholder, but to the morals of the community, and are undoubtedly within the scope of the powers of the constitution. It is provided, further, that in all elections of directors or managers of corporations, each stockholder may vote as many shares as he holds for as many directors as are to be elected, or may multiply the number of his shares by the number of directors, and cast them all for one person, or may distribute them as he chooses. This is extending the principle of minority representation to private corporations, and must be regarded as a healthy reform, whether it is legally applicable to existing corporations or not. It is provided, also, that a majority of the directors of all railroad corporations created by the laws of Illinois shall be residents and citizens of that State. The common-law principle on this point is that a corporation can have its domicile only in the State where its charter is obtained, but that it may act by its agents in any other State or country whose laws enable it to do so. It is assumed that the directors of a corporation are its agents, and that they may act in Wall Street or Lombard Street, if authorized so to do by the stockholders. If these principles and assumed principles were the law at the time the charters of the existing railways of Illinois were granted, the provision in question will probably be inoperative upon such corporations. There are undoubtedly many advantages in having railway directors on the ground, in contact with the people whom they serve or govern, as the case may be; but it is also true that non-residents are more likely to send their capital to Illinois, if they are allowed to control it afterward, than if they are compelled to entrust it wholly to the management of strangers.

We see no evidence of any effort at reform in the manner of selecting judges. Perhaps the evils of an elective judiciary have not pressed so heavily upon the people of that State as upon some other communities that we might name. Perhaps there were influential members of the Convention aspiring to the bench through the avenue of universal suffrage. Perhaps others were bashful about admitting that

there is anything that universal suffrage cannot do better than it can be done in any other way. Whatever the reasons, it is quite certain that no reform has been effected in this behalf. We hope that the people of Illinois may find no cause to regret that they did not adopt the system under which the Federal judiciary have always been selected, but we fear that not many years will elapse before they will be troubled with decisions prepared in party caucuses or political "rings" before they are announced from the bench.

Among the lesser but by no means inconsiderable reforms, we find that all public officers, both of the State and the several counties, are to be paid fixed salaries, and that all fees and perquisites are to be returned, under oath, to the public treasury, and that the compensation of no officer shall be increased or diminished during his term of office.

The vote upon the new constitution and the separate clauses is to take place on the first Saturday in July, and there is not much doubt that the main instrument will be ratified by the people. It is certainly a vast improvement upon the existing Constitution of Illinois, and it embraces many features that might be copied with advantage by older States.

SOCIETY AND MARRIAGE.

Mr. Henry James, who is both a vigorous thinker and writer, and has made the philosophy of marriage, one might almost say, a special study, has an article in the last *Atlantic* which is, we fear, not unlikely to assist in spreading what we cannot help considering, in view of what we see and hear every day, a most mischievous delusion, with regard to the place occupied by matrimony in civil society. His text, as might be expected, is the McFarland case, and he makes a statement of the view which society takes of the marriage relation which is well enough *as far as it goes*. Society, he declares, says to the married couple:

"I did not enjoin marriage upon you. I found you disposed to marriage of your own accord, and what I did was skilfully to provide for my own subsistence and perpetuity, by availing myself of that free and generous impulse on your part, and promising you my countenance and protection in carrying it out. In short, I had no devout, but a purely selfish, end in ratifying your marriage, and have no real solicitude as to whether the marriage itself bring you happiness or misery. Thus you have my consent to be to each other, in all moral and spiritual regards, precisely what you will, so long as you unflinchingly promote my economic purposes, in rearing and educating the family upon which my evolution is contingent. Do this faithfully, and although you should be inwardly or spiritually as disaffected to each other as the poles, I will firmly close my eyes to every outward or moral sign of the inward fact which you yourselves do not actually force upon my attention. Fail to do it, and although I myself all the while have no spiritual, but only a mercenary regard for marriage, I will not fail to stigmatize either party, on the complaint of the other, as an infamous person, for infidelity to it. I know absolutely nothing of marriage in itself, or for its own sake, that is, as a law of human nature. I only know and esteem it for the admirable uses it promotes to me. And you have my cordial permission consequently, so long as you do nothing to estrange it in your own case from these objective ends, to be as untrue to it subjectively, or in spirit, as you please."

The natural result of this view is, according to Mr. James, that "marriage is degraded to the mud of the streets," and that "civilization is a hot-bed of every corruption possible to men's perverted instincts;" that "marriage has become the privilege of every filthy vagabond to whom culture is unknown, and who finds in it only an unlimited justification of his natural egotism;" and that "the scamp, the ruffian, and simple lout," being told by society that "his wife is his personal property," "his chattel," "his thing," it is no wonder if, when he finds her unfaithful to him, "he takes her life, or that of her lover, imagined or real." Mr. James's remedy for this state of things is "the allowing an absolute or independent sanctity to marriage by ceasing to enforce it any longer in any merely civic interest, or any interest below the outraged dignity of human nature itself." If we understand this correctly, what he wants is, that society should treat marriage as simply a means of personal culture or happiness, like religion, or friendship, or music, and leave everybody to seek it in his own way, and take as much or little of it as he found his spiritual needs demanded. If we are not mistaken, we have heard this doctrine preached a good deal of late on the Woman's Rights platform; it has been freely applied to the McFarland case, and is being scattered broadcast over the country by an increasing body of peripatetic philosophers of both sexes. We should be sorry to see a writer of Mr. James's force coming to their support at such a crisis, in a periodical of such high standing as the *Atlantic*, if it did not afford us a respectable reason for saying what we believe is in the mind of nine out of every ten intelligent men and women in the country, but the expression of which has been hitherto prevented by the very indelicacy, or rather delicacy, of the subject. As we said, however, some time ago, the events of every day show that those who see the good there is in the existing order of things must, if they mean to save it, and save society from a period of great disorder—the laws of nature are, of course, sure to triumph in the long run—cease to be mealy-mouthed, and indulge in as much plain speaking as the case may require.

The way in which most of the new and peculiar views now current about marriage and divorce have been reached and are defended is partly by ignoring the existence of such a thing as sexual passion, or treating it simply as "lust"—that is, a depraved appetite, only found amongst vile men, and not worthy of recognition in making social arrangements, any more than love of alcoholic drinks or of cock-fighting; and partly by ignoring the production of children, either as the proper object or as an ordinary result of marriage. These two elements in the matrimonal problem got rid of, the settlement of the questions what the law of marriage ought to be, and what the views of society about the sexual relation ought to be, becomes easy enough. All the attempts made by law and public opinion to strengthen the marriage contract and to prevent extra-legal connections, or to bind husbands and wives together by a feeling of "duty," become then tyranny. Marriage being simply the agreement of two friends of opposite sexes to live together and share expenses, from a feeling of sentimental attachment, and with a view to the improvement of each other's character, the efforts of society to make the relation perpetual are, of course, as outrageous as would be a similar effort to make the friendship of two men or two women perpetual. Two friends of the same sex separate when one "outgrows" the other; or when one of them ceases to derive comfort or edification from the other's society, or sees another friend to whom he or she feels more strongly drawn; and why not two friends of opposite sexes? That the rule should be the same in both cases—that is, that the continuance of the married relation should be left to the discretion of the parties—is indeed the doctrine now openly preached by the advocates of "easy divorce." It crops out, in one form or other, in most of the discourses on matrimony which pour from the "reformatory" press.

Now, what is the view that civil society takes of marriage, and has taken ever since the institution was founded? What is the view which it *must* take, not simply to secure its own existence—which is, after all, no paltry end—but to save the race from moral ruin? The sexual passion—the animal, brute passion, through which God, apparently in ignorance of the laws of "moral progress," has provided for the perpetuation of the human species—is the most untamable of all the passions, and is an inseparable concomitant of physical health, and, though susceptible of control by moral means, is not capable of extinction or repression; there is not a particle of reason for supposing that it is any weaker now than it was six thousand years ago, though it seeks gratification in different ways. The experience of the race shows it to exert a more powerful influence on the moral and material welfare of human beings than any other agency whatever. Its regulation—that is, the limitation of the field over which men or women should be permitted to indulge in it—was therefore the very first step in civilization—the first thing which had to be done to raise man above the beast. The foundation of the family was the first attempt to regulate it. *The first object of marriage still is to regulate it.* It is a matter of individual as well as national experience, that there is probably nothing which does more to brutalize and deprave, to foster selfish and materialistic views of life, than a multiplicity of sexual connections on the part of the same person, and one of the most marked tendencies of the sexual passion is towards satiety and change of object. Moreover, though it makes *some* difference, it does not make a very great difference in the effect on individual or national character whether this love of change be gratified under cover of a discretionary divorce law, or in

open defiance of law and of public opinion. The paltry repetition before a minister or justice of the peace of vows already broken, and which are not meant to be anything but the expression of momentary feeling, can in no degree sanctify or purify either the rovings of a wayward fancy or the promptings of simple lust. That mysterious law of our nature which makes sexual constancy not only one of the signs but one of the conditions of our elevation above the brute works in complete independence of divorce legislation, and no law or custom can save the wife of many living husbands, or the husband of many living wives, any more than the mistress of many lovers, or the lover of many mistresses, from the mark of the beast. We leave it to theologians and moralists to say whether chastity be a virtue in itself, or only a conventional virtue. It is enough for us to know, as a matter of experience, that Burns was a sound sociologist, as well as a good poet, when he said of libertinage that

> "It hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feelin's"—

and that the hymns to Constancy which lovers are always singing, are not the mere outpourings of a sickly sentiment, but embody an unconscious recognition of the source from which all that is noblest and purest in the sexual relation flows.

The second reason of society in making the marriage contract permanent is that the birth of children is, whether the object of marriage or not, one of its ordinary results. Society, therefore, says to couples about to marry: "There is every reason to suppose that children will be the result of your union. The young of the human species are helpless and dependent on their parents for support for about fifteen years; they are dependent on them for education and counsel for at least twenty. I have no objection to your getting married and having children; in fact, I approve of it, and will do all I can to make your lot and theirs comfortable. But then I must insist on your agreeing to live together, barring crime or brutality on one side or other, for the term of your natural lives, because, unless you support your children while they are young and helpless, I, who have plenty of children to take care of, will have to do it, which would be foul injustice; unless you give them moral training they will probably have none at all, and I shall, when they grow up, have to put them in jail or hang them for robbing and murdering their neighbors. Moreover, as the wife during the child-bearing period will be helpless, and as after it is past she will be worn out, I must insist on the husband's living with her and providing for her during her whole life, although he may see a good many other women he would like better, and she a good many men who are in many respects his superior.

"With regard to the observations you have just heard from my esteemed member, Mr. Henry James, let me deny that I confer marriage on the 'scamp or ruffian or simple lout' as a 'privilege.' I simply take him as I find him—an animal, with certain propensities which he is sure to gratify somehow, and most probably will gratify like a brute if I let him; I endeavor to make him gratify them like a human being, by encouraging him to enter into a contract of mutual fidelity and support and forbearance with one woman, if he is lucky enough to find one who will be satisfied with him. Having got him bound, I endeavor to keep him bound by every means in my power—law, custom, and public opinion—and I too often find that they are all far too weak. Doubtless, too, in my efforts to keep down within him the animal love of change and attach him to his home, I excite in his mind extravagant notions of his authority and of the strength of the tie which unites his wife to him, and I confess that from this *some* women do suffer a good deal; but I am sure the whole female sex profits by it. Ask our good friend Mr. C. L. Brace, or anybody else who has to labor much among the poor, and especially the children of the poor, whether he does not find that the tendency amongst men to cut all connection with their families, and let wife and children go to the devil, is not far stronger and far more mischievous than the tendency to rule them with the patriarchal rod of iron. When, too, people tell you that it is I only who am responsible for McFarland's or any other rascal's killing his wife's lover by my proclamation of the doctrine that a man has 'a personal property' in his wife, do not pay any attention to it. It is one of the comical conclusions that our Woman's Rights friends have reached by pretending to believe that people only marry for the sake of spiritual communion. No doubt, there is still too much of the patriarchal view of the marriage relation still existing among men; but husbands, you must remember, are male animals as well as citizens, and are capable of feeling, and do feel, the passion of sexual jealousy just as stags and tigers feel it; and when they find an attempt made by another male to share the object of their passion, and are but slenderly influenced by moral and religious considerations, do shoot and stab just as the stag gores and the tiger rends. Trying to make my marriage laws wholly responsible for it is therefore reprehensible, because it confuses or perverts a great many feeble minds.

"That marriages are not perfect; that in a vast number of cases the woman marries the wrong man, and *vice versa*, I admit, my dear friends, with sorrow. But they make the choice themselves, and I have as yet hit no substitute for their freedom. Nor do I see any likelihood that, if I let them divorce as often as they pleased, matters would be any better, for they would be just as likely to err in the second alliance as in the first. My opinion is that all marriages will be those holy, happy unions which it is now proposed to make them by act of the legislature, when all men are wise, just, honest, intelligent, virtuous, and self-controlled, and all women sweet, pure, loving, bright, patient, energetic, healthy, and industrious, and not one minute sooner. In other words, the marriage problem is but part of the greater problem of life. We approach nearer its solution as we rise nearer to God in all our walks and ways, but be right well assured there is no short cut to happiness either in that or any other human relation. In the wedlock into which you have now entered, and in which I tell you frankly I shall do everything I can to keep you firmly bound, the purest happiness the race has known has been tasted, and the noblest men and women the world has seen have been born and bred; in defence of homes such as yours millions have died joyously; and if you suppose the sages of the stump and the lecture-hall are going to supply you with anything better, you are egregiously mistaken. Whether marriage shall prove to you a means of spiritual growth, or a source of pure bliss, or a den of wild beasts, is something which I am as little competent to determine as to determine the effect on your character of any of the other circumstances of your life, your birth or parentage, your education, or your health. To attempt, on my part, to provide for your happiness in it would be an invasion of your moral freedom, which God forbid that I, with history open before me, should ever attempt."

FRANCE.

PARIS, May 6, 1870.

IN two or three days we shall know what the Plébiscite has achieved, and we shall see somewhat clearer into the future that it prepares for us. Meanwhile, there is, in reality, but one opinion upon its danger, and upon the absurdity of having had recourse to it. When I say this, I mean that, out of a little knot of, perhaps, fifty men who surround the Emperor (or rather the Empress) there is not, even in the Bonapartist faction, any one who affects to believe in the Plébiscite. All condemn it alike, from different points of view: the Liberals call it a jugglery; the Extreme Right looks upon it as "revolutionary;" the Extreme Left, as a return to a *coup d'état;* and the mass of Imperialists, as utterly and entirely useless.

Perhaps the worst of all the many bad features of the Plébiscite is that it has so irretrievably ruined the reputations of the ministers who have allowed themselves to drift into it. To lose at once the last two or three men to whom France thought she might look for administrative guidance, to see them all at once appear as unworthy and incapable, is a terrible blow, for we have no "change" of ministers ready here. The men of the Rouher and Lavalette school are used up, personally odious, and are, in fact, represented by M. Rouher alone; for on an emergency M. de Forcade would only be a subaltern, acting under M. Rouher's dictation. With the real "Liberals," the rupture is now complete, and any return to their policy or to them seems next to impossible, except in a case of "too late" where all such returns are abortive. To be just, too, this party contributed only two individuals to the governing task, M. Daru and M. Buffet, both unattackably honest, but the latter, as a financier, incapable. If you

revert to the numerically large class of moderate Liberals who were disposed to try what the present dynasty could do for them if controlled by constitutional institutions, you find that, in reality, their hopes centred in Ollivier. On him they pinned their faith, and on him they relied for obtaining for them not only political liberty, but a large and generous measure of social reforms generally. Not only has Ollivier failed utterly to achieve any part of what seemed his political task, but the mode of his failure has been a disastrous one. He has been drawn into defeat by weakness and vanity, and by the absence of all the higher qualities by which he was supposed to be calculated to be a constitutional minister.

This is a great and serious misfortune. Like most Continental Europeans, the French have a certain instinctive tendency to believe that ability and honesty do not go together; and this remnant of the prejudices of past times, and of the narrowness of education in Europe, is one of the chief obstacles to real progress, particularly to moral and social progress. When Ollivier first rose to power, it was triumphantly asserted by his friends and by himself that his administration would prove how grand a political force was elevation of character, and the pure, simple devotion to the right. The most sceptical were silenced, and the most hostile agreed to wait and suspend their judgment. They did not wait long. The ministers failed in strength of purpose a week after they took office. They were victorious in small things; they obtained the downfall of Haussmann and the privilege of holding ministerial councils out of the Tuileries and unpresided over by the Emperor; they signified to the latter that he was not to correspond with foreign ambassadors; and they then followed the example of Lord John Russell's "Highlander," in the famous Blairgowrie speech—they sat down to "rest and be thankful!" Rochefort's appearance terrified them, and instead of rising to the real height of their position, and disdaining the noisy clamors of the street (backed as they might have felt themselves by the influential Liberal party), they sank under their own fears, and began to commit a long series of mistakes which have at last culminated in the Plébiscite. All these mistakes, too, were committed on the wrong side—on the side namely, of resistance (I will not yet say reaction) instead of progress. The one plain, simple step to have taken obviously and at once—the bringing in of a bill for electoral reform—was left untaken, and was to all appearance an object of terror on the part of the ministers. From this moment the Emperor saw his advantage, and reseized all he had lost. The electoral reform need not have made the dissolution of the Chamber an absolute necessity this year, and that was the only pretext adduced for delay. The fact of at once directing all their energies towards the subject of electoral reform was what was required of the new ministers, and their weakness here proved their original sin. After the prosecutions against Rochefort and against the various Radical papers came the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, and the verdict, which was received with universal indignation and laid to the charge of the ministers. Then came suddenly the Emperor's letter to Émile Ollivier touching the modification of the constitution in a Liberal sense. For a moment, it was supposed that faults enough had been committed, and that, at last, political freedom and genuine representative institutions had a chance. It was said that Ollivier had succeeded in convincing Napoleon III. that his son's advent to the throne of France depended on the frank and free return to parliamentary government. Once more there was a glimpse of light and hope, but it did not endure beyond a week. The news of the Plébiscite destroyed everything, and all hope of any genuine or permanent good connected with the Ollivier ministry was scattered to the winds, never more to reappear.

The sole question now which fills men's minds is: What will be the shape assumed by reaction when the votes on the Plébiscite are registered? for reaction is probably inevitable. Shall we pass from Messrs. Ollivier, Ségris, Richard Noir, to Messrs. Rouher, Lavalette, Forcade, Fleury, or to a more mitigated form under Ollivier, Rouher, La Guerronière? or Ollivier, Persigny, and Émile de Girardin? or shall we be blessed with a pure Persigny cabinet, or a pure Palais-Royal one? These are the problems that occupy the public just now, and what the Empire has lost by all this its worst enemies alone realize thoroughly.

For some time after the formation of the Ollivier ministry (from the 2d of January till M. Daru's speech on the 24th of February) the chances of the Orleans princes were looked upon as extinct. They themselves said to their best adherents: "Our part is played; all we could offer is given by Louis Napoleon, and a really liberal Empire can undoubtedly be as useful to France as would have been a liberal monarchy." Nothing could be franker than the admissions made on this head by the princes, and no one more convinced than their partisans of the utter destruction of all the hopes of the Bourbon family of no matter what branch. The Plébiscite has altered all this, and a rumor that is afloat for the last few days adds gravity to the sudden revival of Royalist aspirations. The Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres are said to have gone to Frohsdorf to visit their cousin, the Comte de Chambord, on the occasion of the death of his mother, the Duchesse de Berry. Some persons affirm that the real object of the visit is the abdication in due form by Henri V. of the sovereignty of France in favor of the Comte de Paris, in which case the once so famous "fusion" would exist whole and entire, and the Legitimist party in France cease all antagonism to the Orleanist one. The effect would be a far deeper one than any foreigner would comprehend. It would (since the recent mistrust of Napoleon) rally to it nearly all the thinking or possessing classes, and what the ultimate result would be no one can predict.*

The one thing achieved by the present ministry, and achieved so that nothing more will disturb it, is the sudden bringing together of all classes and all opinions of society. This, which did not enter into its political programme, has been, in fact, the only achievement of the Ollivier cabinet, and this will endure. With M. Daru came back to open public life all the heads of Orleanist houses; with M. de Talhouët came nearly all the people of Legitimist convictions. During three months, "every one" met every one, and every one went everywhere, and whatever happens now this habit is taken and will not be laid aside. Parties will fight all the same, nay, more vigorously than ever; but they will meet to fight, they will wrestle in the same arena, they will no longer shun each other's contact. This will probably turn against the Empire, but the good it will do to France is incalculable. Up till January last the large majority of the respectable, dignified, intellectual classes in this country stood aloof, and, socially speaking, when you spoke of the "official world" you meant more or less all those who belonged to no other. Such names as those of Broglie, Guizot, Luynes, Rémusat, Thiers, Duchâtel, Noailles, and all who were possessed of any public renown under the governments existing between 1815 and 1848, had retired under their tents; with them, in the provinces for instance, retired also all the so-called "honest," all the socially "responsible." This was one of the causes of the easy dictatorship of "personal power." No one would enter the lists with its followers, no one would touch it. Now all the social and all the political forces of France have come forward, and you meet them at every turn. MM. Daru and Talhouët have mainly brought about this situation, but it is an enduring one. They may both secede (probably M. de Talhouët will), but the forces that have been lured forward by their names will remain in the field and do battle lustily for freedom and national dignity.

Correspondence.

THE MURDEROUS ASSAULT ON MR. SPAULDING.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir:—I do not know any reason, except a love of fair play, why I should take up the glove for the Hon. E. G. Spaulding. I never saw that gentleman, and my slight acquaintance with his writings gives no reason to suppose that, as the French say, he invented gunpowder. He is certainly no match in single combat for Mr. Henry Brooks Adams, but there is reason for believing that he suffers as much from the want of edge of his own weapons as from the quality of his opponent's armor. In his article in the *North American Review*, Mr. Adams assumes two points, which, as forming the basis of his denunciations, it would have been well to have proved, first, that the Legal Tender Act was not a necessity; and, second, that the depreciation of currency to the extent which has produced such evil results was a necessary consequence of that act. As to the first, I hold it to be incontrovertible that the money of a country must always be a legal tender. Gold and silver coins are always made so by the governments which issue them, and, if paper is not made so, it can only serve as money by being kept constantly convertible into specie. The Bank of England note was a legal tender from the suspension in 1797 till the resumption in 1821, and, indeed, is so now everywhere through the kingdom, except at the issue department of the bank. Now, it is possible that our paper money might have been kept convertible during the war. But this proposition is so totally unsusceptible of proof that it will by no means answer to assume it; and, failing that, there was no alternative but to make the money a legal tender. The controlling the quantity of this paper, by selling bonds at a discount instead of at par, is a wholly different

* This story has since been contradicted.—Ed. Nation.

question, and it by no means follows, as Mr. Adams seems to imply, that bank paper could have been kept convertible more easily or surely than direct Government issues. Mr. Adams has professed a high respect for the integrity, if not the intellect, of Attorney-General Hoar. He will find a good exercise for his talents in the argument of that gentleman for the reopening of the recent decision of the Supreme Court.

As to the second point, I believe it is clearly proved that the convertibility of paper money, and its depreciation when inconvertible, depend upon its quantity, and not upon its being legal tender. The evidence upon this point, from English experience, not so much during the suspension as during the last thirty years, is conclusive, and cannot be too much commended to the study of our financiers. Seen from this point of view, the chief offender in our mistakes of currency is the late Secretary of the Treasury, now Chief-Justice Chase. It was he who insisted upon the issue of a flood of inconvertible paper, rather than sell bonds below par; who stopped the sale of six per cent. bonds in the full tide of success, in the hope of floating a five per cent. loan; and who, when Congress refused to exceed the amount of four hundred millions, endeavored to carry out his purpose by means of the National Bank notes.

In seeking to turn the tide of wrath to which Mr. Adams has given expression, my object is to aid in holding public attention to the true issue, which is that specie payments can be reached, and only reached, by contraction or the reduction of the amount of our paper money afloat; and that, as the Legal Tender Act was not in itself the cause of our troubles, so its repeal, in the present state of our currency, would be productive of almost inconceivable disaster. G. B.

Boston, May 16, 1870.

[We are not sure that we understand G. B.'s doctrines about legal tenders. The mass of money in use in this country before the war was not a legal tender. Most of the business of the whole commercial world is done with a circulating medium which anybody may refuse if he pleases. We affirm, moreover, that nobody has ever profited by having irredeemable paper made a legal tender, except existing debtors, and that it was only in so far as it enabled these to cheat their creditors that the legal tender quality saved the greenbacks from depreciation. This particular virtue, too, was of course speedily exhausted, and they went down rapidly to their natural value—that is, to the point to which they would have gone if they had never had it, and for the simple reason that the value of all paper money depends, as G. B. says, on the quantity of it in the market, and the popular estimate of the probability of its redemption; and no government can infuse any other elements than these into its value, except by making it, not simply a legal tender in payment of debts, but *a legal tender in the purchase of goods*, or, in other words, fixing the price of commodities. You may pass what acts you please about paper money, but you cannot prevent the bootmaker from expressing his sense of its value in the price he puts on his boots; and, as long as you let him do this, your notion that you can keep up its value by giving it a fine name is a pure but not altogether innocent hallucination. But then the burden of proving that it is necessary to make anything which has no intrinsic value a legal tender lies on those who propose it, and not on those who oppose it. On its face it is as dishonest as the adulteration of coin, so that Mr. Adams was justified in assuming that it was unnecessary, and in making Mr. Spaulding show cause for it at the point of the dagger. Governments in making gold and silver a legal tender simply recognize one of the usages of the civilized world. They add nothing, or next to nothing, to the value of the coin. If gold and silver had no intrinsic value, they could do no more for them than they can do for pebbles or paper. Bank of England notes retained their value during the British suspension as well as they did, not because they were a legal tender, but because people believed they would shortly be redeemed, or, in other words, because the credit of the Bank and of the Government continued good. If this Government had not made the greenbacks a legal tender, they would, like the bonds, have circulated at their market value as promissory notes; but inasmuch as making them a legal tender was tantamount to raising a forced loan, or was, in other words, a sign both of unscrupulousness and desperation, it is, we think, quite fair to assume that it did act injuriously on Government credit, and therefore lowered the value of its obligations—in other words, was inexpedient as well as unnecessary.—Ed. Nation.]

"THE SEXES IN COLLEGES."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I have lately chanced upon an article bearing the above title, in your paper of March 3, in which you incline to the opinion that "mixed colleges are not likely to be a success." Suffer me briefly to repeat your arguments, and to present the reflections which they suggest to me.

You say that a college undertakes the double responsibility of training the intellect and morals of its youth, and, while you admit that the coeducation of the sexes is of great benefit both to the male and female *mind*, you are not led by analogy or experience to hope as much for the *character*. Depicting the dangerous yet developing freedom of the student life, you apprehend that its liberty, which is so hazardous to our sons, may prove fatal to our daughters. I see no reason, however, why the college—like a true Alma Mater—should not legislate with special reference to the safety of its female students; nor do I believe that they would chafe under peculiar restrictions. The most artless girl knows as well as an experienced sage that a woman is not privileged, like a man, to go to the devil and come back again. Under the knowledge of this fact, and further inspired by her native timidity, she invokes, rather than eludes, that protection which her sex demands. But if, at home, in travel, and in visiting her friends, she quietly, nay proudly, submits to, and even appoints, regulations from which her brother is free, what miracle is it that will prompt her to sudden rebellion at school?

It appears, however, that, for *some* reason, the demand for education in mixed colleges has declined; and you "suspect that the real cause is that young ladies do not, after all, wish for the same education with young men." In this you are doubtless right. A new and striking idea might give temporary prosperity to the "college course" at Oberlin, and in similar schools, but it would not be long before their female patronage would decline to the steady level of general opinion. But, while I grant that much, I still insist that a public sentiment should be created which will give to women, as it has done to men, the opportunities and the stimulation to acquire a thorough mental training. If college education really confers great benefits, the mere fact that but few women at present desire it does not militate against the experiment of offering it to them. It is only in high-colored rhyme that the heathen

> "Call us to deliver
> Their land from error's chain."

Yet we invade their country with tracts and missionaries, in order to create a healthful sense of ignorance and need.

But is it really desirable that woman should receive the highest culture? You say that there are few girls who have the physical strength to endure the application it demands. The report (1867) of James H. Fairchild, of Oberlin, before a meeting of college presidents, at Springfield, Ill., throws some light upon this objection. He says of those Oberlin students who had completed the full college course: "Out of eighty-four young ladies who have graduated since 1841, seven have died, a proportion of one in twelve. Of three hundred and sixty-eight young men who have graduated since that date, thirty-four are dead, or a little more than one in eleven. Of these thirty-four young men, six fell in the war; and, leaving those out, the proportion of deaths still remains one to thirteen. Taking the whole number of gentlemen graduated, omitting the theological department, we find the proportion of deaths one to nine and a half; of ladies, one to twelve; and this in spite of the lower average expectation of life for women, as indicated in life-insurance tables." Again, he asserts of the young lady students: "Where there has been the same preparatory training, we find no difference in their ability to maintain themselves in the recitation-room."

But you further argue that, even if women could sustain the mental labor of the college course, "quite a different training is required to fit the members of the different sexes for their diverse work." This is unquestionably true; but the college, as you elsewhere state, does not aim to fit men for a special work, but to discipline them into manhood. Can women forego this discipline and attain the full measure of womanhood? The college course is not a special training for woman's domestic life, but neither is it for the business of men, and the same arguments commend or discredit it for both sexes.

I not only approve of the highest education for women, but I confide (especially in view of its moral advantages) in the ultimate success of the mixed college. Women need not only the broader and more thorough religious thought of man, but the refinement of manner and purity of feeling which are fostered by the admiration which these traits excite in the opposite sex; and men require not simply the refinement and purity, but

the moral *strength* of women. Not that young girls enjoy loftier aspirations or juster principles than ennoble the earlier years of young men, but their moral life is better guarded by the *fear* of temptation, the regular observance of duty, and the conservative piety which so honorably distinguish their sex. Men love truth, women love virtue: the one is the goodness of the head, the other is the goodness of the heart. Each is necessary, yet neither is sufficient; when united, however, they become august. But because men oftenest espouse a just and liberal philosophy, women connect it with their vices, and discard it as the parent of sin; while men, on the other hand, disdain to cultivate virtue and faith, because of the ignorance and bigotry with which women defend them. Coeducation can alone effect that felicitous moral interchange which will give to each sex somewhat of the other's peculiar merit. Thus, truth and virtue, the integrity of the mind and the integrity of the heart, will be oftener united in the same aspirant soul, and man, no longer a spiritual torso, will reveal the clear image of God. ELIZABETH WAKING.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS will soon publish Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Free Russia;" "The *Rob Roy* on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, etc.," being Mr. Macgregor's account of his latest canoe voyage in Palestine, Egypt, etc.; and "A Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language; in which its forms are illustrated by those of the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Old Saxon, Old Friesic, Old Norse, and Old High-German," by Francis A. March—a work which we may hope will stimulate the study of Anglo-Saxon.——Besides further of Thackeray's novels, in their illustrated library edition, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are preparing "Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil, by Louis Agassiz and his Travelling Companions; comprising the Geology and Physical Geography of the Atlantic Provinces of Brazil," by C. Fred. Hartt; "The Naturalist's Guide," by C. J. Maynard; Volume II. of Mr. Bryant's translation of the Iliad; and "The Seat of Empire," by Mr. C. C. Coffin ("Carleton").——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will publish a "Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology," by Rev. John Henry Blunt, D.D.; the "Life and Times of David Zeisberger," by Rev. E. De Scheinwitz; "Historical and Descriptive Narrative of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky," by W. S. Forwood, M.D.; and a reprint of that delightful work, "Flowers from the Upper Alps," by E. Walton and T. E. Benney.

— We are indebted to several correspondents for information as to the authorship of the song, "We meet 'neath the sounding rafter," of which we spoke last week. It may be found printed in Dr. John W. Palmer's "Folk-Songs," published in this city in 1861, and was written by one Captain Dowling, of the East India Company's Service. The small command to which he belonged was stationed at some detached post when the cholera overtook it and destroyed nearly every member, the Captain included, it is said, not long after he had composed his dismal verses. The refrain is not exactly as we quoted it. It should read, according to Palmer:

"A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!"

—or "*One* cup," as Dr. Doran prints it in his "Table Traits," Am. edition, pp. 267–8. "Carl Benson" has also tracked for us the old English ballad, "Shipps, shipps, I will descrie you;" one verse, at least, begins with this line, the title being "Halowe my Fancie." It may be found in the Percy Reprint, and also in "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature," Vol. I., page 393, of the American edition—seventeen stanzas long. Campbell, too, gives it, with some variations, in his "Specimens of the British Poets," as edited by Peter Cunningham (London: Murray, 1841, pp. 320–1). We annex the opening stanza as there printed:

"In melancholy Fancie
Out of myself,
In the Vulcan dancie,
All the world surveying,
Nowhere staying,
Just like a fairy elf;
Out o'er the top of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys, tripping,
Out o'er the ocean, seas, without an oar or shipping,
Holla, my Fancy, whither wilt thou go?"

We may as well state here, that the problem of Professor Schele de Vere and Blackwood, as recently stated by our correspondent "D——n," will probably be solved for most persons who consult page 762 of the June issue of the Baltimore *New Eclectic Magazine*, which offers parallel passages from the "Vision of Cagliostro" and the "Great Empress."

—From some source the *Independent* lately obtained and published information to the effect that in Ripon College, Wisconsin, the girls' rank is to that of the boys as 90 to 75, but that "in tardiness and absences the boys excel the girls in the ratio of three to two. The absences," it continued, "are mainly on account of ill health, and during the past two years a much larger number of boys have left school sick than girls." These statistics would have a certain value if correct, but the truth of them is disputed by the magazine published at Ripon, called *College Days*, which is edited, we may remark, in part by female students. On searching the records, it says, "we found classes in which the ladies excelled, and it would be strange if we had not. But, on the other hand, we also found classes in which the gentlemen excelled in much greater ratio than that given in the *Independent*," whose generalization is therefore pronounced unwarranted. The point of attendance is not met by *College Days*, and we regret that the editor did not devote himself to those "days of research" which he says would be necessary for an accurate statement. In the mixed Western colleges it is desirable to learn what is the average proportion of male and female students, and what the proportion of each to the male and female population of the State respectively. It might then appear that in an agricultural community with a surplus of men, we have conditions more favorable to the regular schooling and higher education of women than of men. Until this is shown, however, it will be best to refrain from speculating as to the capacity of the sexes upon the data of a single class or even of a single college. In another column a correspondent furnishes some pertinent statistics as to the comparative robustness of male and female students.

—A New-Englander who reads Mr. Freeman's papers in *Macmillan* on the "Origin of the English Nation" must conclude that the South had a logical reason for coupling in the same anathema the Yankee and the "Dutchman." In fact, the damnable qualities of either people are very much the same, and the one blood may account for it. This identity of race between the Puritans of England and the Hollanders is the burden of an address by Mr. James W. Beekman, which was delivered last December before the Saint Nicholas Society of this city, and only now is published in pamphlet form. Mr. Beekman, without the least offensiveness, claims for Holland some glories which other nations do not relinquish—such as the invention of printing—and is generally somewhat too ready to adopt historical theories by no means beyond question. With the same confidence with which he attaches the printing-press in the name of Holland and Laurence Koster, he names the date at which a certain Icelandic rover "entered Mount Hope Bay, and spent some time in what is now the State of Rhode Island," and also the year in which the first Christian church was established in the Western world, "dedicated to the patron saint of Holland, our good Saint Nicholas." The address may be read, nevertheless, with pleasure and profit, the intimate relation between England and Holland during the stormy growth of civil and religious liberty in the former country being too little remembered nowadays. We doubt if any one can trace accurately the effect on the English character and polity of Dutch immigrations in the twelfth and subsequent centuries. Possibly, the eastern counties of England have received a peculiar stamp from this infusion of Dutch blood, and yet it may be only very remotely that we owe Bunyan, Hampden, Cromwell, Fairfax, Ireton, Russell, Vane, and Sidney to Holland, as Mr. Beekman pretends. As an asylum for exiled patriots, Holland was of course the mother of a numerous progeny, and we probably are indebted to her for Sidney not otherwise than for Locke. Mr. Beekman's opening remarks on the present state of the Netherlands will be news to most people, and are worth reading.

—Concerning that eminent citizen of Dutch origin, the late Gulian C. Verplanck, Mr. William C. Bryant delivered an entertaining discourse, on Tuesday evening of last week, before the New York Historical Society. Perhaps nothing serves to impress us so vividly with the change that has come over the face of this island in less than a century, as to read that Mr. Verplanck was born in Wall Street, on the site of the present Assay Office, when all to the north of it was country, and then to reflect that he lived to see population cover nearly all the available space between the two rivers, and spread across both, and to become the president of a Board of Emigration which passed at last over 250,000 immigrants in one year into the country. Mr. Bryant dwelt chiefly, and with discrimination, on the principal features in the political and professional career of his subject, who was an independent sort of Democrat, not hating the Bank of the United States, and not disposed to pretend to do so in order to gain office. When he heard that Van Buren's nomination as minister to England was rejected, he declared that would make him President of the United States.

If Mr. Verplanck was a Dutchman on his father's side, he was one of Mr. Beekman's Dutchmen on his mother's; that is, his maternal grandfather's great great grandfather came from Yorkshire. This grandfather was William Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, Connecticut, a notable figure in the Revolution, member of the convention that framed the Constitution, and senator in Congress (1789–91); a lawyer of distinction, judge of the Connecticut Supreme Court, and president of Columbia College (1792–1800), as his father, the famous Rev. Samuel Johnson, had been before him (1754–63). On both sides the mantle of the law descended naturally to Mr. Verplanck, his father having been a judge, and also a member of Congress; and he thus doubly deserves to be placed among Mr. Galton's examples of hereditary genius.

—The spread of public libraries is a subject to which we shall offer no apologies for returning often. This time it is Newport which is fortunate in receiving from an eminent citizen, Mr. Christopher Townsend, a "People's Library" that must prove an additional attraction to this favorite watering-place. Mr. Townsend insisted upon but two things, that the library should not be named after him, or in any way be turned into a memorial of him, and that he should have the selection of the 7,000 volumes with which he endowed it. It may be guessed that he paid less attention to light literature than to works of solid information. With his collection has been joined that of the Free Library already started, making in all 10,000 volumes. Newport has, besides, a Mechanics' Library, and the Redwood, of long date, which the British plundered wofully during their occupation of the city. Their conduct in this respect was remarkably in contrast with that of the army which held Philadelphia, whose officers scrupulously used and respected the libraries there. In Philadelphia, we may note, the Apprentices' Library celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this year by raising a permanent fund and extending its advantages to those beyond boyhood and girlhood. It contains only 10,000 volumes; but it has helped, during the half-century, to enlighten some fifty thousand persons, many of whom, since become rich, are now feeling in their pockets for the proper acknowledgment of services rendered.

—Among the latest English publications and announcements are the following: Of books of travel and geography, the Rev. Henry Seddall's "Malta, Past and Present," which goes back to the days of the Phœnicians; a second and revised edition of J. L. Porter's "Five Years in Damascus;" "Wild Life among the Koords," by Major Millingen; "Eastern Pilgrims," by Agnes Smith, narrating the travels of three ladies; "A Ramble into Brittany," by the Rev. George Musgrave, with illustrations. Also, two which concern our new connection with the Pacific: "Victoria the British Eldorado; or, Melbourne in 1869," showing the advantages of that colony as a field for emigration—by a colonist of twenty years' standing; and "Westward by Rail: the New Route to the East," by W. F. Rae, which is a reprint of that gentleman's letters to the London *Daily News*, during his recent visit to this country, with additions. History is represented by the concluding volumes of Mr. John Hill Burton's "History of Scotland, from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688;" and "The First Lord Malmesbury: his Family and Friends," consisting of a series of letters from 1745 to 1820, edited by the present Earl of Malmesbury. This correspondence covers as pregnant a period as any in modern times, and we are promised "details from the last field of the Pretender to the last of the Duke of Wellington, contemporary fashions, the social history both of France and England during the Great War, the occupation of Paris by the Allies," etc., etc. In theology we are to have a translation of Baron Hübner's "Memoir of Pope Sixtus the Fifth;" "The See of Rome in the Middle Ages," by the Rev. Oswald J. Reichel; and "Ignatius Loyola and the Early Jesuits," by Stewart Rose—works that may all in a certain sense be called timely.

—Not least curious among the other announcements are these, of books which are "nearly ready" and "in the press": "The Civil Service Orthography: a Handy Book of English Spelling, with ample Rules and carefully arranged Exercises; adapted for the use of Schools, and candidates for the Civil and other Services;" and "The Civil Service English History, illustrated with maps, etc." These text-books are a continuation of a series which appears to have been happily begun by "The Civil Service Geography" and "The Civil Service Book-keeping," as each of them has passed into a second edition. They were arranged, it is stated in the title, expressly for examination candidates, by officers of H. M. Civil Service, and that they are appreciated by the class for whom they were intended we cannot doubt. While it is perhaps unlikely that the establishment of the competitive system of appointment in this country will beget similar aids for aspirants to office, owing to the diffusiveness of our public instruction, we need not flatter ourselves that we shall escape the evil of cramming. Of all the modes of concealing ignorance that is one of the most subtle, and the practice of it is one of the chief grounds of distrusting the rank-lists of schools and colleges. So far, nevertheless, from its furnishing valid objection to a civil service based on examinations, it seems to us to be less mischievous here than in almost any other direction. The false honors and degrees which cramming may win, in spite of all precautions, at a university, can never be revoked. But continuance in office and promotion are dependent on the daily application of all the knowledge and talent the incumbent possesses, and the moment his performance proves him a sham he may be discharged. Meantime, his more worthy competitor, whom he unjustly excluded, may apply a second or a third time to be examined, and is never without a chance of succeeding.

—The disestablishment of the Irish Church has naturally not discouraged the enemies of the Establishment across the channel. The next outpost that promises an easy victory is the Church in Wales; and it is hard to see why the arguments applicable in the one case are not sound in the other also. A writer in the *London Quarterly* for April undertakes the defence of the Church in Wales, but in a way which only proves the weakness of his cause, if the Irish precedent is to have any weight. He first seeks to remove the issue by declaring that, there being no natural boundary between England and Wales, the two should be treated as one country—which might be as well insisted on for England and Scotland; and that, therefore, if the Church be disestablished in Wales, it may as well be in any county—indeed, in any town or village—of England. However, feeling this to be not too solid ground, the reviewer reserves his grand assault for a quite unimportant and subordinate position, viz., that the Church in Wales is in process of decay, and that her power and influence with the people are irrevocably gone. To refute this notion, he consumes the greater part of his space in marshalling statistics of restored cathedrals, new and repaired churches, new parsonages, resident incumbents, travelling missionaries, etc., etc., of which at this distance we are incapable of judging the force or good faith. We should say, however, that, making allowance for the increase in population, the activity he claims for the Church has not been remarkable. He admits, too, that the activity of the Dissenters has been as great or greater, though he objects to a comparison of the number of chapels merely, as every sect doubles its places of worship in order to provide for services in Welsh and in English. After all, he cannot deny—what is the only fact worth considering—that the Established Church is that of a small minority of the total population; and though he is indignant that the Dissenters should have been reckoned as nine-tenths, and would rather regard them as three-fourths, the authorities he cites put the number at about four-fifths. The most favorable proportion is not too cheering for the reviewer, who concludes by a futile appeal to Churchmen and Nonconformists to leave their dissensions for the better work of reclaiming the thousands who are neither members nor attendants of any church whatever.

—A "Liberal Clergyman," who writes to the London *Spectator* a letter concerning the question of Bible reading in schools, is a clergyman whose sermons it might probably be worth while to hear; certainly one could "sit under them" with satisfaction if the things of the other world present themselves to the preacher with half the definiteness with which he sees the things of this. England, as is known, is just now even more excited than the United States about Bible reading in the schools, and we have not an advocate of the practice, nor hardly an opponent of it, who might not take lessons in zeal from British Christians or British "secularists." What our "Liberal Clergyman" wishes to suggest, as his contribution to the general disturbance, is this: "I wish to suggest that if Lord John Russell's [*sic*] plan be carried out, of a chapter of the Bible to be read before school, to impart a religious odor to the business of the day, it would be desirable to read it in the original Hebrew or Greek. The reasons for this are obvious: (1) The direct moral effect upon the children would be the same as if it were read in English; (2) The indirect moral effect would be far greater, from the greatly increased sense of awe and mystery; (3) All need of a conscience clause would be done away." If we were compelled to make a guess as to whether this gentleman is or is not in orders, we should say that he is not; and that he is not likely to be; and that, on the contrary, he is a relative by consanguinity of the gentleman who some year or two since used to write to the *Pall Mall Gazette* occasional brief letters in which was revealed a frame of mind very little calculated to give the Earl of Shaftesbury anything but acute pain. But however that may be, we are bold to say that, in his glancing way, he

has come very near to hitting on the gist of the matter in controversy; for we think that the "devotional exercises" of the common schools have at the best no general good effect; and we very much doubt whether their general effect is not worse than nothing—is not worse than if the teachers were to pronounce a certain number of meaningless words in the hearing of the pupils; is not in fact bad. And to this opinion we have not come without having had experimental knowlege; nor without having made comparison of our own opinion with that of others who also have seen something of the actual working of the present New England system of "religious exercises" for the children of the public schools. What, for instance, is the probable effect on an audience of boys and girls, in a school whose head master has just been blessed by the birth of a daughter, when one of the young gentlemen repeats, as his daily verse of Scripture, these words of Jephthah: "And it came to pass that when he saw her he rent his clothes and cried, 'alas my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me'"? Or how improving is it when another person says: "For unto us a child is born;" and another follows with the words: "He shall be called Mahershalalhashbaz." And we hear of worse things than these: as of the circulation of marked passages in Scripture—passages which it is just as well that children should not see; of the pretty general surreptitious study of geometry or arithmetic or the Latin grammar, or what not, while the teacher's eyes are closed in prayer; of prayers stereotyped, and, in consequence of their familiarity, made a laughing-stock—in brief, of all kinds of irreverent disregard and trifling. No one would say that there is no good at all got from the Bible readings by anybody whatsoever who hears them. But the question is of the proportionate good and evil got from the maintenance of the custom; and we are but bad observers if the custom is not one which devout people may be very glad to see disused. One would think from the degree of importance attached by some persons to the continuance of these so-called devotional exercises that all the teachers were pious and all the children reverent. In point of fact, a very great majority of the children are as indifferent and careless as are most young men in college in regard to morning prayers. Of the piety of the teachers we say nothing, for we know little. We venture to say, however, that there is not a pious teacher in the country who would not advise all parents and guardians that if they have been neglecting home instruction in religion, with the notion that their children and wards have been getting enough of such teaching in the school-room, they are leaning on the feeblest of broken reeds.

—The final decision of the English Vice-Chancellor James, in the case of the authorized and unauthorized versions of "Frou-Frou," reveals the small amount of protection afforded to French dramatists and their British customers by the Copyright Convention. This prescribes that the French original of any play shall be registered within three months, while a translation sanctioned by the author must be published and registered in a like period after the first registration. It was ruled that an adaptation with the author's sanction was not the same thing as a translation, at least for the purpose of being registered, however it might afterwards be modified in the performance; and, the plaintiff not being allowed to have made a translation, the rival version was on this technicality released from injunction. Apart from the disappointment and loss of the purchaser of the authorized version, the public is somewhat scandalized by the fact that, whereas he had carefully excluded from the play the indecencies supposed to be foreign to the English stage and English manners, these were as carefully preserved in the defendant's more literal version. The Vice-Chancellor is accordingly charged with having decided against common sense and public morality at the same time; but for the latter he was not responsible, and he probably gave the right interpretation to a clumsy statute.

BOWEN'S AMERICAN POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

THE two most sadly abused words in the English language are "practical" and "American." When a man engaged in any pursuit requiring scientific training for its proper conduct is convicted of entire ignorance of every scientific principle, he invariably retorts with the declaration that he is a practical man and not a mere theorist. When the disseminators of some pet theory find it condemned by the voice of the intellectual world as contrary to sound reason or to the spirit of the age, they dub it American. By this device it is expected that all European criticism will be made to pass for nothing, because it is natural that Europeans should criticise everything American. We cannot, therefore, read the title "American Political Economy" without suspecting a bid for the support of the patriots who believe America should have on every subject a distinctive set of ideas of her own, no matter if they are only the cast-off ideas of Europe. Perhaps our suspicion is ill-founded. Our author is no doubt sincere in the opinion "that every country has a Political Economy of its own," and that the universal principles of the science are comparatively few and unimportant. We conceive, however, that everything of value in the work before us lies in the statement of these very principles, and notice with surprise that a large part of the work, American though it be, is made up of quotations from and criticisms of English writers. Take out these criticisms, and we find nothing distinctively American, unless it is the hits at free-trade which are scattered promiscuously through the book, forming for the protectionist the plums of the economical pudding. Considering that what is now called the policy of protection was universal in Europe two or three centuries ago, and is still persisted in by Austria and Russia, we fail to see how it can be claimed as American.

The most striking feature of the work before us is its heterogeneousness. Our American writers on the subject may be divided into two classes: those who accept the modern system—writers of "the school," Mr. Colwell calls them—and those who will have none of it. Professor Bowen accepts the principles of the school, but rejects their applications. He lays down the former with great clearness. No other American writer has given a better account of the limits of the science, the transformation and increase of capital, the relations of labor to capital, the functions of money, or the nature and laws of exchangeable value. If his chapters on these subjects could be cut out and made into a separate work, we should recommend it. But in the practical application of his principles we find qualities so directly the opposite that it is difficult to conceive the entire work as emanating from the same pen. His indignation is profoundly excited against three doctrines which he considers radically English and never tires of attacking. They are the Malthusian theory of population, Ricardo's theory of rent, and Adam Smith's policy of free-trade. The blindness of his attacks upon these doctrines is the more curious in that, unlike most of their opponents, he seems to understand at least the two first. On pages 153 to 157, he gives a statement of Ricardo's theory of rent which is quite fair, the last paragraph excepted. Here he wanders off to the Malthusian theory of population in seeming unconsciousness of any change of subject. He then devotes seven pages to what purports to be a criticism of Ricardo, but is really a sound criticism of nothing but the ideas added to Ricardo's theory by his own vigorous imagination. Among the doctrines refuted is "the great and obvious fallacy of supposing that *the population, as it increases, necessarily remains stationary, or on the same spot*, so that the grain must be brought to it at a price enhanced by the cost of transportation." Ascribing such a proposition as this to Ricardo, or even to Malthus, is a perversion of their ideas on which we shall not stop to comment.

Having knocked down all his men of straw, Professor Bowen proceeds to establish his own American theory of rent. We enter upon it expecting something very new and striking. What then is our surprise to read on and find that the new doctrine, so far as it covers the ground occupied by the English economist, does not differ from that of Ricardo. It is simply the old doctrine stripped of its imaginary appendages and illustrated by the state of things this side of the Atlantic. He says:

"Rent arises from the excess of the *local* demand over the *local* supply, and is therefore ultimately determined by the expense and inconvenience of bringing the food from a distance, or by the discomforts and privations which attend the removal of a portion of the people to a new home." . .

"Not only in America, but in Great Britain and Ireland, and indeed throughout the civilized world, it is notorious that rent is produced and increased or, in other words, that value is given to the land, by creating a market for agricultural produce in the neighborhood of the land whence that produce is obtained, that is, by collecting a town or civic population, engaged in manufactures and commerce, who have the means to buy the wheat."

This is very true, but it is in entire accord with Ricardo's theory. The essential principle of the latter is this: When in the progress of population, a people find the land which is most advantageously situated or most fertile insufficient to supply them with food, and when, in consequence, they are obliged to have recourse to soils less advantageous with respect to situation and fertility, the more advantageous soils will command a rent corresponding to their superior advantages. We are at a loss to

* "American Political Economy, including strictures on the management of the currency and the finances since 1861, with a chart showing the fluctuations in the price of gold. By Francis Bowen, Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity in Harvard College." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870. pp. 495.

infer in what way Mr. Bowen thinks he has modified this doctrine. The point on which he lays most emphasis is this: "Rent depends not on the increase but on the distribution of the population." This is about as much to the point as if he had criticised the popular opinion of the effects of a spring shower by saying that it is not the falling of the rain but its presence on the ground that makes the grass grow. He surely cannot suppose Ricardo or any one else to maintain that, if population should cease to increase, land would no longer command rent. On the other hand, does not every change in the "distribution" of population necessarily imply an increase somewhere? In the very case supposed by Mr. Bowen, that of a city springing up in an agricultural district, is there not an increase in the population of that district? Worse yet, the new theory exhibits the most deplorable feature of the old one. Before the city is built its site is occupied by a farmer who finds the soil of his quarter-section ample for his subsistence. He therefore offers no rent for the adjoining land. After the city is built, this land becomes necessary to the support of its inhabitants, and so commands rent. Why this change? Because the population of the quarter-section has outgrown its means of subsistence. So has the population of every city in the Union, and thus its inhabitants have to pay rent for the adjoining land. Thus we have the Malthusian theory unconsciously naturalized in this country by Professor Bowen himself. In fine, our author's conclusions respecting rent remind us of Pascal's ecclesiastics, who condemned under one name as false, impious, and damnable the very doctrines they themselves maintained under a different name.

Another question, to the discussion of which Mr. Bowen seems unable to bring an orderly arrangement of ideas, is that between protection and free-trade. His treatment of it is noteworthy for its vagueness. From a protectionist point of view this is, perhaps, not a serious objection, as a vague and shadowy proposition suffers less from the assaults of criticism than a clear and precise one. But it is a decided objection to an enquiring student desiring to know exactly what a protective tariff is for and what limits are to be set to its operation. Such a one will get very little satisfaction from the present work; indeed we may doubt whether, if brought to the practical test of voting on the tariff, our author would prove to be a protectionist at all in a sense satisfactory to Pennsylvania politicians. His first allusion to the question contains a statement which affords one of the strongest popular arguments for free trade. "We have in this country," he says, "the largest extension of the system of free trade which the world has ever witnessed; we have free trade between Maine and Louisiana, between California and Massachusetts; and no one doubts that the system is equally beneficial to all these States" (p. 13). Our protectionist friends seem to look upon this extension as on their part a concession so meritorious that the country is unreasonable to want more. But we apprehend this view will fail to satisfy the enquiring masses. They will naturally want to know whether a system which has been extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, with results beneficial to all parties, cannot be advantageously tried a little farther. If they are told that the circumstances of Canada and Mexico are so different from our own as to make that course unadvisable, they will ask by what dispensation of Providence it happened that the political boundaries of our Republic were run along the very lines which mark the limits of advantageous trade. They will ask whether, if Canada is annexed, the introduction of Canadian lumber will still be hurtful to our home industry. The people of the Mississippi Valley may soon begin to enquire whether their industry does not suffer more from the competition of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts than from that of England. They will hardly be satisfied with the reminder that the Europeans are foreigners. They will want to know why it is not as advantageous to enjoy free trade with a foreigner who offers advantageous terms as with an inhabitant of the East.

We find nothing tangible put forward in reply to these questions until we reach the subjects of manufactures and wages. Here we find the baleful effects of free trade with England illustrated by the case of Ireland, in descanting on which our author shows singular ignorance of the industrial history of Ireland, where the woollen manufacture was actually suppressed by act of Parliament, and the export of wool to other places than England actually prohibited till very recently. The result of this free trade, he says, to Ireland was that importations diminished to such an extent that the consumption of British manufactures by each inhabitant was reduced to one-fifth that of a West India negro (p. 184). It must be admitted that this is a novel argument against free trade. Usually we are told that the effect of this policy will be seen in the excessive importation and consumption of foreign goods. To a protectionist at all sensitive on the subject of logic it must be rather perplexing to hear two addresses from the same rostrum, in one of which they are warned that free trade will lead to excessive importations; in the other, that it will stop the consumption of foreign goods. The disagreement extends to the exports as well as the imports. Few exports to pay for the imports, in other words, an adverse balance of trade, has hitherto been the bugbear of the protectionist. But on p. 75 we find that the exports of edible products from Ireland are excessive, having increased from seven million bushels in 1817 to twenty-six millions in 1845. At the same time the Irish do not produce wealth! We infer that "edible products" are not deemed "wealth" in "American" political economy. They do not import manufactured goods, because they are "too poor to purchase them at any price" (p. 76)! So they get nothing in exchange for the edibles they export. To fill the cup of their sorrow, they can make nothing at home because they are unable to compete with English capital. This deplorable state of affairs is the result of free trade, and must therefore, we suppose, be remedied by a protective tariff. But it must be conceded that the idea of levying such a tariff upon goods that cannot be imported under any circumstances is a novelty.

We see nothing in this work that America has reason to be proud of. It presents some of the best thoughts of the great economists of England, but they are so mixed up with discussions which do not rise above the level of the average political newspaper, that it is difficult to separate them. The economical ideas of any young man who has derived all his knowledge from this work must be in a state of great confusion, unless he possess the critical acumen to distinguish the true from the false. If he succeed in this, the total absence of arrangement and classification, each chapter being an independent essay, must interfere with that co-ordination of ideas which is essential to the proper understanding of any complicated subject.

BERNARD'S BRITISH NEUTRALITY.*

THE title of this work indicates the purpose of the author. After a preface in which the causes of our civil war and its first events are briefly narrated, Professor Bernard passes on to the history of the various international questions which came up during the war; and first of the neutrality of the European powers, of the Queen's proclamation, and of the British regulations as to prizes. Then he reviews the complaints of the United States occasioned by the declaration of neutrality; our offer to accede to the declaration of Paris of 1856, and its unsuccessful issue; the case of the *Trent;* and the commencement of the blockade. The subject of Confederate ships in neutral ports, and the various questions that arose as the war continued, are next discussed. Then follows a very important series of chapters on contraband trade, and ships procured in England by the Confederates; on the Alabama claims; and on Federal and Confederate cruisers. The last chapters treat of questions respecting foreigners in the United States, of the progress and end of the war, and of the later negotiations; and the author closes his work with some remarks in defence of the attitude of his country, and yet kind and conciliatory in spirit.

The chief value of this work lies, as it appears to us, in the historical form which it takes. The author has conferred a great benefit on all students of international law by the documents, or extracts from documents, which he adds to his text, and by the brief judgments on points of international law which are continually given. But the highest praise must be awarded to his candor and fairness of mind. It is not likely, and he is without doubt far from expecting, that all his opinions will be acceptable at present on this side of the water, although we incline to believe that ten or twenty years hence little of what he lays down as law will be denied by our jurists and publicists. But he has pursued the course best calculated to bring about a substantial agreement in the international principles and practice of the two countries—he has stated his doctrine on disputed points with a wise moderation and a spirit quite unlike that of diplomats contending for their respective sides with such arguments, good or bad, as may be at hand.

Mr. Bernard remarks, that the United States, a nation which once pushed neutral rights as far as any other state, showed a disposition during the late war to stretch belligerent rights to an equal extent. In fact, a claim was made in the case of the *Trent* which we would have

* "A Historical Account of the Neutrality of Great Britain during the American Civil War. By Prof. Montague Bernard, University of Oxford." London: Longmans. 1870.

utterly repudiated in 1810; and the doctrine of continuous voyages, as applied to the conveyance of contraband and breaches of blockade, has been carried by Chief-Justice Chase beyond the principles which Lord Stowell laid down. A singular circumstance occurred in the case of the *Emily St. Pierre*, a British vessel captured on the sea a dozen miles from Charleston, and placed under the charge of two officers and a number of men to be carried to Philadelphia. The part of the crew retained on board rose against the captors and succeeded in taking her into Liverpool. Mr. Adams made a demand on the British Government for the restitution of the vessel, and Earl Russell denied that a neutral state had any control over a vessel which had been rescued on the high seas before a Prize Court had decided on the validity of the capture. During the discussions it appeared that Great Britain had made a similar claim against the United States in 1800, which had been met by similar arguments. The two Governments had changed places. There can be no doubt, says Prof. Bernard, "that the American Government was right in 1800 and wrong in 1862, and the English Government wrong in 1800 and right in 1862," and for this *dictum* he has without doubt good reason. In another place he says, speaking of changes of position as it respects international questions, that "the history of international law is full of such variations and inconsistencies. We ourselves are not clear from them. Among the complaints urged by Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams there are some which seem but reproductions of those addressed by Lord Stormont and Sir Joseph Yorke to the French and Dutch Governments during the war of the American independence. And it would be easy to draw an effective contrast between the severity with which Great Britain formerly enforced the rights of belligerents, and the warmth with which she lately asserted the rights of neutrals." We must admit and confess the justice of these remarks, as far as they relate to the United States, but was not our changed position partly due to the almost exclusive study of British authorities? If our statesmen had been more familiar with Continental doctrine, which has always leaned towards large neutral rights on the seas, we might have avoided some mistakes.

In regard to blockade, Mr. Bernard makes some wise remarks on the new difficulties arising from the ease with which steam-vessels can slip into ports thus obstructed. He admits that, on the whole, our blockade of Southern ports was rigorous and effective, although in some respects at first irregular. Here the definition of effectiveness, as given in the declaration of Paris, that the blockading force must be sufficient really to prohibit access to the coast of the enemy, which is not without ambiguity in itself, becomes more ambiguous if, through the power of steam, the same vessel can run a blockade many times over, as happened during the late war. What will an effective blockade be, if one out of three vessels can get into port uninjured? Must not in the time to come new rules be made for the protection of belligerents, and for the stoppage of traffic which cannot be effectively stopped, owing to the facilities of running blockades by steam at the mouth of a harbor?

We have no doubt that Prof. Bernard's work will be received with decided favor by all who give themselves to the study of international law, and will materially influence opinion on both sides of the Atlantic.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Atkinson (Mary E.), Ivy Leaves: Poetry	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Beneath the Wheels: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	$0 50
Cocker (Prof. B. F.), Christianity and Greek Philosophy	(Harper & Bros.)	2 75
Clarke (W. H.), Short Voluntaries for the Organ	(O. Ditson & Co.)	1 50
Cooke (Prof. J. P.), First Principles of Chemical Philosophy	(Sever, Francis & Co.)	3 50
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopædia, No. 31, swd	(T. Ellwood Zell)	0 50
Donald (R.), Wonders of Architecture	(C. Scribner & Co.)	1 50
Drisler (Prof. H.), Yonge's English-Greek Lexicon	(Harper & Bros.)	7 00
Evans (H. D.), Treatise on the Christian Doctrine of Marriage	(Hurd & Houghton)	2 50
Hutchings (J. M.), Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California	(A. Roman & Co.)	3 00
Lifting the Veil	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Lea (H. C.), Superstition and Force, 2d ed., revised	(Henry C. Lea)	
Mitchell (E.), Five Thousand a Year, and How I Made it, swd	(Loring)	0 38
Miss Van Kortland: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	1 00
Mommsen (T.), History of Rome, Vol. III	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Maine (H. S.), Ancient Law	" "	2 50
McIlvaine (Prof. J. H.), Elocution: a text-book	" "	
Ram (J.), Treatise on Facts, 1st Am. ed	(Baker, Voorhis & Co.)	5 00
Seaman (E. C.), The American System of Government	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Shedd (Prof. W. G. T.), Homiletics, and Pastoral Theology, 8th ed	(C. Scribner & Co.)	2 50
History of Christian Doctrine, 2 vols., 8d ed.,	" "	5 00
Sand (Mme. G.), Consuelo: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 50

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REFERENCES: Dr. A. P. Peabody, Cambridge; Prof. F. Bowen, Cambridge; Dr. H. W. Bellows, 232 East Fifteenth Street, New York; Mr. M. W. Lyon—School, 161 Fifth Avenue.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1870.

The Week.

THE bill to enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, as amended and improved by the Conference Committee, was adopted by the Senate on Wednesday of last week, and by the House on the following Friday. The Senate has done nothing else of importance. In discussing the Legislative Appropriation Bill, it adopted an amendment of Mr. Trumbull's, equalizing the pay of male and female clerks. The House, after a prolonged and rather bitter struggle, passed the Northern Pacific Railroad Bill, which received the President's signature on Tuesday. The majority in favor of it ranged from three to twenty-four, on its final passage. A case similar to Mr. Sypher's, from a contested district in South Carolina, was decided on Friday in an opposite way, simply because Democratic members were off their guard. Mr. A. S. Wallace, the Republican candidate, was declared entitled to a seat in the House, although he had received but 9,807 votes, against 14,098 thrown for Mr. W. D. Simpson, whose offence was that he had served in the Confederate army, and was therefore ineligible. Instead of ordering a new election, the House ruled that the candidate next in number of votes should be admitted. Mr. Dawes, as usual, protested to deaf ears. On Tuesday, Mr. Lynch's bill to revive the navigation interests of the country was first amended into something quite different from the original, and then returned to the select committee without instructions to report; in other words, killed. Its fate is one more sign of the decline of the protection party.

Monday was Decoration Day, and was observed with a good deal of enthusiasm and solemnity in all parts of the country. We trust the custom may never be less honored, in spite of the objections to it on the score of its tendency to perpetuate sectional feeling. If it was a noble thing for the dead to die, it can never become undesirable to keep alive the recollection of what they died for. It is, we must say, asking a little too much to ask people to try and forget what everybody was trying to induce his neighbor to lay down his life for six years ago, and what a vast number of our neighbors did lay down their lives for without hesitation. The time to have been horrified by the recollections of civil strife was before the fighting began. Dr. Thompson, in his address at the Academy of Music, turned the occasion to good account by reminding the audience of various things which the dead did *not* die for, such as sectarianism, priesthood, caste, corruption at the polls; and various things they did die for, such as truth and virtue and freedom and justice and humanity and God; and the great use of all such celebrations is, after all, to keep people in mind of the fact that there are things in the world worth dying for.

We wish some orator had also taken this opportunity of reminding the audience that one way of honoring the dead is to cherish more or less respect for the living who fought by their side. The man who has survived the storms of war is just as much worthy of respect as the man whom they have destroyed, which, we are afraid, a great many of us have begun to forget. We are afraid old soldiers are not quite so welcome to all sorts of good things as they were five years ago, and we are quite sure we are all far more afraid lest General Sherman or General Sheridan should have anything over and above a bare subsistence, and lest they should become dukes and marquises, and oppress us, than we ever thought we should be when we heard that the Army of Tennessee had disappeared behind Atlanta, and that Early's flank had been turned at Cedar Creek. If we could only rise up on Decoration Day, with the heart-sickness, the dread anxiety, the tearful exultation, with which we used to stand before the bulletin boards on the same days in 1862–'3–'4, what a day of discipline, reproof, and instruction, and encouragement it would be.

The long-talked-of effort of the Administration to put itself right in New York politics seems to have been precipitated by the result of the State election, and there appears to be now no doubt that Mr. Grinnell is to be removed, and some more active and skilful politician put in his place. Mr. Grinnell's fault has been that he has not taken sides with proper ardor in the struggle between the Fentonites and Anti-Fentonites, the two great parties into which the Republicans are now divided—Fenton being, all things considered, the most active and formidable "manager" the party has produced in these parts since the retirement of Mr. Thurlow Weed, and anybody who wants to succeed must either hate him or swear by him. Mr. Grinnell having done neither, his "rotating" has not given satisfaction, and he is to be thrown overboard, and a gigantic effort is to be made to restore party discipline, which is in a low state. We hope, at the same time, something will be done to improve the party morals, which also would bear a touch or two. The Republicans in the last Legislature made a bargain with the Democrats over the new charter, by which the city was virtually handed over to the Ring for five or six years, the consideration being "a good election law," which was to put an end to fraudulent voting. The law was tried at the last election, and the frauds are believed never to have been surpassed. In fact, there need not, henceforth, be any limit to the Democratic majority in this State; and people are asking themselves whether Tweed and Sweeny will continue very long to go through the process of taking a vote at all. They really, if it were not "for the name of the thing," might as well announce the municipal officers of each year from the balcony of the City Hall without taking the trouble of cheating at the polls; but they will doubtless maintain the forms of republican government, as Augustus did, in order to keep "the people" easy in their minds.

No one has during the last two or three years watched Southern politics and considered them with anything like impartiality who is not now of opinion, we venture to say, that in nearly every State controlled by what calls itself the true Republican party of the South, there is a disgraceful amount of corruption and folly, and that it is at the States governed by the conservative wing of the party that any American must look who does not wish to hang his head in presence of the enemies of popular government. Compare, for instance, the Virginia of Governor Walker with the Louisiana of Warmoth and Wickliffe, the South Carolina of Scott, or the Georgia of Bullock. Bullock's case grows more and more malodorous every day. One might think that nothing additional need be said about him after the revelations of the Senate Investigation Committee which exposed him and Colonel Forney. It appears that by order of the State Legislature the Treasurer has prepared a statement setting forth the number of times and how the Governor has transcended his authority, and violated both the laws of Georgia and her constitution. There are a good many counts in the indictment, and we hope to see them made good in a trial by impeachment—unless, indeed, Mr. Morton, the Governor's other friend in the Senate, introduce a new section into the last Georgia bill, and forbid all impeachment of loyal governors on charges of peculation. One charge is, that Bullock has in an unusual and extraordinary manner disbursed about two-thirds of the Contingent Fund of the State for "incidental expenses of the Executive Department." Another charge is, that Bullock drew warrants on the Printing Fund for means to pay the wages of more clerks in his own office than the law allowed, and that he refused to draw on the same fund for $10,000 with which to pay the printer, and this although instructed so to draw by a heavy vote of the Legislature. There are plenty more charges—as of getting from the Fourth National Bank of this city, and expending it, $35,000 of unappropriated funds; of selling, without authorization, $265,000 worth of State bonds, thereby much injuring the credit of the State and

cheating its bondholders; of having used, and allowed others to use, the earnings of the Western Atlantic Railroad in a manner other than that prescribed by law, and so forth and so forth, to any extent. Is it any wonder, seeing what sort of a person Bullock is, and knowing how many like him are in the South and in full view of the people, and hearing men like Messrs. Morton and Sumner patting him on the back, and hearing men like Colonel Forney "reading out of the party" men like Messrs. Ferry and Trumbull—is it any great wonder that Connecticut goes Democratic, and that the majority against the Republicans in New York is eighty-eight thousand, of which twenty-odd thousand votes were cast in the rural strongholds?

There was a "Cuban rally" last week in Congress, arising out of the griefs of a Mr. A. E. Phillips, late United States consul at Santiago de Cuba, who, being there when the two Americans, Wyeth and Speakman, were put to death, and having opposed their execution, found the place afterwards too hot for him, and had to take refuge on board a steamer with his wife. His sorrowful tale appeared first in the *Tribune*, and was then served up, with some harrowing additions, by Mr. Voorhees in the House, who chanted *Quousque tandem* over it, and abused Mr. Fish and the Administration handsomely. Whereupon uprose General Garfield, and said he knew something of Phillips; that General Steadman, Phillips's predecessor at Santiago, had died at his (Phillips's) house, in possession of $1,000 in money, and other effects; that Phillips made a brief, formal report of the fact of the death to the State Department, but of the particulars of the General's illness, or of the $1,000 and effects, nobody—not even the family of the deceased—had ever since been able to obtain the smallest information. On that whole subject, Phillips preserved an apparently inviolable secrecy, and somehow about this time he gave out that his own life was in danger, and ran off to an American man-of-war, and, by some process unknown to the law, got the captain to appoint him United States consul to Jamaica; but the State Department not recognizing that appointment, he demanded to be carried back to his old post. Carried thither he was accordingly, but refused to land, to the great astonishment of the admiral, who, on enquiring into the cause, learned that he perceived on the beach the well-known forms of numerous and insatiate creditors; and he therefore turned his attention wholly to the brutal conduct of Spain, from which power he claimed $200,000 damages, for bodily terror, mental anxiety, and other annoyances. This was a painful, and ought to have been a convincing, exposure, but it failed to satisfy the Democratic members that Fish was not in some way to blame, and that if Cuba had had belligerent rights Phillips would not have been different from what he was. Such is the "Cuban question."

The Fenian "invasion" of Canada has ended as most of those who had ever given any attention to the enterprise, or had any knowledge of the class of men who got it up, expected it would. As we have endeavored to show elsewhere, however, it was really a "confidence operation," and not a military expedition; and the chiefs who are now in custody ought, if they got their due, to be indicted for obtaining money under false pretences, instead of for violating the neutrality laws, and get at least six months' imprisonment and hard labor. As common cheats, they have achieved an immense success. Their plan of getting large crowds of poor men together in places some hundreds of miles from their homes, without providing any food for them—not even one meal—under pretence that they were going to dismember the British Empire, seems to have owed most of its success to its sheer impudence. Forty or fifty Canadian militia arrested the invasion with a few shots at Pigeon Hill, on the Vermont line, the United States Marshal, General Foster, covering himself with glory, and making a capital joke, by carrying O'Neill, the Commander-in-Chief, off the bloody field as a prisoner in a hack. At Trout River, farther west, another force, a few hundred strong, and half-famished, crossed the frontier under General Starr, and began, at his suggestion, to throw up an entrenchment within easy reach of the line, but ran off on the appearance of the Canadian regulars and militia, Starr leading the way with as much haste as if they had counted on conquering Canada without interference from the British troops. The collection of money was kept up in the various cities during the whole of this last act in the farce with the aid of lying telegrams, and many poor fellows actually sent to what was called "the front" at their own expense, after the whole thing was at an end.

The best of the joke is, however, now that all is over, the Senate of the "F. B.," or the "Savage Wing," as it is called, has issued a manifesto, coolly informing the victims that they have been paying their money in at the wrong box, and that if they want a genuine invasion, and a real downfall of the British Empire, they ought to subscribe to the Savage plan, which is far superior to O'Neill's in every way. We are glad to say, however, that the press has spoken out on the affair with such unanimity and indignation that a repetition or continuance of the swindle will probably be impossible. There ought to be, though we fear there are not, some of the papers specially devoted to Irish interests honest and courageous enough to warn the poor against these schemes. The "salaried officers" of the Brotherhood will probably now have to face the cold world, and either keep real accounts, which will have to balance, or handle the melancholy spade and dismal hoe.

In talking last week of the attitude of the Massachusetts press toward the Hartford and Erie Bill, we did injustice to the Worcester *Spy* in not mentioning it, as well as the Springfield *Republican*, as an able and persistent opponent of the bill in the interior of the State. The bill, we see, making the proposed grant of $3,500,000 has been defeated in the Legislature, and the Governor has been empowered to take proceedings to protect the State interest in the road, or, in other words, to institute proceedings in foreclosure—a very satisfactory conclusion to the contest, which has been one of exceeding bitterness, as it was right it should be. Calmness and good humor are very good things, but when discussing with a man who has already stolen your silver spoons whether you might not as well also *lend* him your silver forks, they do seem a little out of place; and this is very much what the State of Massachusetts has been doing during the last two or three months. The only salvation for "politics" seems to be the absolute denial—which the new Illinois constitution makes imperative—of all State aid to railroads or canals. The practice of making grants of public money for such purposes is sure to convert—indeed, has already converted—the getting of public money for such purposes into a regular business, and the projection of great public "improvements," with the mere view of drawing "State aid," one of the ready ways to fortune. Moreover, a road which cannot be made, in the hands of a skilful lobby, to appear an absolute necessity for "development" of some kind, must be a very poor affair indeed. Getting people and goods from the interior "down to tide-water" is an enterprise capable of indefinite expansion, and it is just as well to leave it to private speculators. Capital is accumulating in the United States with tremendous rapidity. If there be any difficulty in finding gentlemen to invest money in anything in which a reasonable return is tolerably certain, we have not as yet heard of it.

We are informed that the chances of the adoption of the minority representation clause in the Illinois constitution have greatly increased, and that the prospect of its adoption, which we last week thought very doubtful, may now be considered very good. Its success would certainly be the first real improvement ever made in the representative system, and one of the greatest ever made in the machinery of government, and, though it would still leave the millennium a long way off, would remove one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of other reforms by diminishing the power of the caucus. The adoption of the constitution is looked for by a majority of about 100,000. We may add that the debates in the convention were of a very high order of excellence, and singularly free, as indeed was the whole action of the convention, from party bias.

There has been more or less talk as to the way in which the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments would affect such State constitutions as that of Massachusetts, for instance, where a man may not vote unless he pays a certain annual tax and "can read and write," or that of Rhode

Island, where, also, a voter must be a taxpayer. Certain citizens of the latter State have been petitioning the Legislature to enquire whether or not the two amendments do not confer the right of suffrage on every United States citizen resident in Rhode Island, irrespective of the qualifications required by the State constitution. The question was referred to the Judiciary Committee, who give it an answer decidedly in the negative, and so, no doubt, it will be answered elsewhere. It is not debarring a man from voting on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude" to debar him from voting for non-payment of taxes or inability to write his name. Of course, it is within the possibilities that at some time in the future there may, in various parts of the Union, be evasions, in something like the Rhode Island fashion, of the force of the amendments; but, certainly, that is not now to be called the reasonable prospect. There seems, on the whole, a willingness to make political use of the negro, and he, if he has not yet shone as a legislator, works very well in party harness, and will work better the more he works. It may be doubted if five years from now anybody but a Southern woman, or an aged pastor of the Methodist Church South, or some other geographical Christian, will be saying a word against the right of the negroes to vote and to hold all the offices they can get themselves voted into.

We must say that if the American Press Association has the least knowledge or sense in its management, and it has shown signs already of having a good deal, it can easily improve vastly on the European despatches of the Associated Press. The want of sense of perspective in the latter is something curious, although they have greatly mended since the earlier days of the cable, when they used to give us an account of the ladies' dresses at the Ascot races and even predict the price of stocks. But what can induce even a stupid man to telegraph across the Atlantic that "the *Saturday Review* has a savage article on Beecher's sermons?" If this be worth telegraphing, it shows that the reporter neglects his duties terribly, because we never hear from him of a million of facts of twentyfold greater importance. If the news be of the importance he thinks it is, however, how does he suppose we are going to wait till we see the article? Think of the suspense—ten days long—in thousands of American homes—the dreadful waking, morning after morning, of strong men and tender women, to the consciousness that the *Saturday Review's* judgments of Beecher's sermons were still on the treacherous sea—and the sermons all the while on our tables!

The most striking incident of the recent news from France has been the storm which has arisen against M. Laboulaye for his adhesion, since the *plébiscite*, to the Imperial régime. He has undoubtedly plenty of very good arguments with which to defend himself, and a fine character and great services to the Liberal cause to fall back on, but he has unfortunately taken office, and his son is in office, and the result is that he has exposed his opinions to suspicion, and has become an object of intense odium to the Liberals. The Strasbourgers have sent up a deputation to demand back from him a silver inkstand they once presented him, and declare their intention of suing him for it, and the students at the Collége de France refuse to hear him lecture, and have even mobbed him, as they did Dr. Tardieu for his evidence at the Tours trial. Ollivier has given what is considered exceedingly strong evidence of his reactionary tendencies in sending the "conspirators" for trial before the High Court of Justice, from which there is no appeal, even for defects of procedure, and the jury of which is likely to be composed largely of functionaries, and of which he confessed himself somewhat ashamed when the Noir murder case came up, but pleaded the state of the law as his excuse for convening it.

M. Ollivier's press prosecutions are now so numerous and reckless that even Paul de Cassagnac confesses that he is unable to account for them, and M. Ollivier is fast losing all respect whatever on the part of the Liberals. One of the sins for which the *Marseillaise* is under pursuit is a really good joke, viz., the publication of M. Grandperret's report on the conspiracy as a *feuilleton*, in parts, each closing with "to be continued." The severity of the Government, however, does not seem to extend out of Paris, and there is much curious testimony as to the freedom with which the troops in the provinces were allowed to receive the electioneering documents distributed by the Radicals before the *plébiscite*. It is hardly possible to believe that the value of the army for Imperial purposes has not been seriously diminished by the part it has been allowed to take in the late vote. The exact number of "nons" cast in the army and navy is 52,000; and it is large enough, considering to what a soldier exposes himself who is *mal vu* by his superiors, to excite a good deal of uneasiness at the Tuileries—particularly as it is supposed that the discontent of the privates must have more or less sympathy among the officers.

There has been a curious debate in the English Parliament on the opium traffic, or, rather, opium manufacture carried on by the Government in India. About $40,000,000 a year of the Indian revenue is derived partly from duties on and partly from a Government monopoly of the drug, and the whole of it goes to China, where it pays a 10 per cent. import duty, which the Chinese in vain endeavored to raise to 20 per cent. when making the treaty of Tiensin, in 1860, when the trade was for the first time legalized. Sir William Lawson has just tried to get the House of Commons to pass a vote of censure on the Government connection with the trade, but was stoutly opposed both by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Grant Duff, on the ground, mainly, that the Indian Government and the holders of Indian securities, and the native cultivators of the poppy, cannot do without the money, and that if opium for the Chinese was not raised in India it would be raised somewhere else, and that to give it up, therefore, would be to inflict a fine on British subjects without doing anything for the improvement of the Chinese. This, however, is evidently not felt to be quite sufficient excuse, and a portion of the press—notably the *Pall Mall Gazette*—has entered into a discussion of the ethics of the affair which is interesting as a piece of casuistry. Whether opium-eating is not of some use; whether it is not the excess in the use of it which is objectionable, and whether, up to a certain point, it does not do the Chinese good, are all debated with much solemnity; but the main point remains after all untouched—whether a Christian government ought to engage actively in a trade which, somehow or other, works enormous evil. The argument that somebody else would carry it on if it did not, if sound, would justify a government monopoly of brothels and gambling-houses. The whole connection of the British Government with opium is an immense disgrace, not simply to England, but to Western religion and civilization, and it is made all the deeper by the spectacle which, we suppose, will now be witnessed every year, of men like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Grant Duff finding excuses for it.

A correspondent elsewhere gives an interesting account of the preparations going on at Rome a month ago for forcing the infallibility dogma on the Council, as a Congressman would say, under the previous question. There appears now to be little or no doubt of its passage, and the dissentients begin at last to think what they will do next. Strong opposition—stronger even now when hope is gone than while there was reason to believe that the Papal party would yet recoil—shows itself both in France and Germany. Some of the leading German theologians preach against the dogma, and in Paris there is said to be talk of schism among the younger clergy and the gloomiest forebodings among the older. There is, too, a great outpouring of pamphlets from bishops of various degrees, but the Pope lets none of them into Rome, and has the letters of the malcontents opened in the post-office, which the *Univers* defends, as a very proper mode of preventing "the diffusion of error." Indeed, the proceedings of the Council there have so strikingly resembled the arrangements which we so often witness in this country for packing nominating conventions, that if people can be got to believe that this is now the only mode in which "the voice of God," in our time, makes itself heard by men, it is hard to see why the common domestic caucus, as we all know it, should not at last succeed in clothing itself with the character of an inspired body. It has nearly succeeded in doing so in the minds of many people already. The great difficulty has been the doubts felt whether "wire-pulling" was a proper mode of getting at the Divine will, but the example of the Œcumenical Council seems likely to settle this.

THE REPUBLICAN "APATHY."

We are having just now a good deal of discussion of the condition and prospects of the Republican party, and it has derived fresh impetus from the result of the late New York election, which, while it revealed some rather startling results in the way of frauds on the part of the Democrats, revealed others nearly as startling in the way of "apathy" on the part of the Republicans. The vote of the latter on the judicial ticket was just about half what was cast for Grant in 1868. There has been a falling-off in the Democratic vote in the State also, but a very much smaller one. All the indications one can get at with regard to the state of feeling in other parts of the country, lead us to look for somewhat similar displays of indifference at the coming fall elections. Neither party is much excited or interested just now in politics; but, unquestionably, whatever energy or activity is to be found in either is to be found amongst the Democrats. Republicans have, therefore, begun to ask themselves with some anxiety how long this is going to last, and whether there is no means of getting up a revival of enthusiasm, or, at least, of vigilance, before the next Presidential election.

Harper's Weekly, which is perhaps the most hopeful of the Republican papers which make any claim to independence, in its last number pointed out, by the aid of citations from Democratic articles and speeches, the great danger to the highest interests of the country of allowing the present apathy and dissension to pervade the Republican ranks between now and the choice of the next President; and in doing so, really said nearly everything, as we hinted last week, that can be said just now by way of justifying the claims of the party to a continuance of the popular support. It is, no doubt, quite true that the only legal result of the war which the Democrats have accepted with a good grace is emancipation. Of every other they are ready, or at least a considerable portion of them, to get rid if they can; and it is also true that their success in getting rid of them would be a tremendous calamity. But then it is a great mistake, we think, to suppose that they hope all they wish, or that the policy with which they will go before the country in the next campaign will contain all, or indeed more than a very small part, of their aspirations. They know perfectly well that to win they must either secure a division of the Republican party or draw off a considerable number of Republican votes, or frame a platform that will contain nothing to rouse Republicans from their present lethargy; and there is not a particle of reason for believing that any Republican has the slightest desire to see anything undone that the war has done by way of legislation, or believes in the possibility of undoing it. In fact, if the Democrats wanted to hit upon a plan of rousing the old war enthusiasm and ensuring their utter and irretrievable defeat, they could not do a better thing than get up and declare their intention of opening up all the questions which Congress and the army have during the last ten years been engaged in settling, and they know this as well as anybody. They know that the country is sick of the reconstruction business and wants to have done with it, and that the attempt of the Republican majority in Congress to prolong the controversy over it has, perhaps, injured the party as much as anything; that what the people craves is "new issues;" and that, therefore, any party which took the field with nothing better to offer than a bundle of old ones would be beaten before it got into line. The rant of Mr. Richard O'Gorman, at the Judiciary Convention, about the need of political judges, and the acceptance by the *World* of the Ring candidates, on which *Harper's Weekly* comments, are one thing; a platform drawn up by Mr. O'Gorman and the editor of the *World* for adoption by a national convention would be another thing, as we shall see if they should ever be called on to frame one.

What has brought the Republican party into its present difficulties and has made its future look so doubtful, is this tendency to rely on the badness of the Democratic party as a sufficient substitute for a positive policy of its own. There could not be a greater mistake. No party, no matter what its past services, can hope to remain long in power on the ground that it is the less of two evils, or that if it is turned out something dreadful will happen. The country will bear with this for a while; but an attempt is sure to be made before long to discover a middle way out of the difficulty—that is, to create a party which, while supplying security, will also supply progress. In other words, if the Republican party can do nothing more than keep the Democrats out of office, the country will look about for somebody that can keep the Democrats out of office and do a few odd jobs of reform besides. A majority in power cannot confine itself to standing guard over its conquests: it must march, and make others. People do not believe that everything that needs be done to secure the fruits of the war has been done by the three amendments to the Constitution, or that the war, besides doing much good, has left behind no evils which need immediate removal. The condition of the currency is an evil; the condition of the public debt is an evil; the weight of taxation is an evil; the state of the civil service is an evil; the tariff is an evil; and all are evils resulting directly or indirectly from the war, and they affect not only the comfort and happiness of every man, woman, and child in the community, but the honor and purity and efficiency of the Government. "The revenue of the state," says Burke, "is the state. In effect, all depends on it, whether for support or for reformation. . . . As all great 'qualities of mind which operate in public and are not merely suffering and passive require force for their display—I had almost said, for their unequivocal existence—the revenue, which is the spring of all power, becomes in its administration the sphere of every active virtue. . . . Through the revenue alone can the body politic ever act in its true genius and character, and therefore it will display just as much of its collective virtue, and as much of that virtue which may characterize those who move it and are, as it were, its life and guiding principle, as it is possessed of a just revenue." The revenue and the mode of raising and collecting it have been during the past winter the two great questions before Congress, and the majority has totally failed in its attempts to deal with them. The civil service, or the machinery for collecting and disbursing it, it has, indeed, openly refused to touch at all. It has put forward only one or two men who have shown either the knowledge or the capacity or the courage to deal with financial problems, while several of the leaders have introduced financial bills which were only prevented from being painful by being ludicrous. The one good thing it has done for the finances—the appointment of Commissioner Wells—it is now half ashamed of, and will, unless well watched, let him go in July.

With regard to the leading foreign questions, it has deliberately flung the *Alabama* question into a slough from which we doubt if any man in this generation will see it extricated, leaving the individual sufferers to suck their thumbs; and with regard to Cuba, it has taken neither good filibustering ground nor good legal ground, and, while not supporting the Administration, has recoiled from prescribing any change of policy. It has purchased Alaska and then refused to purchase St. Thomas, after the Executive had struck a bargain for it, leaving the world in some doubt as to what its views about expansion are. In short, the main claim of the present Congress to popular gratitude consists in its greater freedom from corruption than some of its predecessors, in spite of the poor element it has received from the South; but here again its virtues have been of the negative order, which in a party in power are only one degree better than vices.

We are sorry to say all this, because we heartily agree with all that we hear about the inferiority of the Democratic party; but the country can never be persuaded very long to content itself with a government which simply refrains from doing evil, and keeps out worse men; and it is time the majority in Congress were made to understand clearly that their performances are far from giving satisfaction. Plain speaking on the subject is all the more necessary because a good many of the Republican politicians are just now going about trying to cover up their own shortcomings by saying "that Grant's administration is a failure," evidently with a view of making this proposition do duty as an explanation of the rebuffs the party is meeting with in various parts of the country. What the Administration has failed in, except in distributing offices to the satisfaction of politicians, we have never yet heard explained, and do not expect to hear. Its great mistake in this, however, has lain in its trying to mix up two totally different principles of selection—that of merit and party requirements. The result has unquestionably been unfortunate, but small blame to the President.

FENIANISM AS A SWINDLE.

The newspapers have almost without exception discussed the Fenian movement against Canada as a military operation, and are loud and indignant in their denunciations of the "folly," "cowardice," and "incompetence" of the leaders. The *World*, indeed, went so far as to read Starr, the "general" who commanded at "the battle" of Trout River, a lecture on the absurdity of entrenching an invading army, and pointed out to him, with much severity, that the business of an invader is to take strongholds, and not to make them, and that in allowing his forces to begin throwing up earthworks immediately after they crossed the line, he of necessity demoralized them by destroying their confidence in their ability to act on the offensive. In like manner, O'Neill, the "general" who commanded at the "battle" of Pigeon Hill, has been taken to task very harshly for not having crossed the frontier half a mile further to the west, where he could have pushed into British territory over an open meadow, instead of having to force a barrier of rocks and boulders covered with brushwood.

We believe, however, that gross injustice has been done the Fenian chiefs by most of the judgments passed upon them as military men. Every man's performances have to be weighed with reference to what he really aims at, and no greater or more mischievous mistake can, in our opinion, be made than to suppose that the Fenian movement was simply a badly planned military enterprise. Starr, we are quite sure, knew just as well as the *World* the objections to allowing an invading army to squat down and throw up clay ten minutes after entering the enemy's country. But then, if he were to speak out his whole mind, he would tell the *World* that it must not look at him as the head of an army intent on reaching Montreal, but as the head of a mob, which had got into a very bad scrape, and which the soldiers were coming to disperse. Had the reporter of the *World* consulted him as he came running back over the line, we are sure he would have been able to point out the objections to the movement as forcibly, if not as perspicuously, as the editor himself. He might not be able to describe the strategic difficulties of the enterprise with technical correctness, but he had a monitor within which told him better than ten Jominis could have done that the field of Trout River on that particular occasion was no place for a prudent man. So, also, we are quite sure that the reason why O'Neill did not "charge" the Canadians was, not that he did not know that was the proper thing to do in order to clear the brush, but because he did not want to clear the brush, or thought it not unlikely that the brush could not be cleared without greater loss than his followers could stand. Moreover, we may depend upon it, he saw as plainly as anybody the objections to a general's allowing himself to be arrested by a constable on the field of battle, and carried to jail. The reason why he submitted was, doubtless, that he did not wish to remain on the field of battle any longer, and was glad to have somebody remove him.

In short, to pass judgment fairly on this wretched business, we must consider it, not as a military enterprise, but as a mode of raising money, for their personal use and behoof, by a gang of impudent and impecunious persons, averse to industry, without any regular calling or occupation, and fond of notoriety. We believe the aims of the leaders of the Fenian organization to have been neither better nor worse than those of the gentlemen who get up gift enterprises, open mock-auction stores, deal in lottery tickets, and practise the "confidence game" on innocent dealers and country visitors to the city. The Fenian attack on Canada was therefore simply the culmination of a gigantic but vulgar swindle, protracted through several years, and, it must be admitted, attended with a success such as no swindle has ever before had. If we look at the O'Neills, Gleasons, and Starrs from this point of view, we must confess that they are by no means failures. They stand at the head of their profession. They have succeeded in securing the payment to them and their predecessors and confederates, during a period of six or seven years, of perhaps two millions of money, in aid of an enterprise which was on its part wilder than any scheme ever set before the gullible public by any "operator" or Jeremy Diddler who has ever hitherto made his appearance; and of this money they have retained the sole control, without accounts, checks, or auditing. We presume nobody out of their own small set knows what became of it. Some, but probably only a small part, was spent in arms and ammunition, and, doubtless, even in the purchase of these there was the most reckless jobbery, such as the supply of the 20,000 rounds of muzzle-loading ammunition which, we are told, lay on the ground at Fort Malone, for the use of troops with breech-loaders. How easy cheating came to them, we may guess from the accounts in the papers, during the last few days, of orators mounting on benches at any of the Fenian resorts in this city, reading a few lying telegrams from "the front," and then calling for recruits and subscriptions, and of the poor laborers pressing forward, with their five or ten hard-earned dollars, and handing them over, as they believed, for the expenses of "the campaign"—but, as we have no sort of doubt, ninety-nine per cent. for the payment of the orators' board and whiskey bills.

They have succeeded, too, in a country fresh from a gigantic war, and swarming with men familiar with the conditions of active service and with the elaborateness and magnitude of the preparations in the way of drill, organization, officers, transportation, commissariat necessary to enable even the smallest force to keep the field against an enemy, for a single week, in persuading a vast body of their countrymen that it was possible to conquer a province containing over three millions of inhabitants, and possessing a large regular force, and backed by a great empire, by assembling at one or two points on the frontier several mobs of laborers, who had never been drilled, battalioned, or brigaded, and had never seen or heard of their officers, and had no cannon or transportation or provisions or money, giving them rifles in their hands and green jackets, and hurrying them over the border. For this magnificent bit of imposture, too, they secured, if not the connivance, the respectful silence of a large portion of the press and the smiles of many members of Congress—the House actually helping them on in 1866, at the outset of the enterprise, by refusing to lay on the table, and referring to a committee by a large majority, a resolution proposing to repeal the neutrality laws, avowedly to prevent the Government from interfering with their designs against Canada. Nay, when driven by the clamors of their dupes to make an attack on Canada in that year, the President was assailed by the leading Republican organs—the New York *Tribune* included—for meddling with them, that is, for enforcing the laws against them. It must be admitted that no impostors ever before accomplished quarter as much.

To understand thoroughly the cruelty of the gang, and the wickedness, not to say blood-guiltiness, of those American editors and politicians who have helped them in their frauds, it must be remembered that their dupes are the poorest and most ignorant class of the American population. For the laborers and servant-girls who have been pouring their savings during the last seven years into the pockets of these charlatans, it is impossible not to feel some admiration as well as pity. With all their faults, there are few people in the world so ignorant as they are of politics and war who are capable of the enthusiasm for a remote and ideal good on which the Fenian organization has been based. The fire which has made the O'Neills and Starrs possible could never, it is safe to say, have been kindled in the breasts of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, or even Americans of a corresponding degree of mental darkness. Let us, too, do justice to the unfortunate squads who followed their chieftains over the border, by saying that no men, under similar circumstances, would have done any better. The Irish have given proofs of courage on so many famous fields, that they can afford as well as any men to be repulsed under O'Neill and run away behind Starr. But then their very simplicity and excitability would have saved them from the practices of any but the most hardened knaves, and ought certainly to have prevented the knaves from receiving the countenance of educated Christians and philanthropists.

If it be asked why the impostors take the field, if they really never meant to fight, we reply that, as they collect the money for fighting purposes, the revenues fall off unless every two or three years there is a show of fighting, and it is to be observed that, when they do take the field, they do everything they can to let the enemy know they are coming, where they are going to cross, and in what force. Moreover, when the moment of action comes, they do the least possible amount

of fighting, and leave the field in advance of their dupes. The utmost they hope for is an appearance of advantage over the Canadian militia, which they would be able to magnify into a "battle," and raise more money on. Although not men of education, they know enough of war to know perfectly well that, having no supplies or transportation, their armies would have to disband, even after a victory, for want of food, or, what amounts to the same thing, would have to live by marauding. What a prospect this opened up to the Canadian farmers and their families may be guessed by those who are aware of what kind of material enters into the composition of these Fenian armies.

We cannot help believing that the swindle has at last reached its end. The sentiment of the American public about the whole business has at last found strong and united utterance, and even party feeling has not led to attacks on the President for doing his duty in the matter. The New York *Tribune*, too, which represents to the Fenians the leanings of the Republican party more strongly than any other paper, has on this matter passed under the control of conscience and common sense, and has given vent, apropos of this last raid, to the honest indignation which nearly everybody feels.

ONE MORE ARGUMENT FOR A BETTER CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM.

Now that the question of civil service reform has passed the stage of vituperation and reached that of argument, it may not be uninteresting to bring before the public a department of the Government where the essential principles of Mr. Jenckes's plan have been in operation for over a quarter of a century. In the United States Coast Survey we have an example of the results of permanence in office, of promotion determined by service and abilities, and of pay graduated by the value of services, and see their results in the devoted labor, so arduous as to require the highest talents of both body and mind, of its members, and in the *esprit de corps* inciting the officers to their best work—showing how well this system of work is suited to the exigencies of our public service.

The Coast Survey had its nominal beginning almost at the creation of the Government, but its real work began when it came into the hands of its lamented chief, the late Alexander Dallas Bache. Under his supervision, the corps grew from the dozen officers who confined their efforts to certain special points on the shore to a body of more than one hundred. As the survey rose to importance, after President Jackson began the system of rotation in office, and developed under the cautious policy of a chief who knew enough to shelter it from politics, it was so fortunate as to escape the evils of that system. This branch of the public service is organized on a different basis from any other department of the Government. It has but three grades—*aid*, *sub-assistant*, and *assistant*—so that the chances of promotion are quite limited. The pay of none of these officers exceeds that of a captain of infantry of the same length of service. During the past decade, the pay of the aids has not averaged over $600 per annum, and that of the two highest grades has been on the average less than $1,600—salaries not calculated, it would seem, to induce men of ability to seek or retain positions in the service. The duties are severe, equalling if not exceeding in exposure and hardship those of the soldier's or sailor's life. The field parties remain the whole year at their work, employed on different parts of the coast at different seasons.

There are those who will imagine that such a life might have something of sportsman adventure about it. They will soon be disenchanted if they accompany a party into the field. Let them start with the chief of the party and his aids, after an early breakfast, for a day's work which is to last until five, and drag with him through some miles of swamp, determining the position of each lagoon and each bosky island. Let him sleep in a storm-shaken tent, miles away from all the conveniences of life, and repeat this year after year, and look forward to it as the work of his lifetime, and then estimate its fascination. It needs no more extended description to show that this is work which in itself is not highly desirable; that its remuneration is not such as to attract a man into it with the hope of soon accumulating a fortune; and yet no service in any country has been more fortunate in the character of its officers, none where the labor is more faithful and devoted, none where there is so little difficulty in selecting satisfactory candidates for any position which may become vacant. Young men of education, who would be insulted by the offer of any other inferior position in our civil service, eagerly accept the chance of the place of aid, with its pay less than a common laborer earns, though their work may be one continued hardship until their promotion comes.

We do not have to look far to find the main cause of this wide difference in the condition of this branch and the other divisions of our civil service. We find it in the nature of the tenure by which the officers hold their positions. Each appointment being for life, or during good behavior, every member of the corps is sure that diligent service is the only claim to his office, and that while he gives this nothing can ever forfeit his position. Further than this, the young men know that although, during their time of schooling, which lasts from six to seven years, they receive but small pay and occupy quite subordinate positions, they have only to wait and work to achieve the highest position which their corps can give. There is some advantage in the limited extent of the promotion. An able officer arrives at the highest stage of the rank of the corps during his youth, and feels then that the promotion of the future is the elevation in the esteem of his compeers which able work alone can give. The grades of rank are enough to express the successive stages in the educational progress of the officer, without affording an opportunity for the incumbent of any position to be continually seeking promotion, an evil which is likely to exist whenever a whole lifetime may be spent in successive advancements.

There are those who have asserted, some of them no doubt with conviction that it was more than a good war-cry, that any civil service system which embodied the idea of permanence in office and systematic promotion, based on value of services, would lead to the formation of an *aristocracy* of officeholders. Expressed in this way, the well-informed reader is apt to laugh at the assertion, and think it unworthy of argument; but to credit the propounders of this argument with something better than the silly idea their words express, we will suppose they mean that a body of officeholders, intelligent, trained in the art of association, secured against the world while they fulfilled their tasks, might prove too powerful for safety. With their influence, they might have something of the same dangerous power now held by such large systems of corporations as the national banks. Although the temptations to political efforts on the part of the officers of the Coast Survey have been, on the whole, as great as they could be expected to be in any department of the civil service; although, as a remarkably intelligent body, it would have had great opportunities if such a position could give them, we have yet to hear that the liberties of the country have been menaced by it, or that it is the seed of the coming aristocracy.

Nor can it be asserted that it is the accidents of this Coast Survey service which make its positions seem so desirable to those seeking public employment. There is no showy uniform, no sounding titles bringing a traditional respect. Whatever credit attaches to the service and reflects upon its officers is to be attributed solely to the reputation for skilful work which has been gained by the corps. We must leave it to the microscopic eye of some of the objectors to Mr. Jenckes's plan to discern the reason why this system, which works so cheaply and effectively in the difficult work of surveying our extended coast line, cannot be applied to another coast work, namely, the collection of our customs; or why a plan which secures faithful service from parties of civilians, working in positions where they cannot be closely watched, might not secure a like efficiency in the other branch of our much-abused revenue system.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 13, 1870.

I READ in the last number of the *Nation* that has reached me a letter from one of your correspondents, in which he speaks of the advocates of women's rights in England, and contrasts them favorably with their more enthusiastic transatlantic sisters. It is not for me to reject the compliment, and, in fact, I think there is some ground for it. I must, however point out one mistake into which he has fallen. He says that Miss Garrett

has obtained much credit by writing against the "Contagious Diseases Act." Now, Miss Garrett has certainly gained much credit, but it was by writing a very powerful letter *in favor* of that act. It is a matter which I have refrained from discussing in your pages, for the question is not in any aspect a very nice one. The policy of the act may be disputed, though, in my opinion, the evidence is very distinctly in its favor. I believe that it has done much good to the troops and to the populations of the towns where it is in operation, and that it is more likely to be extended than to be repealed. However this may be, I cannot agree with your correspondent that the ladies have, as a rule, gained credit by their manner of dealing with the question. Miss Garrett is a very honorable exception; but I think I may safely say that few things have recently tended to disgust ordinary men with the women's rights advocates more than their behavior in this case. It is not that they have argued against the act; there are undoubtedly very plausible reasons on their side, though not, in my opinion, conclusive reasons; but the ladies have all along behaved as though shrieking were to be substituted for reason. They have endeavored to get up a popular agitation, and, for that purpose, have not refrained from all sorts of irrelevant, and what old-fashioned people will call unladylike, appeals to buncombe. Of course, I may be suspected of prejudice, as I avow myself to be a partisan of the act. I think I could justify myself, if necessary, by quoting passages from the pamphlets which have been showered upon the world in the course of the contest. However, I must be content to give you my opinion for what it is worth, and to say that, so far as I have observed, the ladies appear to think that argument is irrelevant, and that they can see to the bottom of the complicated question by a species of direct intuition, and answer tables of statistics by texts from Scripture. In short, they have used the logic conventionally attributed to women with such pertinacity as to justify in some degree the sneers generally directed against them by their opponents. I will only add, in regard to this subject, that an enquiry is about to be made into the working of the acts in question, and I may probably have an opportunity for speaking more fully of its results.

Meanwhile, the ladies have had a great, though a temporary, triumph. The second reading of the Women's Disabilities Bill was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of about 30 (if I remember rightly) in a house of over 200. The victory was unexpected except by a few enthusiasts, and naturally caused much rejoicing. By adding to the votes recorded in their favor those which were known to be pledged in one way or other, it was estimated that they could count upon a vote of from 166 to 170 members. The victory was partly due to the action of Government. Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, made a speech which was singularly unfortunate. I do not know how it comes to pass, but for some years the Home Secretary has always been the weakest member of the Cabinet. The gentleman cast for the character is generally of the respectable and amiable type, unmarked by any uncomfortable tendency to originality, which is so popular in the House of Commons. Poor Mr. Walpole's tears before the appeals of Mr. Beales are not forgotten, and Mr. Bruce is apparently not much stronger than Mr. Walpole. He has been a good deal badgered of late for certain new regulations in regard to cabs and for various cases of reprieve to criminals. Perhaps this has weakened his nerve; but at any rate he stated that the Government had no particular opinion about the measure, and added, what seems to be rather in the nature of a bull, that he hoped that this statement would not be taken as expressing the opinion of Government. This ingenious exposition of a singularly indefinite frame of mind was probably favorable to the Radicals. If Government could not see their way to forming any definite conclusion on a matter of so great social and political importance, it was hardly worth while for anybody to protest; and the Radicals, as the most enthusiastic party, had it all their own way. During the ensuing week, however, people apparently reflected on the magnitude of the change introduced, and became startled at what they had done. Mr. Bouverie—a good, steady Whig of the old school—moved the rejection of the bill on going into committee. Mr. Gladstone ingeniously apologized for his subordinate, and gave reasons for objecting to the bill. He did not indeed attack the principle upon which it is founded—and it may be remarked that there has been very little direct opposition of that kind—but simply said that at present the desire for the suffrage was not sufficient to justify so radical a change, and that he should vote against the bill. With this encouragement the conservative element regained its vigor, and the bill was rejected by 220 to 96—rather a surprising change from the last occasion. I have not yet seen the division lists, and therefore cannot tell you whether any conversions have been effected, or how it came to pass that the reformers declined so much from their previous demonstration.

I may just notice that the admission of women to the suffrage would not make so great a change here as with you, inasmuch as it would be only householders who would be entitled to vote; and thus a married woman would not generally obtain a vote. In some towns, however, there would be a great addition to the existing constituencies; in Bath the number of voters would be increased by one-fourth, and in Manchester there would be 7,000 new votes. This change might produce very considerable effects; and probably the general feeling is that we ought not to make such a leap in obedience to the demands of theorists. A good many members, perhaps, feel that they might be uncomfortable in their seats if a new set of voters were suddenly added, of whose proclivities we can form no very distinct opinion. But it is also felt more generally that the matter will bear a little more discussion and reflection before we proceed to take a step which, in all probability, we shall never be able to retrace. The facts at issue are too important, and the possible effects upon the social order too far-reaching, to allow of the question being decided, as it were, as a mere insignificant interlude between the main operations of the session.

Although this important change is not to be counted amongst the results of the session, there are better prospects of some good results in the shape of legislation. The Irish Land Bill has at length taken a start. The most critical points have been decided; people have grown weary of discussion; and the general agreement that something must be done has very much strengthened the desire of compromise. As the bill quickens its pace, there comes to be more chance of the Education Bill, and for several smaller projects which are following in its wake. Government has at length come out decidedly in favor of the abolition of tests at the universities, and has actually introduced a measure providing for secret voting in parliamentary elections. It is a sign of the times that this measure has attracted so little notice, in presence of far more important questions, that it will probably pass without much serious opposition. If the Land Bill and the Education Bill pass, the Government will have a fair right to congratulate themselves on having turned out an unprecedented amount of work, and they can only hope that the quality will be as satisfactory as the quantity.

Meanwhile, the great subject of conversation in London (now that the Greek murders are two or three weeks old) is Mr. Disraeli's novel. Opinions vary considerably, according to the political prejudices of the critic. Extreme Radicals generally admire it, to have the pleasure of saying that it is at least far more amusing than Mr. Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi." Extreme Tories are slightly scandalized at the levity exhibited by their leader; and many people are a little inclined to find fault with its singular personalities—especially in regard to a distinguished Oxford professor who takes refuge in America. As everybody agrees that it is clever, and many people think it clever in a superlative degree, I can safely recommend your readers to form their own judgment. Mr. Disraeli is one of those men who are destined to be enigmas to their fellows through the course of their lives. If some people disapprove of him for his want of principle, others admire the cynical candor with which he parts with his principles; and I think that a good many men consider that the difference between him and his more successful rival is that Mr. Gladstone is able to persuade himself that he is always profoundly conscientious, and that Mr. Disraeli is not, whilst at bottom they are much the same. I do not agree with this, for I confess to a considerable belief in Mr. Gladstone, though I come far short of the reverential and almost loverlike sentiments of the *Telegraph* and the *Spectator*; but I admit that he reminds me a little too frequently of that gentleman in the French revolution who began to be a bore with his "*Etre suprême*." Mr. Gladstone is rather too full of his deep moral consciousness, and too innocent of anything like a sense of humor. In Mr. Disraeli the faculties are developed in the inverse ratio, and, if less to be respected, he is certainly more amusing.

May I add one word on another matter? Mr. Lee Warner, writing from England, thinks I have been unjust to Dr. Temple. I do not wish to carry on a controversy with a near neighbor by so roundabout a method. I will only say, therefore, that I should be very sorry to speak disrespectfully of Dr. Temple, whose motives I believe to be excellent; but I continue to think that he made a very unfortunate impression at the meeting of Convocation, and that impression is not diminished by Mr. Lee Warner's arguments. I have no doubt that he will be an excellent bishop, and that he is a man of high generosity and liberal temperament. I only fear that he is a little too anxious to please everybody.

THE CRISIS AT ROME.

[THE following consists of extracts from a private letter from an American traveller, whose opportunities for observation have been unusually good:]

ROME, May 5, 1870.

The importance of the Council in the history of the Church can hardly be overrated. I have not agreed with the *Nation* during the winter in its views of the probable results of the action of the Council. It has seemed to me, and what I saw and heard in Rome confirmed me in the opinion, that the extreme Papal party is shrewd and worldly-wise in securing the dogmatic definition of Papal infallibility, and in setting the Church in direct and defiant opposition to modern intelligence, and to the principles on which free political institutions are founded. Once admit the original premises of the Catholic creed, and the extremest assertions of the authority of the Church are easily accepted. The doctrine of the immanence of the Holy Spirit in the Church has Papal infallibility as a logical consequence. The charge to Peter is the warrant for the utmost claims of spiritual absolutism. The existing powers in Rome are intelligent enough to recognize that the other churches or sects, that assert spiritual rights over the consciences and thoughts of men, are in a false position compared with that of the Roman Church; are deficient in logic, and have no tradition like hers. The struggle of the Reformation was but to a very imperfect liberty of opinion; it was but a half-victory of free thought. Rome has no real quarrel with the Protestant sects. But this century, beginning to put in actual practice the doctrine of toleration, and asserting the absolute authority of the reason and the right of free thought, has gradually drawn the lines between the Church and the unchurched with great sharpness. The dispute is not now about justification and salvation, about faith and grace; it is between the principle of authority and that of freedom in matters of opinion, between faith and scepticism, between supernaturalism and science, between obscurantism and intelligence. The Church does not blink the fact that "enlightenment," "culture," so-called, is against her in the struggle; but she takes her ground in full view of the camp of her opponents; looking through history, she says the "enlightened" have always been an inconsiderable minority, they have always been disturbers of the established order and disbelievers in the established faith. The majority always rests upon and yields to a well-asserted authority; the majority is unintelligent, does not reason, does not like reasoners, wants to be quiet, and to be assured of its own belief and certain of its own salvation. Power then will rest with the spiritual authority that has the best disciplined forces, that asserts its claims the most positively, and that tries no compromises with freedom of thought. The leaders of the Papal party distinctly mean "obscurantism;" they mean to make all the bishops more dependent than heretofore on Rome, to have all the Catholic institutions of learning wholly under control, to exclude all liberal professors, and to reduce the whole ecclesiastical body, so far as obedience and submissiveness are concerned, to the likeness of the order of the Jesuits. *Non homines sed cadavera* was Loyola's description of what he required the members of his order to become. Now all this seems to me a shrewd and able policy, and if it is carried out as vigorously and as unrelentingly as it has been entered on, it will not only render the Roman Church a much more compact and united body than it has been, but far more powerful also, and far more dangerous and difficult to deal with in a free state. It makes the question of the relation of the Church to our own institutions more important than it has hitherto been, and makes a demand that will hardly be answered on the foresight of our public men.

Of course one of the most clearly foreseen results of this policy is the more or less rapid separation of church and state in the European countries. The state-paid bishops have had a hard time in the Council. If they voted against the majority, taunts of self-interest and corruption have been freely shot at them; if they voted for the doctrine in favor at Rome, they exposed themselves to displeasure at home.

Indeed, party feeling has run extremely high at Rome all winter, and the bitterness of expression on one side and the other has been as great as if the bishops had taken lessons of Greeley and Brownlow. In Rome itself the importance of the Council has been measured, I think, more correctly than outside of Rome; partly, no doubt, owing to the very partial and unsatisfactory reports of its proceedings in the German and French, as well as in the English papers.

I had the good fortune to find friends and acquaintances at Rome through whom I was brought into the thick of affairs at once. The central power at Rome have used every illegitimate as well as every legitimate means to overcome the opposition, and to carry through its projects; it has persuaded, vexed, threatened, bribed, wheedled, and spied. It has practised all the arts of frightening and of corruption. One instance will illustrate the sort of proceeding that has been common. One day, at the rooms of the International Committee, so-called (a place of meeting of the bishops in opposition), the Bishop of Halifax, who has taken a prominent part in affairs, happened to say, "Well, I have converted a good many men in my time, but I don't think I can convert the Pope." Two or three days afterwards he was sent for by Cardinal Barnabo, who said to him that there were, as he knew, several appeals against him from clergy in his diocese lying unsettled at Rome, and that he could hardly expect the support of the Roman authorities if he were often so imprudent as to imply that he thought the Holy Father stood in need of conversion. The same game has been tried and has succeeded with other bishops. Bishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, has been even more explicitly warned, but he is too stout a man to be scared. He has shown himself in the Council much the ablest of our American bishops, and seems to be regarded by both sides as one of the clearest and strongest-headed men in the Church. He does not speak much, but weightily, and is a tower of strength in his steadiness and unwavering counsel. The real leader and master of the opposition within the Council is Strossmayer; he has shown not only great boldness but great power; he is an effective speaker, and a good logician, as well as a thorough theologian. He has completely broken with the court of Rome, and no man is more hated by the ultra party than he.

The moment that we arrived in Rome happened to be a critical one. Daru's last letter had just arrived. It was a great blow to the opposition, a great cause of exultation to the ultras. Daru's policy has been from the beginning well-meaning but weak, and the interference of the French Government, even if supported by the other powers, so long as the interference was merely verbal (and it could in the nature of things be nothing else than mere remonstrance), was really calculated to strengthen the hands of the extreme Papal party, by affording a practical exhibition of the inefficiency of the only methods which the governments of Europe were prepared to adopt to prevent the consummation of the Papal schemes. The opposition leaders spoke frankly of the position into which the liberal party in the Church was gradually being forced as one of great pain and grave responsibility. It was plain that the doctrine of infallibility would be defined as a dogma of the Church, and belief in it declared essential to salvation. It remained to be seen, however, in what form it would be carried, and how far the opposition might succeed in rendering the form less unacceptable than that which the Papal party would propose. It was plain, however, that that party were resolved, if possible, to drive them from the Church—in other words, to force a schism; but, though communion with the Church might be denied to them, they did not see how, against their will, they could be unchurched. They might, indeed, be refused the holy offices; but then the question would arise, would it be possible for the authorities at Rome so completely to subjugate the whole priesthood that no priest could be found who would administer to them the sacraments of the Church? They were not afraid of this. Priests whose standing in the Church could not be questioned were found to administer the sacraments to men in the kingdom of Italy who lay under the ban of excommunication. But as yet it was hardly needful to consider these matters too closely. The opposition had not determined what course to take if affairs came to the worst; they had been too busy with the work of to-day to consult about that of to-morrow. The interest of the moment was concentrated on the action consequent on Daru's dispatch and on the final votes on the *Schema de Fide*.

On the Sunday after Easter an open session of the Council was to be held—the third—"open" meaning, in this case, that the close plank barrier that divides the northern transept where the Council sits from the rest of the church, would be in great part taken down, so as to afford to persons in the church a clear view of the Council Hall, and that the tribunes or galleries for the diplomatic body and for other distinguished personages, erected above the benches for the bishops, would be at the service of the persons for whom they were intended. It was understood that at this open session the Constitution *de Fide* would be put to the final vote, and, receiving the sanction of the Pope, would be established as part of the dogma of the Cnurch. On the Tuesday preceding, the Schema was read for the last time in secret session; a minority of some thirty bishops gave in their *placets* with reasons, stating their objections to special clauses and phrases. As I understand, these objections mainly bore on certain phrases in the Proœmium, and in the chapter in which the relations of Faith and Reason were defined, which the doctrine of Papal infallibility.

All the forms of procedure in the Council are different from those of common deliberative assemblies, and although the Constitution has passed what may be called the third reading, there was still some reason to hope that the objections of the minority might lead to some modification in the language of the Constitution on which they would have to vote on Sunday. On Friday, however, the Constitution, printed as it was to be voted upon, was distributed to the bishops, and it appeared that the objectionable phrases were not in any respect modified. As the vote in the public session could not be argued, could only be by simple *placet* and *non placet*, the minority found themselves placed in this dilemma—if they voted *placet*, they were entrapped into virtual approval of the claim of infallibility; if they voted *non placet*, they would appear to vote against definitions and canons in which the fundamental doctrines of Roman Christianity were embodied.

On Saturday, I heard that all had yielded, and would vote *placet*, except Strossmayer; his course was still undecided. Since then I hear that his resolution was to absent himself from the session.

The next day, St. Peter's was almost as full as on Easter Sunday. Every part of the great church from which a view of the transept could be had was close packed. The crowd at Rome this year is more picturesque even than usual. The Pope presided at the session; the bishops in their white mitres were ranged in rows along the sides of the hall; but the distances in the church are so enormous, and its atmosphere so thick, that when we stood under the dome it was impossible to distinguish the individual features of the bishops, especially hidden as they were under the uniform disguise of their mitres. The reading of the constitution and the voting took a long while; at last they came to an end, and there was a moment's pause, and then the voice of the Pope, remarkable even now in his old age for its sonorous fulness and sweetness, was heard sanctioning and confirming by his apostolic authority the decrees and canons contained in the constitution; then there was another pause, in which some formal acts were accomplished, and then suddenly the Pope's voice was heard intoning the first words of the Te Deum. The whole Council joined, and the responses were made by the faithful in the church. I never heard such a volume of sound in St. Peter's. It was a most impressive moment; a scene quite unmatched in my experience in the variety of its appeals to the imagination. The immense solemnity and importance to those who took part in it of the ceremonial itself, the marvellous history of the Church in which this would always be a memorable event, the strange contrast between the life of the Church and the actual life of the world, between this dogma and the truth, the immense interests involved—interests reaching far forward, the personal passions involved, the place itself—all these combined, as you will well see they might, to touch deeply even one so far removed from Romanism as myself. The Papacy is very great on such an occasion. Its art is almost perfect.

You see that now we are to have infallibility defined and sanctioned at once, before the weather gets too hot. Then the Council will disperse for a time, or for ever, having accomplished its most important object, but leaving undone the larger part of the work it has undertaken; but an infallible Pope will not want it, and very likely it may never meet after its first prorogation.

Correspondence.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Will you allow me space for brief comment on a paper entitled "French and English Illustrated Magazines," which appears in this June number of the *Atlantic Monthly*? No amount of ignorance concerning that nearly lost and almost unknown art of wood-engraving could astonish me; and yet it did not seem too much to expect in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* at least some glimmer of intelligence. To fully answer the paper would require as much space as the paper itself misuses; I can only hope for your permission to notice the most remarkable portions of it. Setting aside, therefore, the writer's peculiar theories as to the narrow domestic groove in which English printed art (*e.g.*, *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*) is confined; noting only, as samples of the writer's method, his curious lists of draughtsmen and engravers (a third or fourth-rate draughtsman like Morin exalted as the "inimitable master," and Birket Foster as the representative of English landscape, while Hennessy—our best book-illustrator here—is twice conspicuously placed at the end of his array, and Brevière—by far the best of French wood-engravers—finds no mention at all), leaving these matters for the more important, I come at once to mistakes, which show that the writer has no real knowledge whatever of the subject which he treats. These it is the more necessary to point out, because there is a certain grand air of authoritativeness in the writing which partially hides its insufficiency and incorrectness:

"Wood-engraving is the modest art of our home life; and from the old Dutch Bible, with its curious cuts of literal art, to the last Christmas Almanac, what a simple and attractive service it has rendered to literature! *Discovered at nearly the same time as printing*, it has always marched hand in hand with it, illustrating and popularizing the thoughts and imaginations of poets and artists, and enlarging the experience of the age."

What does the essayist mean by "discovered at nearly the same time as printing"? Is he not aware that wood-engraving and wood-*cutting* (not to confound the last with "carving") are two distinct processes? Does he not know that the first wood letters used in printing were as much wood-*engravings* (if he insists on the word) as the cuts of "the old Dutch Bible"—drawn with the same lineal exactness, cut with the same knife-tools, absolutely in the same manner, and with precisely the same amount—and no more—of mechanical or artistic skill? Why, the earliest wooden stamps were wood-cuts; the first name or mark cut on a tree was also a wood-cut; and the discovery of printing was not "nearly at the same time." Wood-*cutting* was discovered ages before printing, and wood-*engraving* not till two centuries after.

"It is to the credit of English book-makers that they first secularized the art of book-illustration, and first placed the wood-cut at the service of the people. The English originated the Penny Magazine," etc.

Secularized "is good"—an excellent phrase; but would the writer imply that the Penny Magazine was the beginning of book-illustration? Are Bewick and his peers forgotten, while Birket Foster's box-leaves are so green? Has the writer never heard of Caxton?

"The best drawings upon the block are either very black or very gray, and the very gray are oftenest the most unsatisfactory. If an artist does not see any force or emphasis of shadow or effect in nature, he would do best in using the pure line to express his subject."

From history to practice! Is this the loose statement of a fact or a critical recommendation? Why must the best drawings be either very black or very gray? And how are the very gray the most unsatisfactory? If an artist does not see, let him not attempt to render. Good! but only telling him to confine himself to pure line when he can do nothing else is not very profound criticism. And if he cannot use the pure line? Is "pure line" so easy?

"It remains for me briefly to consider modern engravers upon the wood. The fathers of wood-engraving, who had the simplest method, did not aim to reach the results of the modern engraver. They did not dream of any of the *subtle effects of atmosphere and fine gradation of surface which are now produced by French and English engravers*. . . . I think they illustrated *the distinctive character of the art of engraving upon wood*. Holbein's designs are rude and vigorous, but sure and expressive in line. Albert Dürer's are vigorous and simple. None of the old draughtsmen upon wood made so much use of black or color as the modern designers. *They seemed to think the line a sufficient means of expression*," etc.

"Rude and vigorous, *but* sure;" "vigorous and simple;" "black or color;" the very expressions betray the ignorance of the writer; but I pass them by to remark that no such thing as a "subtle effect of atmosphere" was ever produced, *or attempted*, by any French engraver whatsoever; and for the English—the present manner of drawing (which is not the manner of Dürer and Holbein) does absolutely prohibit and prevent either atmospheric effect or gradation of surface. Albert Dürer's drawings are full of color (do not confound that with black), and color is given sometimes by the designers of to-day, both French and English; but the other qualities (atmospheric effect and gradation of surface) are not to be found in any of the books named, or in any work of a single engraver mentioned in this *Atlantic* paper. On the other hand, the fathers of wood-engraving—Bewick, Clennell, Nesbit, the discoverers of wood-engraving *as an art* (for wood-*cutting* is purely mechanical), whose works were known here in America before the incubation of our critic—they did produce the effects which modern engravers (the French remarkably) do not dream of. Will the critic reply that he does not mean these fathers, but the great-grandfathers, Dürer and Holbein? Then I tell him again that Dürer and Holbein drew as they did on wood, not thinking "the line a sufficient means of expression," but knowing the mechanic could cut nothing else.

I might take many more exceptions to the paper under notice. But on some points it may be only a question of taste, and others may be left to your own criticism. What I have spoken of seemed especially within the province of

A Wood-Engraver.

CIVILIAN GENERALS IN THE WAR.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your review of the "Life of Fairfax," in the May 12 number of the *Nation*, occurs the following: "In our civil war the volunteers failed, almost without exception, as generals, and the West Pointers alone succeeded." It can hardly be claimed that the following-named generals "failed," neither of whom was a West Pointer, namely: Cox, Terry, Blair, Grierson, Jeff. C. Davis, and Logan. At the close of the war, not one of the corps commanders in Sherman's army was a West Pointer.

Very respectfully, J. N. Stiles.

Chicago, May 23, 1870.

[The reviewer, we believe, had in his mind generals holding independent commands. The only volunteer who succeeded in an operation of any magnitude on his own responsibility was, we think, General Terry. Generals acting in the field under orders are not usually criticised as generals, though they may be excellent officers.—Ed. Nation.]

MR. N. G. PARKER.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to a series of interrogatories in your last issue in regard to the character and antecedents of Mr. N. G. Parker, formerly a captain in my regiment, and now State Treasurer of South Carolina. As my name is mentioned by you in connection with these enquiries, and as they seem to call in question the character of a brother officer who is not here to answer for himself, I beg leave briefly to answer them in your columns.

1. Captain Parker was under my command nearly two years, during which he proved himself a very efficient and valuable officer, whom I should have been very sorry to lose.

2. He must have had a similar reputation in his first regiment, the First Massachusetts Cavalry. It was one of the very strictest regiments I ever saw; he held in it the very responsible rank of First Sergeant; and his company commander, Captain (afterward Colonel) Rand, begged me not to obtain Sergeant Parker's promotion, as he "could not spare him."

3. Of his "occupation before enlistment" I remember nothing, if I ever knew anything; but he was very intelligent, was apparently well-taught, and his excellent business habits indicated some business training. Had there been anything against his previous "reputation," I should have been very likely to hear it, but not a breath ever reached me.

4. The "nature of his preparation" for the office of State Treasurer I cannot say; but he reached the post by gradual promotion. After the war, he settled in Charleston. He was appointed by the military authorities an alderman of that city. He was then chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention, where he became chairman of the Finance Committee. The printed record of that important convention shows how laboriously and faithfully he discharged his duties, and how important a part he took in the whole proceedings of that body. It was from this position that he was promoted to the Treasurership of the State. In that post he has brought order out of chaos, and has made South Carolina the first of the seceded States to pay the full interest on her debt.

In what respect this is anything but a manly and honorable record, I fail to see. Mr. Parker's opinion in regard to "educational deficiencies" would be simply that of an able and well-informed man. In this case, however, his testimony seems to bear not upon a matter of opinion but of fact; and it is not to be met, I should suppose, by assailing the character of the witness. Yours truly, Thomas Wentworth Higginson,

Late Colonel 1st S. C. Vols. (33d U. S. C. T.)

Newport, R. I., May 29, 1870.

[We asked the questions referred to in consequence of the receipt of very unfavorable testimony from a gentleman who served with Mr. Parker in the First Massachusetts Cavalry, and, considering the character of some of the Southern office-holders, they were perfectly proper questions to ask with regard to any Southern politician cited as a witness touching the working of the system of government now set up in South Carolina as well as in other States. The matter is, however, as it seems to us, not one of opinion or of fact, but of evidence. Whether the pay-rolls were really signed by members of the Legislature, or whether their signing them was an indication of *bonâ fide* possession of the arts of reading and writing, depends, for our purpose, on the value of Mr. Parker's evidence, and that depends on the value of Mr. Parker's character—for which we have done, as it seems, the best thing possible by asking Col. Higginson's opinion of it.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens's "Constitutional View of the late War between the States" will shortly be concluded by the publication of the second volume. It will be sold only by subscription, through the National Publishing Company of Philadelphia.——With sincere regret we have to record the death last week of Mr. William V. Spencer, of Boston, than whom no more estimable or modest publisher adorned the profession. The admirers of Mr. Mill and of Mr. Martineau—not to speak of other metaphysicians whose writings are too elevated for a popular audience—knew Mr. Spencer as a benefactor; and he should also be remembered for the care which he bestowed upon the manufacture of the choice books in which he from time to time indulged himself. He published these in a style which the sale never justified, or which he scarcely expected it to justify, and spent money in advertising them which he knew would never return to him. He was, in a word, very far removed from the desire for riches, and very near to the ideal publisher, whose memory is equally grateful to authors, private friendship, and the public.——It is proper, also, to speak a word of respect and regret on occasion of the death of Mr. Eliakim Littell, the founder of *Littell's Living Age*, which is so well known to the whole American reading public. Mr. Littell was born on the second day of the year 1792, so he had reached a great age; but he was remarkable for his youthful appearance and his well-preserved strength. He was, in fact, an excellent specimen of a sort of men once, perhaps, commoner in Boston than now. It was in 1844 that he established his periodical, which has been from the beginning eclectic, and always, we believe, a weekly magazine. Certainly, it has always been the best of the eclectic magazines, and much of the best of recent English periodical literature may be found in its hundred or so of volumes. Perhaps some other time would be a fitter occasion for saying something about the morality of eclectic magazines.

—The population of Ohio is at least five times as great as that of Connecticut, but the number of divorces granted last year in the former State was but 1,003, while in the latter it amounted to 491. To every twenty-four marriages in Ohio there was one divorce; in Connecticut, one to every nine and seven-tenths. It is clear that the West has no monopoly of immorality. In both the States named the increase of the ratio of divorce is worthy of attention. In 1866, in Ohio, the proportion was one to twenty-six; in 1865, in Connecticut, one to eleven of the marriages. Last year, the three most populous counties in Connecticut showed the largest number of divorces. This was to be expected. The same counties, however, have the largest foreign population; is there any connection between these facts? Perhaps Dr. Allen might here find something to console us natives with. Out of 4,754 marriages, 271 were between a foreign male and an American female, and 181 between a foreign female and an American male. Are there no statistics to show whether such marriages turn out better or worse than when both parties are foreigners or both native-born? The greatest number of births in Connecticut occurred in March and September, and this agrees with what happened in Massachusetts in 1867, so far as March is concerned. We presume that in the one State, as in the other, the greater proportion of the births regularly fall in the latter half of the year.

—The trial of Mr. Buckalew's plan of personal representation in the village where he lives has attracted some notice, though the field was too small to prove much for or against his theory. More interest will naturally be felt in the experiment made last month, and of which the result will soon be announced, of making nominations of overseers by the alumni of Harvard College, according to the system of Mr. Hare. Ten candidates were to be selected, but each elector might name as many as he chose, provided he affixed to each his order of preference. The committee to receive and count the votes then proceeded as follows. Each envelope, as it arrived, was numbered, and, when all were in, they were taken up and opened in order. Each ballot successively was then counted for the first choice indicated upon it, until some candidate had received a tenth of all the votes cast, when his name was regarded as *hors de concours*. Any subsequent ballot, therefore, which made him its first choice was counted instead for its second choice; and so on, till the ten were elected.

In practice, instead of expecting from each elector a brand-new, original list, the committee sent out a printed list of suggested candidates, with blanks for insertions if desired. In all probability, the ten nominees will be found to have been on this list—which suggests the course likely to be pursued by party managers in politics if ever Mr. Hare's scheme shall be adopted. But the breaking up of artificial district lines and the power to transpose the nominees on the list, and to scratch them all, without abandoning the party or throwing away his vote, will tend greatly to elevate and emancipate the elector.

—The Senate lately voted $100,000 towards the further exploration of the North Pole. If it could do so much in the interest of pure science, it ought to improve a rare opportunity to aid not science alone, but the immediate development of the material interests of this country and continent. If willing to appropriate money for new voyages, it ought to be disposed to to help to utilize the results of voyages already accomplished; and if this would be true in general, it is still more the case now that the Government has undertaken the survey of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and there is in this city a savant who returned only last year from a seven years' journey in Central America, and has probably the richest collection of observations ever made in that region. We refer to Dr. Habel, for many years a well-known practitioner and public officer in this city, and whose memoirs were presented to the French Academy of Science, at the session of July 26, 1869, having the endorsement of M. Sainte-Claire Deville, M. de Quatrefages, and other eminent members. Dr. Habel's explorations extended from Guatemala to Peru, and embraced also the Chincha and Galapagos Islands. From the latter archipelago, made famous by the researches of Mr. Darwin, he brought away exactly the same number of species as the English philosopher, including several that were wholly new to science. Wherever he went, in the various republics of Central America, Dr. Habel studied the geology, hydrography, meteorology, botany, mineralogy, and fauna of the land, and mapped out an exact itinerary by means of the compass, corrected by astronomical observations at the principal stations. He thus discovered that all the maps of this country are more or less incorrect, especially that of Honduras, of which the north and east coast is much exaggerated in extent, the error amounting to an entire degree of longitude. He also ascertained the form and direction and barometric height of the mountains, and made, during a stay of ten months on the Isthmus, a series of meteorological observations forming a complete chain between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. His ethnological researches were remarkably fruitful. He found ruins of ancient cities, one of which was more than three miles long, on the Pacific coast, where their existence had never before been suspected, and they revealed an extinct civilization altogether different from that of the Aztecs. Of these monuments he made scale drawings, which, however, he does not expect will be credited until confirmed by the photograph. And finally, Dr. Habel collected words in nine different Indian languages, mostly of tribes seldom visited; and of one he states that he could easily compose a grammar and dictionary. The preparation for publication of these valuable results of singular scientific devotedness awaits the leisure which Dr. Habel's means no longer permit. It appears to us that they have sufficient national and international importance to warrant the moderate outlay which would suffice to have them put together. His map, at least, might properly be brought out under the auspices of the Coast Survey.

—John Henry Newman has been for so many years so great a name in the literary world, as well as in the Protestant religious world, and the Roman Catholic, that for a long time he has been made—now by the ignorant and now by the interested or the designing—to stand sponsor for many things for which he would be nowise willing to be held responsible. Of this we have been frequently reminded of late. As an example of the sort of misrepresentation caused by insufficient information which Dr. Newman has had to undergo, we may cite what follows: Since the question of Bible reading in the public schools came up for discussion, almost every religious newspaper in the country—so far as we know about such newspapers—has called the attention of its readers to "these significant words of that famous convert to Romanism, John Henry Newman":

"Who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on in the ear like a music that never can be forgotten, like the sound of church-bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem often to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of the national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt never dimmed and controversy never soiled. It has been to him all along as the silent, but oh! how intelligible, voice of his guardian angel; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible. And all this is an unhallowed power! The extinction of the Establishment would be a less step towards the conquest of the national mind than, if it were possible (but we are speaking humanly, and in our ignorance), to adopt that Bible and correct it by the Vulgate. As it is, there is no blessing of the Church along with it, and who would dream that beauty is better than a blessing?"

This is expressed well enough to be easily taken for the work of Dr. Newman by almost any reader. Perhaps, however, Dr. Newman would hardly be so lyrical—so to speak—except where his own personal feelings were more directly interested than one might suppose the feelings of any Roman Catholic to be when the thing under consideration is the beauty of the Protestant Bible. Still, it is true that it was once a favorite project of Newman's to prepare for the use of English Roman Catholics an edition of the Bible which should contain the King James's Version modified by the readings of the Vulgate—such an edition as is suggested above. And it is true, too, that he does once in a while allow himself a lyrical outburst which has, seemingly, something of an air of premeditation and deliberate elaboration. So, for example, one might speak of that address to his brethren of the Oratory with which he closes his "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Admirable as his English is, it is not so good as to be always unobnoxious to the charge that it is sometimes poetical prose, or rhetorical prose, rather than prose thoroughly good. But, as a matter of fact, the author of the passage which we have quoted was not Newman, but the Reverend F. W. Faber—a person who, however displeasing to most judges of men and literature, was possessed of marked literary ability of a certain kind, and who, as everybody knows, was warmly interested in the famous "movement" which had for one of its chief results the turning of Newman into a Roman Catholic, and for another result the conversion of Faber also, who followed his master after a month or two. Indeed, it may be as well to say—in order that all the evidence concerning "these significant words" above given may be in court—that Faber not only followed his master, but went beyond him, and far beyond; and he is by no means to be trusted to speak rightly either of things Catholic or things Protestant. Of course Dr. Newman, like every other Romanist who writes on matters pertaining to "the one true faith," often writes so as to bother and baffle the mere intellect, and to confound with great confusion such persons as hunger for ascertained, definite knowledge, and—if the words may be allowed—do not care to formulate into dogmatic assertions concerning certain matters their ignorance concerning those matters. But Mr. Faber seems to like to ignore the existence of the intellect; he usually exclaims, and rhapsodizes, and sentimentalizes, and gushes after a fashion that ought to make even a Papal Zouave sigh for a taste of common sense. Of the "Italianate English" of a couple of centuries ago no very taking accounts are given; but the Ultramontanist English of to-day are more belied than seems credible if they would not be altogether past bearing, were it not that it is forbearance that their fellow-Christians owe them, and that, after all, nobody need care for them.

—We have not at hand the means of giving a specific example of a sort of injustice which, as we have said, Dr. Newman often has to put up with, and which consists in the more or less intentional and wilful misrepresentation of his feelings and opinions. It is not, however, that such misrepresentations are not of frequent occurrence. It would be possible, for instance, to name Roman Catholic periodicals published in this country, and devoted to the unblenching avowal of the extremest opinions of the Society of Jesus, whose editors—even at the moment when they are pushing doctrines which Dr. Newman has said seem to him like an evil dream and worse than atheism—use, without scruple, the authority of his name. They know the respect which is everywhere paid to his genius and character. An unnumbered multitude of these exhibitions of uncandidness Dr. Newman has recently disposed of once for all, in a letter which has become famous, and which is an important part of the religious history of the day. It was written to Dr. Ullathorne, of Birmingham, who is Newman's own bishop, and, though not intended for publication, has got into print, and is seen to be of such a sort as might have been expected by all who are aware that its author is not only a man of genius, but a man of as much courage as of caution and shrewdness. "Rome ought to be," he says, "a name to lighten the heart at all times, and a Council's proper office is, when some great heresy or other evil impends, to inspire hope

and confidence in the faithful; but now we have the greatest meeting that ever has been, and that at Rome, infusing into us, by the accredited organs of Rome and of its partisans, little else than fear and dismay." Again, he says: "When has a definition *de fide* been a luxury of devotion and not a stern, painful necessity? Why should an aggressive, insolent faction be allowed to make the heart of the just sad, whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful?" We may remark, by the way, that the people must be few who have Dr. Newman's power of aptly quoting Scripture. Still more outspoken and more generally interesting is this, which is said further on in the letter: "If it is God's will that the Pope's infallibility is defined, then is it God's will to throw back the times and moments of that triumph which he has destined for his kingdom, and I shall feel I have but to bow my head to his adorable, inscrutable providence." We imagine it may be these last words which cause the *Catholic World* for June to say it is glad to see that Dr. Newman seems to believe in the infallibility of popes, though he is opposed to having the doctrine defined at this present moment. There may be possibility of so construing his utterances; but any one construing them in the sense attributed to them by the *Catholic World* will mislead third parties, unless he lays down at the beginning a strict definition of the word "belief."

—As the sessions of the Council go on, it seems to become more and more manifest that the wisdom and learning of Catholicism are firmly opposed to the dogma, on the promulgation of which the Pope and Monsignor Talbot have set their hearts, and in whose favor the heads of all the Jesuits have been exercised during so many years. Dr. Newman's letter is very far indeed from being the only one of its kind, though a better one of its kind we have not seen. One might say, without much fear of inaccuracy, that he looks on the scheme for making the belief in the Pope's infallibility a matter of faith as being due to the present Pope's weakness and to the astuteness of the Society of Jesus, whose wisdom has always been futile, and whom a Yankee would describe as so sharp as always to cut its own fingers. It seems still to be ridden by its old notion that to govern the world it is only necessary to govern certain men, and that it is by the weaknesses of men that they are governed—doctrines which have never been proved sound, and which have an *a priori* improbability. While we are upon this subject of the relations of Newman to Rome, we may as well quote one other passage from his letter, and this for the sake of making a remark about him which seems to us just, and which it is perhaps worth while to make. Certainly everything about a man so noteworthy, and in many of the most important respects so admirable, possesses interest. "As to myself personally," he says, "please God I do not expect any trial at all. [Any trial of faith, he means, in case the projected dogma is enunciated.] But I cannot help suffering with the many souls who are suffering, and I look with anxiety at the prospect of having to defend decisions which may not be difficult to my own private judgment, but may be most difficult to maintain logically in the face of existing historical facts." Here may be seen, or we make a mistake, the peculiar way in which Dr. Newman holds his religious belief. He seems to be as frankly egotistical, so to speak, in his Catholicism as is Emerson—whom Newman so much resembles in feature—in the religious views, or cosmic views, or whatever else they are, which are held by him. History, logic, everything that to most men would seem absolute over belief, or at least to tend very strongly to determine it this way or that in preference to this other or that other, Newman seems to show himself willing to disregard entirely; it is enough that Catholicism commends itself to him. Thus considered, much that is in him becomes more explicable than otherwise it seems. But we have not space to enlarge on the subject.

—"We want facts," says the *North China Herald* of late date, speaking of the defective knowledge which Europeans have of China. "At this moment, a British merchant in Shanghae, with every desire to gain some distinct information about the country, is baffled and perplexed by his inability to get together a body of the most ordinary and easily attained facts. The country in the midst of which we are placed is a riddle, and a riddle that everybody gives up directly it is propounded." The *Herald* goes on to say that there are a few "highly respectable and orthodox volumes which it is impossible to speak of with too much respect," but which still leave our acquaintance with China very imperfect. No work treats adequately or with the proper perspective the history of the empire, or so well as that of Japan has been presented to English readers. In fact, there have been more ready writers on China than careful investigators: "those foreign writers who knew what to say, did not know how to say it; and those who knew how to say what they knew, knew very little that was worth saying." In another and previous article the *Herald* illustrates this by the uncertainty which exists as to the real population of the empire—a matter which it is a superstition with the Chinese not to report upon, at least with any approach to accuracy. In the absence of any census, one is obliged to accept the fabulous figures of the Peking officials, or to make the most of the estimates formed by those barbarians who have paid some attention to the subject—to believe with Father Amiot that in 1770 China contained 209 millions of inhabitants, or, as Grosier corrected him, 198,214,533, and then to judge for one's self whether the state of the empire has during the present century been favorable to the increase of the population. The customs of the country undoubtedly, in peaceful times, do favor an exceptional growth; but it is evident that at present we have no means of arriving at a trustworthy basis of calculation. Even where the opportunities would seem to be ample for judging, and such that all observers must agree, there is and has been, from the commencement of European intercourse with China, a division into two opposite opinions—for instance, as to the Chinese character. We know that the same diversity exists in this country, among intelligent persons who encounter or have dealings with the Chinese, and it is on the whole gratifying to read the *Herald's* explanation of the phenomenon. The worst estimate, it says, is traceable to the merchant and the diplomat, each of whom approaches the less favorable side of the Chinese nature. "The Chinaman is seen" by the former, in driving a bargain, "trying to advance his own interest, at the expense of a person whom his creed does not teach him to acknowledge, even with his lips, as his neighbor. Hence he is presented obeying all his lower instincts; and few Christians would show to advantage at such a moment." The diplomat, on the other hand, "gets his experience of the native after he has been subjected to the humiliation of defeat, or when he is essaying the trickery and evasion which are characteristic features of oriental diplomacy;" or when, as now, "after having been knocked down, he is set on his feet again, apologized to, and told that he was struck in mistake," whereupon cringing is exchanged for arrogance. The missionary and the transient visitor call forth better and the best traits of a Chinaman, and their view of his character, if not to be taken implicitly, is naturally accounted for.

—If our knowledge of China is limited, so is that of Chinese Tartary, and the nation which seems likely to contribute most to both is, at this moment, Russia. Taking Kashgar as a centre of interest—a city which recent conquests in Central Asia have brought to the border of European civilization—a contributor to the April number of the *Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin* compares several of the later works of travel connected with the Russian occupation, and derives a good deal of interesting information concerning the land and its people. The best observation of the position of Kashgar places it in latitude 39° 23′ 9″ North, and longitude 76° 10′ [20′] East. The longitude has been variously fixed at 71° 50′ by Ad. Schlagintweit, and 73° 57′ by the Jesuits. The latter is that adopted in Lippincott's Gazetteer, while the New American Cyclopædia gives 76° 45′, which is more nearly correct. Valikhanoff, whose travels are principally followed in the *Zeitschrift*, narrates a singular experience of his in Kashgar: "Although," says his commentator, "the Mohammedans of Little Bokhara obey the teachings of the Imam Hanif, which forbid temporary marriages, yet in Kashgar, and especially in the hexapolis of East Turkestan, the custom prevails for all strangers to enter the marriage relation if they stay for any length of time in the city. These contracts are celebrated with due ceremony, the bridegroom being obliged to furnish nothing but a new suit to the bride." To this the Russian gracefully submitted, as did the rest of the caravan, and they were also compelled to exchange their Tartar caps and caftans, which excited too much attention, for the turbans and caftans of the country.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

We shall all do well to admit once for all the applicability to individual questions of the maxim which we have all frequently recognized as true in a general way—the maxim, namely, that it is too early yet for any of us to write an authoritative history of the war, and if it is too early to-day, it certainly was a long time too early in the days when homicide was in the hearts of half of us during most of our waking hours, and we were literally giving ourselves, minds as well as bodies, to the cause. It is, however, not too early for us to begin cultivating that calmer, and indeed manlier, as well as gentler, spirit which is to pervade the true histories that are to come. The season might well enough suggest reflections of this kind, for Monday was the time for decorating with flowers the soldiers' graves; but our thoughts have been turned in this direction by the fact

that of the writers in the June magazines, three address themselves to contributing to what may be called the inner history of the war. Mr. Jeremiah Black, writing in the *Galaxy*, deals with Senator Wilson's eulogy of Secretary Stanton, and incidentally defends or attacks several other famous personages; Mr. Thurlow Weed, also writing in the *Galaxy*, gives an interesting chapter or two from his autobiography, and relates a good many things hitherto not known concerning the earliest days of the recruiting and fighting; finally, an anonymous but careful and clever writer, who seems to know very well what he is talking about, reviews in *Old and New* the case of Fitz John Porter. Fitz John Porter's case we ourselves have recently had occasion to notice, and, as readers of what we said will remember, we have expressed a decided opinion in regard to the treatment of that officer. But it is right to say that any one whose mind is at present made up adversely to the disgraced General may very probably discover in the *Old and New* article strong reasons for coming to conclusions less favorable to the court-martial than to the prisoner.

Well worth reading, too, is Mr. Black's attack on Mr. Wilson, an attack which its author considers a needed defence of Mr. Stanton against his eulogist. There is plenty of bad temper in it; and what are its politics, our readers can imagine. We observe that a certain Republican journal published in Massachusetts declares that the editors of the *Galaxy* disgraced themselves when they consented to print such a copperhead tirade, and the editors themselves appear to have been a little frightened at their own temerity, for they make a sort of half-apology for admitting the article. But surely the time must be almost at hand when we shall bear to hear all the truth, and all the lies for that matter, that any rebel or copperhead may feel called upon to tell in regard to the Confederacy, or Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, or anything else connected with the late war. What is the need of either the abuse or the apology does not seem too clear. As we say, the article has plenty of ill temper, and Mr. Black partly defeats his own objects. Here, for example, is a stroke in which Mr. Wilson, if he is sagacious, may properly rejoice. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, is the person of whom Mr. Black is speaking to Mr. Wilson: "You may have all the benefit of loyalty, and you may weigh him down with the huge burden of rebellion; nevertheless, his mental ability, good sense, and common honesty put him so immeasurably far above you that you will never in this life be able to get a horizontal view of his character." It is only outside of New England, we suppose, that the last sentence of this could be said in seriousness; but Mr. Black says it in good earnest. But if talk like this requires of Mr. Wilson no answer but silence, there are other things in the article which certainly do call for an answer; and no one is fair who takes Mr. Wilson's estimate of Mr. Stanton without also taking into account what Mr. Black has to say. Mr. Black's veracity is not questioned, we believe, even by the persons who consider him a most mistaken politician, an enemy of his country's best interests, and a lawyer of much greater learning than wisdom.

Mr. Weed's narrative of his services in the early part of the war are very readable and not without value. He here well upholds his reputation for shrewdness and executive ability, and, taking his own story as true, he apparently deserved well of the Republic. This, by the way, is a little incident that it may be well enough to bear in mind when one is thinking of how it is that the best of our public servants get their places, and how they keep them. Mr. Weed is speaking of the news coming in from Ball's Bluff, and tells how he prevented General McClellan's giving to the telegraph a despatch throwing the responsibility for that sad affair on Colonel Baker, a gallant officer whom it would have been shameful injustice to blame; then he adds this: "The body of Colonel Baker was rescued from the field by Louis Bierrel, a soldier from the city of New York, who stood by his gun till the enemy were upon him, when, with a comrade, he bore away the lifeless body of his commander. At the close of the war I obtained a situation for this faithful soldier in the Custom House, but I regret to say that some two years ago, for no fault of his own, he was discharged."

Besides the article which we have already mentioned, *Old and New* contains little or nothing that calls for special remark. There is, however, a fairly good essay on "Protoplasm" by Mr. Francis Tiffany, who puts in a rather fresh way the old objection to scientific theories of man and nature that they do not account for life; and there is also a pleasing article, which will be to most readers instructive, on Gratry's attitude towards the Papacy; but there is little else. Worth looking at for noticeable vigor and for its music—or rather for the swing of it—is Mr. George Finney's piece of verse called "Mother and Son." There is a queer simplicity about it, too; but the vigor and the simplicity both are pushed pretty far in this stanza:

> "I fainted with the Grief-Burr Choke, clutched Shucks of wasted Love.
> O that the Man who gave that stroke
> May never feel the Stifle-Throat,
> The Heart-Swell, nor the Vitals'-Bloat to crowd his Brain above."

This sounds like mere raving; but though it is the worst part of the piece it is not incongruous with the other and more reasonable parts. Still the fact remains that not only did a man write it, but it has been passed upon by other men, and has been printed for an audience of greater or less size. Perhaps it is, after all, not very different in essentials from a good deal of the poetry, and prose too, which is regularly published in our magazines.

The *Galaxy* opens as usual with more of Mr. Charles Reade's novel, which a person might almost say begins to be tiresome, or rather which threatens to be tiresome, as being merely more repetitions of the same old tricks, and the characters being next to nothing. "Tobaccophagoi and Tobaccophagism" is by Dr. John C. Draper, and is like most similar essays in that it will please everybody who hates tobacco, and will amuse everybody who loves that herb. Of course it is made clear once again that no one but a desperado would use tobacco except as a medicine. As for gentlemen who have for any length of time been smoking, or snuffing, or chewing tobacco, they simply are alive in spite of themselves. Perhaps, however, they have cancer; or they suffer under a thickening of the Schneiderian membrane of the nose; or they have married late in life and become paralytic; or cannibal islanders have refused their flesh on account of its being saturated with nicotine. Physicians who are opposed to the use of tobacco might do worse, one would say, than to deny themselves paper and ink for a while, and set themselves to discovering an antidote to the ill effects of the plant.

In "Two Women" "the Author of Margaret Howth" again appears; and she makes the same appearance as of old. There is a man who deems it his duty to die of the yellow fever; and there is a woman—big, gross, without a waist, sensual, passionate—who "lights up well" at night and fascinates all males, and who in the day-time drinks brandy and laudanum; there is another woman who is delicate and cool, and wears muslin, and among these women and the man there is much which we are asked to call love and suffering. There is really nothing except an indulgence of feelings, which wise people and delicate people keep under command, if they have them at all, and which they at least keep to themselves. There is, however, at the very end of the story, a not bad turn.

For the rest, the *Galaxy* has some of "Mark Twain's" fun, "which is alone worth the price of the magazine;" an essay by Mr. Justin McCarthy; some more of "Ten Years in Rome," whose author, we observe, has now dropped out of Anglicanism into something else; a few pages of "Things of the Day," by "Carl Benson," and several other articles which, with those we have mentioned, make a pleasant and readable number of a magazine that is always readable for the moment, whether or not it is very well worth saving. It is certainly conducted with skill, and one or two other magazines which avow a deliberate intention to be "monthly newspapers" might profitably take a lesson from the *Galaxy*. The *Galaxy* is a monthly newspaper in the sense of always being of current interest, and not in the sense of always treating scrappily an immense number of topics.

The fourteen or fifteen pages of reviewing at the end of the magazine make the best part of the June *Atlantic*, which, indeed, is not too good. The book-notices, however, have redeeming power, although there is no doubt that the level on which they were kept while they were the work of a single hand is hardly maintained now that there are several writers at work. Still, there is the gain of variety, and that may properly be held, we suppose, to balance the loss mentioned. In no way a gain, however, are such reviews as that of Miss Phelps's "Hedged In," a book which, we would say, a publisher might safely leave to the charitable judgments of people of discrimination and to the greedy appetite for mingled sensational sentimentalism and piety of people not so discriminating. Galton's "Hereditary Genius" is carefully reviewed, and there is what may be called a "refreshing" notice of the last of Mr. William Morris's many verses. From the time of Alexander Smith, to go no further back, contemporary English critics have united in a loud chorus of praise whenever a new verse-maker came before them, and it is difficult to believe that the men and women of this generation who write current criticism in England have the least right to say a word about

poetry. The list of those whom they have of late years judged to have touched immortality is an absurdly long one. There was Mr. Sydney Dobell had done it, and Mr. Gerald Massey, and Miss Jean Ingelow, and George Eliot, and before her, Mr. Swinburne, and before him, Mr. Robert Lytton, and we do not know how many others; and now there is Mr. Morris, of whom debate is made whether it is he and Tennyson, or he and Browning, or Browning and Tennyson, that are the two foremost English-speaking poets of the age. It is a question which doubtless the age will, as soon as is necessary, settle for itself, both on the other side of the water and on this side of it—where also some poetry has been produced in our day. This *Atlantic* reviewer has, perhaps, a high enough estimate of Mr. Morris.

Of the long articles in the *Atlantic*, the one which will attract most attention, we imagine, is that on which we commented last week—some of Mr. Henry James's opinions in regard to the relations of society to husbands and wives; and perhaps next in attractiveness is the first of Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Fireside Stories." "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—most opportune of novels—made a great stir, but it is in her records of what she has observed of life in New England country towns of thirty or forty years ago that Mrs. Stowe is at her best. A person would not be frightfully heretical, for instance, who should maintain that there is nothing else so good in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as the picture of Miss Ophelia. In this new story, or rather sketch, Mrs. Stowe takes Sam Lawson, the good-for-nothing "shif'less" fellow of "Oldtown Folks," and makes him exercise for the benefit of a pair of children his faculty of telling stories; so he tells them a rather striking and perfectly Yankee ghost story. When we say that the original figure of Sam, as Mrs. Stowe's eyes transferred him to her memory, has now a little faded, and that the Sam whom she shows us to-day has here a touch of more recent color which is not quite in keeping, we only say what might have been expected. The originals, of which he is a copy, are rarer than they were; and the painter has spent a busy lifetime, caring much for other things since she gave her first and best study to her Yankee personages.

Other long articles that are worth some attention are "Master Treadwell," "The Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte," "French and English Illustrated Magazines," and "Let us be Cheerful," though, perhaps, all of this last is not new, and all of the last but one is not to be taken as, to say the least, delicately true in its criticism of various artists.

Harper's is as good as ever, though one would guess that some bore had got hold of the critical department, which is more intrepidly vacuous than almost any criticism done for the American press. "Jottings and Journeyings in Spain" is very good-natured and lively, and may be read with pleasure, and we should think it might be instructive too. "Wine in America and American Wine" is very discouraging in tone, and will be promptly answered, we trust, by some other wine-grower writing for some other magazine. The article before us ought to make a pother among the manufacturers of native wines and the breeders of vines. There is little hope, the writer says, that for many a long day we are going to have in this country wines at once pure and cheap. The high-raised hopes of twenty years ago are flat in the dust, for our vines are predestined victims to the rat or the mildew—new enemies of the grape, which only within the last decade or two have made their power known. So he goes on. For the "total-abstinence men," also, there is something in the essay which altogether is well worth reading. So we cannot speak of "Anteros," by Mr. George Lawrence, which is still quite proper, and, of course, then, is stupid to the last degree. However, it is rather early yet to give up, and something is to be hoped from Carryl Glynne. In the "Easy Chair" the editor talks sensibly to the misguided artists and other such persons who cannot bear the truth and resent criticism. But no good was ever done by such discourses, except, indeed, that young Sulky or old Sulky's mouth is stopped for the moment, and that it is made manifest to the spectator that he is put to confusion. To let them suffer is, we find, the best way to deal with them; and to remind them now and again that "to be weak is to be miserable."

Putnam's has among its other articles a long and careful article, useful for reference, concerning "Proportional Representation;" and another not so long nor so careful, discussing the question, "Shall we have a More Readable Bible?" We should have such a Bible, the writer thinks, and he thinks the American Bible Society is the source from which it should come. But the American Bible Society would not be expected by many persons to do more than remove from the present version some surface roughnesses. This, to be sure, would probably be worth doing, but it seems a small thing when one thinks of how much needed is a new translation. Perhaps never was there within the limits of Christendom so widespread and earnest a desire to seek the truth as regards Christianity—a desire which, in some of its manifestations, frightens some persons who should know better, as well as a vast number who do not know better, and who now stand in the way of profitable discussion.

Professor J. M. Hoppin contributes to *Putnam's* an essay on "The Outlook of Our English Literature," and makes some sound remarks; but some are open to question. Then, we doubt whether there is much use in disquieting ourselves about "the great American poet" of the future. It is among the possibilities that we are not to have a great American poet at all. The last and previous generation craved one as much as we do, and got only big American poets. Would it not be as well for us of this generation to petition more wisely, and ask for greatness simply in our poets, and care less about the Americanism in them? The Americanism of all that we produce may fairly be left to take care of itself; our concern is with its excellence. Meantime, Professor Hoppin fancies the new star will make its appearance in the West, we suppose under the influence of the better social and physiological conditions—for the poet, like other men, needs good beef and good air—which that region seems to promise to our race. He says: "The great poet of our country will spring up somewhere in the central territories; in some one of those beautiful valleys in the neighborhood or, perhaps, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, where the skies are clearer, nature larger, life freer, more sympathetic and more national."

The "Editorial Notes" in this number of the magazine are better than either of the two preceding batches, but less would have to be said of the review of current literature—that of foreign literature having more variety than fulness—while the reverse is to be said of the review of home literature, which treats at too great length of books not important, and which shows a want of knowledge.

Everybody may properly wish to see the June *Hours at Home*, which opens with a number of letters written by Miss Charlotte Brontë to her most intimate friend, the lady who does duty as Caroline Helstone in "Shirley"; and there is also some well-written and judicious criticism of the character and career of the celebrated authoress. Mr. John Bigelow is the person through whom the letters see the light. Mr. Bigelow contributes also the paper on "Beaumarchais the Merchant," which he has read this winter before our historical societies in New York and Brooklyn.

Trollope's "Sir Harry Hotspur" is the most prominent of the contents of the last *Lippincott's*, but some of the more unimportant articles are pleasant enough. "The coming man is evidently a woman," one scoffer says; and another abuses "Gail Hamilton"—whom he calls out of her name, by the by—and says her last book is "as uncalled for as it is unrefined." "Uncalled for" is precisely what it is, for it is the deadest book of the season, and one does not see why an editor should now be troubling himself about it. "The Revolution at the South" and the article on Lopez and Paraguayan affairs both seem to take right ground, but it cannot be said that the reading public are not a little sick of both subjects. As for the Paraguayan affair, not only was there almost never such a muddle and jumble of writing and opinion, but there has hardly ever been a subject with such capacities of interest which has been treated in so dry and dull and unpictorial a way. Then, too, every observer seems to be a violent partisan.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Abbott (J. S. C.), History of Hortense	(Harper & Bros.)	$1 20
Annual of Hudson and Menet, for 1870	(Hudson & Menet)	
Cupples (Mrs. G.), Driven to Sea: a Tale	(Horace B. Fuller)	
Disraeli (B.), Henrietta Temple: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	0 50
Guilty, or Not Guilty: a Tale	(Carleton)	
Honor Bright: a Tale	"	1 50
Myers (F. W. H.), Poems	(Macmillan & Co.)	1 25
Payne (J. B.), Haydn's Universal Index of Biography	(Virtue & Yorston)	
Smith (Dr. Wm.), Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., Part XXVII., swd	(Hurd & Houghton)	0 75
Stone (Prof. J. R.), The Invitation Heeded	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	
Swift (J. F.), Robert Greathouse: a Tale	(Carleton)	
Trollope (A.), The Vicar of Bullhampton: a Tale	(Harper & Bros.)	
Yonge (Miss C. M.), A Storehouse of Stories	(Macmillan & Co.)	1 50
The Caged Lion: a Tale	(D. Appleton & Co.)	1 25

Fine Arts.

FORTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We have named two French painters as representative of a certain tendency in modern painting, a tendency to which it is dangerous for students to yield too readily, however fascinating the results may seem to them. Now to bring home to New York this demonstration, let us take an admired, influential, and in every way successful New York painter, or rather his works, and find in them lessons for the times, even though the task becomes one of much greater delicacy. Let us take No. 362 of this exhibition, Mr. Gifford's "Tivoli." Without attempting to give this picture its exact place in art, or even in modern art, let us consider it in relation to the external world, that visible world with which painting deals, and to give beautiful, exalted, and essentially true ideas of which is the end and aim of painting. In this picture, then, a moderately extensive and exceedingly varied landscape is seen through a warm yellowish atmosphere; there is no near foreground, and no extreme distance except the sky; there are isolated trees near enough to be seen in all their ramifications, and buildings massive and simple enough to be understood at a glance, as to character and exterior design; there are running streams, deep between strongly marked banks, in what may be called the foreground of the picture. No part of this landscape can be supposed nearer than some hundreds of yards. Now, criticism, not hasty to say "right" or "wrong," but pointing out what is peculiar for its own and its reader's notice and consideration, observes in this instance that the mists and fogs of the north temperate zone partly conceal what is seen through them, often distort and disguise it, and always conceal what is more distant—that is, what is seen through a greater depth of the mist or fog, than what is nearer. Moreover, when the somewhat rare phenomenon is seen of a great body of mist, fog, or cloud, strongly and warmly colored by the sun, it presents this appearance rather as a mass seen from without, and tinged, as it were, outside, than as a dense atmosphere colored throughout its mass, and showing that color to an observer within it. That this latter effect is possible no one can deny who has seen and inhabited a London fog. And a London morning fog in August is not of necessity the gray, pea-soup-colored blindness of the November "London Particular." But in the other respects spoken of above and also in this one, the atmosphere of this picture may be critically spoken of as a conception; an artistic idea rather than a representation of a natural fact. Many of our readers will remember the picture of several years ago, in which a Catskill valley was represented under the same conditions, miles of distance seen through the same yellow haze. All our readers are familiar with this effect, made a part of our American art, in Mr. Gifford's pictures. It is not to be wondered at that these pictures are so popular. They are fascinating on account of their unity, their simplicity of design, their very uniformity of tone. The same charm, a perfectly definite and even explicable charm, which a drawing in india-ink or sepia, a brown mezzotint, or an etching possesses, a charm peculiar to itself, and not to be found in a finished work of full color, is found in these pictures we are considering. But to consider the possible effect upon young painters of pictures so definitely limited in expression, and in such a tempting way *mannered*, pictures that sell so well, too, let us suppose that a follower of Mr. Gifford learns to paint running streams and their high scarped banks and trees of different sorts, not from nature but from Mr. Gifford's pictures. Is it not obvious that he will go very far astray? The master has studied many phases of nature, and, selecting from what he knows, gives what he thinks his picture will be better for. Perhaps to our mind he gives too little, and the picture is not full enough of the varied impressions, the mystery and the change of nature; but it is perfectly possible that in the attempt to give more matter, some grace would be lost. At all events there is the definite choice, and the result of varied study. But, the pupil who should think that here and not out of doors is the nature for him to study, would be limiting his total range by the limits of the master's chosen field. And it must not be forgotten that even a student working out of doors may be undergoing as narrow a training, may be seeing as much through another's eyes, and may be in his art as feeble a reflection of another, as if he were to work only in the studio. The power of getting only a very little and that not the best out of the infinite fulness of nature, is well exemplified in a host of the sketches in the "Corridor."

In the same South Gallery, and not far from the "Tivoli," is one of the most attractive pictures in the exhibition, Mr. Kensett's "Narragansett" No. 378. It would be impossible to find an American painting more thoroughly representative of the tendencies, good and not so good, of modern art. It addresses the pensive modern regard for natural beauty, which finds its best enjoyment in a sunset sky seen by a placid ocean, with white sails in the distance, which does not look for the structure of rocks or for the sculpture of clouds, but takes the rocks for masses of warm color of prettily varied shape, and the horizon clouds for pale indications of what will soon be vast, towering, fleecy masses, seeming to fill the now unsullied depths of the sky. The picture takes one of the most beloved phases of natural beauty, and represents it exceedingly well—so well as almost to challenge comparison with any similar work. The composition has unity, simplicity not too obvious, and a certain grace; the drawing, without being very subtle, is sufficiently refined; the color is eminently quiet, harmonious, subdued. That the picture represents modern art in its shortcomings as well as its excellences; that, in common with all modern art, it sympathizes too closely with the popular taste to teach it much; that there are many such pictures, and that a nobler task would be to represent each time some phase of nature not before represented; all this is true and should be not forgotten—it is part of the history of this and of other such works of art. But we wish for the next generation of painters, the pupils of to-day, that many of their works may have the easy grace, the completeness within its limits, and the power of pleasing intelligent people, which Mr. Kensett's best works, and this one among them, possess. It is our hope that they will discover that in order to do anything of the kind they must work hard and steadily, drawing from nature. They have no right to expect that just such and such qualities will develop in them, and that such popular favor will reward their efforts in a single direction. They have to meet a public growing daily more exacting, more trained, more observant; less ready to be satisfied with one song sung again and again in different keys. They will have to know all they are likely to know, to hold their own at all.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1870.

The Week.

In view of adjournment, Congress has been unusually efficient during the past week—the House more than the Senate, which has been mostly engaged in discussing the Indian Appropriation Bill, though in a long Executive session, on Wednesday week, it did the country the service of rejecting the Sandwich Islands Treaty. The same day it passed a bill rearranging the judicial circuits. The House finished the Tax Bill on Friday, and settled the income question by raising the sum to be exempted to $2,000, reducing the tax to 3 per cent., and forbidding the printing of the returns. Religious and socialistic communities are to be taxed on the basis of five to a family. A Kentucky member sought to have the Government bonds taxed, and of course had Gen. Butler on his side, along with twenty-nine other Republican repudiators. They were voted down by 110 to 78. On Monday, Mr. Schenck, who had previously offered an amended Tariff Bill as an appendage to the Tax Bill, got the two passed together as he wished. Between the currants and furs of the first section it is provided that printed book matter, bound or in sheets, must pay a duty of 15 cents per pound, and periodicals in pamphlet form a duty of 10 cents, levied in the same way; while the second section makes duty free "books, maps, and charts specially imported in single copies, and not for sale, of which no editions are printed in the United States; and books which have been printed and manufactured more than twenty years." On Monday, also, the Post-Office Appropriation Bill was passed.

Mr. Schenck has got his tariff amendment bill through the House after a fierce conflict, the revenue reformers opposing it on the ground of the rise on steel which it effects under cover of a reduction on articles of popular consumption; but the Republicans afterwards gave up in deference to the large reduction of taxation which it makes—about $60,000,000, of which about $20,000,000 come out of the tariff. Pig-iron stands at $7 a ton; scrap iron at $6; but steel rails are laden at one and a half cents a pound, or about $34 a ton, a clear and enormous increase, and everything Bessemer is to be classed as steel. Books, imported singly for use, that is for rich men, come in duty free. Tea goes down to 15 cents a pound, and coffee to 3. Indeed, the free list is, considering the times we live in, a generous one, and the House peremptorily, and by a large majority, directed the Committee to bring in a bill putting coal in it, so that "the poor man," who has so many of his imaginary wants supplied, but whose real ones excite so little interest, will at least have cheap fuel next winter.

The new funding bill which the Committee of Ways and Means is said to have prepared proposes a thousand-million-dollar loan, at four per cent., redeemable in thirty years, and free from all national, State, and municipal taxation, except income tax, and authorizes the Treasury to receive deposits of gold at three per cent. interest, to be used in redeeming five-twenties. We suppose by way of encouraging foreign capitalists to take it freely, Mr. B. F. Butler, under cover of Mr Beck, seized the opportunity of reviving his old plan of "taxing" the interest on United States bonds ten per cent., or, in plain English, reducing the interest from six to five and forty one-hundredths per cent., and, pushing it to a vote, got 78 for it to 110 against it—29 Republicans voting with him. Of course, calling the sixty cents deduction a "tax" does not deceive anybody as to the real character of the scheme, and we may guess the effect of its revival a second time on the public credit. This effect, too, will be heightened by Mr. Butler's argument that it was folly to expect the holders of United States sixes to give them up for fours as long as the sixes are exempt from taxation, which, we think, is sound reasoning, but then it does not follow that taxing them is the best way to effect the conversion. Few people will care to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire, or attach any more value to the untaxed four per cent. bond than the fraudulently taxed six per cent. bond of a dishonest creditor. But why convert or fund at all? Why not cut down the interest on the five-twenties to four per cent. by bill, and thus save the expense of engraving new bonds and the trouble of "funding," and if any one complain, laugh at him?

Mr. Wells's term of office expires at the end of the present month, and we are sorry to hear that while a sufficient force of the Republican party is ready to vote for its renewal, the President, in deference to Mr. Boutwell, who does not like Mr. Wells's statistics, probably finding that they embarrass him with "the men inside politics," declares that he will not propose Mr. Wells's retention. Mr. Wells has been for the last five years the most creditable person, and his reports the one creditable thing in American finance, always excepting the unbounded readiness of the people to pay taxes; and his being dropped is as distinct a step towards barbarism as if Mr. Boutwell were to begin to keep his accounts by notches on a stick. It will leave the country and Congress completely in the hands of the great manufacturers, who, *if they were archangels*, are not to be trusted as guides in financial legislation, because they have an enormous pecuniary interest in making a particular kind of legislation appear to have a particular influence on the national industry. The consumers are therefore entitled to the services of a disinterested enquirer, and they will never have anybody better than Mr. Wells. The President seems to be most unfortunately advised on nearly every question connected with revenue, if we may judge from his published utterances about it. In one of his earliest, he expressed his reliance on the Western gold mines for the payment of the national debt, and more recently laid down the astounding proposition that money paid by Americans for the transportation of freight by foreign vessels might as well be thrown into the sea. There has hardly been a single reform in the revenue effected within the last five years which Mr. Wells has not been the first to recommend, and his being permitted to go out of office will be a disgrace as well as misfortune.

The Chicago *Tribune*, noticing the defeat of Mr. Lynch's bill for the payment of premiums to Americans for running steamers to foreign ports, speaks of his pleasant trick of charging the 109 members who voted against the bill with being under the influence of "British gold," and suggests that, as the period of flinging inkstands and sand-boxes at the heads of impudent members has gone by, the proper mode of meeting such imputations is "to hold none but the most formal official intercourse with the blackguard" who makes them. It would be hardly fair, however, to single out poor Mr. Lynch for punishment for doing what the whole tribe of his prompters and backers out-of-doors are doing incessantly. His is, and has for some time been, the leading protectionist argument. Captain Codman, an old American skipper, who has followed the sea for forty years, has been advocating the admission of foreign-built ships duty free, after having, like a sensible man, paid a visit to the Clyde yards, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with his subject; but he no sooner made his appearance in Washington, and opened his mouth, than he was charged with being a paid agent of the Clyde builders, which has led to his coming to fisticuffs with one Congressman, but nobody supposes the Congressman won't go round the corner and repeat the story with additions. Having previously said that Codman was hired to advocate the admission of Clyde steamers to the American register, he will probably now say that he has seen the draft for the first quarter's salary.

The negro has at last made his appearance at West Point, in the shape of a boy of seventeen or thereabouts from Mississippi, nominated to the school by Senator Revels. A strong effort has been made by

some of the papers to make a sensation out of it. Colonel Black, the commandant, has been represented as throwing up his hands and flying in horror at the sight of the new cadet, and the hotel-keepers as having ignominiously expelled him when he applied for lodgings, and the white cadets as scouting the idea of his admission to their ranks. In fact, as dressed up, the incident has looked as if it might be a good thing with which to rouse the fury of the Congressional war-horses against the school, and "to go before the people" at the fall elections. The truth is, however, that Senator Revels has done a very foolish and cruel thing, as far as the boy and his family are concerned, and a very injudicious thing as far as the colored race is concerned, by nominating him—and for the simple reason that the lad is very ignorant, and cannot pass the entrance examination. The colored race ought to learn the lesson of "putting its best foot foremost"—that is, ought to make its début in colleges, and professions, and in the legislature with its best men. Instead of that, it has thus far sent its scalawags and dunces to the bar and the legislature; and now we see a poor boy, without any preliminary training, selected to open its way to scientific soldiering. He was received, we believe, with perfect courtesy and propriety by everybody at West Point. He went to Cozzens's Hotel, and got his breakfast with as much pomp and ceremony and attention as any white cadet would have had shown him, but did not stay either there or at Roe's for the same reason which, alas! excludes the vast majority of men and boys of all races from hotels of this description—inability to pay four dollars and a half a day for his board and lodgings.

A correspondent writes to us to say that the "faithful soldier," of whom Mr. Thurlow Weed speaks in the last *Galaxy*, in an article noticed by us last week, as having borne away Colonel Baker's body at Ball's Bluff, and for whom he obtained a place in the blessed custom-house, from which he was afterwards discharged "through no fault of his own," was a notorious Boston pimp and bully, who organized the ruffians who carried off Anthony Burns and afterwards assaulted Mr. R. H. Dana, jr., and narrowly escaped hanging for the murder of his first wife. It is not difficult to believe that after a past so stormy as these facts seem to indicate, the soldier did *not* carry Baker's body off the field, or indeed any body but his own, and we confess that we are not surprised to find that he was subsequently driven from the peaceful shades of the custom-house. The observations which we made touching the civil service apropos of Mr. Weed's story, will now naturally need some slight modifications, which each reader can make for himself.

The late Michigan Legislature passed an act enabling towns and cities to aid railroads by issuing bonds, which was taken advantage of in all parts of the State, there being plenty of railroad enterprises. The town of Salem, on the line of a road intended to shorten the route between Detroit and Chicago, voted, or was thought to have voted, to issue its bonds in behalf of the road; but, afterwards refusing to do so, was sued by the company. The Supreme Court has just decided the enabling act unconstitutional, and the result is widespread consternation, the paralysis of numerous projected roads, and many cases of individual hardship. Abuse of the Court, however, is left to one or two of the less decent newspapers, while the majority of the press and the people recommend that steps should be taken to amend the constitution, first calling an extra session of the Legislature. It is admitted, however, that even this cannot make good the bonds condemned by the Court, and there seems to be no help for the past but in repudiating the engagements made under the act. The Court insisted mainly—so far as we have the particulars—on the essentially private nature of railroads; that taxation must be imposed for public purposes, and according to some equitable rule of apportionment; and that the purpose for which a tax is imposed upon one of the municipal subdivisions of the State must not only be a public one as regards the people of that subdivision, but local also, with a special and peculiar interest for the municipality, so that they, rather than the State, or any larger portion of it, should bear the burden of it. The Court further ruled that the right of eminent domain was not involved in the question, and that the State had no right to engage in assisting or operating private undertakings of the nature of railroads, or to authorize its municipalities to do so; and, lastly, that every individual had a right to insist that the public should not own or control his property for the purpose of donations. Three out of four judges united in this decision, which was based rather upon general principles than upon any close reasoning on the relation of the law to the constitution, and is all the more, therefore, to be recommended to the citizens of Massachusetts for digestion and reflection.

Connecticut has at last undertaken to amend her laws by giving women the absolute control of their own property; and the "married woman's property" bill has also got through the House of Commons in England, so that if the cause of woman's suffrage does not prosper, the cause of justice to women certainly does. Mrs. Stowe has written to the *Woman's Journal* warning the friends of the suffrage against meddling with marriage and divorce, of which they are justly or unjustly accused by the public. The difficulty will be, however, no matter what the leaders may desire, to keep people from joining the movement who do want to meddle with marriage and divorce, and indeed seem to long for the suffrage mainly for this purpose, and who every time they hear of an unhappy marriage shout out, "Ha! ha! We told you so; there are your marriage laws for you; there's the result of male legislation. How long, O Lord, how long! Let's hold another meeting, and speak plainly."

The majority of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, headed by Mr. Banks, has made a report, a version of which has been published, the authenticity of which he, however, denies; but we may safely presume that it maintains substantially that the duty of the Government with regard to Cuba is to recognize the insurgents as belligerents, and do various other things which anybody can guess who has read the articles in the pro-Cuban newspapers during the past winter, and is familiar with the turn of Mr. Banks's mind. The minority has, however, made a report also, through Judge Orth, of Indiana, in which the passage of the bill reported some time ago by the same gentleman, forbidding the fitting out or equipping of vessels of war in the United States, with the intent that they may be employed by European governments for the subjugation of American colonists claiming independence, is advocated. There is only one objection to it, and that is, that it introduces, or attempts to, a new doctrine into international law, viz., that a regular government may have two kinds of right in territory—perfect and imperfect, or *de facto* and *de jure*—and that it is only to the last that the United States are bound to pay full respect. The minority report also denies that the insurgents have set up a regular government in Cuba, or hold any definable portion of the island, or have any claim to the character of belligerents, or ought to be recognized as such. Many of the Spanish "outrages," it says, have been provoked by the conduct of American citizens pecuniarily interested in the success of the rebellion, and it reproaches the "Cuban patriots," of whom we have so many among us, with not going to fight on the island instead of staying here trying to arrange breaches of the law. The policy it recommends to the Government is one of strict neutrality.

The tendency to "go off at half-cock," which has always been strong among members of Congress and politicians, and has been greatly stimulated by the electric telegraph, has been very amusingly illustrated during the past week. A despatch dated from Constantinople was published some days ago, professing to give an account of a wholesale massacre of the Jews by the Christians in Moldavia and Wallachia. It was on its face a hoax. In the first place, the story was a wildly improbable one. There has been barbarous persecution of the Jews in these provinces, but there is an enormous interval between anything that has occurred and a general massacre. In the next place, its coming from Constantinople, and not direct through Vienna and Paris, was highly suspicious. In the third place, it was tolerably clear that the concocter of it did not know very well where Roumania was, as he speaks of it as "a province of Southern Europe."

Indeed, it was so clumsily done, that we had, and have still, our doubts whether it was manufactured in Europe at all, and was not the production of a hard-pressed Bohemian in this city. But it seems to have no sooner reached Washington, than members of Congress began to take off their coats and cravats in order to deal with it energetically. Two or three days elapsed, and there came no confirmation whatever from Europe of this fearful story, but this in no wise abated the ardor of the humanitarians, or caused them to pause in their preparations. The Jews all over the country got fearfully excited, and sent memorials and resolutions to the Senate asking for the President's interposition in behalf of their co-religionists. The memorial was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Sumner moved, with much solemnity, "in the interest of humanity," for such further information as the President might be able to furnish; and all this, be it remembered, when the news had remained a week nearly without confirmation. In the House, Mr. Schenck gave the thing a smart knock on the head in a few sharp, sensible words. Moreover, a Jew was hurriedly appointed consul at Bucharest, and confirmed in hot haste, we suppose in the idea that when the infuriated Christians of the Danube heard he was coming they would cease from slaughter. Now, we learn positively that the only foundation for the story was a disturbance at an election in a small town. Mr. Crémieux, of Paris, who has been asked for information, replies in a way which shows he was thinking simply of the general persecution of the last two years. We think there ought to be somebody in the Senate with his wits sufficiently about him to prevent these rather foolish telegraphic excitements. Not long ago, a resolution, based on a Cable despatch, was introduced congratulating the Emperor of Russia on his escape from assassination, and imputing the attempt to the enraged serf-owners. It turned out, however, to be a nihilist, or advanced radical, who committed it.

To interfere with effect in the affairs of Roumania, or any other country, some little knowledge of them, let us add, is necessary. Senator Sprague was not so far wrong in what he said about the origin of these Jewish troubles on the Danube as Mr. Stewart's sarcastical observations on the right of rich men to their lives might lead one to believe. Roumanian society is in process of transformation, and the Jews are likely to gain more by it in the long run than any other portion of the community, though just now they are suffering severely. They have for a long while been the only persons in the provinces engaged in trade, commerce, or banking—the Moldo-Wallachians being all either rude peasants or extravagant and reckless landlords or boyards. The consequence has been that not only have Jews accumulated a large portion of the wealth of the country in their own hands, but they hold liens to an enormous amount on the property of the Christians. In fact, the Jews may be said to constitute the creditor and the Christians the debtor interest of the country. The latter, however, were prevented from feeling the burden by the fact that, until recently, the Jews practically had no civil rights, and could not enforce their claims in the courts of law. Under the new constitution they can, and they have within the last five or six years shown a disposition to bring about a grand settlement of accounts which have been current for generations, by exacting payment of their dues. Hence the ferocious hostility to them which has shown itself in the late disturbances. But, of course, this state of things will soon pass away. The Christians will soon, in one way or other, wipe out their liabilities, and, it is to be hoped, will hereafter attend to their own business, and the Jews will gain by it. In the meantime, the notion that the despatch of a Jew to Bucharest as American consul will help the Jews is simply ridiculous. People in the Principalities hate and despise the Jews, and know nothing about the United States, and the poor man will find himself a delusion and a snare. Anything that foreign interference can do for the Jews will be done by France or Prussia, countries in which the Jews are more powerful than they are here, and which the ruling classes in Moldo-Wallachia—ignorant and scampish though they are—know and are afraid of.

The Canadians are having a joyful time over their defeat of the Fenians, though we have no doubt that had the Fenians stood their ground there would have been bloody work; but then, seeing that the Fenians fled almost without firing a shot, and that there were not as many men hurt on both sides as to furnish work for one active hospital nurse, we think that the triumphs of the campaign might be passed over with less uproar. The brave are almost always modest, especially when the foe has run away on seeing them. General Lindsay has been making a speech to the volunteers, in which he declares that it was their own trusty guns which got them the victory, and that neither the President's proclamation nor the United States troops did anything to repel the invasion; a rather foolish speech, which, however, the Toronto *Globe* heartily commends, and adds some bitter reflections of its own on the failure of the Federal troops to interrupt the Fenian march. There are two ways of looking at this point, however. In the first place, it is ridiculous to expect the United States to line the frontier with troops, out of an army of 30,000 men, in preparation for possible forays of bands of the most uncertain ragamuffins in the world; in the next place, the worst thing that could have happened the Canadians would have been the prevention of the invasion by American troops, as it would have left it in the power of the "Head Centres" and other impostors to say that had the United States not interfered, Canada would by this time have been Fenian soil, and thus the swindle would have gone on indefinitely. The failure, just as it happened, has given the movement a blow the arm of the law could never have given it. And then, ought not the volunteers to be grateful to the President for giving them a chance of covering themselves with glory? It is the first time, we are glad to say, we have ever heard heroes reproaching people for getting out of the way, and letting them get at the enemy. The warrior's worst torment is, as we understand the matter, he who gets in between the opposing ranks and stops the dreadful game.

The Reds in France seem to be in a very bad way. Whatever the *plébiscite* may have done for others, them it has crushed completely. The enormous majority obtained by the Empire is admitted on all hands to mean that the French people are thoroughly disgusted with Rochefort, Flourens, Grousset, Lissagaray, and all that school of "statesmen." To the peasants, M. Lavergne writes to the *Temps*, the Empire means order, security, and high prices for oxen, sheep, and hogs. They care nothing anywhere about the Napoleonic glories, and if you began to talk of them would tell you "to keep beef and mutton high, or else good morning." A handbill circulated in the Department of Doubs is said to have had more influence on votes than all the addresses issued by the Paris politicians. It ran as follows: "The principal products of your Department are cheese and wine. Read the following: 1860.—*Empire.*—Cheese, 100 kilos, 130 francs. 1848.—*Republic.*—Cheese, 100 kilos, 60 to 70 francs. Do you want to sell your cheese at 60 to 70 francs? Vote No. Do you want to sell it at 130 francs? Vote Yes."

With Italy the financial question is the main question, and its difficulties begin to be absolutely appalling. The taxes have almost doubled since 1861; the interest on the public debt has nearly tripled. For the current year the public expenditure will, it is estimated, amount to $222,374,202, an enormous sum for such a country. It is calculated on official data that the land of Italy is already mortgaged to the extent of over half its value, and the difficulties with which agriculture has to contend under these circumstances may be readily imagined. The Government has exhausted every resource—loans, taxation, and the confiscation of the domains of the church, and irredeemable paper. It is now talking of appropriating the stipends of the parish clergy. It pays interest on $1,057,400,000, while it has actually received not quite one-half that amount. The disorder, too, in the administration of the finances has been very great; the sale of the church lands has been marked by great jobbing. In many districts the discontent, or, rather, lawlessness, is something very striking; in the Romagna, for instance, the provincial functionaries are actually overawed by assassins. One great root of the political apathy seems to be the restriction of the suffrage, not over 500,000 persons out of 25,000,000 being invested with it; so that the government rests on a narrower constituency than any other in Europe which professes to have a popular basis at all.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICAN SHIP-BUILDING.

Now that a Republican majority has consigned Mr. Lynch's bill for the revival of American shipping to the eternal sleep of the Congressional waste-basket, we may perhaps be permitted, without incurring the suspicion of being a paid agent of British ship-builders, to state the precise truth in relation to the whole ship-building business in the United States.

First, to clear away some of the cobwebs spun around it by the spiders of ignorance, prejudice, and selfish class-interests. The question has virtually nothing whatever to do with commerce. The exporting of American produce, the importing of foreign products, which is all that properly belongs to the sphere of commerce, can be carried on precisely to as good advantage to producer and consumer in foreign vessels as in American vessels. It is not commerce that suffers by the decay in our shipping. It is not our merchants, as such, who demand the revival of our ship-building interests. The issue has been purposely raised by the protectionists, in the hope that any loss resulting to "foreign commerce," as they contemptuously call it, would be thought less entitled to consideration, and that they could blind the unthinking to the fact that ship-building is a "manufacturing industry" pure and simple, and that it is precisely one of those very industries which protection was to protect that protection has destroyed. It is, of course, true that ships are largely owned by merchants, just as iron-furnaces and salt-works are largely owned by Congressmen; but that is no reason why ship-builders and ship-owners should not have all the rights of American manufacturers, which Congress so impartially awards even to those who are unfortunately compelled to legislate upon their own interests. Ship-building and ship-owning are just as much special American industries as cotton-spinning or screw-making.

Ship-building and ship-owning are practically one and the same thing. For, in the first place, almost every ship-builder is also a ship-owner; and, in the second place, the builder will not have orders to build unless the owner can employ ships at a profit, and the owner will not be able to run his ships at a profit unless the American builder can make them to as good advantage as the foreigner. Stripped of all sophistries, the question before the country to-day is: Why cannot American ship-builders build ships as cheaply as the ship-builders of other nations? That is the sole question and the whole question.

The history of ship-building in America can be given in a few words. From 1840 on it was one steady and rapid progress in quantity and quality. In 1848 and 1849 the California excitement lent an extraordinary stimulus to the business, and created a sharp demand for fast ships. Under the spur of this demand American mechanics revolutionized the art of ship-building; then arose "American clippers," and the day of "Dutch tubs" was over. So rapid and decided was our progress that we not only increased our own tonnage 40 per cent. in the five years from 1850 to 1855, during which time England increased hers only 22 per cent.; not only did we add so largely to our own tonnage that in 1855 our mercantile marine exceeded that of England by fully a million tons, or nearly one-fourth; but we could also build ships for every other sea-going nation and sell them to good advantage, so that in that very year John Bright could say from his seat in the House of Commons: "The finest vessels which are at this moment performing the voyage between England and the Australian colonies have been built in the United States; in ship-building industry the United States not only compete with, but in some respects excel this country." In 1855 a sharp reaction set in from this almost unnatural growth, a reaction intensified by the previous crisis in the California trade, and by the subsequent financial crisis of 1857, and for two or three years the trade was depressed. But in 1859 and 1860 business rapidly revived, and when the war broke out it found our ship-yards busy and our mercantile marine larger than it had ever been. Up to this point no two persons familiar with the facts differ in their account of ship-building and ship-owning in the United States. The difficulty begins with the war.

All those who are unwilling to have the decline in American ship-building attributed to its true cause assert with the utmost confidence, and the assertion is daily repeated by the unthinking, that American ships were driven from the sea by the *Alabamas* and other similar Anglo-Confederate cruisers. Now, we desire to give the damage thus done the fullest possible weight. But we cannot resolutely set ourselves against well-known facts and official figures. The official figures show that our tonnage reached its highest point in 1861—5,500,000 tons, and then fell, in June, 1864, to 5,000,000 tons, rising again to 5,100,000 in June, 1865, and showing a total net decline of seven per cent. in four years of war. From this point it fell again to less than 4,000,000 tons in June, 1867, a decline of 23 per cent. in two years of peace, against a decline of 7 per cent. in four years of war. It is furthermore notorious that not only ship-builders (who were partially engaged in building ships of war) but ship-owners likewise were profitably employed throughout the years of war, and that the complaint of the ship-owners or ship-builders was never heard until some time after the peace. It is evident at a glance that other causes have worked at the decline of American shipping besides the Anglo-Confederate cruisers.

In the year 1855, as already stated, our tonnage afloat reached its highest figures prior to 1861, and that year also witnessed the largest tonnage of vessels built in any one year, namely, close upon 600,000 tons. This amount fell off in the year 1859 to 150,000 tons, or one-fourth of what it was in 1855, the smallest tonnage for more than twenty years. Was this due to *Alabamas*, *Floridas*, and their consorts? From 1859 the tonnage of ships built increased again, year by year (with the single exception of 1862), until in 1864 it again nearly equalled that of 1855, rising to 515,000 tons, or not far from four times that of 1859. Does this look as though it were caused by Confederate cruisers? From 1864 the annual tonnage built has again gradually declined, until in 1869 it was again scarcely one-half of that of 1864. Political philosophy to the contrary notwithstanding, there is a certain importance to be attached to facts; and the facts so far revealed are these: In 1855 our ship-building industry reached its highest prosperity, and our commercial marine almost its highest tonnage. After a few years of decline, both in tonnage built and tonnage afloat, the total tonnage afloat, by means of very moderate annual additions, again rose to the figure of 1855, and in 1861 even somewhat exceeded it, maintaining itself at near that figure by means of increasing annual additions until 1864, from which point both annual production and tonnage afloat rapidly and steadily declined.

It is very evident that the turning-point in the history of American shipping is to be sought in the year 1855. In that year it became patent to all men that we, the United States, had outstripped all other nations in the art of building *wooden* ships, and it became patent especially to the ship-builders and ship-owners of England that they must either abandon the entire trade to us, or else discover and develop such new and improved methods of construction as would enable them to still retain a share. Out of that necessity arose the iron screw-steamer. From that day to this, wherever there was free competition, England has been slowly and steadily gaining on us, until to-day, wherever there is free competition, England, to use an expressive sporting phrase, "walks over the track."

But if it is true that since 1855 we have been steadily falling behind England, how was it possible that in 1861 our tonnage afloat could exceed that of 1855, and even our tonnage built in 1864 almost equal that of 1855? The answer is perfectly simple, and furnishes an excellent introduction to another branch of the discussion which has been very successfully used to befog the public. The United States have the longest coast-line and the most extensive inland navigation of any people on the globe. In this traffic we permit no foreign competition. Up to 1855 this traffic employed nearly half our entire tonnage; since 1855 it has employed far more than one-half our entire tonnage. This traffic includes all trade between the Atlantic States and California, and all other parts of the Pacific coast, as well as all trade along either coast, the lakes, canals, and rivers. By our navigation laws, all trade between these points or through these channels must be carried on in American ships, even if foreigners were able and willing to do it for one-half the cost. This large and important trade increased almost steadily up to 1865, and thus furnished profitable employment to ship-owners and ship-builders where competition could not come near them. Although after 1855 our total tonnage for some years fell off materially, the tonnage employed in this coasting and inland navi-

gation never seriously declined, but almost steadily rose from 2,700,000 tons in 1855 to 3,500,000 tons in 1865, which is the highest point reached. The extremely rapid growth and the general prosperity of our coast and inland navigation thus furnished ample and profitable employment at home for our ship-owners and ship-builders, and prevented them from feeling the successful competition of England in the great ocean traffic of the world. The American tonnage engaged in foreign or open trade has never since been equal to that of 1855, and even in the comparatively prosperous years of 1860 and 1861 could not approach the tonnage of 1855, while the English tonnage engaged in foreign trade showed a regular and steady increase in every one of those years, and in 1861 boasted of a 10 per cent. gain against our loss of nearly 5 per cent. This fact is most strikingly confirmed by the details of the building of those years, the number of American ships and barks (mainly intended for foreign trade) built in the three years ending June 30, 1861, being 25 per cent. less than that of the single year 1855.

The fact, then, is, that ever since 1855 we have been steadily losing our supremacy in foreign navigation, owing to England's successful rivalry, but that our ship-owners and ship-builders found a compensation in our growing coast and inland navigation, where competition could not enter. The outbreak of the war increased our coast and inland traffic enormously, the Government giving employment, at fabulous prices, to almost every ton of shipping that could be made to float, and thereby unconsciously still further blinded our ship-owners and ship-builders to the rapid progress of England in a direction which we had entirely neglected. Then, when the peace threw out of employment all the tonnage in Government pay, and when the opening of Southern railroads restored to the land a large amount of traffic temporarily diverted to the sea, and, still more, when the completion of the Pacific Railroad left most of our California ships useless, then our ship-owners again sought their former share of the great traffic of the outside world, and to their amazement found their cumbrous wooden vessels and costly paddle-wheel steamers the laughing-stock of commercial nations. No wonder our ship-yards lie idle, and our shipwrights turn house-carpenters, and our sailors plough the prairie instead of the ocean.

It is a settled fact that the great ocean carrying trade of to-day can only be performed to advantage in iron screw-steamers. Can we build iron screw-steamers? No. Why not? Because by means of a tariff of nine dollars gold a ton on pig-iron we shut out all competition of foreign iron-makers, and enable Pennsylvania to disregard improved and economical processes in her iron-making, just precisely as by shutting out competition in our domestic navigation we tempted our ship-builders to lumber the sea with useless wooden hulks and gigantic wooden side-wheel steamers that are scarcely worth breaking up for junk. Iron that can be made to-day in Tennessee for not much over $20 a ton; that before the war sold for $25 a ton delivered in Boston; that in every other civilized country (not in England alone) can be, and is, produced for less than $25 a ton; that the United States always has produced, and can to-day produce, cheaper and better than it can be produced anywhere else on the face of the globe; that iron which constitutes nearly half the cost of an iron ship is made to cost the American ship-builder $36 or $37 a ton in its raw state, or forty to fifty per cent. more than there is any reason for—forty to fifty per cent. more than it costs the English ship-builder. It is scarcely necessary to say that with such an overweight competition is impossible.

But—say those who are unwilling to have the decay of our commercial marine attributed to its true cause because it points out the direction in which alone a remedy is to be sought—but even if we had not this heavy duty on iron, could we, with our high-priced labor and our high rates of interest, compete with the cheap capital and the pauper labor of Europe? It is impossible in the short space of one article to enter into a lengthy refutation of this objection. But we would ask a few questions in return: What was the rate of interest in 1855 and previous years, when we almost drove the English flag from certain parts of the ocean? It was notoriously double, if not treble, what it is now. Indeed, interest has never been so low in the history of this country as it has been for the last few years. What were wages in 1855, when our tonnage increased yearly ten per cent.? Did our ship-mechanics then work for pauper wages? It is notorious that wages were then proportionately higher than they are now, while wages in England have materially advanced since then. When—and with this question we close—when did high wages or high interest ever prevent American mechanics from successful competition with the mechanics of any other country, in any industry, from making wooden shoe-pegs to raising cotton, from building ships to making chronometers, as long as they had a fair field and an even chance?

PORTUGUESE POLITICS.

After thirteen years of comparative retirement, Marshal Saldanha is again at the head of the Portuguese Cabinet. He has reoccupied this position—probably for the last time, for he is an octogenarian—with the aid of a military pronunciamento, to which the principal cities of the country have given a speedy and decisive adhesion. This revolt, which is not the first the old general has headed, was his answer to the dissolution of the Chamber in January last, and to the great triumph of the Loulé Cabinet in the ensuing elections of March 13. King Luiz has reluctantly given his consent to the change. The dismissed Premier, who is related to his royal master by marriage, has yielded his place not without protest, but without resistance. The so-called revolution has been a bloodless one, as have been, in fact, many that preceded it in the last thirty years. The Portuguese are not a warlike people, and the political frenzy which was kindled during the period of transition from a state of most abject subjection to both royal and monkish rule to a constitutional régime almost, spent its force in the civil war between Dom Miguel and his brother, Dom Pedro, in which it had reached its culminating point (1828–34). The same struggle, in which absolutism, represented by Dom Miguel, displayed itself in so frightful colors as to remind one of the reigns of the most abominable and shameless tyrants of antiquity, gave also so definitive a victory to the party of freedom as to render another serious conflict of the same contending principles morally impossible for generations.

The victory of Saldanha is not the victory of a principle, not even of a party, but of a clique, headed and represented by a prominent politician. Nominally, it is true, this ousting of Loulé will be called a triumph of the party of Regeneration—which owes its origin to the Marshal's similar *coup d'état* of 1851—over the moderate wing of the Septembrists, of whom the ousted duke is the long-tried representative. But the names of the principal parties in Portugal—Septembrists, defenders of the constitution of September, 1822, an imitation of the Spanish constitution of 1812; Cartists, supporters of Dom Pedro's less radical charter of 1826; and Regenerators, who, between the two other parties, occupy a position analogous to that of the Spanish Liberal Union between Progresistas and Moderados—all outlived their meaning, even in the reign of the first constitutional ruler, Dona Maria da Gloria.

The party strifes under the present reign, like those under the preceding, that of Dom Pedro V., whether carried on chiefly in the Cortes or in the Barracks, have been little more than scrambles for positions and emoluments. Coalitions, fusions, and desertions have gradually altered the composition, and almost entirely destroyed the character, of every political organization. Saldanha himself has served all parties in turns, either as leader, as ally, or as fellow-conspirator. Far from fighting for principle, every party, when out of power, combats its opponents with the very weapons to which it succumbed; and, when again getting into power, proposes, with slight modifications, the very measures which served to discredit the rival organization. These measures are almost invariably of a financial character, for the disordered condition of its finances is the great sore of the Portuguese body politic. The need of a remedy is so great that doctoring experiments are constantly being tried; and nothing exasperates the shiftless people so much as failure. Almost all cabinets perish by failures of this kind.

On other points there is rarely a serious conflict of parties or opinions. The charter of 1826, as modified by the Additional Act of 1852, is the unassailed fundamental law of the land. All Portugal, king and clergy included, is favorably disposed towards liberal reforms. Measures of a very advanced character, like the abolition of capital punish-

ment, are often carried almost without opposition. Complications with foreign countries are rare and transient. The press is free, and, though used with the utmost virulence by the contending camps, is left intact by each of them.

We could hardly find anything more characteristic of the political situation in Portugal, as it was nine years ago and has since endured, than the words pronounced by a member of the Chamber of Peers on the sudden overthrow of one of the strongest cabinets, in July, 1861. "The ministry which has just expired," he said, "has lived, like all other ministries in our country, a life full of trouble and devoid of glory. It has taken many an important initiative, and has left many others for more favorable occasions. It has had many sincere friends and enemies; it has suffered injuries, calumnies, and insults, which it did not deserve. It saw the good, and could not reach it; it saw the evil, and could not avoid it. For doing either the one or the other all the means of government are almost absolutely wanting among us. Such has been the life of the outgoing ministry; such will soon be the life of the ministry that comes in." A Cabinet which was formed in September, 1865, presented itself to the Cortes without a programme, which it declared to be "superfluous, for we are all agreed concerning general principles." It only expressed its intentions to lean upon the national assembly, to govern in accordance with the laws and the constitution, and to study "the questions the solutions of which the country was waiting for." Every succeeding ministry has made the same assurances, but the questions remain unsolved, and the country is still waiting for their solution. The source of the evil is in the general demoralization and impoverishment of the people, produced by centuries of decline, by the protracted war with the French—which was followed by the loss of Brazil—and still more by the horrors of Dom Miguel's usurpation.

There is generally a certain harmony perceptible in the political movements of Spain and Portugal. The movement, however, which has overthrown the Cabinet of the Duke de Loulé seems to be entirely independent of any political current in the neighboring country. Nor has the late Spanish revolution seriously affected the situation in Portugal. The Braganzas are as popular in the latter country as the Bourbons were hated in Spain. The virtues and the sad end of Dom Pedro V.—who was carried off, together with two brothers, by a pestilential disease, towards the close of 1861—have served as much to strengthen the loyalty of the Portuguese people as the shameless vices of Isabella II. loosened that of the Spaniards. The dignified conduct of King Ferdinand, the father of Pedro and Luiz, forms an equally strong contrast to that of the greedy and intriguing Christina, the Spanish Queen-mother. And it is this contrast which, years ago, created in Spain the idea of an Iberian union under the lead of the Braganzas. This idea, which still numbers many advocates in Spain, is scouted, and naturally so, by all parties in Portugal. The principal statesmen, the Cortes, the King, have all, in turns, solemnly declared against it, on the conclusive ground that a close union of the two so unequal sister countries must needs lead to the absorption of the weak Portuguese nationality by the Spanish. Nor have the Portuguese forgotten what loss of power, wealth, and freedom the violent annexation of their country by Philip II. of Spain entailed upon them. In the same spirit of wise moderation, Ferdinand, invited to rule over Spain alone, decidedly refused to accept the offered crown. Even should Spain ultimately adopt a republican form of government, its action will hardly find imitation in Portugal, for Spain is not likely to be a model republic.

REALISM IN DRAMATIC ART—OR, MR. FECHTER'S REALISM.

MR. FECHTER closed last week a series of performances which have not added to, as they have also not diminished his reputation, and by which he must have lost not a little money. He, with Miss Leclerque, a very respectable company, and all fitting appointments, failed to attract the public sufficiently to make his brief lease of the French Theatre at all profitable; and indeed it is safe to say that if his engagements would have permitted his doing so, he would have done wisely to close the theatre at the end of the first fortnight. As Boston, in its first enthusiasm of admiration, said of this distinguished actor, that "New York gave him numbers, but Boston gave him brains," it may be well to record the fact that for some time it was doubtful whether his first engagement here, at Niblo's Theatre, would not prove to be a pecuniary failure, and that it was not until, at the request of the Hon. William M. Tweed, Justice Connolly, and many scores of other "eminent citizens," he appeared in the play in which he is most famous—"Hamlet"—that his performances became remunerative. And as we were deprived of the pleasure of seeing him and Mr. Booth play Othello and Iago alternately on the same stage only because his demands were so large that it was thought more than imprudent to comply with them, his recent failure is worthy of notice other than that which it would receive as a mere piece of current theatrical news. It was, perhaps, not extravagant in an actor so distinguished, and whose performances attracted so much attention, and caused so much discussion, to suppose that he could carry a small theatre through a short season on his own shoulders; but the event has proved that although he could command attention, and cause a profound sensation, he had not so strong and deep a hold upon public favor, in New York at least, as to be both his own manager and his own bright particular star. Curiosity satisfied, his style thoroughly criticised, and his status determined, he takes the place due to an artist of singular and powerful attractions, but not that of one who holds a supreme and absolute position.

And the truth is that at Niblo's we saw all that there is to be seen in Mr. Fechter. We sounded him there from the top to the bottom of his compass; after that he had nothing new to give us, but merely what we had seen with other dressing. Ruy Blas and Hamlet include the whole range of Mr. Fechter's art. Say rather in Ruy Blas alone; for in Hamlet we had merely the style of Ruy Blas, the realistic sensational carried into the ideal and poetic field of Shakespeare's great tragedy.

"The Corsican Brothers," which was the chief attraction of his last series of performances, is suited perhaps better than any other play in his repertory to the display of his brilliant, impressive, and picturesque, yet probably simple method of acting. Its real dramatic value is very small, and as a play indeed it is almost contemptible. But as an evening's entertainment it is both amusing and interesting, although nothing more. It is a very characteristic specimen of that style of play which has been introduced since the beginning of the present century, and which, being neither comedy nor tragedy, and depending for its interest on the one side upon a representation of real life and on the other upon sensational stage-effect, has received as its specific name the very general term, *drama*. "The Corsican Brothers" has comic scenes and humorous personages; but it is not a comedy; its motive is serious, and two of its principal personages are slain, the second by an intended retributive justice as the catastrophe of the play; but it is not a tragedy, or even tragic. Its dramatic movement depends chiefly upon supernatural machinery, a sympathy of soul between two persons—in this case twin brothers—so subtle and so intimate that one shares the feeling, even the physical suffering, of the other, although they may be separated by hundreds of miles of land and water. It depends upon visions and upon the stopping of an old family clock in Corsica at the precise moment at which one member of that family dies in Paris. It is somewhat remarkable that a drama of which these are essential conditions and striking incidents should be received with pleasure and real interest by the Sadduceeism of the present age.

It is also an equally striking and characteristic specimen of a kind of drama which is the fruit of the personal and business arrangements of the modern theatre. It is written for one actor. Except the part of the two brothers, which is but one part, all the personages are mere ground-work and relief. They are humble satellites of this one, revolving round it meekly and unobtrusively, and casting upon it a reflected light, the sum of which is something, but which in each individual case is almost nothing. Not the slightest interest is felt in any other than the principal personage, and of that personage there is no dramatic development of character from first to last. Even as to him the interest is purely incidental, depending upon what he does and suffers, not upon what he is. His actions, not his mental or his moral experience, command our attention and enlist our sympathies; and these acts might, except for the material conditions of the drama, be almost as well of one kind as of another. There is not a speech uttered, not a course of action taken, not a trait of character revealed from the rise to the fall of the curtain that demands a moment's consideration as to its significance, or that will repay or even bear a moment's reflection. All is as plain as the multiplication table, in which twice two is four simply because it is so. There is no room for doubt, no occasion for discussion as to the meaning of any passage, no question as to the motive of any personage at any moment. Given the situations, we know what the people in them must do; we almost know the very words they will speak. With the plot blocked out for him, al-

most any clever man of letters could write the play, and would almost inevitably write it just as it is written, unless, indeed, he were a born dramatist. Our attention is kept constantly awake, but—to put the case strongly, though not extravagantly—our interest would be the same in kind, although not in degree, if the personages were represented by puppets. And notwithstanding that the main-spring and motive of the drama is the subtle sympathy of soul between the twin brothers, its real character is gross, material, fleshly, almost brutal. A libertine's trick to betray a chaste woman; the foiling of his plans by Louis dei Franchi, who loves the woman, and who places himself bodily between her and her betrayer; a duel in which Louis is killed, and at the end of which we see him dying, while his antagonist wipes his sword upon his handkerchief; a scene of defiance by the twin-brother Fabian; another duel, bloody, merciless, and brutal, in which the combatants, after their swords are broken, turn the points into daggers by twisting handkerchiefs into hilts for their broken ends, and hack at each other for a while, like two gladiators—these are the chief elements of the success of this one of the most successful of modern sensational dramas. It is as successful in the Bowery as it is in the Fifth Avenue, as it was at the Théâtre Historique; it would have been successful in the Colosseum in the worst days of the Empire.

And yet this gross, tricky, sensational drama, which, compared with real dramatic work, is as the daubing of a savage compared with the significant composition, fine drawing, and life-like color of an accomplished and gifted painter, affords an actor of Mr. Fechter's well-deserved eminence an opportunity of displaying all his skill in that department, or rather that style, of his art of which he is so complete a master. We are all interested in the demolition of the libertine Château-Renaud's plan for the ruin of Madame de Lesparre's reputation, and would be so, no matter what the style of her defender. But Mr. Fechter shows us here, with fine perception and admirable art, the manner of a man of character and urbanity, a man of a strong and earnest nature, an honest man, a man of the world, a devoted and impassioned but self-restrained lover, a perfect gentleman. His deference and tenderness to the woman he loves, his quiet but immovable defiance of the scamp who, relying on his audacity, his adroitness, his unscrupulousness, and his mastery of the sword, has undertaken to compromise her, command the homage of every spectator, enlist all sympathies. There is not a man in the audience who does not wish that he might so defend his mistress; not a woman who does not wish too that she might be so defended. And in the hall of the old castle, where he plays the courteous and hospitable host, and the tender loving son of a noble mother, he again carries with him the sympathy and approbation of every spectator. There is not a man there who does not long for the art of so putting a guest at his ease, not a mother who does not think how happy the woman must be who receives such filial attention. And in this scene Mr. Fechter shows, with even unusual impressiveness, the power he possesses of bearing himself simply, naturally, and with an apparent absolute unconsciousness of self. He seems absolutely absorbed for the moment in his every act to do nothing for the effect it will produce; effect being all the while the object of his every movement. The very way in which, as he talks, he rolls his cigarettes and lights them one after the other, lingering now a moment before the ample fire-place, then putting his foot on a chair as he chats with his guest, being never afraid to turn his back to the audience, to whom he never plays, and whose very existence seems unknown to him, is charming, and is a part of this man's consummate art, the result of his ability to give his whole mind to the scene before him, even in its minutest detail, as if he were really living the life of the man whose character he has assumed. In this reality of the impression he produces upon his audience, Mr. Fechter is without an equal on our stage, almost without a rival.

And yet this art is an inferior not to say a low art; being so simply because of the reality of the impression it produces. It is like real life. It is real life. Could we unroof the castle hall of a real Fabian dei Franchi, and see him there with his guest and his mother, gossiping while supper was expected, sitting at table after it was spread, staying his own repast, and smoking a cigarette as he told a tale to amuse his guest, we should see exactly what Mr. Fechter showed us—that is, if our Fabian dei Franchi were a perfectly simple, frank, and well-bred man. Mr. Fechter's art here attains the difficult end of presenting us with the reality of life. His art is inferior because it does no more. It suggests nothing. It is like a swan that swims without a shadow; it is not the poetry of art. True, such scenes as these do not admit a higher style of treatment, and the actor is therefore free of all censure for shortcoming; but the point to be observed and kept in mind is that such acting is not great because it is natural and finished; that art on the stage, as well as in its other departments, may be perfect but not high.

Mr. Fechter is a good lover, he also is a good hater. When he meets the slayer of his brother, the fell purpose which has brought him post-haste from Corsica to Paris appears in every line of his face, in every movement of his body, in every tone of his voice. You see that he means to kill that man—that he means to do it then and there, and that he is conscious that he will do it. That is the whole aim and object of his life. And when he fights, it is with a cool and pitiless bloodthirstiness which might be called savage, but that the savage is inferior in this respect, as in all others, to the civilized man when the latter gives himself up to an absorbing passion which is decided and controlled, but not subdued, by his trained and cultivated intellect. Yet such scenes as that which closes the action of "The Corsican Brothers" are barbarous and degrading. That a theatre full of people should sit absorbed in the spectacle of two men seeking with cool desperation, and all the skill of which long practice can make them masters, to run each other through the hearts is pitiful and deplorable, though one of the men be a villain and this time justice is triumphant. And that such a scene as this should be not only the inevitable end of the action of the drama, as for instance the combat between Richard and Richmond is, or that between Macbeth and Macduff (with which, however, this fight has nothing in common except that it is a fight), but that it should be the chief object and purpose of a play which is one of the most popular and successful of the period is a fact of very considerable significance in evidence of the deterioration of taste in the audiences of our day.

We repeat the expression of our admiration of Mr. Fechter's vivid, picturesque, and impressive style of acting, and again hold it up as an example to other actors of that which almost every other actor on our stage (comparing him of course only with the more eminent) so greatly needs—the result of the study and imitation of real life; yet we cannot yet accept him as an artist of the highest class, but only as first in the second rank of the realistic French school which now controls the stage.

FRANCE.

PARIS, May 20, 1870.

THERE is, in France, but one word by which to describe the condition in which the country has been placed by the *plébiscite* and its consequences—and that word is "gâchis." Men of all opinions agree in saying: "Nous sommes dans le gâchis jusqu'au cou." The real translation of the word is, "mess." And it is true; France is "in a mess up to her neck." Every fault that has been committed, every evil that has been brought on, it was so easy to avoid, nay, it was so *un*easy to perpetrate. It was simply necessary to walk straight, to do that which came naturally to hand: it was, namely, simply necessary to dissolve the Chamber, and set to work at electoral reform.

This was the obvious measure to adopt at once—a week after the formation of the ministry; this was the one step to take, the one object for which the ministry was formed, and for not having understood this all the mischief we have witnessed since has been occasioned. When, on the second of January, the men of the left centre were joined to the Imperialist liberals of the Ollivier stamp, every one knew that a vigorous initiative must be taken by some one or that nothing whatever was gained. M. Daru would have taken it, but was over-persuaded to "wait," and be "conciliatory." He did so, and persuaded M. Buffet to do so too, and at that moment everything was lost. Had, in the very beginning, the four liberals of the left—Messrs. Daru, Buffet, de Talhouët, and Louvet—stood firm and insisted on the electoral reforms, there would have been no possibility for Émile Ollivier to resist them (it was too early in the day to do so), and there would never have come the notion of a *plébiscite*. By allowing time to be wasted they lost everything, and when once they perceived it the opportunity was for ever gone.

The new ministers are universally regarded as provisional, and are of no weight, of no importance whatever, either personally or politically. M. Mége, the new Minister of Public Instruction, is the mayor of the town of Clermont: an Auvergnat, a countryman and creature of M. Rouher's, it is M. Rouher who has placed him in his present position. He is a thoroughly fifth or sixth-rate personage, only signifying something by the fact of M. Rouher's protection. M. Plichon, the new Minister of Public Works, is a man of average industrial capacity, deputy for one of the northern towns, strongly clerical, and narrow-minded. As to the Duc de Gramont, his nomination has two or three different causes. 1st. His inferiority of both talent and character. 2d. His readiness to side with all shades of parties

(who will accept him). 3d. The absolute unimportance of the Foreign Office just now. M. de Gramont's notorious inferiority of talent pleases Émile Ollivier, who longed for the post of Foreign Minister but could not obtain it of the Emperor (or Empress), and M. de Gramont's inferiority pleases the court, to whom he will be utterly subservient. Amongst really respectable people in this country M. de Gramont is not regarded with favor on account of the strangely ungrateful part played by himself and his family to the Bourbons of the elder branch, who are said to have for years contributed to the comforts of the house of Gramont. However, it is certain that there is so very little to do now in the foreign affairs of Europe that the individuality of the man at the head of the Foreign Office matters relatively little.

A slight attempt at reaction against this notion is being made by the official press, and some fussy people are getting alarmed at an article in the *Constitutionnel*, which tries to blow the war trumpet and look threatening; but all this comes in reality to nothing at all. War is impossible; no one in France would consent to it, and those who know the minds of the men in the barracks of Paris affirm that the cause of their 34,000 adverse votes lies simply in the fact that they will no longer agree to the idea of being "food for cannon," and that they repudiate the notion of thousands of human creatures being drawn up in battalions to exterminate thousands of others whom they do not know, and against whom they have no grievance.

Just now, the society of Paris is occupied with more peaceable considerations; there are five *fauteuils* vacant at the *Académie Française*, and M. Villemain, the Perpetual Secretary, is dead. One must be born French, or have lived so long in France as to have become French, in order to comprehend thoroughly the importance attached by the educated society of Paris to everything connected with the French Academy. Strangers scarcely ever take in what the Academy really is: "L'Académie Française est le dernier salon de l'Europe," used to say Villemain, who had been its representative for forty years. When Cardinal de Richelieu founded the French Academy, it was not with the intention of making of it a literary assembly—it was to promote the taste for letters in the wealthy and high-born, and to help to polish and refine the manners of students and purely literary men. There are many other associations where talent only is the requisite, but the Academy was meant especially and exclusively to bring together in constant contact the élite of cultivated society. It was intended that the greatest duke in the land should be proud of having done something which connected him with the progress of thought in France.

> "I twine
> My hopes of being remembered in my line
> With my land's language,"

says Byron in "Childe Harold": and so it has been for two hundred years with the Montmorencys, Noailles, Broglies, and all illustrious names in this country. Whatever else they may have done, they aspire to have merited also, by some written page, the honor of counting amongst the "enlightened few"; and, on the other hand, however high may be the mere literary achievements of a poet, or historian, or publicist, it is meant that he shall, by his manners and politeness and refinement, make himself socially the equal of the noblest born in the whole land.

This it is which foreigners appear so rarely to understand, and which makes them commit so many mistakes in their estimate of French civilization. In reality there has twice, within three hundred years, been an equalizing medium in France—once intellectual, and the second time military. The equalization by intellect was first imagined by Richelieu when he founded the French Academy, and was most actively practised under Louis XIV., when Colbert, the son of a clothier, rose to power, and married his three daughters to the three greatest dukes in France, who held themselves honored by the alliance. Afterward, the might of all parties diminished. Royalty was weakened, lost respect, and grew despotic in form only; the *noblesse* came to despise political activity, and to adhere to small social vanities alone, and, the levels being lowered, no one aspired to raise himself, but merely to pull others down.

After the great Revolution came the Empire, and the principle of equalization by military glory. This had its time, but was never either so powerful or so lasting as the equalization by intellect. The glories of the First Empire have passed away, and are now matter for both mockery and odium on the part of the rising generation, whose tendencies are wholly peaceful and industrial; the glories of the Second Empire are looked upon as a pale imitation of those of half a century ago, and excite no feeling save that of reproval (besides which, they have ended unluckily); but the names which intellect and political might illustrated remain honored still, and the principle of equalization by intellect is still living and strong in this country. "Our last aristocracy should be the Forty of the Academy," used to say Villemain, the authority above quoted, than whom no one knew his countrymen or his Academy better. Villemain was in truth the very incarnation of the intellectual genius of France, and his loss is felt more severely than I can hope to make you comprehend.

To show to a stranger the real significance of the Academy, perhaps the best example is Émile Ollivier. No sooner had he succeeded in obtaining what was then hoped to be the dawn of freedom in France, and no sooner had he achieved that general fusion of parties which followed on the formation of the Daru junction with the Imperialist liberals, than such Academicians as Messrs. Thiers, Guizot, Villemain, Mignet, etc., thought instantly of the supreme consecration of the spontaneous election to a *fauteuil* at the Academy. Poor Montalembert, who did not know that he was within a few days of his death, dictated a letter to Ollivier, saying that it was a *duty* on the part of the Academy to elect him, and that he, Montalembert, would have himself carried to the Institute to give his vote. His death followed his letter, and Ollivier's election was ensured.

When, by the *plébiscite* (and by so many other faults), he disappointed all the serious thinkers of the nation, Ollivier's election was settled; promises had been given—given to the dead—and there was no means of receding. Had it not been for this, Émile Ollivier would never have seated himself in Lamartine's *fauteuil*, and almost every man who voted for him openly deplores having done so now. Five chairs remain to be filled; but the elections only being fixed for next winter, many a political influence may be modified between then.

Correspondence.

MR. HENRY JAMES ON MARRIAGE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It is no doubt true that there is on every hand a widespread criticism of marriage as at present administered, since very many persons regard it as far too loosely administered, and very many others as far too strictly administered. Now, I side with neither party to this controversy, my whole purpose being to show that marriage has become the hotbed of fraud, adultery, and cruelty, which in such innumerable cases it actually is, and the parent consequently of our existing lasciviousness and prostitution, only by its being so persistently administered, not primarily in the interest of its own purity, but in that of our established civic order. Nothing can be more logical in this state of things than that you should deny either my premises or my conclusion, or the concatenation I allege between them. But, instead of doing any of these legitimate things, you confine yourself to hinting a dread lest I turn out the virtual accomplice of certain nameless persons who have not the honor of marriage at heart. I know nothing of any such persons, and prefer to be judged upon my own merits. I conceive that the only practical dishonor which befalls marriage arises from its not being *freely* honored, or honored exclusively for its own sake. You, on the contrary, hold it to be properly honored when it is enforced by some external sanction, as the regulation of men's passions, and the consequent advantage of our existing civic order. This is a lawful disagreement. But I confess that it strikes me as decidedly comical to find you entertaining hereupon so lively a concern on *my* account, as being especially liable to the reproach of dishonoring marriage.

So much in self-defence. Let me now glance at your own attitude towards "Society and Marriage." Your doctrine, not too clearly enunciated by the way, is, apparently, that marriage exists primarily for the regulation of the sexual appetite, and, subordinately thereto, for the interests of civic order. The sexual passion is, in your opinion, the most "untamable" of all the passions, and marriage is a social invention for taming it. Then, again, society is impotent to provide for the children which are born to it, and hence devolves that providence upon parents exclusively, who are constituted such by marriage. In a word, you hold marriage to be necessitated, first, by the imperfection of human nature, and, secondly, by the imperfection of human society. Man is, by the necessity of his nature, incompetent to himself, incompetent to the regulation of his destiny. And society, by the necessity of its nature, is incompetent to itself, incompetent to provide for its own subsistence. Thus there is somehow a very important screw loose in man, whether we regard him either as naturally or as historically posited; and marriage is the sovereign winch designed for tightening it. It empowers man to govern himself, and it empowers society thereby to subsist and persist.

You say that I am right up to a certain point, and I indeed agree with you to a certain point. I agree with you that marriage has always had this provisional character, or conventional subserviency to something beyond itself. But I differ from you in maintaining that this subserviency is noway *essential* to the institution, and ought to be disowned as fast as possible, if marriage is ever to bring forth its proper fruits, or avouch itself for what it truly is, the controlling law of the sexual relations. In other words, while I do cordial justice to the utilitarian theory of marriage, and willingly admit the benefit derived from it to our imperfect civilization, I, at the same time, see it to be no longer congruous with the dignity of the institution. I insist, in fact, that this utilitarian view of the institution is "played out," as the newspapers say, and that we must either come to regard marriage as a finality—*i.e.*, as existing solely in its own right—or else expect the hideous carnival of crime in which, so far as the sexual relations are concerned, we are now festering, to prolong itself eternally. In short, I deny what you affirm, namely, that the passions of men are disorderly in themselves, and require therefore to be regulated from without. And I affirm what you deny, namely, that all the disorder which we habitually charge upon the passions is due not to the passions themselves, but solely to the coercion or constraint put upon them by the exigencies of our ungodly and inhuman civilization.

But now observe: when I say "passions," I mean passions, the normal passions of human nature, such, *inter alia*, as love, friendship, familism, ambition, and not any supposititious thing it may suit a reasoner in distress to foist into their place. Any of these normal and honest passions of our nature may be forced, of course, into treacherous and revolting action —how? By being denied free play, or driven to seek their legitimate satisfaction in clandestine ways. But plainly this is not the normal or spontaneous activity of the passions; it is an altogether perverse or diseased activity, forced upon them from without; so that you are not a whit more entitled to affiliate the murder, the adultery, or the theft I commit, to my passions, than you are to affiliate my small-pox, my strabismus or club-foot to my morals. The relation that my passions are under to the crime I commit is at most one of maternity; and notoriously the mother does not *individualize* the child, that is, give it soul or specific form, but simply *identifies* it, that is, gives it body or generic substance. No, we must concede that the paternity of all our existing crime refers itself straitly to our infirm and vicious civilization, that is, to a condition of human life in which its masculine, public, or universal element is paramount and not subordinate to its feminine, private, or individual element. And it is simply idle, therefore, to expect crime to cease until the advent of a true society upon earth, or a condition of human life which shall at last convert this world of strife into a peaceful home, by making the *homo* (or men's material interests) no longer primary but secondary to the *vir* (or their spiritual interests). No doubt that, in order to account for physical disease among men, you have got to postulate the existence of such a radically false relation between universal man and nature as fitly announces itself in all manner of sharp and loathsome disease, and by that tormenting goad lashes us on to demand and seek a change of relation. In like manner, to account for moral disorder among men, you have got to postulate such a radically vicious relation between the individual man and society as fitly announces itself only in his profoundest personal desecration and infamy, and so stings him at last, in pure self-defence, into insisting—peaceably if he can, forcibly if he must—upon revolutionizing the situation. But, pray, tell me, what does all this prove? Surely not that disease or disorder is the normal state of man, whether you regard him on his physical or on his moral side; but rather that it is an abnormal state, occasioned by the dense ignorance and inexperience he is under of the essentially commanding relation he sustains, by right of his divine origin, both to nature and to society, and contingent, therefore, for its duration only upon the duration of such ignorance and inexperience. In a word, the true inference in question is, that disease or disorder is noway *incidental* to man's nature and history, but simply *accidental;* and, if this be so, then, of course, your conception of marriage as being designed primarily for the rectification of the passions, and, subordinarily thereto, for the maintenance of our existing civic order, falls to the ground, and with it the very ingenious but very fallacious reasoning you have built upon it.

In fact, the ingenious change you seek to put upon the marriage controversy is only ingenious, and has no other merit. It cannot be tolerated in point of fact for a moment, either from your own point of view, which is strictly utilitarian, and discards all final causes, or from that of abstract justice. The implication throughout your article is that society is endowed with the spiritual responsibility of its subject, or has in view his strictly individual well-being. Explicitly, to be sure, you do not say as much, because this evidently would be to handle the question theologically and not scientifically, and you have no desire to identify yourself with the theologian, but only with the political economist. Implicitly, however, you do little else, since you make the primary object of society in ordaining marriage to be *the saving of man from moral ruin*, and, only subordinately to this, its own preservation. And "to save man from moral ruin" is precisely what the theologian alleges as the sole scope of God's providence in organizing our religious, our civil, and our social experience; so that you are so far forth an unexceptionable theologian. But, in this case, what becomes of your political economy, which repudiates final causes, or, what is the same thing, *universalizes* our individuality, and so makes all social phenomena strictly empirical, in fact a strictly *necessary* evolution of experience? Society, according to the political economist, means man universal, the unconscious man, or *homo;* and does not mean man individual, the conscious man, or *vir*, which plainly it would be required to do, if, as you say, it undertakes to provide for the individual dignity of its subject or harmonize by marriage his active and passive nature. In short, society, from the point of view of political economy, and a most important point of view it is, is a purely material phenomenon with a purely material destiny: so that any attempt on its part to spiritualize itself, or constitute itself individually, would be fatal to its existence.

But, adjust yourself as you may to the exigencies of your own position, let me say, in conclusion, that the moral purpose you assign to society in instituting marriage is both directly and indirectly disallowed by the obvious logic of the case. For if society has a moral consciousness or identifies itself in any degree whatever with individual in contradistinction to universal ends, then palpably it is no longer society, inasmuch as it denies its own unity and so ceases to exist. What makes the distinction between an organic society and an inorganic herd or mob of men is that the former coheres wholly from within, the latter wholly from without; thus that the consciousness of the one is essentially unitary or harmonic with itself, of the other essentially divided or conflicting. But your position is *indirectly* met as well by the obvious consideration that society does *not* institute marriage, but, on the contrary, is instituted by it. Society does not base the family unity, but is based upon it, and notoriously the sole bond of the family unity is marriage, monogamical or polygamical. Society, scientifically viewed, is at first the promising flower, and finally the ripe, succulent fruit, of which the family is the coarse, obdurate husk, and marriage the invisible seed. To make marriage accordingly date from society and not society from marriage is virtually to make the flower and fruit of the plant precede the stalk, and the stalk itself grow, not from the seed, but from the indiscriminate earth.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours very truly,

HENRY JAMES.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 28, 1870.

P.S.—I do not stop, mind you, because I have even half said my say, but because I have already exceeded the limits of your ordinary indulgence to correspondents.

[Mr. James not having said half what he has to say, we shall not say even a quarter of what we have to say in reply to him. We have denied his premises—namely, that marriage as at present administered is the cause of "the hideous carnival of crime" from which society is suffering—as plainly as possible. We said nothing about final causes, because we know nothing about them, and—with the greatest respect for him—neither does he. He can no more tell why McFarland and his wife led such a shocking life for nine years, or why all marriages are not happy, than we can. If he could, he would have the secret of the universe, and there would be a rush to Cambridge from all parts of the globe. Moreover, though treating marriage from the utilitarian point of view—or the politico-economical point of view, if he prefers it—we were not thereby debarred from saying anything about the moral ends of marriage. A man is morally ruined, in the eyes of the economist, when he runs about whoremongering, instead of working at his calling and supporting his wife and children; he is morally ruined, in the eyes of the theologian, when he disobey's God's law. But there is nothing necessarily incompatible in the two views.

We believe, as Mr. James does, that "there is a screw loose in man;" but we never said that marriage was "the sovereign winch de-

signed for tightening it." Marriage is simply, like education and other things, one of the means of reducing the amount of damage done by it. As Mr. James truly remarks, "it is simply idle to expect crime to cease until the advent of a perfect society on earth;" in the meantime, however, it would be very foolish, he will admit, to dismiss the police, demolish the schools and jails, and shut up the courts. Now, let us get down to the bottom of this discussion. There are four things society can do about the sexual relation:

1. It can either cover it with the marriage contract, as it now does, and render this contract indissoluble, except for causes prescribed beforehand and by the judgment of a legal tribunal.

2. Or it can make the contract dissoluble at the discretion of the parties, on proper notice, attaching to it, however, certain consequences as regards property and children.

3. Or it may refuse altogether to legislate with regard to the sexual relation, and leave men and women to pair under the influence of passion or fancy, or whatever one pleases to call it, as the lower animals do.

4. Or it may impose marriage on its members as a status, and mate men and women by legal machinery created for the purpose, or, if it finds that couples do not suit each other, separate them and mate them up in fresh parcels.

Now, Mr. James must desire one or other of these four arrangements, and we should like to know from which of them he expects "that perfect state of society" to which he looks forward to flow. Which of them is it that is to put an end to the adulteries, incests, fornications, and murders which now afflict "our ungodly and inhuman civilization?" Under No. 3, adultery and incest will be clearly impossible, just as much as in a herd of cattle; but what about rape and murder? As regards the results to be expected from the others, we need say nothing. Everybody knows them, or can picture them to himself.

We have not accused Mr. James of "dishonoring marriage," but of supplying loaded shells and other highly explosive compounds, which should never leave his philosophical laboratory, to the band of light-headed magicians who are now going about the country trying to persuade people that they can make marriages happy, and divide child-bearing equally between the sexes, by a show of hands and a judicious distribution of tracts, and who, if left to themselves, would have nothing more dangerous with which to draw the crowd than damp crackers and torpedoes. We are not at all sure, however, since receiving his letter, whether he ought not more properly to be accused of confusion, that is, of including two totally distinct things under one term. We suspect the real cause of this controversy is his meaning spiritual marriage when talking of legal marriage. Legal marriage, to be sure, is, or ought to be, but the outward and visible sign of spiritual marriage, but then with the latter the state has, and can have, nothing to do, beyond leaving men and women their liberty of choice. People will not make love before a commissioner of deeds, and the Patent Office may be searched in vain for a suggestion as to the best means of promoting the union of souls. But we may rest assured that, during this geological period at least, the union of souls will have to be based upon, or grow out of, the marriage contract, and will be oftenest found where the marriage contract is most sacred and most permanent. Happy are they to whose lot it falls to know it. They live in a region where the people's writs do not run, where the legislature never meets, and the dismal ding-dong of the reformer's bell is never heard; where the roses are always in bloom and the skies always bright, "the shining table-land, to which our God himself is moon and sun."—Ed. Nation.]

THE STATE TREASURER OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to an article in the New York *Independent* in reference to our State Treasurer, Niles G. Parker. He is spoken of as having restored this State to solvency, and obtained for himself the respect of all business men both in this country and in Europe. I enlisted this Parker in the First Massachusetts Cavalry Regiment, at Haverhill, Mass., where he had been the unsuccessful proprietor of a restaurant and bar. After he left the army he commenced business in Charleston, where he failed, and is now restoring himself to solvency by compromising with his creditors for about twenty-five cents on a dollar. Since 1865, I have held a claim against him for several hundred dollars, which my attorney has settled recently for thirty cents on the dollar.

It is my opinion that the amount expended by Mr. Parker for diamonds since he has been State Treasurer would more than pay all his debts in full.

It is well-known that there were many members of the Constitutional Convention and of the General Assembly who had been *drilled* so that they could barely write their names, and yet could hardly write a word in the English language.

I cut the enclosed from the *Beaufort Republican*. There were no members of the General Assembly in times past who could neither read nor write. This State was represented in the Assembly by men of the highest culture and of ample means. I am and always have been a thorough Republican, but am opposed to being any longer misrepresented by incompetent, corrupt men. Very respectfully,

J. W. Collins, Post-office Box 33.

Beaufort, S. C., May 29, 1870.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: So far as my article on "French and English Illustrated Magazines" touches the subject of wood-engraving, "Wood-Engraver" is entitled to attention. Objecting to my phrase concerning his art—"discovered at nearly the same time as printing"—he says: "Wood-*cutting* was discovered ages before printing, and wood-*engraving* not till two centuries after."

My critic seems to be ignorant of the fact that the oldest impression, the first historic proof of wood-*engraving*, the date of which is not contested, was taken in 1423. This old proof ("Saint Christopher") is the historic fact that determines the time of the discovery of wood-engraving. The propriety and truth of the phrase—"discovered at nearly the same time as printing"—and the error of my critic, are manifest in the light of this fact. And if upon the first question of fact, about his own art, "Wood-Engraver" betrays ignorance of the oldest example of wood-engraving, while he has the hardihood to locate the birth of his art two centuries later than the time of the first historic example of it, you will justly appraise his objections to my personal impressions as of about the same value as his knowledge of the date and origin of his art. It is not my purpose to reply to his impertinent reflections upon my understanding and expression of the relative worth of book illustrators; nor do I intend to correct my classification of names to suit his conclusions. But enough. I have no claim to use your space save to determine a matter of fact. With your permission, I will dismiss the subject, for the reason that the *staccato* of statements and questions with which "Wood-Engraver" seeks to break and degrade my conclusions in regard to "French and English Illustrated Magazines" is designed to be personally offensive. The discourtesy of much of the language of "Wood-Engraver" is not likely to make me overlook the fact that my critic is a wounded partisan of outraged vanity. I do not admit the conclusions and reflections of an interested "Wood-Engraver," for the reason that they have no value in my judgment. To say the least, his characterization of Morin as a third or fourth-rate draughtsman—an artist "on the block" who has a host of imitators in Paris—and his shameless impeachment of my personal impressions of Holbein's "line," and the "atmosphere" which I maintain is rendered by Pisan, are not calculated to command my respect. Yours truly,

Eugene Benson.

New Haven, Conn., June 2, 1870.

[As there appears to be a prospect of warm work in case this controversy is continued, we must decline to give further space to it.—Ed. Nation.]

A LUTHER MONUMENT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: From the accompanying you will please see that it is proposed to erect a monument to Martin Luther, the founder of Protestantism, at the place of his birth, Eisleben.

The Committee, composed of the most respectable men, mean to give it a universal character, and, therefore, feel at liberty to solicit contributions from Protestants of all countries and nationalities. Perhaps among the

readers of your journal there may be some who would not spurn the opportunity offered by this Consulate-General to participate in the demonstration by offering a contribution, which will be forwarded and duly accounted for. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHANNES RÖSING, *Consul-General.*

NEW YORK, June 3, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE present rank of Williams College among similar institutions demands imperatively, we are informed by circular, "a periodical which shall be an adequate exponent of her interests, and shall secure her a fit representation among college exchanges." Accordingly, the senior and junior classes are about to undertake the publication of the *Williams Review*, a monthly paper of sixteen pages, quarto, we presume, at two dollars per annum. Most of the College faculty have promised to contribute, as have also Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. Joshua Leavitt, Rev. W. R. Alger, Wm. Cullen Bryant, John Bigelow, J. T. Headley, and others.——Steiger's *Literarischer Monatsbericht* entered last month upon its second volume (counting twelve to the volume). It contains as usual a large amount of interesting reading, one of its articles being upon Mr. Friedrich Kapp, who is worthy of several, and who was lately one of the best illustrations that could be desired for the writer of the prize essay announced by Mr. Steiger in this number: "Historical Sketch of the Intellectual Vigor and Progress of the German Population in North America." The fortunate competitor is to win eight hundred dollars. He must be particular to exhibit the influence of the German-American press on the development of American institutions.——Messrs. Pott & Amery have in press "Letters from Rome on the Council," by "Quirinus," an authorized translation from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The present volume is the first of the series, contains twelve letters, and narrates the preliminary history of the Council. It will be a book worth owning and reading. Also: "Letters of Spiritual Counsel and Guidance," by the late John Keble, uniform with the "Memoir" of him; "A Lost Piece of Silver," by the author of "Edith Vernon's Life Work;" and "A New Commentary of the New Testament," according to the authorized version, by various authors, Rev. W. W. How being the editor.——A new edition of the "Modern British Essayists" is to be issued by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., at the rate of one volume per week, beginning with Carlyle's "Miscellanies." The same house announces "Lessons for Children," in English and French, after Mrs. Barbauld's method; and "Breezie Langton," a novel by Hawley Smart; together with Mr. Disraeli's novels, in a cheap and uniform style.——Mr. G. W. Carleton announces "Rambles in Cuba," by an American Lady.——Among works in preparation by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. are "A Reply to John Stuart Mill on the Subjection of Women," the author's name not being given; volume four of the "Ancient Classics for English Readers," which is Mr. Anthony Trollope's "Cæsar;" "Bound Down; or, Life and its Possibilities," a novel by Anna M. Fitch; and "Rougegorge, and other Short Stories," reprinted from *Lippincott's Magazine*.——Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have in press a work of general interest: "The Laws of the Domestic Relations: Embracing Husband and Wife, Guardian and Ward, Parent and Child, Infancy, and Master and Servant," by James Schouler.——Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., one of the largest and most respected school-book publishing houses in the country, have just removed their offices and salesrooms to Nos. 138, 140 Grand Street, about as far to the east of Broadway as the Messrs. Appleton, on the same line, are to the west. Their manufactory still remains in Greene Street.

—We have received through the American Publishing Company, of Hartford, a letter addressed to the *Nation* by a Pennsylvania "Country Editor," taking exception to our recent remarks upon the business of publishing books by subscription. The letter is too long for us to print at this time, even if we left out the charges of "ill-natured statements" and "unkind flings and sneers," and of conspiracy with the trade to injure the subscription business. But it also does little else than deny without proofs what we asserted, or allege that the regular trade sins in the same way with its subscription rivals. "A Country Editor" is not well informed when he says that the Hartford edition of Baker's "Abyssinia" (an exceptional specimen of subscription manufacture) is cheaper at $3 50 than Lippincott's at $5, or quite fair when he omits to state the reason of the difference in price. And in taking no notice of the statement we felt at liberty to adopt on good authority—that perhaps half of the subscription books forced into circulation are old ones vamped over—he does not prepare us to believe him when he says that a less proportion of these than of the issues of the trade are worthless. We do not mind admitting that we could name several "regular" publishers whose productions are uniformly trashy or worse than trashy, and which might be destroyed as issued with real benefit to the human intellect. We are not defending the shortcomings of the trade, and if it were wholly bent on money-making, as we are almost persuaded the subscription companies are, there would be little to choose between them except as to their modes of soliciting custom. Nor did we undertake to estimate the damage inflicted by the latter upon the former. We only referred the curious to the *Booksellers' Guide*. "A Country Editor" says that he lives in a county of 70,000 inhabitants with only three bookstores, none of which is confined to this line of business, but which, making school-books their staple, "eke out an existence with drugs, wall-paper, stationery, and newspapers." He says truly that they cannot afford to advertise their new books, nor order a full assortment on a venture; and that country people will not buy a book they cannot first examine. For this state of things, however, he thinks the subscription agents afford a remedy, and here we disagree with him. We see, rather, an opening for the book-pedlar, whether as an independent dealer or in the employ of the local bookseller. Perhaps a living could hardly be got by this means now; yet we are not sure that with proper system and support the pedlar could not drive the agent from the field in which he is now a nuisance and a bore.

—While writing these lines a correspondent sends us the following latest specimen of the kind of book most favored by subscription publishers, and of the way in which they cultivate literary taste and discernment among the people of the rural districts. It emanates from a Massachusetts house; and we commend it to "A Country Editor" as a complete justification of our general remarks, and in particular of what we had to say about the printing and binding of subscription books:

"AGENTS WANTED—$100 to $200 per month—Clergymen, School-Teachers, Smart Young Men and Ladies wanted to Canvass for the New Book,

'OUR FATHER'S HOUSE; OR, THE UNWRITTEN WORD.'

By DANIEL MARCH, the popular author of 'Night Scenes.' This master in thought and language shows us untold riches and beauties in the Great House, with its Blooming flowers, Singing birds, Waving palms, Rolling clouds, Beautiful bow, Sacred mountains, Delightful rivers, Mighty oceans, Thundering voices, Blazing heavens, and vast universe with countless beings in millions of worlds, and reads to us in each the Unwritten Word. Rose-tinted paper, ornate engravings, and superb binding. Send for circular, in which is a full description and universal commendations by the press, ministers, and college professors, in the strongest possible language.'

—American scholars, and especially those who are interested in the progress of philology, will be glad to learn that a well-merited compliment has lately been bestowed on Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale College, the Corresponding Secretary of the American Oriental Society. On the 16th of May last, the Royal Academy of Sciences, in Berlin, decided, at the instance of a special committee, to bestow a Bopp prize of three hundred thalers on Professor Whitney for his excellent publication of the "Taittiriya Pratiçakhya." This work, which included the original Sanskrit text, with a translation and notes, appeared in the ninth volume of the "American Oriental Society's Journal" (where it occupies 241 pages), published at New Haven in 1869. The Bopp fund, if we are rightly informed, yields a certain income to be bestowed in prizes for meritorious publications in the department of comparative philology. Nothing is offered in competition for this honor, but the Academy of Sciences decrees the prize for such work as it regards as the most deserving. The prize conferred on Professor Whitney is the only one which has been given for Sanskrit work during the three years which have passed since the fund was instituted. Simultaneously with the prize to Professor Whitney, the Academy decreed a second prize (one hundred and fifty thalers) to Dr. W. Thomsen, of Copenhagen, for a work on the influence of the German language upon the Finnish-Lapp.

—"The curse of twin capitals" has just been agitating the people of Connecticut. An amendment to the State constitution, providing that hereafter Hartford shall be the sole seat of government, was adopted by a majority of the House last year, but, having failed to be ratified by two-thirds of the present House, the submission of it to the people has been defeated. The *Courant* (May 21, 28) has published two interesting articles on the history of the two capitals, from which the precedence of Hartford over New Haven appears very plain, the former colony being the original "Connecticut," with which the latter afterwards

became incorporated. It was in October, 1701, that the General Assembly first sat, for that portion of the term, in New Haven—a change enacted, according to the writer in the *Courant*, with reference to the then feeble health of Governor Winthrop and his deputy, for whom the journey to Hartford was too tedious, but without whom the Assembly could not be held. The disadvantage of removing the public records to and fro between the two capitals was soon felt, and in 1712 New Haven was thrown out. The next year, however, sectional feeling was strong enough to reverse this order of the General Court, and when, in 1717, the question of a new State House arose, it was complicated with that of the settlement of the "Collegiate School," now Yale College, which had deserted Saybrook for Wethersfield. Hartford has already made a bid for the school, and would have got it of the Assembly but for the petition for delay of the so-called "sea-side" trustees, who were in the majority and who presently voted in favor of New Haven. Instead of refusing to ratify this selection, the Assembly accepted a compromise, giving the State House to Hartford in exchange for the college. While the building was going up, however, the October court continued to be held at New Haven, and the "sea-side" agreement went unfulfilled till 1818, when a constitution was substituted for the colonial charter, and the New Haven interest succeeded in engrafting upon it a provision for holding the Court of Election, or *May* session, in New Haven, though the convention twice voted down the proposition, and, says our writer, the people would have rejected it a third time if they could have done so without endangering the whole instrument.

—Number 13 of the Bulletin of the Boston Public Library, as usual, contains information of value to scholars and specialists. The catalogue of the Prince Library, it announces, is now completed, with an historical introduction. It is divided into three parts: the first, titles of books printed in or relating to America; the second, titles of the ancient theological library of the Old South Church; and the third, a synoptical summary of the manuscripts of the collection, now for the first time thoroughly executed. The Bulletin catalogues the 5,100 bound prints of the Tosti-Appleton collection, leaving about twelve hundred, more than half of which are framed, to be still catalogued. We presume that this and the Gray collection, at Harvard, will ultimately be deposited in the projected Museum of Fine Arts. An attempt has been made by the Public Library to supplement its collection, of which the strength lies in the Italian school of engraving, with general lexicons of art and monographs on particular artists; and it has also sought to develop its architectural department, which already is scarcely surpassed in the city. The library is making a special collection of memorials of Boston, illustrating in any way its history or topography. Finally, it is preparing a card catalogue of the books kept in what is known as Bates Hall, as distinguished from the Lower Hall or circulating library.

—A very interesting and exhaustive monograph on the Indians of Cape Flattery, by James G. Swan, is among the most recent of the Smithsonian publications. The writer accompanied General Isaac I. Stevens, when, in 1855, as Governor of Washington Territory, the latter concluded with the Makah tribe the treaty which left them their present reservation—the extreme north-western point of the United States. Afterwards, Mr. Swan was appointed to the Government agency there, and remained several years as a teacher and dispenser of medicines. The Makahs have undergone some admixture with Spanish and Russian castaways, and present, therefore, a considerable diversity of color and feature. They and their kinsmen, of what is known as the Nootkan family, are quite different from the Indians living to the north of them, who have, the writer says, the physical characteristics of the Tartar hordes of the Siberian coast, their probable ancestors. The Makahs are essentially a race of fishermen, and Mr. Swan has much to tell of their modes of catching the whale, seal, and halibut especially. In other respects they appear to be a fairly ingenious tribe, but without very great capacity for development, and with the usual superstitions. Their diet is gross and fills them with humors, and they are neither long-lived nor fertile. In 1861 they numbered 654, and in 1863 only 663. One of them at 60 is as old as a white man at 80, and yet their regular dose of "white" medicine is but half that which would be given to white men. Their memory is poor even of events that they have experienced, and their traditions, besides being scanty, are generally worthless. They seldom address the Supreme Being openly, and Mr. Swan first heard this done in the case of an Indian chief called Captain John. "He was taken with a violent fit of sneezing, and as soon as he recovered he repeated aloud several short sentences, accompanying each with a blowing noise from his mouth. I asked him what he was saying. He replied that he was asking the Hatartstl Cha-batt-a not to kill him by sneezing, but to let him live longer. I have on other occasions, however, noticed that the Indians, upon sneezing, repeat a few words, and think it very probable they all do as John said he did—ask the Great Spirit not to kill them. John told me that, if they did not utter this brief petition, the top of their heads would be blown off when they sneezed." The coincidence between this and the universal European custom in the same circumstances is quite striking. Mr. Swan describes very fully the principal Makah festive, religious, and other ceremonies, and adds a vocabulary of the commonest words. A slighter contribution to our knowledge of the Indians of the Pacific Coast may be found in the *American Naturalist* for May, where Mr. Edward E. Chever records some of the leading traits and habits of the Indians of California, living west of the Sierra Nevada. He speaks of them with a certain respect, and of their treatment and probable fate with regret. In passing, he indulges in a bit of art criticism worth quoting: "The Indians hunt for one kind of game only at a time, and each kind when they can be taken most advantageously. When I saw every kind of game represented together at the Indian encampment in Bierstadt's celebrated painting of the Yosemite, I knew the camp had been introduced for effect, from this evident ignorance of or disregard for the habits of Indians." We may illustrate this from the Makah names of the months, thus: December is the moon in which the California gray whale makes its appearance; March, the moon when the finback whales arrive; October, the moon for catching the tsa-tar-wha, a variety of rock-fish.

—With the first number in May, Macmillan's weekly journal of science, *Nature*, entered upon its second volume, and the projectors and conductors of it have the satisfaction of knowing that it has already made a name for itself, and supplied a real and not a fancied want. Its scope is very broad, and its discussions catholic and full of instruction. Among its contributors have been men like Wallace, Tyndall, Huxley, and Keith Johnston, but yet in a good sense it has helped to popularize science. It is a model of typography, and withal very cheap even for transatlantic subscribers. Another English periodical, hitherto a monthly, the *Diplomatic Review*, makes in its May issue the announcement that on the first of July it will appear as a quarterly. This curious semi-French, semi-English publication is the organ of Mr. David Urquhart, a Russophobist of the first water, and who is calculated, if believed, to make his readers conclude that another half-century will see Western Europe "all Cossack." The number for May 4 has two leading articles on Mr. Urquhart's darling topic—one, "Russian Progress in Central Asia," the other, "Mémoire sur les Relations de la Russie et de l'Europe." And the department, "Events of the Month," opens with a paragraph in which the late murders by the Greek brigands only serve to remind the editor that "all the convulsions of Europe have come out of Greece; all the recent plots and schemes and wars and dangers spring from the classic passion for Greece, which furnished to Russia the occasion and to the British Minister the cloak for compromising the governments of Europe in secret and criminal negotiations." Admiral Persano's second volume also fills the editor with "astonishment that such infamies should be revealed by one of the great actors therein." And when we say that he looks hopefully to the Council for a "solemn, special, and precise declaration on the question of the *jus gentium*, with reference to the times in which we live, and in which crimes hitherto unknown have been perpetrated" (meaning Garibaldi and Cavour performances, and the like), our readers will know pretty well how to judge of the *Review*, and of the propriety of its subsiding into a quarterly.

—Prof. Franchi, who so offended Signor Crispi's sensibilities by editing the Correspondence of La Farina, has just published, in two volumes 16mo, the Political Writings of the same (Milan: L. Bortolotti). A third edition will embrace La Farina's literary remains. A large part of the Correspondence was, of course, political writing, so that the whole of the statesman does not appear in either collection. The present volumes contain every composition, however brief, in which La Farina expressed his own ideas, judgments, and sentiments, or which serves to illustrate his character and career. There reigns in all these, says Franchi, though they cover a period of sixteen years and relate to the most diverse times and events, a unity and harmony that reflects the entire life of the writer. In seeking examples of great men to hold up before the young, Italy does not need, in fact, to go outside of herself. Nevertheless, there is manifestly a disposition to draw strength and guidance from the experience of countries longer free, and to present as models of industry and intelligence the great men of England and America. Franklin has thus been

used by the translation of his economical works, and not long since Smiles's "Self-Help" was translated into Italian. Still more recently, Craik's "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties" has been reproduced as "Costanza vince ignoranza, ossia la conquista del sapere malgrado gli ostacoli." The translator, Pietro Rotondi, has added to the English examples such names as Muratori, Parini, Oriani, Alfieri, Bellini, Rossini, etc., etc.

ART.

TWO PAINTINGS BY MICHAEL ANGELO.—The gallery of Lord Taunton (the Hon. Mr. Labouchere) contained some valuable pictures, which have been sold in London since his death. Among these is Allston's "Elijah Fed by the Ravens"—a picture purchased by his lordship during his visit to this country, to which it will doubtless return, as it has been bought by a Boston lady. A critic thus describes it:

"In the foreground is a blasted tree (painted in cool grays) standing in the midst of a rough rocky country, giving an idea of solitude and desolation, the only living objects being the ravens and the prophet. The soft landscape in the background is gloriously painted with rich browns and luscious greens. The general coloring reminds one of Titian, notably of that wonderful work (alas! now destroyed) 'The St. Peter Martyr.'"

The gem of Lord Taunton's collection—an unfinished picture in tempera of the Madonna, Infant Christ, St. John, and angels—which attracted so much attention at the Manchester Exhibition in 1857, has been bought for the National Gallery, where it now hangs close to the "Entombment," a masterpiece, apparently, painted by the same hand. According to the critic of the *Athenæum*, the juxtaposition settles this question in the affirmative. That that hand was none other than the hand of Michael Angelo there can be but little doubt; such, indeed, was the opinion of the best judges at Manchester in regard to Lord Taunton's picture, and no one can see the "Entombment" without being instantly reminded of it. As there is but one easel picture known to have been painted by the great Tuscan, namely, "The Holy Family in the Tribune at Florence," critics were slow to believe that two others had been discovered which could with any show of probability receive the same lofty ascription. To these a third was soon added, by the chance discovery last year of the long-lost "Leda," painted by Michael Angelo for the Duke of Ferrara. The history of the three forms a curious episode in art annals. Lord Taunton's "Madonna" came into the possession of an English artist at Rome many years ago, and was brought to England by his widow, who sold it to Messrs. Colnaghi, the well-known print-dealers in Pall Mall. They offered it to the directors of the National Gallery, who did not esteem it sufficiently to pay the moderate price asked for it as the work of Ghirlandajo, or of an unknown Florentine painter of his school, and preferred to purchase a second-rate Rubens which Messrs. Colnaghi happened to have on hand at the time. The Hon. Mr. Labouchere, struck with its beauty, had the wisdom to secure it, and Manchester set the seal upon his judgment by pronouncing it to be an early Michael Angelo of rare beauty, painted, in all probability, while he was a pupil of Dominico Ghirlandajo, or shortly after he began his independent career. No one who has seen it can forget the majestic dignity of the "Madonna," and the tender beauty and grace of the angels on her left hand. The corresponding groups of angels on the right is merely outlined upon that green background commonly used by Florentine painters of the time, which gives so peculiar a tone to the transparent shadows of the flesh. Among the countless treasures of pictorial art exhibited at Manchester this picture, which is in every respect superior to that in the Tribune at Florence, left perhaps the most enduring impression upon the mind. The "Entombment" underwent many vicissitudes of fortune before it found a permanent resting-place in the National Gallery. At some unknown period it was painted over, and being apparently a mere daub, lay stowed away with other works of a low order in a corner of Cardinal Fesch's gallery at Rome. At the sale, which took place after the death of the Cardinal, it was bought by a carpenter for a trifle, and taken to his shop, where he was about to plane it down, when he was observed by Mr. Macpherson, artist and photographer, who, thinking it might repay closer examination, bought it for a few scudi. As soon as he had it in his atelier he proceeded to clean it, and, as he removed the superimposed crust of dirt and pigment, discovered to his joy an admirable painting in tempera of the "Entombment," which at the time he attributed to Luca Signorelli. When the affair got wind, all Rome went to see the newly-found treasure, and the carpenter, finding that he had sold his right "for a mess of potage," demanded a large share of its estimated value, and when it was refused to him instituted a suit to recover damages. The Roman government also interfered and forbade its removal from the city. After endless trouble and long delay Macpherson succeeded in carrying off his prize, which he now looked upon as a Michael Angelo, to Leghorn; after the lapse of ten or twelve years he removed it to England. There he offered it to Mr. Boxall, the Director of the National Gallery, for £4,000. This price being considered too high for a picture whose authenticity could not be guaranteed, was eventually reduced by one-half. Its peculiarities are so striking, and certain defects in the relative proportion of figures and perspective are so manifest, that many artists and critics have hesitated to ascribe it to Michael Angelo. Other equally good judges are, however, troubled with no such doubts; and, indeed, the grandeur of the composition and the masterly drawing displayed in the figure of the Dead Christ seem to us to give them reason. As no other Florentine painter was capable of such work as this, to whom else can it be ascribed?

Like the "Entombment" the "Leda," also painted in tempera, had been painted over. It remained for years, despised and neglected, in the restoring-room at the National Gallery, until by some accident, as it stood, face upwards, near an easel upon which a picture was placed to be cleaned, the restorer, Sig. Pinti, happened to spatter several drops of turpentine upon it, which, running down, left a smooth, firm surface in their track. This attracted the attention of Mr. Boxall, who was in the room, and he immediately had the whole false coating removed. The original painting was found in a somewhat injured condition, but still susceptible of skilful restoration. Those who have seen it speak of it in the highest terms, and do not hesitate to class it as the third rediscovered Michael Angelo.

—The Littlefield-Gugler portrait head of Abraham Lincoln differs from all others in being of life size. The artist and engraver are the same who had made before a well-known head of General Grant. Encouraged by the success of that undertaking, they went on to do what is seldom done, to engrave in pure line a head as large as life, taking this time for their model such record of the great President as they could find—portraits by other hands, and photographs of many sorts. We have spoken before and at length of Marshall's engraving, and Carpenter's vignette in line and stipple. Considering now the three portraits side by side, we find Carpenter's still the most artistical, the pleasantest picture, and containing the best ideal likeness of Mr. Lincoln considered as a gentle, humorous, and rather melancholy spirit; which perhaps we may safely assume him to have been. Marshall's picture gives more of that rough, barky, Western-looking outside. Those persons who saw Mr. Lincoln often during life are generally of opinion, we find, that Marshall's engraving gives rather than Carpenter's the usual everyday look of the man. Now comes Littlefield's, and, less veritable in lines and details than the one, less pathetic and inwardly true to our memories of Lincoln than the other, unites what qualities should make a good portrait perhaps better than either. It is not a highly finished engraving, it looks even as if it had been hurried, and the copies taken off when another six months' work would have done the plate good. It is unfortunately and unwisely surrounded by a ridiculous imitation of a marble carved oval frame and spandrils; but the execution of the work is very judicious and solid, the scale is carefully preserved, the lines of the engraving lend themselves well to the effect to be produced. Taking into account its unusual size and its real merits, we think the medal should be given to the new-comer, though the persons who may continue to prefer one of the others, especially the Carpenter, will not be abused by us as being of the blindly ignorant.

—"Pictures of Life and Character from the Portfolio of Mr. Punch" is the fortunate title of the largest collection there is of John Leech's designs. There are other collections made up from the volumes of *Punch*, of Leech woodcuts; thus the large full-page "cartoons" for the first ten years or so of Leech's connection with the paper form a volume of the shape of the original, with perhaps a wider margin, and are called "Early Pencillings from Punch," and other cartoons compose "Later Pencillings." The cartoons are nearly always political. There has been magnificent satire in them, and shrewd foresight, and capital hints as to the cracking of various political nuts; and, withal, a kind of artistic merit which is generally banished from whatever comes within the limits of the field of party contests. But the smaller pictures—those at tops of pages, occupying their width and not quite half their height, the still smaller ones occupying only half a column or so, and the head and tail pieces and ornaments to initial letters—all these, for which the best name in the world is just "pictures of life and character," are gathered into the work so named. The fifth part of this has been published recently (New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.) As the fourth appeared before the artist's death, if we are not mistaken, certainly long ago, this one may be

supposed to contain the final gathering up and to be the last. We think that an examination of a set of *Punch*, including the *Almanacs*, and of these five series, would show that pretty much all the material had been used. The five parts are in oblong folio volumes, rather awkwardly long to open out on a table; but the form is probably useful for the arranging of so many different sized little pictures. Taken out of their original places and shuffled together—the observation of the folly and fun of yesterday mingled with that of twenty years ago—they make evident the singular universality of Leech's humor and satire. And the pictures are universal in their power of giving enjoyment, too; even the people who cannot appreciate delicate and well-put fun (and there are plenty of such people, for whose finding out a Leech drawing is a good touchstone)—even these unfortunates can enjoy the hunting fields, or the children, or the street-boys, or some of Leech's dramatis personæ. A gentleman we could name, who owns a set of *Punch*, the which he is perpetually engaged with when relieved from business, dipping now into a volume of 1848, and now into one of 1865, makes frequently the most amusing mistakes as to the point of the jokes. Like Tennyson's model wife—

"He does not understand—he loves."

But the children, also, those of them who love pictures and can sit alone with a picture-book and with content, love these books beyond others even at the age when they cannot read, nor understand when read, Leech's capital inscriptions. We hold that a set of *Punch* is, *really*, a book which no gentleman's library ought to be without. But we hold, also, that no family room ought to be without these encyclopedia picture-books. Fortunately, they are so cheap that the children may be allowed to have them.

LOTHAIR.*

When that only authentic historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, hath occasion, in the course of his immortal History of New York, to record a jest of one of the renowned Dutch governors, he judiciously adds that, "though the joke was not much of a joke in itself, it was good enough for a governor." So, we suppose, when a sometime First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer condescends to the low estate of us common people so far as to write a novel, it becomes us to admit that, though perhaps not much of a novel, it is as good as one could expect from a prime minister. It has been said that it was many years before the Tories of England could forgive Mr. Disraeli for having written novels, so as to be willing to take him into favor and make him their leader in the Commons. We grieve to say that our memory runneth back to the very beginning of Mr. Disraeli's literary career, even to the first sprightly running of "Vivian Grey's" impertinences; and we are afraid we have wasted a good many hours in company with "Henrietta Temple" and "Coningsby" and "Tancred," and the other children of his brain whose names we cannot recall just now. It is so long, however, since we parted company with the latest of them that nothing but their names, and hardly these, remains with us. But we must say, in justice to the English Tories, that, if those former novels were no better than this last ensample of Mr. Disraeli's handiwork, they were quite right in looking upon them as no recommendations to their especial favor, and in demanding other proofs of his abilities before taking him into their service.

"Lothair" is certainly free from the prevailing vice of the present age of novels. It is in no degree tainted with *sensationalism*. It has as distinct a purpose as a Parliamentary Blue Book, and is about as exciting as one. Its object is to expose the arts and wiles of the Catholics, clergy and laity, to entice into the fold of Rome young noblemen and gentlemen of great estates. If our indistinct recollection of Mr. Disraeli's former novels does not much mislead us, their fundamental error, as works of art, lay in their being virtually pamphlets in the disguise of stories, to prove this or that theory of politics or morals. Children of larger as well as of lesser growth always resent the endeavor, however well meant, to disguise their medicine in its vehicle. Both prefer their rhubarb and their currant-jelly separate. The method of the immortal artists is very different from this. They instruct without being didactic. Fielding and Jane Austen and Walter Scott and Thackeray teach, but it is without intending or knowing it. The motive, to speak musically, of this novel was unquestionably the perversion of the young Marquis of Bute to Catholicism, and its design to show how the mischief was done, and how any imaginary young lord might have escaped such snares. As is generally the case with novels written for warning and reproof, whatever interest the book has centres in the personages the author intends his readers to disapprove of and dislike. Cardinal Grandison and Monsignor Catesby (whom Mr. Disraeli, singularly enough, always styles *Monsignore* Catesby, forgetting that the final "*e*" of that designation is always dropped when used before a proper name) deserve a certain degree of admiration, if not of respect, for the persistency of their purpose and the ingenuity of their devices to entrap their prey; but there is hardly a character in the whole range of fiction, not meant to be ridiculous, more pitiably weak, irresolute, and vacillating than the hero whose adventures Mr. Disraeli has thought it worth his while to relate.

Lothair is a young nobleman, yet a minor when the book begins, of "a vast inheritance, which was in many counties and more than one kingdom." His actual rank is never stated, but, as it was below that of a duke, the inference is that he was a marquis. He was in charge of two guardians, one a grim Scotch Presbyterian, the Earl of Culloden, and the other a dignified clergyman of the English Establishment, who has gone over to Rome and become a cardinal before he makes his appearance on the stage. The Scotch lord had possession of the person of the heir, and had kept him from all communication with the Scarlet Gentleman during his nonage, and had brought him up with much strictness in Scotland. He goes to Oxford, however, by the express directions of his father's will, and, while there, goes up to London, and makes the acquaintance of the cardinal, who, with his subordinate priests, Monsignori Catesby and Berwick, do their best to inveigle the young lord into the pale of the Church of Rome. Their plot, indeed, is all the plot the book has, for nothing can be less artificial or ingenuous than the contrivance of the story. As we have said, the cardinal and the monsignori monopolize whatever of character there is allowed the personages of the tale; but we cannot but think that the mighty hunters of Rome are usually more careful than were these how they lay their snares in the sight of their game. Still, the story of their proceedings is not without ingenuity and interest.

Mr. Disraeli's readers cannot complain of the society to which he introduces them. It is of the very finest kind. Hardly one of his English characters is outside the sacred ranks of the peerage. Lothair's attorney and man of business, Mr. Putney Giles, and his pushing, tuft-hunting wife, are almost the only creatures of common clay. For we cannot consider as of this vulgar mould a most marvellous painter, Mr. Phœbus, who had a steam-yacht, owned an island in the Mediterranean, carried about with him in his cabin a chest full of velvet bags filled, "one with pearls, another with rubies, others with Venetian sequins, Napoleons, and golden piastres." Moreover, he was the descendant of a noble Gascon family, and had married one of the Cantacuzene family, descended from the Greek emperors, and niece of the Prince of Samos. All which certainly redeems him from the level of a vulgar artist. We are introduced, at the first going off, into the bosom of a delightful ducal family, in company with Lothair, who had formed an intimate friendship with the eldest son of the house. All the daughters were married, excepting one, and "they were all alike, with their delicate aquiline noses, bright complexions, short upper lips, and eyes of sunny light." The judicious reader need not be told that Lothair falls in love with Lady Corisande, the youngest, "whose beauty was even more distinguished and regular," with "dark brown hair and darker eyes." But the duchess, superior to the consideration that he was the richest match in the empire, when he asks for her consent, advises him to wait and see a little more of the world before committing himself, which he accordingly does.

The visit of Lothair to the cardinal is subsequent to that to the duke, and, in consequence of it, he is introduced to the intimacy of a great Catholic family, that of Lord and Lady St. Jerome. Here he meets his lordship's niece, Clare Arundel, a damsel with "large violet eyes, darker even than the dark-brown hair, gleaming with intelligence, and her rich face mantling with emotion," who is as fanatical as a Catholic as Lady Corisande is firm as a Protestant. It is quite unnecessary to say that Lothair falls in love with Clare Arundel too. Not long afterwards he meets with another divine lady, of mysterious antecedents. She has reminiscences of sleeping in the streets of Paris, with her tambourine for her pillow, yet she is apparently of a great Italian family, who has lost her father in an attempt to deliver Italy; and, though her name is Theodora, she is the original Mary Anne, which our readers know, or should know, stands for the republican conspiracies all over Europe. This lady suffers under the disadvantage of being married, but this does not hinder Lothair from falling in love with her too. She also agreeably differs from his Catholic and Protestant loves in having no religion at all, excepting that of *Madre Natura*, or Mother Nature. The husband is only a colonel

* "Lothair. By the Right Hon. B. Disraeli." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

and an American, but let not the fastidious reader think he is getting into low company on that account. As the duke justly remarks of him, "You know he is a gentleman. He is not a Yankee. He is a gentleman of the South. They have no property but land; and I am told his territory was immense. He always lived at Paris, in the highest style—disgusted, of course, with his own country. It is not unlikely that he may have lost his estates now; but that makes no difference to me. I shall treat him, and all Southern gentlemen, as our fathers treated the emigrant nobility of France."

Colonel Campian, however, had saved enough from the ruins of his fortune to be able to inhabit Belmont, a palatial residence, erected by a former minister of state on a slice of a royal park, granted to him for that purpose by a grateful sovereign. This was important for the preservation and the unities of the work, as we are never introduced, as guests, under any roof of less dignity than a palace, with the exception of Mr. Putney Giles's house in Hyde Park Gardens. We cannot spare space for any description of this palace and its fairy gardens. We can only stop long enough to express our disgust at Colonel Campian's having adorned it with the two statues of Cleopatra and the Sibyl, to the encouragement of a mere Yankee sculptor. For we must hasten onward. Of course, there is nothing improper in the relations of Lothair and Theodora. No; as he tells her, she must have felt that "I am not insensible to your beauty and infinite charms, still, it is your consummate character that has justly fascinated my thought and heart; and that I have long resolved, were I permitted, to devote to you my fortune and my life." This offer she accepts, it appears, as we next find him with the Garibaldi volunteers, in Italy, making ready for the assault on Rome. Theodora was the mainspring of this as of all other revolutionary movements. At a battle, not recorded, we believe, in history, the volunteers, led by a mysterious general, a cross between Garibaldi and Mazzini, with a dash of Kossuth, are victorious, through the rallying of the patriots at a critical moment by Theodora, with a sword in one hand and the banner of the Republic in the other. But in the moment of a victory she receives a wound, of which she shortly dies, after requiring a promise of Lothair that he would never be reconciled to Rome. "And now," she said, "embrace me, for I wish that your spirit should be upon me when mine departs!"

Lothair is left wounded and insensible on the field of Mentana and carried to Rome, where he is nursed by Miss Arundel, in the Agostini palace, tenanted by the St. Jeromes, where the cardinal and the monsignori again weave their toils for the prey which had escaped them by his flight from England. In this they are assisted by the St. Jeromes and all the Catholic grandees of Rome. The story is spread abroad that he had been wounded fighting on the side of the Pope, and the priests try to make himself believe that it was even so, and his own impressions to the contrary a delusion. A miracle is also arranged by spreading a report that the woman who told Miss Arundel of Lothair's extremity, who was a tailor's wife in reality, was no less a person than the Virgin Mary. He is kept under constant surveillance, of which he is aware, and from which he wishes to escape; but it never seems to have occurred to him that a great English nobleman, with a fortune sufficient to buy out all Rome, might have walked out of the Agostini palace any morning, and gone to the Hôtel de l'Angleterre, and defied the Pope and all his works. In the agony of his irresolution, he escapes from his keepers one night, and wanders about the streets till he finds himself in the Coliseum, where the ghost of Theodora opportunely appears to him and reminds him of his promise to her when dying. He is found in a state of insensibility and carried back to the palace. During the delay in the execution of the priests' schemes consequent upon this agitation, Lord St. Jerome, who, though a Catholic, is a gentleman and an honest man, and who is rather scandalized by their proceedings, insists on his seeing an English physician, who has small patience with Popery, and who orders change of scene. Accordingly, he is conveyed to another palace on the coast of Sicily, with a monsignore still keeping watch of him. Wanting resolution and strength of mind to free himself from their spiritual espionage otherwise, he hires a fisherman to put him over to Malta in his boat, thus saving himself by flight.

From Malta he returns to England. Miss Arundel takes the veil, and he falls in love again with Lady Corisande, who, it appears, has been all along in love with him, and it is to be hoped that she kept him safe within the pale of the English Church. Such a weakling as he would need some one to hold him up and lead him by the hand all the days of his life. We presume that all the characters in the novel are parcelled out by London society among prominent persons in England. Monsignor Catesby is admitted to be meant for Monsignor Capel, and Cardinal Grandison would answer well enough for Archbishop Manning. We should think that the noble persons, whoever they may be, to whom the other characters may be assigned, would hardly regard the attribution as complimentary, for duller and more stupid specimens of porcelain clay—more flat, stale, and unprofitable—it is to be hoped are not common in high life. Mr. Disraeli goes out of his way to make an attack, which is as stupid as it is malignant, on an eminent gentleman, formerly an Oxford professor, who has transferred his labors to this country. Had that gentleman been indeed addicted to the snobbishness (of all things in the world!) attributed to him, we imagine he would not have received the praise in disguise of Mr. Disraeli's satire.

To conclude a notice already much longer than the intrinsic merits of this novel deserves, we would say that Mr. Disraeli's fame as a novelist will depend on his prestige as a public man. His characters have no color nor reality. They do not live and breathe like the personages of the great enchanters. They are inexpressive as the shades of the magic lantern, with scrolls coming out of their mouths for talk. Mr. Disraeli's permanent reputation will rest upon his parliamentary speeches, some of which may long survive the best of his novels. Indeed, it is hard to see how a man capable of those caustic, bitter, cruel diatribes of twenty years since against Sir Robert Peel could be capable of the platitudinous dulness of "Lothair." It shows at least how very absurd a novel a very clever man can write—which is consolatory to the average stupidity of mankind.

Mrs. Gerald's Niece. A Novel. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Author of "Grantley Manor," "Too Strange not to be True," etc. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.)—We should suppose that this novel might prove agreeable reading to most people who take any interest in the state of the controversy between the Anglo-Catholics and the Mother Church. The story is hardly to be called a continuation of the "Grantley Manor" of years ago, but one or two of the characters of that novel reappear in this one; and Lady Fullerton, who is not to be called a good writer, has yet a certain soberness, and an air of dealing with real things, which give her personages a solidity which our recollection of her work—a recollection which we admit, however, to have been very vague—would not have led us to expect. The novel is, of course, a Catholic one, and the characters are mostly English Ritualists, of whom the most devout and intelligent become Catholics in the end, being persuaded to that result by the usual and obvious arguments—arguments which, as between these particular opponents, would seem to have, in Lady Georgiana's eyes, a perfectly sufficient cogency. For the rest, the novel has a certain old-fashionedness about it which, in its way, is not unpleasant. There is a good deal more plot, of an innocently complicated sort, than is usual nowadays, and the characters have a way of mentioning Miss Yonge's writings with great respect, and of quoting at length from Mrs. Norton's poetry, which fits in so accurately with the whole scope and spirit of the novel itself, as to give the reader, however illegitimately, a sense of artistic perception on Lady Fullerton's part which nothing else about her work would ever convey.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1870.

The Week.

THE Senate has discussed the Indian Appropriation Bill, the bill abolishing the franking privilege—on which Mr. Sumner delivered an elaborate speech—the bill making a new apportionment for Representatives, and a railroad land bill of some importance. The two last were passed, the number of Representatives being fixed at 300 instead of 275, as the House had chosen for itself. Mr. Garfield's Currency Bill, and Mr. Davis's bill to establish a uniform system of naturalization, met a like reception at the hands of the House, and were both given up for dead, but were afterwards revived in a mutilated form, and the latter passed—the Democrats not even valuing the appearance of virtue which a vote in favor merely of punishing naturalization frauds would have lent them. On Saturday, the House passed the Army Reduction Bill as it came from the Conference Committee. In discussing the Senate's amendments to the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, several important ones were defeated—viz., those raising the salaries of United States judges, authorizing a new building for the State Department, extending the Capitol grounds, and appropriating $100,000 for the North Pole expedition. Without positively equalizing the pay of male and female clerks, the House agreed that they should be employed indifferently, without discrimination of sex. On Monday, it passed the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill. The greater part of Tuesday was occupied by Mr. Banks in replying to the President's message on Cuba.

The most interesting incident of the week at Washington has been the visit of the Indian chiefs. Their intercourse was merely complimentary till Friday, when the treaties of 1867 were produced, and the lands the Indians had conveyed away by them pointed out on the map, when Red Cloud, the others assenting, declared it was all a swindle, and that they did not know what they were signing; and he is reported to have passed the evening in despair, on going back to his quarters. Since then, however, he has been pacified, and goes home in a more contented frame of mind. But it is hard to say what has been gained by the visit except a clearer knowledge than ever of the absurdity of making "treaties" with these poor savages, and then punishing violations of them by indiscriminate war. It is clear that the Indians labor under a constant sense of wrong; that they have a constant feeling that they are being driven to the wall; and that the whites would be glad to see them all dead and buried, which is not far from the truth. They are confirmed in this impression by the conduct of the frontier population, which, in spite of its many virtues, is, perhaps, the most ruffianly population in the world, and it is not wonderful if, under these circumstances, the Plains should, at the best of times, be in a state of suppressed war. Congressman Hooper testifies that the Mormons have never had any trouble with the Indians; the Russians have had none; the Canadians have none; and it certainly does seem sad and extraordinary that the United States should never have anything *but* trouble.

The message with which the President, on Monday, so cruelly took the wind out of Mr. Banks's sails, reviews the progress of the rebellion in Cuba, and in judging the conduct of both parties strikes a balance of inhumanity which will be generally admitted to be just. Proof is given that, since his annual message in December, no change has occurred in the situation to invest the struggle with those "conditions which amount to war in the sense of international law," but the contrary. The neutral practice of the United States is then discussed at length, and the question of the recognition of new Powers. Finally, after denying the existence of a state of belligerency in Cuba, the consequences of Congress declaring it to exist are clearly exhibited. If the Cubans who have taken refuge in this country from the risks of war at home should effect what they desire, then "the commercial marine of the United States becomes liable to search and to seizure by the commissioned cruisers of both parties; they become subject to the adjudication of prize courts. . . . The carrying of contraband, which is now lawful, becomes liable to the risks of seizure and condemnation." The probable complications with Spain that would thus arise from the exercise of her rights as a party to a maritime war are worthy, the President reminds Congress, of a little reflection.

The time for the ratification of the St. Domingo treaty has been extended to the 1st of July, and the President has sent a message to the Senate, requesting the insertion of certain amendments, providing for the reduction of the entire amount of liability to be incurred by the United States for the island to $1,500,000, and the creation of machinery for the application of this sum to the extinction of the various debts due by the Dominican Government. The President supplies some additional arguments for the ratification of the treaty, part military and part economical, and the economical ones are so curious as to increase the public curiosity touching the source from which he draws his views on this class of subjects. That they are not his own, one can see at a glance. We are to annex St. Domingo, with its 120,000 barbarians, because the Monroe doctrine "forbids American territory being any longer considered a fit subject of transfer to any foreign power;" and yet the President declares that if we do not annex it, a European power stands ready now to pay $2,000,000 for Samana Bay, and asks "with what grace can we prevent this foreign power from attempting to secure it," if we refuse it—a singular question in presence of the Monroe doctrine which he has just been pleading. The Monroe doctrine does not say that Europeans may have whatever the United States do not want: it says they may not have anything.

The economical arguments are that commerce with the island will be immense, and go far towards restoring our lost mercantile marine; but if the President will ask Mr. Greeley, he will tell him that commerce with the island is a curse which ought to be prevented by heavy penalties, as it brings in either luxuries which we do not need or commodities which we can or ought to produce ourselves. He says, too, "it will give us those articles which we consume and do not produce, thus equalizing our imports and exports," which Mr. Greeley's keen eye will recognize as an identical proposition; that annexation will draw thousands of laborers from the adjacent islands, especially slaves from Cuba, and St. Domingo will thus become a large consumer of the products of Northern farms and manufactories, and its production of sugar, coffee, tobacco, and tropical fruits will be enormous; "and cut off more than $100,000,000 of our annual imports, besides largely increasing our exports." "With such a picture," the President adds, "it is easy to see how our large debt abroad is ultimately to be extinguished." We confess that at this point we became ourselves a little confused, but, looking into our family copy of Mr. Greeley's great work on political economy, we found, we think, the key to the puzzle. Foreign imports are a great curse and evil, if the place from which they come is called foreign soil; but if it is called American soil, they are a great gain. If you buy sugar from a citizen of St. Domingo, you lose on the transaction; if you hoist a United States flag on his house, and call him a citizen of the State of Dominica, and then buy sugar from him, you make money by it. If St. Domingo sends Massachusetts $100,000,000 a year of tropical products in return for $80,000,000 worth of shoes, it is a dead loss of $20,000,000 to Massachusetts; if the State of Dominica sends $100,000,000 worth of the same commodities to the State of Massachusetts for $80,000,000 worth of shoes, there remains, somehow, a balance of $20,000,000 for the payment of "our large debt abroad." How this comes to be—why the money should be disposable for the payment of the foreigner in the one case and not in the other, we do not know; we do not believe anybody knows. No doubt good government will greatly increase production and population in St. Domingo, but if the population increases, as

the President says it will, under annexation, and we have to supply the government, and the civil service is not reformed, and the morals of politicians are not improved, the island will be a hot-bed of other things than bananas, and sugar, and coffee.

The treaty, however, does not seem to find favor with the Senate, and is creating a great deal of excitement in that body. General Babcock, who acted as the President's agent in negotiating it, is accused of having connived at the imprisonment, by Baez, of an American, named Hatch, who went to the island on business, with the view of preventing his giving testimony unfavorable to the treaty, which led, in the Senate, to savage denunciation of Hatch by the usually polite and moderate Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, and to a fierce assault on General Babcock by Mr. Sumner. There are other scandals of the "corruptionist" kind, and, on the whole, the affair thus far is well calculated to make the intelligent citizen wish St. Domingo, coffee, sugar, and all, at the bottom of the sea. One is disposed to wish it all the more when one sees the way the Danes have been treated about St. Thomas. When the time for acting on their annexation treaty came up, the Senate did not so much as deign to discuss it, but simply let it go by default; whereat the Danish Government naturally feels deeply offended. There have not been in the history of international intercourse many, if any, such cases of incivility. Poor General Raasloff, who conducted the negotiation, has resigned his place in the Danish cabinet in a pathetic speech, in which he ascribes his overthrow to over-confidence in American honor and good faith.

Whittemore, who was expelled, or rather resigned to escape expulsion, from the House of Representatives, for having sold a nomination to a cadetship at West Point, has been re-elected from the same district by a majority of 8,000 or thereabouts. This man is an embezzler from Massachusetts, whom the persons he defrauded ought to have hunted down and brought to justice; instead of which, they let him go into the army as a "chaplain," of all things in the world, in which capacity, as might have been expected, he was not above reproach either. The war over, he became part of the corrupt gang who fastened on the State of South Carolina, and are now using its people and resources to push their own political fortunes, and have secured, apparently, a hold of power, by display of devotion to the ignorant colored people. Whittemore, for instance, is said to have spent a large proportion of the money he got for the cadetship on the negroes of his district, and that he should be able to cheat the negroes in this way is not wonderful, when we find good white Christians at the North disposed to accept his willingness to spend part of the money in charity as palliation of his dishonesty, forgetting, apparently, that Dick Turpin was always kind to the poor, and that Hadji Stavros had a really warm heart. The truth is, however, that your philanthropic rogue is a far worse enemy of civil society than your hardened and cruel villain. The House will be placed in a difficult position when Whittemore reappears; but we hope that even if it be found that existing precedents are in his favor, it will make a new one in his case, which will not only cover him, but all his kind.

The Vermont Constitutional Convention has, as was expected, and, indeed, intended by the electors, rejected the amendment giving the suffrage to women, by a majority of 231 to 1. The minority of one has certainly covered himself with glory. On the other hand, both Houses in Congress have adopted the amendment placing female employees of the Government on the same footing as the males. So that, as we said last week, the rebuffs experienced by the suffrage movement are in some measure compensated for by solid acquisitions in other directions. The New York Suffrage Association has had rather a sad week, owing to its having taken up, and introduced to the public as a lecturer on Woman's Rights, apparently without consideration or enquiry, Mrs. E. C. Stanton presiding, a young woman calling herself the "Princess Editha," and representing herself as the daughter of Lola Montez and the King of Bavaria, but in reality the daughter of a German clerk formerly of this city. The lecture was a very painful exhibition, the lecturer proving to be insane and subject to epileptic fits; she is now, we believe, in the lunatic asylum. The affair resembled, in many of its features, the celebrated movement got up by the same body some time ago in behalf of the Philadelphia female convict. In England, the women are plunging the kingdom in an uproar, owing to their having taken hold of the nastiest of all earthly subjects, known as the Contagious Diseases Act, which they are handling without gloves; and the lecture-halls of the kingdom are resounding with debates, carried on by both sexes, such as were never before, we are glad to say, heard except at hospital clinics, and not even then, for doctors don't discuss the moral side of diseases. We are clearly entering on an era of plain speaking, and all we have to say is that we trust it will not be confined to one side. We must not allow society to be revolutionized on a half statement. Modesty will apparently have to be put away in the garret by conservatives as well as radicals, until the return of quieter times.

We thought a fortnight ago that we and everybody else had done for the present with the Hartford and Erie Railroad, but a bill has been introduced authorizing the road to take from the State treasury about $3,600,000 worth of its own first mortgage bonds, deposited as security for past loans, and now worth about thirty-five cents on the dollar, and leave in their place a new issue—its own second mortgage bonds—which have no value whatever. The thing for the Ring to do will then be to get hold of the first mortgage bonds, and sell them for what they will bring, and come in with the money to New York, and leave the Commonwealth to finish the road by some other device.

Mr. George Walker, who was sent to Europe last year as a special agent for the State of Massachusetts to negotiate a loan, "with the hope of saving a portion of the profit on re-sale, which was understood to have been large," has made a written report of his mission, but it does not altogether support the rumors which have been afloat since his return, and to which we have at different times given currency in the *Nation*, with regard to the causes of his failure. He sets down, among these causes, Mr. Sumner's speech; the ignorance prevailing on the Continent about Massachusetts securities; the presence in the market of bonds already issued to the Hartford and Erie Railroad; the greater popularity of the United States bonds; and, perhaps greatest of all, the current belief "that Massachusetts was always borrowing." When Mr. Walker told the Barings that, beside the $2,000,000 he was instructed to offer, there were $15,000,000 of sterling bonds impending, including $5,000,000 for the Hartford and Erie Road, those gentlemen, the report says, "expressed surprise that the aggregate amount of these authorized loans was so large," or, we suppose, to put it into more familiar phrase, looked rather blue. The result was that not only could Mr. Walker not sell his bonds at 90, as he had hoped, but did not succeed in getting any offer that would have brought the Commonwealth more than 85. The report does not show, however, that it was a special horror of Eldridge & Co. which caused the failure, but rather that distrust inspired by the readiness of the State to borrow contributed to it.

A notorious "Fourth Ward rough," named Hernan, who had been several times in custody for acts of violence and disorder, and was once a ringleader in a riot, engaged with others at a late hour the other night in an assault on a police officer, whom they knocked down, and were engaged in murdering by kicks and blows from his own club. The policeman fired and killed Hernan, who, it then came out, was a letter-carrier—of all things in the world, in the service of the United States Government. The funeral was attended by the "Letter-carriers' Association," and the police authorities were so afraid that the ceremony might be enlivened by a riot, that they had a powerful force in readiness in the neighborhood of the house of mourning. This is all sad, but the worst of it is, that according to those great philosophers of the House of Representatives, Messrs. Bingham and Maynard, if we made any change in the system which commits the letter-delivery of a great commercial city to shoulder-hitters, and cut-throats, and gamblers, we should be setting up an "aristocracy." How the devil must wag his

tail when he finds that the flower of all governments, the last hope of the oppressed, can't be carried on without office-holders drawn from his own nursery and bred under his own eye.

The news of the massacre of the Jews in Roumania seems to have produced a singular effect on many great minds, but in no case, as far as our observation has gone, have the resulting phenomena been so interesting as in that of our contemporary, the Worcester *Spy*. According to this paper, the bloody deed took place not in Roumania, but "in Roumelia, or, as it is sometimes written, Roomelee, the metropolitan province of Turkey at the south-eastern extremity of Europe, embracing the territory of ancient Thrace and Macedonia, and containing the city of Constantinople and several other towns of considerable population." It was in this beautiful and historic region, it appears, that the Christians rose, on a Sunday morning, and butchered all the Jews they could lay hands upon, and without the least reason, the *Spy* says, except religious intolerance. The horrid work began in the towns but extended gradually to the country, "the authorities being credulous or indifferent, and Prince Charles, the hereditary ruler of the province under the Sultan, being absent." As this is the first time that "Prince Charles of Roomelee" has made his appearance on the stage of events, and as it is quite certain that if the Sultan hears he is ruling "Roomelee," either hereditarily or otherwise, he will have him strangled, we shall gratify a legitimate curiosity on the part of the public, and probably relieve the anxiety of the *Spy*, by mentioning that, on hearing of the disgusting behavior of his Christians, he, the Prince, determined not to return home—absconded, in short—and his whereabouts is now unknown, and is likely to remain so.

It really begins to look as if the regeneration of Greece was at last going to be brought about by the late exploit of the brigands. The incident has let in a flood of light on the state of politics and society in that unfortunate country; and there are marked signs of shame among the Athenian politicians. The French Minister has had to fight a duel with the brother of the Minister of War, whom, on account of his more than suspected complicity with brigandage, he accused of impudence in showing himself at the funeral of the Marathon victims; and the French Government has been much harsher in its treatment of Greece than the English, having announced since the late murders that it will, in case any Frenchman is captured or injured, exact satisfaction of the whole Greek nation. Lord Clarendon, defending himself in the House of Lords for having pressed the Greek Government to grant an amnesty, declares he did so because the constitution had been again and again violated in this very way, large numbers of brigands having actually been amnestied to enable them to go to Crete during the insurrection. Retired brigands may be seen in the streets of Athens every day, gorgeously dressed, and living on pensions drawn from the Government, and flaunting their finery in the faces of the poorly-paid officers and soldiers whose duty it is supposed to be to hunt them down. As an illustration of the state of society, the diaries of the murdered travellers show that the brigands did attend church with their captives in a large village. Worse than all, they record that they more than once met parties of soldiers, as large as their own, who "fraternized" with the brigands, the officer dining with the chief. There is now a strong probability that the protecting powers will insist on road-making and police as a condition of their keeping the wretched little kingdom in existence any longer. The position of the honest Danish gentleman who finds himself playing the part of king in the midst of the tricksters who largely compose his cabinet and parliament, is enough to excite the sympathy of all civilized men. Luckily for him, England has guaranteed his salary of $20,000 a year; otherwise the place would not be worth having.

The Austrian Government, two years ago, compelled its creditors to accept a conversion of their bonds of 1852 and 1859, which were secured by a definite sinking fund, into other bonds for which no sinking fund was provided, but which bore fifteen per cent. greater face value, and with coupons the amount of which was diminished by a special "tax," as Butler calls it, of fifteen per cent. The protests of the holders having produced no effect, the Committee of the Stock Exchange has directed the Austrian Government securities to be struck from the lists, and forbidden their quotation hereafter until the just claims of the creditors have been satisfied. What is curious about this is that the Stock Exchange should not see that if the Austrian Government had not compelled its creditors to convert, they would not have converted, and there would consequently have been no conversion, or that it should be annoyed by having fifteen per cent. detached from the interest, seeing that the deduction is a "tax," which every government has a right to impose. The case of a private debtor's cutting down his creditor's interest is a very different thing, as that is not called a "tax." If it was called a "tax," it would be entirely justifiable, as seventy-nine members of the House of Representatives will tell them.

The accounts of the state of Italy, of which we spoke last week, do not improve. The political discontent seems to spread wider and go deeper week by week. The *Mémorial Diplomatique* reports the students of the Universities at Naples, Pisa, Bologna, and Turin as having asked for a reduction in the length and bulk of their curriculum, so as to give them more time for "politics"—the rage for politics, as an occupation, apparently taking hold of them as it has done of the Athenians. The *Mémorial* innocently declares, however, that this longing of the students to escape from study is inspiring the Government with great alarm, lest in a few years it should experience a dearth of trained functionaries, and the machinery of state be thus brought to a standstill. The Italian minister at Washington can reassure it on this point, as he can show them by the example of our civil service that officials for government work can never fall short in a civilized country—the refuse of all other callings amply sufficing for that purpose. Precious few able-bodied graduates of universities are found or called for in the cloisters of our custom-house. We reserve our public offices for the nobler purpose of furnishing a retreat for the sinful, the unfortunate, and shiftless. That the state of feeling between the extreme radicals and the Italian Government is pleasant may be inferred from the fact that Menotti Garibaldi, in a published letter, calls the latter body "an assemblage of thieves and blackguards."

The great labor question moves all the cities of Europe as much as ever, and the masters are at last beginning to see that to continue the war is useless, and to ask themselves whether there is not some basis of accommodation. A meeting of German, Swiss, and French employers of labor was held in January at Berlin, at which it was determined to hold a great convention, at Bonn, on the 14th and 15th of the present month, to consider seriously the difficulties between capital and labor, and the moral and material condition of the working-classes—and the best means of improving it—under the heads of family life; education of children; relief for the sick and the aged; and facilities for saving and investing; and they invite everybody who is seriously interested in the labor question to attend. We are sorry to say, apropos of the labor question, that the accounts of the working of the industrial partnerships—that is, of the arrangements by which workingmen were admitted to a share in the profits, partly in lieu of wages—do not represent it as succeeding as well as could be desired in cases in which it has been tried, except where labor, rather than machinery or material, played the most prominent part in the enterprise. It has worked well among the coal-mines and house-painters; it is failing on the Orleans Railroad, owing to the decline in the profits of the road, as the line has been extended in branches through poor districts; and has not succeeded at all in certain iron-works which have tried it in England. In one great French cotton factory where it has been tried, a considerable dividend goes to the workers, but hardly sufficient in amount to warrant us in looking to this for a very early solution of the wages difficulty. One of the curious incidents of the day is that M. Cernuschi, the Italian banker who has recently been expelled from France for his subscription in opposition to the *plébiscite*, is not only one of the acutest economical writers in France, but one of the bitterest opponents of all attempts to base the relation of labor and capital on anything but competition.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

We asked the Charleston *Daily Republican*, a fortnight ago, how many members of the last South Carolina Legislature could read a page of the "Pilgrim's Progress" intelligently, or read any plain writing at all, and requested that it would, if possible, fortify its opinion with some statistics. For statistics, it refers us to Treasurer Parker's safe and ingenious statement in the *Independent*, that all but three members signed their names to the pay-rolls—the value of which, as an indication of the condition of their education, anybody who has ever seen the laborers' signatures to the pay-roll of any large public work will appreciate. As to their ability to read a page of the "Pilgrim's Progress"—about the easiest reading extant—the *Republican* says it cannot tell, "never having heard any of them read from that particular book"; that they did not graduate at Harvard or Yale; but they could read "a 'Pilgrim's Progress' of their own quite similar to Bunyan's and eloquent; the story of a journey from the City of Destruction, fenced with slavery, to the celestial land of liberty," etc.; that "dozens and dozens" of them "could write such a page of common sense on the politics of South Carolina as has not appeared in the *Nation* for many a day." It alleges further that, no matter how illiterate they may have been, "their legislation was invariably on the side of human freedom," and avers "that there is nothing like a begging of the question in all this"—the writer evidently feeling a little uncomfortable about the look of the argument. It is quite evident that we shall not get from this quarter any information as to the mental condition of the Legislature.

People, we are glad to say, are beginning to understand this sort of talk. The legislation of all popular bodies everywhere is "now on the side of human freedom," for the simple reason that the big battalions are on the side of human freedom. Open hostility to individual rights we shall probably never again see expressed in laws. The frank and formal assertion of class interests, if not at an end, is very nearly at end. The reign of brute force, against which the world has been so long contending, is nearly over; the enemies with which the next age will have to cope are fraud and chicane, working under the forms of popular government. When William M. Tweed and Peter B. Sweeny were trying to get control of the government of this city, which they now hold more securely than Louis Napoleon holds the government of Paris, they did not begin to abuse the Irish and Germans, or advocate restrictive legislation directed against "the poor man." They proclaimed themselves his champions and defenders; stoutly opposed all attempts to keep him out of the public-house or to exact qualifications of him for the exercise of the elective franchise; and they may truly say that all legislation in which they have had a hand is "on the side of human freedom." But their rule is, nevertheless, as abominable a yoke as the poor man has ever lived under. In no capital in the world is so much of his wages taken by thieves, and so much disregard of his highest interests displayed in the work of government. In other words, he is oppressed through his ignorance and his vote combined. One of the awful crimes of the old slaveholders was their deliberate, legislative denial of knowledge to their laboring population. That alone was sufficient to cause the Furies to be let loose on them; but if they had done it through sheer hate of the colored people, which we do not believe, they could not have wished a better sequence to their reign than the election, under the régime of freedom, of such a Legislature as has been sitting in Charleston during the past winter. Better means of bringing freedom into contempt and of making the restoration of pure, honest government difficult and distant, could not have been hit upon, nor could a deadlier blow have been struck at the colored race. The man who flogged or imprisoned a negro for learning to read committed a great crime, but it was, we say deliberately, a far less crime than is committed by the man who persuades a whole county of negroes that Whittemore is a proper man to represent them in Congress. The one foully oppressed the body, but the other corrupts the conscience and perverts the judgment—in other words, spreads a disease for which in one generation there is hardly any cure possible.

Those who advocated, as we did, the extension of the suffrage to the blacks as an essential feature of reconstruction, have naturally more to answer for in this matter than anybody else, and it would be wrong, even if it were not futile, to try to escape the responsibility. We believe still, in spite of all that has happened, that it was the best, if not the only, course open to Congress. We wish sincerely it had been coupled with an educational test, imposed on all colors equally. We have no doubt the effect would have been admirable, and we should, for the purpose of giving such a test time to work, have been willing to see military government maintained till this moment in every one of the States. We have heard, during the past winter, one of the ablest of the lady teachers who went down from the North to labor among the negroes, after the war, tell of the way in which the schools in her district (in Virginia) were crowded with adults during the reconstruction debates in Congress, while it was still believed that the franchise would not be bestowed without exacting educational qualifications for its exercise, and of the way in which they were deserted as soon as it became certain that no qualification whatever would be required. Such stories, of course, set one inevitably to what is sometimes a very unprofitable occupation, thinking of "what might have been." But in this instance they contain a lesson which is still of use. It is bad enough, of course, that the blacks should be ignorant voters, but we verily believe that, ignorant as they are, their votes would serve the legitimate purpose of protecting them from oppression and class legislation, and helping their political and social training, if the passage of a general amnesty secured the admission of the Southern whites to their natural share in the government of their States. It is prolonged exclusion from politics of the intelligence and culture of the South, and not the ignorance of the blacks, which is working the present mischief, and making so many of the States the prey of unscrupulous Northern adventurers—perhaps the worst enemies the negro has ever had.

These gentry, and their Northern allies, are now trying hard to retain their hold on power, and continue their nefarious calling, by representing everybody who calls attention to their performances as "an enemy of the colored man and the Unionist"—in other words, are trying to live off Northern patriotism and humanity. But it is high time the honest, Christian people of the North used their influence to bring this little comedy to an end. Its continuance is a disgrace to the country, and will ruin the party if it lasts very long. When the Committee of the Senate the other day exposed the doings of that eminent "Unionist," Governor Bullock of Georgia, and pointed out, amongst other things, that he or his confederates had paid $3,500 to the Washington *Chronicle* for helping him with its articles, the editor opened savagely on the Committee, and pronounced their examination of his books, which had been altered to cover up the real character of the transaction, "a deliberate outrage on justice, and an equally deliberate insult to the Republican party," and asked solemnly whether "it would not have been more consistent with the duties of this austere quartette if they had shown a little more of the same eagerness to investigate the cruelty of the rebels upon the poor Union people of the South?" Now, it is about time that we ceased helping rogues to make fortunes out of "the cruelty of the rebels," and ceased accepting the plea of faithful service in the war as a defence of roguery. We must cease it, if we do not wish the next generation to look back to the war as a curse, and as the beginning of a political dry-rot. The Chicago *Tribune*, commenting on this very case, makes some remarks which we wish could be read in all churches every Sunday for the next two years:

> "The late war was a great war and a holy war. It had a noble purpose and a glorious result. A great many people were engaged in it, and some were very good people, some not so good, and some, we are sorry to say, were quite indifferent characters. Now, many of these indifferent characters, we are afraid, went into the war not so much because they understood or cared how great its aim was, or its end would probably be, but because they saw it was popular, and thought it a good thing to go into. But the war was fought out by the good people, the bad people, and the indifferent people, with such motive as they had; and the country and the world possess, and will possess, for centuries to come, the fruits thereof. We give praise and thanksgiving, and other generations will be thankful and be full of praise therefor. All this is true, has been said before, and will be said a great many times again. But, nevertheless, we protest that, because it is true, every honest man who may turn out to be a rogue, or every rogue who may be shown to be a rogue still, shall not make the

fact that he was faithful during the war a plea in mitigation of punishment for his roguery. He may have fought well, or he may have otherwise served his country well, either with a good motive or a bad one, and, so far as that question goes, let him have due credit and such fame and such power as he may have gained, without question as to what his motives were. But, if he commits forgery, or steals, or murders, or is otherwise derelict in any of his relations to society, let him take the consequences as though no war had ever been fought; as though no Republican party had ever existed; as though he had been Robert Toombs himself, or any other of the wickedest and most virulent of the rebel gentry. Hold him up to the light, or apply even the microscope to him, if need be, and have it understood, once for all, that 'long and weary years given to the Republican party' cannot be pleaded in bar of punishment for any sort of rascality whatever."

This is as sound and saving doctrine as ever was preached. The salvation of this and of all other countries depends, of course, in some degree, on the laws, but in a greater degree on the character of the men who make them, and execute them, and live under them. The laws of Greece and of Mexico will compare favorably with those of the United States; indeed, we believe the Greeks beat us by far in their criminal code. What makes the difference between our social and political condition and theirs is the difference in the quality of our legislators, and judges, and sheriffs. As soon as this disappears, we shall be even as they are, no matter what acts we pass.

THE CHURCH AS A REFORMATORY AGENT.

The singularly unfortunate discussion raised the other evening by a member of Henry Ward Beecher's church, as to whether Charles Dickens was a Christian, coming close upon several strong manifestations, on the part of various ecclesiastical bodies, of a desire to bring the influence of the church into play for the reform of such of the gross political abuses of the day as result from a bluntness of the moral sense, either in politicians or voters, has set a great many thoughtful people to asking more seriously than ever, what can the church as an organization do in the matter? We believe it is admitted by all sects, that in the first ages of the church pure living was the test, the distinguishing mark, of a Christian. It was only later, after the philosophers had been at work at the faith, that doctrines or points of belief assumed the importance they have since held. In the first century and second century, a man proclaimed his faith in Christ by his morals, and the principal vices of paganism were of a nature to make the line between the church and the world very broad and distinct. Those vices were cruelty and licentiousness. A body which made love the basis of their dealings with their fellows, or which practised chastity as one of the most solemn of obligations, therefore readily became conspicuous and influential. Every member of it was a missionary, and helped it to conquer the world by the mere spectacle of "a godly, sober, and religious life." In short, the Christian faith was largely spread by contrast.

The church has in our time, in a great degree, gone back to its ancient ways. It has nearly passed out of the doctrinal period. Not only have doctrines within the last century undergone great modification, but they are held with such looseness that it is difficult to put on paper any string of propositions to which any denomination would give an unqualified adhesion. The clergy have ceased to be metaphysicians and logicians, and have become, as the earlier pastors doubtless were, moralists, and philanthropists, and reformers. They console, and educate, and relieve, but they do not argue, or define, or construct theological dilemmas, as they did for many centuries. The laity themselves have grown weary of dogmas, or care but little about them, and put their faith in doing justice and loving mercy.

Under these circumstances, one might naturally expect the Church to display once more the energy of its earlier days, the energy which enabled a few mechanics and peasants to build up in a couple of centuries an organization which took possession of society, and became the sole guardian of civilization and morals. The difficulty is, however, that "the world" which it has to deal with is no longer the world which the apostles and evangelists went to work on. Its vices have greatly changed, and so have its virtues. What with the influence of Christianity and the growth of civilization, cruelty may be said to have disappeared, or to be held in the greatest reprobation; licentiousness, though far from extinct, has greatly diminished, or is veiled. Many of the stronger passions, such as hate and revenge, have lost a great deal of their force. It is, therefore, no longer the distinction it once was for a man to be temperate, chaste, and affectionate, self-sacrificing and forgiving. The practice of these virtues has become so easy that thousands practise them without the aid or stimulus that comes from sympathy, or from belonging to an organization, or without ever entering a church door. If an early Christian, whose faith was kept warm by the sight of the wickedness which surrounded him, were to come on earth again, he would find some of his greatest glories commonplace enough.

The vices of our time—that is, of a commercial and scientific age—are fraud, chicane, falsehood, and over-eagerness in pursuit of material enjoyment, and scepticism as to the existence of anything higher or better. The political corruption of which we complain is only one of their manifestations. There is nothing coarse, or violent, or striking about them, however. All our offences against *bona fides* are committed in the quietest and most unobtrusive way, and our pleasures are marked neither by cruelty nor gluttony. They are indeed, in the strict sense of the word, refined. Now, vices of this kind it is no easy matter to stigmatize; and, consequently, it is almost impossible for a man to display his horror of them by attaching himself to a religious organization, or for the religious organization to get the credit of his virtuous living. The complexity of modern commercial operations is so great, the line between what is fair and what is foul so faint, the legitimate rewards of enterprise and foresight so hard very often to distinguish from the gains of improper concealment or evasion, that it is often very difficult for a man to say himself whether he is acting honestly or not, and much more so for a bystander. The result is that the church itself contains all kinds of people, and its existence is no longer a protest, as it once was, against the sins of the day. Great numbers of the knaves of our time—that is, the equivalent of the fornicators, and adulterers, and gluttons, and lovers of gladiatorial shows, against whom the early Christians testified in blood and tears—are in the church, and even active in it, and call themselves "Christians" as a help in their business; and their presence, great and small, has robbed the church, we do not hesitate to say, of a large portion of its power as a reformatory agency. If it is ever again to play the part it once played, as an organization, in purifying human society, it must devise some means of making its membership really a sign of pure living, that is, not simply of abstinence from vices which are no longer in vogue, but of vices by which we are all tempted a thousand times a day. We do not now find it hard work not to attend prize-fights or to avoid gross impurity, but we do find it very hard to avoid lying, cheating, and stealing, because their rewards in honor and profit were never before so great.

One sect—which, we are sorry to say, is rapidly declining in numbers—has succeeded to a great extent in furnishing the kind of ecclesiastical organization which the times call for, and which all sects will have to become if the church is to be anything more than a means of individual edification or of æsthetic culture; we mean the Quakers. They have by means of careful training, and rigid—doubtless over-rigid, as the decline of the body proves—discipline succeeded in making their name stand in people's mouths and minds for that of a body of men eminently just and true in all their dealings; of men who, while pursuing the goods of this life with eagerness, are careful to cultivate such contempt for them as comes of the remembrance that there are things far greater and better, of which even in this world a foretaste is to be had. A knave cannot stay long, or stay comfortably, among Quakers, and they have succeeded in convincing the world of this fact to such a degree that, as in the late choice of the Indian Agents, for instance, the President turned to them instinctively for faithful instruments. We do not mean to say that their discipline can be imitated by other denominations, or that it is desirable it should; but if other denominations wish their denunciations of fraud and corruption to have weight, and their reproaches of such men as Dickens for not being Christians to be anything but impertinences, they will have to weed themselves in some way of their tainted members, and prevent themselves being used to push trade.

CHARLES DICKENS.

DOUBTLESS in all the world there is no man of letters whose death could cause so widespread and sincere a grief, and a grief that was in very many hearts so profound, as that caused by the death of Mr. Dickens on Thursday last. Not only wherever the English race exists—in the British Islands, in India, at the antipodes, and round the world again to America, where he has given happiness to millions of readers—but also in almost every country, of whatever race, within the limits of civilization, the creations of his pen have for many years been familiar figures, and have attracted to him the strong liking as well as the high admiration of innumerable men and women and children. Every great author has multitudes of friends whom he has never seen and will never see, but there can none be named, of any tongue, who might not be taken away and leave behind him regret for his loss in fewer households than have been saddened, the world over, by the death of this most beloved of story-tellers. Opinions might differ as to his place among men of genius; and there have even been more opinions than one as to his right to be ranked among men of genius at all; nor has he been without enemies; nor did it happen to him more than to others to go through life without giving to his enemies some grounds for their attacks; but that he had a generous and loving nature, delighting in happiness and in conferring happiness, was never denied by those who cared for him least; and in hearts that knew the kindness of his he has long had a home. It is good criticism of him—whether or not it was meant to be other than eulogy and a tribute of admiration—when Thackeray, at the end of the "English Humorists," relates of one of his little girls how when she is sad she reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is glad she reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" and when she is tired or ill she reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" and when she does not know what to do there is always "Nicholas Nickleby" to read; and when she has done reading it she begins it over again, and is constantly asking her papa why, instead of writing certain other novels, he does not write one like "Nicholas Nickleby." Mayfair, and Brighton, and the conversation in the club-room windows, and Mr. Pen's indifferentism, must indeed have seemed either meaningless or hateful to the soft heart and the untutored taste of the little reader when she put her father's work into comparison with the lampblack-and-lightning picture of the villany of the wicked old Ralph; and the patience and impatience under all he had to put up with of ragged Newman Noggs; and the cruelty and subsequent righteous downfall of Mr. Squeers; and the badness of the young Squeers; and the wretchedness and piteous end of poor Smike; and the heartiness of Mr. John Browdie, and of his Yorkshire puddings and game-pies. In all this, a kindness of heart which everybody can appreciate, and a disregard of the niceties of art, or, indeed, an obvious ignorance of them and insensibility to them, are the things most striking.

However it may be with writers and readers whom it is not in the end much worth while for any good reader or good writer to have, it is probable that no truly good writer gets his true audience in his own generation. He must wait, and must learn to be content at first with being liked for things in him that are not essential. His true public, which values him for what in him is really and always valuable, is made up from the capable readers and writers of successive generations. We do not know with precisely what accuracy it is said, but they say that of all Dickens's stories the one most successful with the contemporary public was that in which is narrated the life and death of "Little Nell." And it would, perhaps, be possible to prove—as, indeed, it would be not unconsonant with the affection for him that most of his readers feel—that it is for his pathos, or at least for his sympathy with the suffering, rather than for any other quality of his, that most of his admirers admire him. He himself, as he read his works, seemed to value as much as anything such things as the account of "Tiny Tim" in the "Christmas Carol," and it is to be presumed that so experienced a reader to popular audiences knew what hit the popular taste.

But that in estimating the true greatness of the man we shall do better, as regards success in getting at his exact value, to put out of consideration all the pathetic parts of his writing, and everything in his books by which he has a hold on the tender-heartedness of his readers, there seems to be little room for doubt. It is not by his "Little Nells," and "Paul Dombeys," and "Smikes," and "Tom Pinches"; nor by his attacks on the workhouses and the Circumlocution Office, that he is to live; and his title to enduring fame is more firmly based on the "Pickwick Papers" than on "Bleak House," or the "Old Curiosity Shop," or "Barnaby Rudge," or the "Tale of Two Cities." Strong as he is as a melodramatist, and elaborate as he is in his appeals to the feelings, and earnest as he no doubt was in his hatred of injustice, and skilful as he now and again shows himself to be—as for instance in the case of the hero of the "Tale of Two Cities"—in divining the depths and intricacies of a real character, and voluminous as he is—for he must have been one of the most industrious as well as prolific of the authors of our day, and leaves behind him an enormous number of printed pages—noteworthy as he is in these various ways, it seems certain that he is to be read by our children's children for the use he made as a humorist and a humorous caricaturist of his remarkable powers of observation. Mrs. Nickleby and not Lady Dedlock, Mr. Micawber, Tony Weller, the Shepherd, Sam Weller, Mr. Bounderby, Mrs. Jellaby, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle, Old Willet, Dick Swiveller, Captain Cuttle, Mr. Pogram, Mr. Hannibal Chollop, Mark Tapley, Mr. Toots, Susan Nipper, Mr. Simon Tappertit, Mr. Wegg, Mr. Alfred Jingle, Mr. Pecksniff, the young man by the name of Guppy, and the young gentleman known as Young Bailey, and, greatest of all, Mrs. Gamp the friend of Mrs. Harris—doubtless it is in virtue of having produced these figures, representing with the truth of humorous distortion some laughable trait of character, some class in society, some odd phase of humanity—that the favorite author of our generation will go down the stream of time. Many a generation will read him for his fun that will shed no tears over him—whose tears there will be contemporary pathos to call out, for the benefit of writers who will know how to touch the easier springs of tears as well as any of us know, or any of the men and women knew who made our grandfathers and grandmothers weep and who make none of us weep now.

The list we have given of vividly colored figures which it is not too much to say have now for years been a portion of the mental furniture of millions of mankind, is a long one; but how it might be lengthened everybody knows. There are Master Bitzer and Cousin Feenix, and Joe Bagstock, and Mr. Barkis, and Mr. Venus, and Uriah Heep, and Miss Trotwood, and Mr. Dick, and a hundred more whose right to enumeration might be insisted upon. Perhaps, had the list of his works been shorter we should not now be lamenting the death of the artist, who crowded into his lifetime a quantity of work which gives as strong evidence of his capacity to labor and his industrious habits as the quality of his work gives of the native power of his mind. Dying in his fifty-ninth year, he was the author of eighteen or twenty long novels, of scores of short stories, such as the "Christmas Carol," of columns on columns of writing for periodicals, of two or three of which he was editor, of countless speeches, and of letters unnumbered. This strength and activity he may be excused for having tried too much, for they must have seemed to him unbounded.

He began life as a student of the law, his father, who was at one time a Government clerk, and afterwards a short-hand reporter, having articled him to an attorney, to whose office we may suppose ourselves indebted for some part of Mr. Sampson Brass, and Mr. Swiveller, and Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, and Sergeant Buzfuz, and Mr. Spenlow. Using his eyes on the outsides of attorneys and bailiffs was, however, more to the taste of the student than using them on the insides of law-books, and it was not long before Mr. Dickens found himself on the press, and studying short-hand. He is said to have made a very good parliamentary reporter, and everybody will remember how in "David Copperfield" he describes his troubles as a learner of stenography. Some of his late speeches, too, bear witness to his having experienced some of the trials of the journalist. But as he later discovered, when he attempted to conduct the *Daily News*, that it was not in the higher walks of journalism that he could do his best work, so he early discovered that he could do better work than reporting, and he was hardly of age when he published his "Sketches, by Boz," which, although timidly written, are specimens of the vein which very soon afterwards he opened in its full richness. They resemble the sketches now known to all the world as "The Pickwick Papers," which probably may, as a whole, be called his best work. Here and there in the other books there are to be found particular passages and personages which may perhaps be considered better than anything in "Pickwick." Mrs. Gamp is perhaps still better than Tony Weller; but though Mr. Dickens afterwards brought to his work greater power of thought and greater depth of feeling and more artistic faculty, it may be maintained that his best writing in his proper line he did at the age of twenty-five. Having written the "Pickwick Papers," which at once became irresistibly popular, Mr. Dickens became convinced, evidently, that he had found his true vocation, and thenceforward he was a story-teller and humorous caricaturist—now in magazines, now in pamphlets, now in volumes, sometimes melodramatic, sometimes humanitarian, always with effusive good nature, often

with defective taste, never, apparently, with a just notion of the limitations of his powers, but always attaining the story-teller's success of having an immense number of eager listeners, and with each new story making it plainer that as a humorous caricaturist he was without an equal.

Of such a man, living such a life, and of books such as he has left, a thousand things might be said and will be said. Those who knew him personally will long be busy repeating proofs of his activity, his usefulness, his courage, his kindness; and the books are secure of being regarded as a part of the intellectual wealth of the world. It is enough to say of him now and in this place, by way of expressing the respect which it is proper to express at the grave, that he was as widely beloved as he was widely known, and that he has so much that is permanently admirable that he can afford to lose most of his present admirers.

A TALE OF ANCIENT WRONG.

ABOUT this time of the year, as regularly as the seasons roll, the newspapers begin to discuss the subject of "country board," and to receive letters about it from that large class of dwellers in cities to whom the expensive joys of Newport and Saratoga and Sharon are forbidden, but who, nevertheless, want to get to the country with their families during the hot weather, and, partly for the sake of seclusion and plain clothes, and partly for the sake of economy, resort to the farm-houses. The number of farm-houses which now receive city families in July and August is practically unlimited. The boarders, however, generally come back to town feeling swindled, attenuated, badly bitten, and somewhat run down in digestion, and possibly with the seeds of disease implanted in the children by poor fare, vowing, if not swearing, that they have had the last of "country board." By the time the summer comes again, however, the memory of last year's woes has grown faint, and the grass and the foliage become tempting, and the streets look hot, and dusty, and lonely, and the children look pale, and another trial is made; and so on from year to year, till some people are lashed into fury by the mere sight of a farmer, and think of a farm-house as a den in which strangers are starved and cheated, under pretence of being fattened and strengthened; and their indignation is favored by the press, which, in May and June, remonstrates savagely with the agricultural population upon its beds, its beef, its butter and milk, and, indeed, its whole manner of life.

We are not so vain as to suppose that anything we can say can bring the parties in this controversy to an understanding. There are some woes which nothing but the consolations of religion can assuage, as the lady said apropos of the expensive clothes of her next door neighbor's daughters, and we are far from flattering ourselves that we can pluck from anybody's brain the bitter memories of saleratus bread, and boiled pork, rancid butter, skimmed milk, or other country delicacies. But we think we can give some reasons why a city family of moderate means and average fortitude should accept the existing condition of country living with at least as much resignation as it accepts the narrowness of fortune, or the dust of the cars, or the dulness of trade, or the weight of taxation. In other words, we think there is more to be said for the farmer and his wife than this pair of badly fed extortioners are likely to say for themselves, partly, no doubt, owing to their callousness, but somewhat to their defective literary training.

In the first place, we think the ideas of farm-house life formed by city people are greatly colored either by boyish recollections of the enjoyment of things only enjoyable when one is very young, very poor, and very inexperienced, or by the literary view of country life derived from magazines and novels. According to the novelists and magazine writers, the farm is a real Arcadia, flooded, however, with the light of modern thought. The air is ever heavy with the scent of the flowers and the blossoms and the new-mown hay; the orchards are laden with golden fruit; the barnyard swarms with tender chickens, and the shelves of the dairy groan under the cream-pans and the cheese; and of these nothing goes to market till the family have had their fill. The farmer himself is a jolly and open-handed man, full of wise saws and modern instances, and his wife, an industrious, bustling, efficient person, with her head full of receipts for dainty dishes, which it is her special delight to prepare, and which she revels in seeing other people eat. The picture of the daughters, too, is well calculated to fire the dullest imagination. They make their own clothes, of plain, sensible materials, it is true, but cut on patterns furnished by *Harper's Bazar*, so that, as far as externals go, they are not distinguishable from really good city girls. They do nearly all the work of the house, and delight in it—in fact, consider it "fun"—without ever soiling their dresses, and almost without soiling their fingers, and hate the sight of Irish "helps." They take "a Robinson-Crusoe-like pleasure" in the chores. Every morning "they give the coffee-pot a ration of fragrant beaten paste—the brown kernels mixed with an egg;" into one frying-pan "they set the milk for the brewis, into which, when it boils up white and drifting, go the sweet fresh butter and the salt, and then the bread-crumbs; and the result is a light, delicate, savory bread-porridge, to eat daintily with a fork, and be thankful for." In the other pan "are the fried eggs and the sprinkle of salt and pepper," and "over it stands Barbara, with a tin-spoon, to toss up and turn till the whole is just curdled with the heat into white and yellow flakes, not one of which is raw nor one dry." When the breakfast is on the table, Rosamond puts a tea-rose in a glass vase at the edge of the white waiter napkin, and through the three cool west windows the morning breeze comes in, and "overbears the remembrance of the cooking and the reminder of the stove." After breakfast, "Ruth picks up the dishes, and it is something delicate to see her scrape them clean with a pliant knife, as a painter might cleanse his palette, and then they are set before mother in files and groups on the Pembroke table. She sits in her raised arm-chair, as she might sit making tea for company, and has her little mop and three long, soft, clean towels beside her." We need hardly say they also contribute to the *Atlantic* and *Galaxy*, and read Emerson. When they propose to take a few boarders in summer, what wonder if people from the city fly to them, and smack their lips over the prospect of the coffee and the brewis and the scrambled eggs, and sniff in anticipation the aroma of the tea-rose?

The unvarnished truth—the horrid truth—is, however, that farm-life in the United States, as in all countries in which labor is scarce and dear, is a very hard, coarse, monotonous life. The lovely farm-houses of the poets and novelists are places in which servants abound, in which stout dairy-maids milk the early cow and make the fragrant butter, and stout cooks serve the delicious coffee, and the savory brewis, and the perfect scrambled eggs; and in which stout kitchen-maids scrape the dishes, not as the painter scrapes his palette, but in whatever fashion will take the grease off quickest; and stout laborers handle the shovel and the hoe, and the farmer looks on and grows fat, and his wife compounds receipts and follows up the maids, and the girls of the family have time to trim the roses, and train the sweetbrier, and ride the pony. The farmer who offers you board every summer, dear city people, is a very hard-worked man, who, by constant toil with his own hands from morn till night, all the year round, barely makes ends meet, and lays up something for his old age, and to give his boys and girls a start in life, or send them to school or college. His wife is just as sorely tried as himself, and has for many years found the preparation even of the fare you turn up your noses at such a very dismal task—the stove so hot and her back so weary—that not only is her repertory of receipts very small, and not only does she not care to add to it, but she wishes in her heart there was no such thing as food known, and would herself, were it not for the cravings of her men folk, gladly live on tea and bread or coffee and pie all the year round. The girls, instead of looking forward eagerly to your coming, and being ready to discuss Shakespeare and the musical glasses with you, have probably gone off to teach or work in a factory, as the readiest way of supporting themselves and lightening their father's burdens. Even if you should find them at home, however, so far from wanting to make coffee and brewis and bake bread for you, they have been so long and so faithfully learning the great democratic lesson of equality, that the last thing in the world they wish is to wait on you. They think you are quite competent to wait on yourselves, and that if you did more of it it would be better for you; so they set themselves resolutely to keep you in mind of the futility and baselessness of the little airs of refinement and social superiority which you bring down with you from the city.

It must be borne in mind, too, which it seems not to be by many persons, that farmers who offer country board are not induced to do so by a feeling of compassion for the city people, or from a desire to bring the roses back to their cheeks. They are induced to do it by the hope of making a little money with the least possible outlay on their part, and the least possible disturbance of their daily life. People who complain of the coarseness of their fare and the badness of their beds talk as if they deliberately went to work to set up a poor boarding-house, and that the poverty of their table was the result simply of a desire to cheat. It is nothing of the kind. The way that the farmer asks you to live is rather better than the way he and his family live all the rest of the year. The saleratus bread is the bread always consumed in the family, and if he sends his fat chickens, and his lambs, and his best vegetables to the market, it is because he has always done so; if he were to let you eat them, he would probably make little or nothing by keeping you. What

you ask him to do when you call for good bread and fresh meat every day, and good vegetables and milk of the first quality, is to rearrange his whole life and business for two months in the year. If he were to give you such a table as you ask for, he would have to get from New York such a cook as you pay sixteen or eighteen dollars a month to; and, instead of the wild "help" whom you see rushing to and fro furtively between the kitchen and the wood-pile like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons, probably picked up in the nearest settlement at five or six dollars a month, he would have to get a waiter or two from the city at double that sum. In short, for the number of boarders his house will contain, the thing would never pay. He does not want to go into a new business; he simply invites you, if you want country air, to share the fare and conveniences of his own household.

The remedy is to be found—if remedy there be—in the multiplication of boarding-houses, managed by people who understand keeping them, and make a business of it. Boarding city people cannot be tacked on to farming, as American farm life now is, and as American women now practise cookery. What we want is a greater number of country inn-keepers, who know what city people need to make them comfortable, and are not above trying to supply it, instead of making, as so many "hotel-keepers" do, a steady effort to reform city manners, and show guests that their desires are unreasonable. Let us suggest, too, that, now that women are looking about so eagerly for new fields of employment, and are so fretted by the public disinclination to let them be lawyers and brokers, that there is here an excellent opening for farmers' daughters. A company of young women, in any healthy and picturesque locality, who could furnish amongst them really good cooks, chambermaids, and waiters, and were not above being polite—not servile, but polite—might, we are sure, reap a golden harvest every summer. There would be little difficulty in their finding houses or capital, if they gave any evidence of ability to make use of them; and they might rob the summer of the terrors it now has for so many thousands of families.

But of the improvement of board in farm-houses we cannot conscientiously hold out any hope. It cannot come without a total reorganization of American agricultural life, and the breaking up of many very deeply rooted habits, and these we are not likely to see in our time. People who cannot stand farm-house board, and cannot afford the great hotels or country houses, would therefore do well to stay at home. If they have to do so, too, we see no objection to their persuading themselves, as so many do, that the air of Murray Hill is as pure as any on the continent, and that, for real coolness and repose, there is no place on a summer evening like the stoop of a New York house. But there is little use in abusing the farmers, and just as little in dreaming golden dreams of the summer that is to be. All board is vanity and vexation of spirit, whether it be in town or country. There is probably no image which so many active and subtle brains have delighted in conjuring up as the ideal boarding-house-keeper. Many is the pillow on which she has spread succulent beefsteaks and potatoes done to a turn, and light, wholesome, and well-baked bread, with a winning and respectful smile. But the vision fades with the morning light, and we fear it will be long before poor humanity sees it embodied in flesh and blood.

ENGLAND.—THE IRISH LAND BILL—CRIMES.

LONDON, May 27, 1870.

I HAVE spoken recently of the improved temper in which the House of Commons have met since the Easter vacation. The general conviction that some measure would have to be passed this session, and the utter weariness produced by the long-continued debates, have certainly led to much greater activity. The Irish Land Bill has finally passed through committee, and will doubtless be sent up in its present state to the House of Lords. That it will pass that body also substantially in its present form cannot be seriously doubted. The legal peers will, it is to be hoped, remove some of the inconsistencies and perplexities which naturally result from the process of patching, tinkering, and overhauling to which the bill has been subjected; but they will not make any material alteration. I may, therefore, take the opportunity to notice shortly one or two of the main results which have been obtained.

The chief object of the bill was to render evictions for frivolous purposes more difficult. The landlord cannot get rid of his tenant in future without making compensation for improvements effected at the tenant's expense, and paying him a considerable sum for turning him out. The difficulty is, of course, to determine in any given case on what principles the amount of compensation is to be settled. A great many regulations are laid down in the bill for this purpose, of which it is the general tendency to lay the burden of proof upon the landlord. In cases of dispute, the local courts will have to decide the question, and it is obvious that a great deal will depend upon the view which they take of their duties, and the interpretation which they may put upon various clauses of the act. The bill has thus been shortly described as a bill for enabling landlords and tenants to go to law, whilst giving certain advantages to the tenants. The opponents of the measure fear that an enormous amount of litigation will be caused, and it has been said that its success depends upon the degree in which the attorneys can be kept quiet. Considering the keen eye which gentlemen of that profession generally exhibit in regard to their own interests, the prospect would not be very encouraging, and it is plain that the judges will have a difficult task in making a satisfactory valuation of the claims of contending parties. For these reasons, it is argued, that although in a general way the tendency of the bill is to increase the security of tenure and give additional protection against arbitrary evictions, it is not at all clear that the working of the act will conduce very decidedly to the pacification of the country. It requires more knowledge of Irish matters than I can affect to possess to pronounce any confident opinion upon these points. Meanwhile, however, certain alternatives have been proposed which deserve a little attention. In the first place, the measure originally proposed by Mr. Bright has been added to the bill, and it is singular that it was passed with an almost entire absence of discussion. When originally suggested a very few years ago, it was denounced as revolutionary in the extreme. Now it has been quietly accepted with scarcely a word of protest, and nobody on either side seems to have taken much interest in its fate. Mr. Bright's plan, as I may perhaps remind you, was to advance money to the tenants to buy up their holdings. The main objection raised is the simple one that, in this case, the state will put itself in the place of the landlord, and will draw upon itself the odium to which he was exposed. In bad seasons there will probably be a considerable pressure upon Parliament to lower its demands, and it will be difficult and invidious for officials to enforce the payment of the debts by evicting the tenant. Whatever may be the force of this objection, the plan was quietly adopted; though there seems to be great difference of opinion as to the extent to which people are likely to avail themselves of the offer. Another scheme, proposed by Sir John Gray and Judge Longfield, attracted more notice, and was remarkable as being demanded with great unanimity by a large number of the Irish farmers. The plan, as proposed by Sir John Gray, was to enable the tenants and landlords to agree voluntarily upon a scheme of tenant-right. A landlord, that is, might give a fixed tenure to his tenant, subject to valuations by Government inspectors at the end of every fourteen years. In this way, the landlord would in fact be reduced to the position of the holder of a permanent rent-charge. Judge Longfield proposed to avoid the difficulty of recurring valuations by an ingenious expedient. The landlord might, if he pleased, raise his rent and demand from the tenant a higher rent; if, however, the tenant declined to accept the offer, the landlord would be obliged to buy him out at a rate calculated on the scale of his own valuation. Thus there would be a kind of self-acting check which would render unnecessary any cumbrous machinery for valuation or arbitration. It is needless to discuss the merits of this plan, as it was rejected by a very large majority. Consequently, the bill such as I have shortly endeavored to describe will go up to the House of Lords only modified by a few corrections which Government have found it necessary to make. Its success must be decided by the future; but I do not think that it will be received with much enthusiasm in the first instance, or that the Irish will in general consider it to be a final solution of the question. Whatever its imperfections, it is certainly sincerely meant, and is a great effort to settle an exceedingly complicated problem. Government has so large and well-disciplined a majority that it could almost dictate its own terms; and, in spite of some occasional recalcitrations, no effective stand has been made by any party—either by the extreme radicals or by the steady conservatives. The success up to this moment seems to prove that the Education Bill will probably go through the House of Commons with an equal degree of success, and, if so, we shall certainly have seen an unusual amount of work in the course of the session.

Other topics of discussion, of considerable though minor interest, are by no means wanting. A great debate, for example, took place in the House of Lords the other night upon the Greek murders. It is difficult to say what will be the final result, or whether there will be any great result of the indignation which has been pretty freely expressed. After a very

good speech from Lord Carnarvon, who is the cousin of one of the murdered travellers, Government made an appeal for the adjourment of the debate, to which, of course, no opposition could be made. The general feeling, I think, seems to be that the matter was thoroughly muddled by the Greek authorities, but that, on the other hand, our minister, Mr. Erskine, by no means showed any particular discretion. He certainly seems to have been in great degree responsible for the advance of the troops, which was the immediate cause of the murder of the captives, and was a principal cause of complaint against the Greek Government. Consequently, our claim for redress is somewhat modified, although the whole story is disgraceful to everybody except the unfortunate gentlemen, who appear to have submitted to their fate with a courage which we are glad to describe as English. Further explanations must be received before we shall be able to arrive at any final conclusion; but I imagine the end will be that, after a certain amount of diplomatic remonstrance on our part, and of apologizing and compensation on the part of the Greeks, the affair will blow over. Meanwhile, we have a crop of murders in our own country of so horrible a kind as to go a long way towards distracting public attention. Within two or three hundred yards of the room where I am writing, a man murdered an aged clergyman and his housekeeper the other day, buried the clergyman in a drain in his garden, and then put the housekeeper's body in a box, with a view to sending it off by railway. The carman to whom he applied to take away the barrel found that blood was oozing from it, and immediately seized the murderer and fetched the police. The motive of the crime was simply plunder, with the view, which you will appreciate, of settling on the proceeds in the United States. We had scarcely heard this story when another still more frightful crime was made public. A man went into a house for the purpose of petty robbery, was met unexpectedly by the owner, knocked him down with a hammer, then killed in the same way the wife and sister-in-law of his victim, who were rushing in on the alarm, and completed his infernal atrocities by killing three or, I think, four little children in the house. This wild beast, for he seems to have been little more, put on the clothes of the murdered man, and was shortly afterwards arrested, with the most convincing proofs of his crime still upon him. Anything more hideous or more grossly stupid it would be difficult to imagine, and it makes one shudder to think of the human brutes who are rubbing shoulders with us in the streets. It almost seems as if the contagion of Traupmann had spread, and as if it was beginning to be a recognized mode of rising in the world to kill off a family and emigrate with their property to New York. Luckily the scheme does not seem to have been hitherto very successful.

To turn to an offence of a lighter kind, though it also is rather unpleasantly significant, some young gentlemen at Oxford have just contrived to eclipse the former follies of many generations of undergraduates. They got into the library at Christ Church one night, took out a valuable bust of Dr. Gaisford, the late dean, and a statue of Venus. Having erected these objects of art in the middle of the quadrangle, they, or I believe another party of graduates, hit upon the brilliant idea of making them the centre of a bonfire, and the statuary was thoroughly destroyed. Perhaps it is scarcely worth mentioning these playful tricks of young Oxford, except for one reason. They have certainly gone some way to increase a rising feeling against the relaxation of discipline which has become too common at our universities. Athletic sports of various kinds have superseded study in the minds of a large part of the youth, and, on the whole, we are beginning to think that it is possible to devote too much energy to acquiring perfection in cricket and rowing. This, however, is comparatively trifling; but when one sees pure rowdyism coming to such a head as this last exploit indicates, one begins to think that Oxford is made rather too pleasant for luxurious and indolent young men. After all, it ought to be a place of study rather than a place where overgrown schoolboys may play pranks to the height of a drunken fancy. Meanwhile, three of the young gentlemen in question have been expelled, which is a serious punishment, as affecting their future character; and perhaps a few weeks in the house of correction would have been a better warning and exercised a stronger influence.

I may, before concluding, notice one curious circumstance. The debate on the Contagious Diseases Act came on on Tuesday evening. A member used an almost obsolete privilege by insisting upon the withdrawal of strangers, and consequently no report of the debate has been published. The performance will probably lead to a repeal of this last relic of the old-fashioned days when reporting was held to be a breach of privilege. The reason of the exercise of the right on the present occasion was rather curious. Some ladies who have been agitating for the repeal of the acts were present in the gallery, and refused to withdraw from the discussion of a subject so little suited to feminine ears. This is an illustration of a remark I made in my last letter; but the part which the ladies have taken in this dispute does not increase the favor with which most men regard the agitation for women's rights. The conduct of those who were present was not precisely accordant with old-fashioned notions of female decorum. I may add that Government has declared its intention of issuing a commission of enquiry into the subject, and I gladly put off any further remarks upon a disagreeable topic until some more trustworthy information has been published.

Correspondence.

THE DIFFICULT QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir—Will you allow some notice of the communication signed J. P. T., in the *Nation* of April 28? The writer is incorrect in representing the advocates of the Bible in schools as the aggressors. The Cincinnati resolution of Nov., 1869, was not simply the "repeal" of an act, leaving things as they were before it, but a direct prohibition of what had been sanctioned by long usage, dating back to the very embryo existence of the nation. Had the Board contented themselves with resolving that the reading of the Scriptures should not be compulsory, their case would have been a fairer one. When, however, they go beyond this, and resolve that the Bible, together with *all religious instruction*, be absolutely prohibited, it puts an entirely new face upon the matter. It is no longer a favoring of religion; it is no longer indifference or neutrality, but a favoring of irreligion. There is involved that fundamental question, which must be thoroughly examined on the very threshold of this controvery, whether non-religion or atheism—for it is coming to that at last—is a mere negation, an indifference, or, on the other hand, a most positive, active, and intolerant principle—a sect, and the worst of all sects. We suggest it to "J. P. T." as an ethical and philosophical, as well as theological, enquiry, that is to have a most important bearing on this great war which he fears is coming. And it most assuredly will come. However much the religious party may concede, it is not in the nature of the other to remain quiescent. Nothing is so aggressive, so intolerant, as irreligion; and this free country, above all others, is destined to show it.

"J. P. T." misstates the question when he speaks of "legislation by the state avowedly in the interest of Christianity, by its authority as a religion, and for the support of that authority in the community." That is not asked. It is simply the acknowledgment of Christianity as a *fact* deeply entering into the social life, and to be had in regard whenever the political action comes in contact with it, as it must do in many cases, and especially when the state assumes to educate. In such cases, can there be that perfect neutrality which to some minds seems so easy? That depends entirely on the nature of Christianity and of its antagonist. The former, says "J. P. T.," "is a subtle [subtile?] unorganized influence, by its ethereal and spiritual principles pervading every department of society, the family, the school, the state." How Christianity is "to pervade the school," when it is not permitted to enter it, it would be hard to say. But let that pass. In calling it "unorganized," or inorganic, he uses the term which, of all others, is most unsuitable to it. Christianity is not like a school of philosophy or art. It is an organic and organizing social power, and, where it exists as a predominant fact, not to treat it as such is acting a political falsehood. To put it on a par with other things, inferior, worthless, or positively malign, is gross injustice; to ignore it altogether is downright hostility. It is easy to start objections and difficulties here, but we are dealing with facts and inevitable consequences. If the state were like a bank or a railroad company, or some other mere "business concern," according to Macaulay's low argument, there might be some plausibility in the assertion that, as such, it had nothing to do with religion. Again, if it were nothing more than a huge mass-meeting, coming and going, without any continuity of life, without any organic personality, or any moral responsibility, as such, it might be said, on the other hand, that religion had nothing to do with the state. In like manner, if Christianity were only a "subtle influence," as "J. P. T." says, it might be too intangible a thing to be brought in question. But Christianity is also an edu-

cating power, and if the state, too, assumes this office, they must be either in agreement or collision.

But these obstructions, as some might call them, may be best illustrated by two most practical questions. They are suggested by the somewhat exulting manner in which "J. P. T." seems to speak of "the Cincinnati lesson." First, Are those who advocate the Bible's exclusion, on the grounds generally alleged, prepared for the concession of full reciprocity? "No *religious* teaching," says the resolution—what is such, to be judged of by those opposed. Turn the tables, then. There are reading-books in our common schools, there are text-books used in our state-patronized colleges, to say nothing of law-furnished libraries and reading-rooms, which sincere, conscientious, and intelligent religionists regard as having an irreligious tendency, or as making it less easy for their children to hold the faith of their fathers. Shall they be excluded? If not, why not? Or why is not the objection as good, to say the least, in the one case as in the other? Second, Are the advocates aforesaid prepared to go the full length to which the plea of the non-religionist must inevitably lead, if applied, as it most surely will be applied, to all cases in which there remains the least shred of acknowledgment by the state of any religious observance or idea?

There is a wonderful consistency, as well as persistency, in the movement of the irreligious party in this country. They demand nothing less than a perfect wiping out of everything in the Constitution, the statute-book, in political or judicial action, that favors, or seems to favor, any religious principle whatever. They demand the abrogation of all Sabbath laws. They declare that Sabbath observances by public bodies are a violation of this alleged principle of neutrality. Courts and legislatures have no right to waste the people's time and money by adjourning on one day in seven, out of deference to any religious idea, however long its standing, or however deeply it is connected with the social life. The oath must be abolished; it is a religious act, a recognition, moreover, of God and retribution. Prayers in Congress must cease; the practice is "the entering wedge of church and state." Chaplainships in the army and navy must be discontinued. However perilous the condition of the country, there must be no proclamations from Presidents and Governors appointing days of supplication to any Supreme Ruler; there is no power higher than the people, and magistrates must not defer to individual superstition. On the same ground, they are opposed to all legislation for the improvement of public morals. The state, they boldly and consistently say, is not a moral power, and cannot act from moral reasons. Is all this to be conceded? Why not, if the premise involved in this school question, this "entering wedge" of Antichrist and state, be sound and consistent? Perhaps "J. P. T." is right, but is he prepared to go all the way in which this road must lead him? Is he ready for the bald proposition that the state, as such, "knows no God," no power higher than itself which shall judge it for its political acts?

But take his own proposition. Christianity he describes as an "ethical influence *pervading every department of society—the family, the school, the state*—making a nation Christian in spirit, tone, customs, laws, without attempting to formulate itself into the civil code." To say nothing now on the suggested question, whether a power or principle can "pervade every department of society" as an organic structure, without in some way or in some degree formulating itself, let us take the proposition as stated. If Christianity "thus pervades every department of the state," the recognition of the fact (to say nothing of any "formulation") is certainly a part of political philosophy, and one, too, that we may say holds a very high place. Its religiousness cannot take away its philosophic character, or its political importance. May it not, then, be taught in the schools, whether they be high or low? Is not such a grand truth, such an all-pervading truth, entitled to a place as much as the laws of commerce or of political economy, about which also men greatly differ? But the Cincinnati resolution against *all religious instruction* (for it does not lose its religious in its philosophical character) would shut it out. The same consistent principle would banish it from our colleges. The *Nation* itself, as a paper containing it, could not be read—an exclusion which certainly would be a great loss to our political education.

The question is indeed a most difficult one, especially as it comes up in the present unfortunate state of our heterogeneous society, and all charity should be exercised towards opposing opinions as held by earnest, religious men like "J. P. T." It involves, too, some of the deepest principles of political philosophy. We cannot silence it by the cry of church and state, or by any empty chattering about "the American idea."

T. L.

Schenectady, April, 1870.

Notes.

LITERARY.

"First Steps in English Literature" is the title of a text-book prepared by Mr. Arthur Gilman, and to be published, for the use of schools, this fall, by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. The specimen pages submitted to us indicate a handy volume, of course elegantly printed, and the plan of the work seems well adapted for the end in view. Three introductory chapters serve for a brief account of English history, a definition of literary terms, and a survey of the languages of Europe. The body of the work consists of brief biographical and bibliographical notices—"characterizations," "vignettes," as the circular calls them—of the authors of the various periods of English literature. Mr. Gilman makes three of these: (1) The period of Immature English—divided into Original English, prior to 1150; Broken English, 1150–1250; Dead English, 1250–1350; and Reviving English, 1350–1558. (2) The period of Mature English—divided into the Italian Influence, 1558–1649; the Puritan Influence, 1649–1660; and the French Influence, 1660–1700. (3) The People's Influence—divided into the Age of Pope, 1700–1745: the Age of Johnson, 1745–1800; the Age of Poetical Romance, 1800–1830; the Age of Prose Romance, 1830–1870. These subdivisions need not be criticised too closely. We should say the usefulness of the book would depend very much upon the teacher.——*Old and New* has passed into the hands of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, who doubtless appreciate the advantage enjoyed by those publishers who own magazines. They announce for the second volume a serial story by Mrs. Stowe, called "Pink and White Tyranny," and a serial story for children, "John Whopper, the Newsboy," by "a distinguished American scholar."——Messrs. John Ross & Co. announce for immediate publication "The Mother's Register," a sanitary family record, from the French of Professor Fonssagrives.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son will publish immediately a sketch of the life and works of the late Charles Dickens.——Mr. Black having undertaken to rectify history in the *Galaxy*, his example is about to be followed by ex-Secretary Welles, who in the July number will repel some charges of Mr. Thurlow Weed's, made in the number for this month. A serial story is also announced to be written for the same periodical by Mr. Justin McCarthy.——Macmillan & Co. announce "In Exitu Israel," by Rev. S. Baring-Gould, a historical-ecclesiastical romance of the time of the French Revolution; "Political Economy for Beginners," by the wife of Prof. Fawcett; "The Story of Wandering Willie," by Lady Augusta Kippel, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle; and the recent Oxford "Lectures on Art" of Mr. Ruskin, forming a new volume of the Clarendon Press Series.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton intend to add "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" to their editions of Mr. Dickens's works.

—Prof. Ch. Fred. Hartt, well known for his valuable explorations in Brazil on two former occasions, is on the eve of starting for Pará, with one associate, a professor of botany, and nine assistants from among his pupils at Cornell University. The field to be investigated, for geology and natural history, is part of the Amazonian valley and of the coast southward to Bahia; and the Professor hopes, while training the students, to amass a large quantity of specimens as the basis of a collection for the museum of the university. The expedition will, in short, be a second Thayer expedition, with one of Prof. Agassiz's then subordinates at the head, and the results of it, while specially beneficial to Cornell, will be to the advancement of universal science. Though enough money has been raised for the mere journey, the sum of $5,000 is yet wanted to ensure the desirable collections, and a patron, of Mr. Thayer's liberality, is therefore in request. He can have, if he wishes, the honor of giving his name to the expedition. Other persons may assist by ordering of Prof. Hartt, and paying for them in advance, sets of stereoscopic views of all the places of interest along the route, at the rate of $15 per hundred. The importance of establishing at Cornell, and at other seats of learning, such nuclei of scientific activity as now exist at Cambridge and Salem, cannot be overestimated.

—That excellent weekly publication, the New York *Medical Gazette*, which has just entered upon a new volume, and deserves all its prosperity, offered last autumn a prize for the greatest accepted number of clinical reports, and has just awarded it to Mrs. Melissa M. Webster, M.D., a recent graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. The editor, in making this announcement, speaks of the "clearness and succinctness" of the articles published under this lady's initials, and of his genuine surprise at finding the writer to be a woman. He gracefully welcomes her to the profession, and recants much of what he has formerly said in oppo

sition to female practitioners. The Bureau of Education has lately received some intelligence from Switzerland, showing the progress of medical study at the University of Zurich, where ladies have attended the medical courses since 1864, and, in 1867, a young Russian lady took the degree of doctor of medicine, surgery, and obstetrics, passing a remarkable examination. Last winter there were fourteen lady students at the university, of whom all but two followed medicine. Lately, on enquiry from the medical faculty of Würzburg, Bavaria, the Zürich faculty replied that there never had arisen the least difficulty from the attendance of ladies at the anatomical and clinical lectures and experiments, and that, in their opinion, the mixed system was of mutual benefit to the students of both sexes.

—It is already difficult to keep pace with these evidences of the rapid advances which women are making in their least-disputed right, to education. On the 31st of May, Philadelphia was again the scene of concession to what may now be almost called public sentiment in this regard. The names of three ladies were proposed, without application from them, for membership in the Academy of Natural Sciences, and were admitted by a large majority. They were Miss Grace Anna Lewis, whose writings on ornithology have not needed the praise we were glad to give them when occasion offered; Miss Hannah T. Smallwood, an artist, who makes scientific diagrams her specialty; and Miss Ella Hornor, a mineralogist. The Academy has not heretofore excluded women from its privileges, but these are the first who have ever been made members. They, and women like them, are fast settling the question whether woman's ambition shall be also her vocation. On this women in general are divided among themselves, and even the reformers have split over it. Miss Betsy Perk, for example, having founded, at Schiedam, in Holland, *Notre Ambition*, a weekly journal devoted to the development of woman, and then having quarrelled with the editor, goes off and publishes at Delft *Notre Vocation*, calling it the organ of the women of the Netherlands; and the rival editors are engaged in abusing each other from week to week, while awaiting the ruin of each other's enterprise. They might follow a better example across the Channel, where, says a late *Publisher's Circular*, the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* and *Beeton's Young Englishwoman* "are conducted without the slightest falling-off in their vigor," and, we presume, in perfect harmony.

—The New York *Times* entertains such an antipathy to Mr. Goldwin Smith that the main value of "Lothair," in its eyes, appears to lie in the attack on him which it contains. It is not unnatural, therefore, that when an unfavorable review of the book appeared in our columns, it should say "the *Nation* had come to the assistance of Mr. Goldwin Smith." If anybody enjoys "Lothair," it must be because he hates Goldwin Smith; if anybody condemns it, it must be because he likes Goldwin Smith. The whole thing, in short, turns on Goldwin Smith, the *Times* thinks. As far as we are concerned, however, it is mistaken. We do not mind saying, since our motives have been called in question, that our real object in abusing "Lothair" was to help Monsignor Capel, whom we consider a badly used man. If the *Times* wonders why we should have fixed on him for our *protégé*, we must remind it that tastes differ. As regards Goldwin Smith, we do not hesitate to acknowledge that we consider Mr. Disraeli's attack on him both malignant and silly and untruthful; about this, we believe, there are only two opinions current, the *Times* holding one, and the rest of the world the other. Mr. Disraeli's position and age only render this mode of paying off old scores all the more disreputable. We may add that we perceive as strongly as anybody the indiscretion of Mr. Smith's reply to him; but we can, we think, understand how it is that Mr. Smith fell into the delusion of supposing a reply to be necessary. Our opinion about "Lothair" is shared by the great majority of its critics.

—The English papers are making merry over a new venture in the field of periodical literature, or rather over a venture that is new in the field of periodical literature in England, for over here we have in the *Waverley Magazine* something pretty much the same as the *Amateur Poetical Magazine*, which has just been causing so much of that horse-laughter in which the British Critic now and again indulges himself. The gentleman who owns the *Waverley Magazine*, having had some experience in various newspaper offices, learned—as everybody learns who has made acquaintance with the nature of the average volunteer contributor to the columns of the press—in the first place, that the name of such contributor is Legion, and, in the second place, that he will keep on writing year after year for no fee or reward except the joy of seeing himself in print and feeling himself an author. "He," we say; but the well-informed know that men are possibly the chief, but are by no means the only sinners in this respect. Young women not yet married, girls in high-schools and seminaries, and an occasional married woman of the weaker sort, make up a great army of story-makers and verse-makers and feeble social philosophers—an army so great as of itself to provide the paper for which it writes with an audience of remunerative size. Doubtless, many men had for many years known all this; but it was reserved for a certain journeyman printer of Boston to see how to turn the knowledge of it to account, and make himself a rich man by utilizing the gentlemen and ladies who in other offices than that of the paper which he founded are looked upon as so many sources of human misery. He projected the *Waverley Magazine*, which still flourishes, and still, we should say—judging from a copy of it which has recently fallen under our observation—is managed in accordance with its founder's original idea of printing for the perusal of the writers of them the articles which all editors who pay for articles would certainly reject. This is not quite the whole story, for the editor of the *Waverley* seems to have known that his paper must never offend against morals; and of course he knew, too, that there is in the community a class of readers who, while they never commit themselves in print anywhere, still are on the intellectual level of the poets and novelists of the *Waverley* school, and read with avidity what these write. But, on the whole, it is a not insufficient description of his paper to say that it publishes rejected articles and sells them to rejected contributors. This, we take it, is what the *Amateur Poetical Magazine* will do; and if anybody says, with a writer in the London *News*, that the *Poetical Magazine* "will serve as a museum of practical stupidity, if the amateur basis is thoroughly adhered to," we shall not contradict. It happens now, as formerly, that men and women incapable of poetry get fame and money as writers of poems; but if there is to-day any poetical writer of merit, or even of promise of merit, who has need to seek an audience by giving his work for nothing to the publisher of a magazine for "amateur poets," we do not know his name. The reading public is so large, and so hungry for amusement, and so willing to pay for its amusement the small price which in these days of cheap periodicals is demanded, and the publishers are in such close and business-like connection with the reading public, that there is almost no man of any ability, not a specialist, and a specialist in a very narrow sense of the word, who cannot safely demand pay for what he produces.

—England is indebted to Boston for the idea of the *Amateur Poetical Magazine;* but perhaps it is she who furnishes Boston with a notion which in turn may fairly repay America for the hint furnished by the *Waverley Magazine*. Or, perhaps, it is in Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s *Book Buyer* that we are to look for the origin of the *Literary World*, a Boston paper, of which the first number has just appeared. "Choice Readings from the Best New Books, and Critical Notices," is the second title of the *Literary World*, which is edited by Mr. S. R. Crocker—a gentleman formerly connected with the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*—and which is intended to do for our booksellers what its English prototype is understood to have done successfully for the publishers on the other side of the water. Mr. Crocker proposes to publish monthly an octavo paper, of about the size of the *Nation*, but containing a few less pages, which shall be, in the language of the prospectus, "a vehicle of fresh, interesting, and reliable literary news." "Much space in its columns," the editor goes on to say, "will be devoted to reviews of new books, with the special object of setting forth impartially the merits and distinguishing features of each. By reason of this specialty, it is hoped that the paper may become, to a certain extent, a help and a monitor to book-buyers and readers." Fifty cents a year is what the subscribers to the *Literary World* must pay for it, but readers who frequent libraries and reading-rooms will find it at their service for nothing, Mr. Crocker's intention being to scatter it freely wherever book-buyers congregate; and, so far as we can learn from an examination of this first number, we should say that the subscriber for the new paper will get a good fifty cents' worth. It contains reviews—which often give copious quotations—of Dall's "Alaska and its Resources;" the third part of Morris's "Earthly Paradise;" Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West;" Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp;" Fette's "Dialogues from Dickens;" Coffin's "Seat of Empire;" Miss Phelps's "Hedged In;" the second volume of Allibone's "Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors;" Hesekiel's "Life of Bismarck;" Dante Rossetti's "Poems;" of Bryant's "Homer;" and of two recent American novels—"Miss Van Kortland," and "Life and Alone." It contains, also, a couple of pages of literary news, and a readable attack on the

Saturday Review's criticism of Professor Winchell's "Sketches of Creation"—an attack which seems to show that if Dr. Winchell is not the most intelligent of men, no more is his rather insolent reviewer. These notices are well written, too, and though, of course, the publishers pay for them, and they are not in any good sense critical, nor to be relied upon by any one who would learn the exact value of the book noticed, still they can be read; and even they may be profitably read, if the reader will remind himself now and then that they are paid for, and are eulogistic and not critical. This, however, is saying no more against them than may be said against the so-called critical notices which appear in nine out of every ten newspapers in the country. Most American criticism is dishonest criticism—and the matter is not at its worst, either, when the dishonesty is the result of our national good-nature or of ignorance, for hardly a book issues from the American press concerning which editors do not for money say things which they know to be false, and which they intend shall deceive. Whether the publishers will find it worth their while to keep the *Literary World* going seems to us doubtful; we are very much inclined to think, however, that the public might do a good deal worse than assist them to keep it afloat.

—Leonardo da Vinci is the commonest and perhaps the most striking example of many-sided genius, but it would appear as if we still were ignorant of some of his greatest claims to admiration. A writer in *Nature* (May 19) refers to an article in a new botanical journal, published at Florence, *Nuovo Giornale Botanico Italiano,* giving extracts from a section of the artist's treatise on painting, entitled "On Trees and Vegetation," which has hitherto escaped notice, as being found only in the Roman edition. The observations he there makes have hitherto been supposed to have originated not earlier than the seventeenth century in any case. Yet he discovered the three systems of phyllotaxis, or arrangement of leaves on the stem, and inferred that, "inasmuch as branches grow from buds generated in the axils of leaves, the arrangement of branches on the stem necessarily corresponds to that of the leaves on the stem;" he showed how the age of exogenous trees could be determined from their annular structure, and the southern side distinguished from the northern by the trunk's eccentricity; and, finally, he noticed the mode in which exogenous stems increase by the formation of new wood beneath the bark. On many other points he was equally well informed, though these are the strongest evidences of the profundity of his researches. Mr. Bennett adds that Sir Charles Lyell honors Da Vinci as among the first to apply sound reasoning to geology, and to teach the organic origin of fossils.

—In the *Galaxy* for June, the author of some notices of Italian literature mentioned casually the name of Giuseppe Giusti as a poet held in esteem by his countrymen. Generally these notices wanted perspective, and it might be suspected that a writer who would speak of Silvio Pellico as the great Italian dramatic poet, might fail to do justice to some others. Giusti ought to have been better known to him, for he has enjoyed the highest repute in Italy, and it is doubtful if as a political satirist he has been surpassed by any writer of our time. He was a Tuscan, and was born of a noble family, in 1809, and died in 1850, at Florence. The following poem is one of his best, we think, though it is not one of the best known or the most popular. It explains itself as something addressed to an Italian holding office under the Austrians, and it was written in 1846. The translator, who is Mr. W. D. Howells, wishes us to say that his version is not so literal as he thinks translation should be, and that it might be indefinitely better than it is in every way and not misrepresent the original, in which there is a luxury of epithets and a fineness of phrase not attainable in English. But probably our readers will feel inclined, for the sake of what they do get, to overlook the translator's failure to give them all that Giusti wrote—especially as, from the time of the building of Babel until now, the literal translator of poetry is a person who has been more diligently than successfully sought for. In fact, his existence begins to be disbelieved in entirely. This translation, by the way, forms a part of the lectures on "Early Italian Literature" which have been among the best and pleasantest of the literary courses of University lectures at Harvard:

SAINT AMBROSE.

Your Excellency is not pleased with me
  Because of certain jests I made of late,
And, for my putting rogues in pillory,
  Accuse me of being anti-German. Wait,
And hear a thing that happened recently
  When wandering here and there one day as fate
Led me, by some odd accident I ran
On the old church St. Ambrose, at Milan.

My comrade of the moment was, by chance,
  The young son of one Sandro*—one of those
Troublesome heads—an author of romance—
  Promessi Sposi—your Excellency knows
The book, perhaps?—has given it a glance?
  Ah, no? I see! God give your brain repose:
With graver interests occupied, your head
To all such stuff as literature is dead.

I enter, and the church is full of troops:
  Of northern soldiers, of Croatians, say,
And of Bohemians, standing there in groups
  As stiff as dry poles stuck in vineyards,—nay,
As stiff as if impaled, and no one stoops
  Out of the plumb of soldierly array;
All stand, with whiskers and mustache of tow,
Before their God like spindles in a row.

I started back: I cannot well deny
  That being rained down, as it were, and thrust
Into that herd of human cattle, I
  Could not suppress a feeling of disgust
Unknown, I fancy, to your Excellency,
  By reason of your office. Pardon! I must
Say the church stank of heated grease, and that
The very altar-candles seemed of fat.

But when the priest had risen to devote
  The mystic wafer, from the band that stood
About the altar, came a sudden note
  Of sweetness over my disdainful mood:
A voice that, speaking from the brazen throat
  Of warlike trumpets, came like the subdued
Moan of a people bound in sore distress,
And thinking on lost hopes and happiness.

'Twas Verdi's tender chorus rose aloof,—
  That song the Lombards, there, dying of thirst,
Send up to God, "Lord, from the native roof."
  O'er countless thrilling hearts the song has burst,
And here I, whom its magic put to proof,
  Beginning to be no longer I, immersed
Myself amidst those tallowy fellow-men
As if they had been of my land and kin.

What would your Excellency? The piece was fine,
  And ours, and played, too, as it should be played:
It drives old grudges out when such divine
  Music as that mounts up into your head!
But when the piece was done, back to my line
  I crept again, and there I should have stayed,
But that just then, to give me another turn,
From those mole-mouths a hymn began to yearn:

A German anthem, that to heaven went
  On unseen wings, up from the holy fane:
It was a prayer, and seemed like a lament,
  Of such a pensive, grave, pathetic strain
That in my soul it never shall be spent:
  And how such heavenly harmony in the brain
Of those thick-skulled barbarians should dwell
I must confess it passes me to tell.

In that sad hymn, I felt the bitter-sweet
  Of the songs heard in childhood, which the soul
Learns from belovèd voices, to repeat
  To its own anguish in the days of dole:
A thought of the dear mother, a regret,
  A longing for repose and love, the whole
Anguish of distant exile seemed to run
Over my heart and leave it all undone:

When the strain ceased, it left me pondering
  Tenderer thoughts and stronger and more clear:
These men, I mused, the self-same despot king,
  Who rules in Slavic and Italian fear,
Tears from their homes and arms that round them cling,
  And drives them slaves thence, to keep us slaves here:
From their familiar fields afar they pass
Like herds to winter in some strange morass.

To a hard life, to a hard discipline,
  Derided, solitary, dumb, they go:
Blind instruments of many-eyed Rapine
  And purposes they share not, and scarce know:
And this fell hate that makes a gulf between
  The Lombard and the German, aids the foe
Who tramples both divided, and whose bane
Is in the love and brotherhood of men.

Poor souls! far off from all that they hold dear,
  And in a land that hates them! Who shall say
That at the bottom of their hearts they bear
  Love for our tyrant? I should like to lay
They've our hate for him in their pockets! Here,
  But that I turned in haste and broke away,
I should have turned a corporal, stiff and tall,
And like a scarecrow stuck against the wall.

—A correspondent, whose business has brought him for some months past into the interior of Pennsylvania, writes us that he has been "duly shocked by the constant misuse, even in the pulpit, of the auxiliaries *shall* and *will*." But he is thrown almost into despair by reading, in the *Atlantic* for June, Mr. Parton's version of Napoleon's proclamation on the eve of entering Italy: "I am about to lead you into the most fertile country of the world. You will find honor, glory, and riches. Soldiers of Italy, *will* you want courage?" We presume the writer thinks that, when the Hub blunders over the auxiliaries, there is no hope for the rest of mankind. However, this instance is easily explained away. Mr. Parton, of course, uses *shall* and *will* after the fashion of the non-New-Englanders

* Alessandro Manzoni.

among whom he lives. We, for our part, have been more surprised and pained by a recent letter from a Boston merchant (whose name is doubly identified with New England) to one of the city papers, in which he says: "If it pleases you to notice my unfortunate failure, I *will* be pleased to have you do so." That is better evidence of infection than Mr. Parton's. The truth is, that New England is in nothing so conspicuously "out in the cold," as respects the rest of the Union, as in its naturally correct use of the auxiliaries. Go where you will else, there is chaos, and we fear our correspondent is very far from being alive to the dreadful fact. What is more, there is not an immigrant, of any nationality except the English, who does not bring with him into the country an incapacity to distinguish between *shall* and *will*. The Continental peoples, of course, cannot, without more study than they or anybody else will give to the subject, and the Scotch and Irish are among the worst offenders we have. The late Sir Edmund Head, whose invaluable little work on "Shall and Will" (London: John Murray. Second edition, 1858) ought to be in the hands of every editor, teacher, minister, and college-student in the country —in the hands of all whose example may corrupt or guide aright—very acutely guessed that the author of "Vestiges of Creation," while yet unknown to be Robert Chambers, must be a native of Scotland or Ireland rather than of England, from a single passage in which *shall* was used for *will*—the opposite of the vulgar error. If the Scotch-Irish who settled the southern border of Pennsylvania had landed on Plymouth Rock, it is doubtful whether this country could now point to any considerable part in which the purity of the auxiliaries was maintained. The intuition of the born-Yankee, even, succumbs when he has been long settled away from New England.

HEPWORTH DIXON ON RUSSIA.*

This new "sensational" book of Mr. Dixon's is almost too absurd for sober criticism, and were it by an obscure author we should pass it without notice. The name of Hepworth Dixon is, however, so well known as that of a writer of "picturesque" and somewhat peculiar books, which are always widely read, that we feel compelled to pay some attention to "Free Russia." But before we examine the book itself, let us tell how it was made.

Mr. Dixon, it seems, in looking round for new literary worlds to conquer, bethought himself of Russia, and, all equipped, landed at Archangel last August, under the firm conviction that that was the original starting-place of Russia. Finding soon that this idea was wrong, he said, "It is all the same. Archangel was an early colony, and must, in spite of Finns and Lapps, bear more traces of primitive Russia than Moscow, which the Tartars overran, or even than Novgorod itself." Going up to the Monastery of Solovetsk with a band of pilgrims, he invented a curious theory of the church, that the orthodox are dissenters and the dissenters orthodox, and studied the condition of some crazy prisoners whose stories fill a great part of the first volume. From Archangel to St. Petersburg, Moscow, Nizhni, and Kazan, down the Volga and the Don, back through Odessa and Kief to St. Petersburg again, with pencil always in hand to jot down private names and scraps of misunderstood conversation, was the work of the next three months, and by the middle of November the happy author was home in England with note-books full of observations, stale anecdotes, and private histories. The proofs were sent for correction to Professor Kapustin at Moscow, and to an English Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, who, as might be supposed, were in despair at the mass of mistake and absurdity presented to them, and contented themselves with corrections in detail and spelling, putting merely notes of interrogation and exclamation opposite the theories and statements of the author. Every page was, however, full of corrections, the most of which have passed unheeded, till Professor Kapustin wrote at last: "I cannot undertake to correct the errors of the book, for it is one vast error."

It is a pity that any one will undertake to write on a subject about which he knows little, and that little wrongly; and it is a great pity that a man of Mr. Dixon's talent should think that, without knowing a word of the language, he would be able in three months to judge a vast empire, and give solutions of questions that vex men who have been intimate with them all their lives. For Mr. Dixon there is no excuse. He stayed with men who are intelligent and have carefully studied the country, and whose talk was full of instruction; he had full access to the best sources of information, he took everywhere valuable letters of introduction, and travelled in part with such a man as Mr. Michell, yet he has nothing better to tell of than "convent spectres" and crazy prisoners and dissenting merchants. There is more information, a more lively picture of Russia as it is, and of its needs, and even better English writing, in the report of Mr. Michell on "Land Tenure in Russia," just published in a parliamentary blue-book, than in all Mr. Dixon's seven hundred pages. Yet Mr. Dixon saw a good deal of this report as it was written, and heard the whole subject thoroughly discussed.

One of the questions which have been most frequently asked of Americans in Europe of late years is, "What do you think of 'New America?' Is it true?" The answer is always difficult, and one has generally to reply: "The facts are in the main true, but the deductions and the *tout ensemble* are false. The details are each rightly drawn; but from want of perspective, and from improper grouping and proportion, the picture is very false to nature." It is much the same with "Free Russia." The descriptions of Archangel and Solovetsk are excellent and true; but Archangel is no better than most Russian towns, nor more peculiar. The accounts of pilgrims and monks are interesting; but pilgrims and monks play in reality an infinitely small part in the drama of modern Russia. The sympathy with which Mr. Dixon regards the efforts at development and progress in Russia is praiseworthy; but that sympathy is so misguided that the reforms are slurred over in favor of influences and events that are petty and without result. And, when we come to those parts of the book which develop more particularly the theories of the author, not even the facts are to be depended on.

The reader of "New America" will remember two of the theories advanced in that book: one that the Americans are gradually receiving the type and character of the Red Indian; the other, and chief one, that the various religious and socialistic sects will have a great influence on the future of the United States. In the book before us there are two ideas somewhat similar to those we have just named: one is the oriental and Tartar character of Russia; the other the influence of religion, and especially of dissent and sectarianism, on the national life and development.

It is curious to note the grave persistence with which Mr. Dixon adheres to the literal meaning of the word *oriental* in his efforts to prove the Russians are Asiatic people. A dozen times he reminds us that "Archangel lies a little to the east of Mecca and Trebizond;" that St. Petersburg and Moscow are east of Constantinople, or that Nizhni and Voronezh are in the longitude of Bagdad. We are not aware that parallels of longitude or latitude have been so nicely used before for determining the ethnological and social characteristics of a people. There is no idea which has been so dwelt on and so abused as this of the Tartar and Mongol character of Russia. The greater part of Russia was for about three centuries, it is true, tributary to a Tartar khan, but that was all. The Mongol yoke left but few traces on the impatient neck that bore it. There was almost no mixture of blood in the population. One will find among the aristocracy a few Tartar families who long ago embraced Christianity and became absorbed in the nobility; but among the lower classes there has been nothing of the kind. Districts which were Tartar three hundred years ago remain Tartar still, and mixed marriages, though they sometimes occur, are very rare. The mixture in the Great Russian blood, which has made it so much better than the Little Russian, is with the Tchudes and Finns, the aboriginal inhabitants of the North. In the language there is very slight trace of Tartar sway; in fact, there are not more Tartar words in Russian than Arabic words in English. In the traditions, popular customs and habits, things by which a people may be known, there is nothing that can be shown to be of Tartar origin. The punishment by the knout and the severity of the laws were almost the only permanent remnants of the Tartar domination. On the distribution of land the Tartars had no influence at all; and the laws of Boris Godunoff, which made serfage a fixed institution, are like nothing Tartar (it is, by the way, a misfortune that Mr. Dixon did not know that Godunoff was of a Tartar family), but are much more likely, as Herr Faucher suggests, imitations of the poor and vagrant laws of 14 and 43 Queen Elizabeth.

In spite of all his talk of serfage being an historical phase, coupled with his wild statements that it began in Russia after it was completely ended everywhere else in Europe, Mr. Dixon understands serfage quite as little as he does the origin and colonizing force of the Russian village and the Russian monastery. Tartar is with Mr. Dixon a sort of generic term for everything which does not coincide with his preconceived ideas of what is pure Russian; he even calls the *Perse* (as he chooses to write it) a Tartar, and ascribes to Tartar source such things as the *tchin* (a pure Slavonic word), which was borrowed by Peter from the German court hierarchy, and *tsek* and *artel*, which are of the clearest Slavonic origin. He reminds

* "Free Russia. By William Hepworth Dixon." With original illustrations. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1870. Pp. 352, 344. New York: Harper & Bros.

one of the ordinary traveller who sees something so very Eastern, Tartar, and Mohammedan in the churches of Moscow, all from Byzantine models brought from Constantinople before Mohammed was born, with Slavonic variations—such as are seen in Bohemia—and especially in the Church of St. Basil, which was built besides by an Italian architect.

The greater part of the book is devoted to showing the religious feeling of the Russian, and the extent to which this does and will influence him. That religion is deeply implanted in the Russian peasant's heart, and that almost every action is bound up with some observance, which, though it often seems a formality, is really felt, no one who has been long in Russia would deny. In fact, the longer one resides there, the more one feels that it is earnestness and not mere formality. Yet, at the same time, it is a second nature, and exerts little real influence on the actions. The village priest, instead of being reverenced by his flock, has almost no influence on them at all. He lives in the same wretched way, he dresses no better, knows no more, gets drunk with them, and has no effect on them for good. The religion they have is maintained more by tradition than by what they hear in the church. This is the special strength of dissent. But the dissenters, or Old Believers, though numerous, have by no means the influence or the organization that Mr. Dixon describes. They are reactionists, and want to go back rather than forward, and as education is spread among the masses they are sure to decline. The doctrine of the Old Believers differs from the orthodox church only in some minor points, such as the way of making the cross, the spelling of the name of Jesus, and the ritual, which Nikon simplified and shortened, instead of amplifying and making gorgeous, as Mr. Dixon supposes. The danger that the state apprehends from them consists in their adherence to a priesthood holding its seat in Austria and Turkey, and their exposure to foreign influences. Instead of being enlightened, the dissenters are excessively ignorant; and instead of "founding a majority of burses at the universities," they oppose the education of their own children. One thing is peculiar: their religion never stands in the way of money-making. Many dissenters have become excessively rich because they managed to get the use of special secret church funds, and often peculiar tenets about marriage and progeny have assisted in concentrating the money of many into the hands of a few. That some of the richest merchants at Moscow are dissenters is hardly a proof of their general prosperity. The influence which their position as the few rich heads of a fanatical community gives them is enough to make them keep to dissent, and even bring up their children in it. The children, however, with their money born to them, like the world rather better than their fathers, and often become orthodox in form while infidel at heart, for nowhere does education so entirely destroy religious belief of all kinds as in Russia. Any one who has been in the houses of Morozoff, or Soldatenkoff, or some of the other rich dissenters Mr. Dixon names, will see how little the fathers even live according to the precepts of their sect.

The greatest danger to the social organism in Russia is from the secret sects, such as the Skoptsi, Khlysti, etc., which Mr. Dixon dismisses very briefly. Not all in Russia are so ignorant of them as he, and if he had made up half of his book from the revelations and documents which Mr. Livanoff has recently published about many of these strange sects, he would have done his reader an immense service, and his chapters would be far more interesting as exhibitions of extravagance and fanaticism than anything he ever told about the Shakers, the Mormons, the Oneida Community, or about spiritual wives.

The other wild and wrong-headed theories in Mr. Dixon's book we must pass by. What, however, is pleasing in it is the kindly and appreciative spirit with which he regards Russia. Though his points of view are often wrong, he is animated by no hostile spirit; in fact, he is often too anxious to see good. In this respect the book is very different from those of most travellers, and marks a change in English feeling concerning Russia. When the author describes what he has himself seen, as his visit to Solovetsk, he is interesting and entertaining, though we have to deduct many impossible conversations, especially where no interpreter was present. Chapter XXXIII. is, we hear, a positive imposition; that soldier is simply impossible, and his story is told as he could not by any chance have told it. When Mr. Dixon theorizes, and even when he states facts, we must beware of him, especially when we find his "six hundred and ten thousand parish priests" dwindle down to 40,169, and when "a little salt and wine, a few saw-mills"—chiefly for foreign account—"which come back from England by way of barter with the north," means, in 1868, manufactured goods to the amount of 79 millions of rubles. "The Russian trade with England is wholly an export trade," says Mr. Dixon; that is, there are 106 millions of exports to 79 millions of imports; and with Europe, in general, there are 255 millions of imports to only 209 of exports.

The "picturesqueness" of Mr. Dixon's style becomes very fatiguing at last, and even at the beginning its mannerisms are painfully apparent. It is too strained and too affected. Those who heard one of the "two Englishmen" relate the simple incident told in the last chapter, and then read Mr. Dixon's account of it, have never failed to burst into laughter; and everything else is in the same style.

LEIGH HUNT'S "DAY BY THE FIRE."*

Of liking a certain sort of writers, writers who are mainly humorists, or who have at least something quaint about them—a peculiar flavor which addresses itself to a taste not strictly natural and simple, whether or not it is to be called whimsical or even somewhat vitiated—of liking this kind of writers there seem to be two common ways. One man will be fond of Walton, for instance, because of his simpleness of purpose, his poetical sensibility, his beautiful natural piety, and his way of suggesting to the reader the very spirit of the fields and brooks amid which he sought his contemplative recreation. Another man is so taken by what is to us of to-day the quaintness of Walton's manner—"quaint old Ik Walton's" manner, such an admirer would call it—that he nauseates everybody but virtuosi like himself by constantly exhibiting a sort of mock enthusiasm about everything for which Walton expressed a real enthusiasm—by "babbling of green fields" in a jargon no more genuine and real than Walton's was ungenuine and affected; by talking of "your pike" and "your perch" instead of saying "pike" and "perch," as Walton would if he were now alive; and by finding "mine hosts" and milking-maids where the man they pretend to love, and whom they patronize, would honestly find a tavern and a hired man, in cowhide boots, perhaps, with a "patent milker," and sure to be entirely contemptuous of lavendered sheets and madrigals made by the ingenious Master So-and-so. Lamb is another man who suffers from these parasites; no doubt, he is by some persons less liked than he deserves, because of the tasteless adulatory worship offered up by some of his admirers who know the surface of him, and do not perceive and cannot know what it is beneath the surface which makes him essentially what he is and renders him admirable. Doubtless, however, the Elianites are to be looked on with less unalloyed and unhesitating disrespect than the Waltonites. That Lamb was deliberately whimsical, and had, as one may say, a natural affectation, the indulging of which was as much of an avowed amusement to him as the results of its indulgence were to others, is probably not to be denied; and the man who talks of "the gentle Elia" and imitates him may, conceivably, be a man of like mind, and honest and humorous in his affectation; while a Waltonite, or Ik Waltonite, can hardly be other than downright affected when he prates to-day in Walton's words of the things about which Walton, two centuries and more ago, talked sincerely in the natural speech of the men and women about him.

The patronizing tone which these idolaters take in worshipping their idols is as exasperating as anything else in their worship. "Will Shakespeare," they say, when they speak of that benighted person, who was born in a less admirable age than this, but who really deserves to be patted on the back; "rare Ben" and "honest Ben" is their way of designating Jonson, whom one wishes to have alive for a few minutes that he might lay hands on them; Marlowe is "Kit," Chapman is "Old George," Chaucer is never anything but "Dan Chaucer," and there is no one whom they honor with their appreciation whom they do not similarly insult.

It is well when this patronizing spirit exists in conjunction with a spirit of sincere and intelligent admiration for the objects of its regard; but this conjunction, rare in any case, is almost unheard of in the case of any really fine writer who needs the aid of true admirers in order to be brought forward before the general public. Mr. J. E. Babson, of Boston, who has been an assiduous collector of neglected pieces from the pens of Lamb and Hunt, affords almost the only example we can recall of a rather patronizing, and apparently not altogether unaffected, lover of a certain class of writers, who is also a genuine lover of them and a serviceable friend. His last work in his chosen field is a collection of short essays which Hunt contributed at various periods of his life to several London magazines and journals. "A Day by the Fire" is the first paper, and gives its title to the volume. Then follow essays on "Fairies," "The Satyr of Mythology and the Poets," "The Nymphs," "Sirens and Mermaids," "Giants, Ogres, and Cyclops;" some talk about "Commonplace

* "A Day by the Fire, and Other Papers. By Leigh Hunt." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

People," "A Rainy Day," and "Talking of Nonsense;" a critical commentary on Crashaw's description of a contention between a nightingale and a lutist, and several other papers similar in subjects, all together making a pretty duodecimo of some three or four hundred pages, all of which are light and pleasant reading.

No doubt, the most valuable part of the book is the criticism of poetry, for which work, so far as delicate susceptibility to the beauties of the less thoughtful and weightily imaginative kinds of poetry fits a man for the criticism of poetry, Hunt was peculiarly well fitted. His susceptibility was so delicate and so little imbued with thought as often to seem overdainty and finical, and, in great part, merely sensuous and of importance to him individually rather than to anybody else. Still, on the whole, to hear him comment upon poets is well worth while, for one is then listening to the reading of a singularly sympathetic lover of poets, who are only to be understood by persons of refined taste; and perhaps one might say it is all the more worth while to hear them talked about by a fond lover of them, because Hunt's favorites are apt to be poets who are not those the most in the world worth looking up and studying, nor those whom the world is most likely to keep alive unless it has help. Spenser, for instance—who was "the poet's poet" when the poetical fraternity were more careful of manner than of matter, and who now is no longer hardly anybody's poet—seems to be more to Hunt than Shakespeare or Homer or Sophocles; while Dante he appears even to dislike, and apparently the Hebrew poets have never had very much of his attention. Here, for example, is how he likes Shakespeare. He quotes from the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" a song describing a fairy damsel's occupations:

"'Over hill, over dale,
Thorough brush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere
Swifter than the moonis sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors:
In those freckles live their savors;
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.'

"Flowers, in the proper fairy spirit which plays, betwixt sport and wisdom, with the profoundest mysteries of nature, are here made alive and turned into fantastic servants. In fairyland, whatever may be, is. We may gather from this and another passage in 'Cymbeline' that Shakespeare was fond of cowslips, and had observed their graces with delight. It is a delicate fancy to suppose that those ruby spots contain the essence of the flower's odor, and were presents from their ruling sprite. And the hanging a pearl in every cowslip's ear (besides the beauty of the line) seems to pull the head of the tall pensioner sideways, and make him quaintly conscious of his new favor.

"'THE BOWER OF QUEEN TITANIA.

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.'

What beautiful lines are these!"

That the lines last quoted are beautiful everybody has agreed; but that the song first quoted has much in it, or that Hunt's remarks are not wilful and fantastical, and marked by over-refining upon things not particularly well worth much attention, there will not be very general agreement. Such, however, is his usual manner of criticism—or rather this specimen which we have just given is a specimen of his usual manner, with its inherent defect so exaggerated as to make it plain how little he is to be trusted to do anything but report to us the impression made on his own mind by the sort of poetry which he likes. It is true, nevertheless, that he usually is far more successful in taking us along with him; and that often he takes us whither, without his assistance, we could hardly have gone, and yet whither it is well that we should go. But, at the best, it is to some bower of some Titania that we are taken.

The finicalness, so to speak, of Hunt's disposition, and the egotism, to give it somewhat too harsh and too big a name, with which he airily buttonholes us and makes us the confidants of his sensations when sitting before a coal-fire, or when looking at a sunset, or when eating muffins, or when in the same room with a cat—which animal, we learn, was once his aversion, but afterwards seemed to him commendable—is perhaps more obvious when he is writing of other things than the poets of his choice, though there is no time when one is secure from a little information as to his likes and dislikes, and of what aromatic pains he most easily dies. But, on the whole, if one does not feel too much respect for our author, one does not dislike him. He is so contented with himself, and so pleased with his own feelings, that it does not occur to one to be grateful for his good temper and cheerfulness; yet there is something admirable and likable in a man who, tried so much in so many ways, is never despondent, and who, sensitive and presumably sentimental as he was, never obtrudes on his readers any of his sorrows nor parades his griefs of spirit. Moreover, it is a thing to be liked in him that, if he has not the best words for the best men, and has too good words for men not the best, he is at least never bitter nor envious nor malicious, but always is kind and sunny, unenvious of friends, and just, so far as he knows, to enemies. Beyond a doubt, too, Hunt was a brave politician, a good hater of every form of oppression, and a man ready to earn hatred by speaking bold words, and to suffer without flinching the consequences of what he felt bound to say. The men are few, so far as we have record, who have had at once so much sensibility and so much strength of a certain kind. His books, however, as it happens, give positive and direct expression to the excess of his intellectual and physical and spiritual sensibility, and only by implication express most of the moral and intellectual strength which he had, and he bids fair to be remembered as rather a slight man, though he deserves remembrance as something better than that. It seems certain, too, that for a long time he will have the liking of the literary world as being a man thoroughly saturated with the distinctively literary spirit; and, indeed, this quality of his exercises a legitimate charm.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.*

Mr. Disraeli, in his novel, "Lothair," makes it the part of the accomplished "Bishop of the diocese" to say that to him American ladies are very unintelligible—"a sort of confusion between Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the Fifth Avenue congregation and—Barnum." If the bishop had wished to give another horn to his dilemma, and had added an Indian, he would have shown a knowledge of American society quite uncommon in an Englishman. And if he had further proved his intimacy with us by explaining the Indian satisfactorily, many American readers would thank him; for Americans themselves, unless they be Indians or soldiers on the war-path, or philanthropists by the Atlantic sea-board, do not pretend to be otherwise than confused when the Indian is spoken of. As a people we have not been able to solve "the Indian question," or it would not any longer be the loud-echoing question that it is. We should be greatly obliged to any one who would convince us of the true answer and let us get rid of it. Meantime, it is a comfort to know that a little light is shed on its difficulties almost daily now—military despatches come often from the Plains; peace commissioners meet in our cities and talk; "Red Clouds" roll in from the far West to illuminate the subject; and besides all these we have before us a book which will be useful in the emergency. The author accompanied General Sheridan in his winter campaign of 1868–9, against the hostile Sioux, Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, and other tribes with whose soft names and hard characters we have grown quite familiar. He tells first the usual tale of travellers who have followed the rough route to the outpost forts in the Indian country before the rails met in mid-prairie; then he briefly alludes to the threatening attitude and outrages of the Indians, which determined General Sheridan to let them see that his troops could punish them in spite of wintry weather. It was a hard campaign that ensued—the weather was bitter, the snow deep, and the hardships were sometimes almost past endurance; but the author reports how cheerfully it was undertaken, and how successfully carried out. The march is too long for us to follow; but whoever reads the author's account of it will learn more of the Indians and frontiersmen at home, of the land they inhabit, and of the practical Indian question, than perhaps can be learned elsewhere this side of the Plains. "The Last of the Mohicans" is a more fascinating book, but Hawk-eye and Uncas are gone, and none of their descendants are worthy of their fame. Romance will have to wait if the red man and his white foe of to-day must furnish such heroes as shine on us from Cooper's novels; but the frontier must speedily be made safe for traffic and for people who choose to dwell there.

When the present author has told all that he saw, he comments on the administration of Indian affairs, and he seems to have a right to express an opinion, having looked the Indian question very fairly in the face. His point of view was chiefly military, it is true, but so is the Indian question chiefly a military one; and it cannot be made otherwise in a day if the Indian is left to his choice and prefers the war-trail to the paths of peace.

* "Sheridan's Troopers on the Borders: A Winter Campaign on the Plains. By De B. Randolph Keim." With numerous engravings. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1870.

Experience makes it clear that some of the Indians are for war—deluded they may be, shamefully maltreated they may have been; but, knowing that they might now have peace, they have chosen not to have it, and they know their own minds. The option being with them, they have decided for war, and they are malignantly aggressive. Whatever good cause they have sometimes had to take up arms, they have not been lately acting in defence of their lives or their horses: these would be in no jeopardy if they proclaimed for peace. But they have sought the lives and property of the white settlers, and these it is the duty of the army to protect. Finding the Indian roaming at large, and in this temper, it is not a point for the army to decide what excites him to deeds of blood and pillage—whether revenge or natural depravity; but it certainly must decide how its protectorate over the settlers shall be enforced. If a "Piegan massacre" results (at which the West cries "Thanks!" and the East cries "Shame!"), a policy is to blame which leaves Piegans at liberty to murder and rob. Honest people will welcome the time when all this is changed, and will diligently seek to change it; but the taming of the wild Indian is not an easy work, and the way to bring it about is open to discussion. How he came to be what he is need not be argued. It is safe to admit that official corruption and bad faith have ridden rough-shod over all promises made to him, and that he has found his best reward in compelling the Government to buy him off from actual warfare. How to win him over to a civilized life is what the argument must dwell on. The peace commissioner would adopt peaceful modes. He urges, in effect, that the Indian who reveres the Great Spirit can be led to do right; but the frontiersman replies: "When an Indian talks about the Great Spirit and his Great White Father, I always *corral* my mules." Officers who have served in a campaign against them, or have lived in their country, say that among the hostile tribes there is no ambition but to get scalps or animals from the whites; the young men have no consideration from the women until they have made their hands more red with blood. And this report is confirmed by the letter which the Jesuit priest lately brought from the Piegans to the President. How desperately they will fight to gain this distinction, and how cruel they are in earning it, our troops and the settlers know well, and Mr. Keim tells in his story, very simply, and in a style quite different from that which generally is laid, like war-paint, on the face of frontier life. The horrid fate of Major Elliott and his party of eighteen, who fell in Custer's attack on Black Kettle's camp, should make us hope that no settler or soldier might ever fall into an Indian's power. They were found naked and horribly mutilated, and Major Elliott's condition was thus officially described by the surgeon: "Major Joel H. Elliott: one bullet-hole in left cheek, two bullets in head, throat cut, right foot cut off, left foot almost cut off, calves of legs very much cut, groin ripped open, and otherwise mutilated." All the rest were as bad or worse. Close by was the body of a young white woman, who had been a prisoner, and her child was not far off, a blow on the head having easily left it dead like its mother. But those things are common on the Plains. Every one knows of them, of course, and we have picked them out from other matters of more weight, as some would think, only because they are often flippantly ignored or wisely excused in arguing the Indian question. We are told, also, how Colonel Forsyth, a most gallant officer of General Sheridan's staff, had "a life" on the Plains—that is, he and a party of fifty scouts under his command narrowly escaped the awful death that Major Elliott met. The attack on Forsyth was made by ten times his force; his quick decision in seizing the best ground available; his cool courage in meeting the fiery onset of the Indians; his own desperate wounds and the death of both his lieutenant and surgeon (Beecher and Moers); his keeping command after he was wounded; his repulse of fresh assaults notwithstanding his casualties in killed and disabled; his sending out men on foot, at night, to seek relief a hundred miles away; his loss of animals—all shot down; his living for days, as did his men, on putrid horse and mule meat, the whole air filled, meanwhile, with the stench of carcasses; his patient waiting till relief came—for it did come—all this would enrich the noblest romance; but more than that, and this is why we speak of it, it is a scene on the frontier, true to the life, and something like it may be going on there now. What is to be done? We shall have made some progress when we stop discussing why it is so, and admit the fact that there is enmity between man and man in the Indian country, and that the army has to stand between the red man and the white.

This being true, it would seem to be proper that counsel should be taken of military men on Indian affairs. In extenuation of the destruction of the Piegan village by Colonel Baker, General Sheridan has recently described to General Sherman what the army has to do: the immense territory it has to guard; the railroads and helpless settlers demanding protection; the small number of troops for this hard duty. And in Mr. Keim's book there is a short letter from General Sheridan to him, in which the General says: "I may say, in reference to the management of Indians, the reservation system is the only one offering any prospects of success, but all experience has shown that the wild Indians will not adopt it until he is forced to do so. . . . After the wild Indians are put upon the reservations a strong military force will have to be kept there to protect the agents and others required in the work of civilization, and also for the subordination of the Indians and their protection against the encroachments of the white settlers who otherwise would take possession of their lands." Here, it seems to us, is the Indian question "boiled down," as they say out West. It is conceded that the white man's hand is against his red brother, and extermination is not advocated, so the friend of the Indians ought to be appeased. And it appears from this letter that the army can be used as an arbiter and peace-compeller between the races now at war. Without distinction of color, one is not to trample on the other. Bygones are to be remembered only to be no more re-enacted. The Indian is to have a comfortable home, undisturbed by the settler's greed; but he is to live on it, willing or not. There he will be within touch of philanthropy which never could reach him while his home was on horseback and his rein free. Perhaps in these new circumstances he may lose a liking he has acquired for strong waters, and grow fond of the purer element; he may come to regard a carbine with abhorrence; may no longer covet his neighbor's horse or scalp; may put away paint and feathers, and, being among friends, let his hair grow; may wear a silk hat; may adopt pantaloons; may treat the women of his tribe as the women of our day wish to be treated.

We hope that many people will read Mr. Keim's work. It is not a book of any great literary merit; it is not showy, but it is serviceable. When it is read, whatever may be the reader's feeling on the administration of Indian affairs as it has been, we think he will agree, as the author does, with the suggestions in General Sheridan's letter. And we hope that the Government—in which, of course, we include Congress—will promptly adopt the Indian policy so concisely sketched. Any one who read the reports of speeches delivered at Washington by "Red Cloud" and the other chiefs could see well enough that these men will not keep the peace except on their own impossible terms. They will fight if Fort Fetterman is not abandoned, and they will fight to prevent railroads or other highways passing through their lands. Civilization cannot be brought to a halt on its march because savages choose to get in the way and cry "No thoroughfare." And hence it seems to us more than ever inevitable that Indians shall for some time to come be under military control, and we believe that through the honesty, patience, and power of the army the red man on the reservations would, as a rule, get equal justice with the white settler. By these fair means, sooner than by any other, peace and prosperity will gladden the Plains.

Apostles of Mediæval Europe. By the Rev. G. F. Maclear, B.D. (New York: Macmillan & Co. 1870.)—Mr. Lecky has argued that the conversion of the Roman Empire to Christianity is easily explicable from the general tendencies of the age; and especially from the adaptation of Christianity to meet the yearnings after a higher faith and virtue that arose upon the disintegration of the old religions. But the conversion of Mediæval Europe was a task both strange and formidable; the Church then had to deal with turbulent masses of superstition and barbarism, held together by no framework of law or authority such as the Roman Empire provided even down to the verge of its own fall; and the absence of this force of social organization was not yet supplied by that spirit of community which characterizes the modern world. "As the Roman Empire sank beneath her feet, its last embers trampled out by Alaric, the church found herself confronted with one of the most stupendous tasks that could have been presented to her to accomplish. Scarcely recovering herself from the shock of the barbarian invasions, she was called to train and civilize races fresh from their native wilds, filled with all the ardor and impetuosity of youth, and ignorant of the first principles of order and settled life." How this was done is a story of missionary zeal, which, though it comes to us adorned with legends and marvels, furnishes authentic examples of faith and heroism that command our admiration—a Patrick, a Columba, an Augustine, a Boniface, an Auskar, an Otho, pioneers of civilization no less than preachers of the cross. It is beginning to be recognized by the Protestant world that the Mediæval period of the Christian church

was not one of unmitigated darkness and corruption, that the inspirations that proceeded from Rome were not always evil, that the graces and virtues of the Gospel were not altogether unknown before the Reformation, and that the very doctrines of the Reform, especially in the prominence given to faith and love, had fed manly hearts and nourished noble enterprises all along the centuries from the sixth to the sixteenth. Those who have not access to original sources nor time for reading the larger church histories will find in this little volume of Mr. Maclear a sufficiently full and varied sketch of "the Apostles of Mediæval Europe" to acquaint them with these forerunners of our modern civilization, and the breadth and power of their humanizing work. It is curious to observe how, in the course of centuries, the poles of influence are shifted—a fact most strikingly exemplified in the religious history of Ireland. That island, which is now looked upon as the most abject of the dependencies of the Pope, was evangelized by men like St. Patrick and St. Columba, remarkable for the simplicity of their faith in Christ, and a race that is despised by the Englishman and Frenchman of to-day gave a large impulse to Christian civilization in Scotland, France, Switzerland, and Germany. Among the apostles of Christianity to Continental Europe none were more earnest or efficient than the Celtic missionaries.

Mr. Maclear's narratives are written with ease and vivacity, and in a candid and catholic spirit; and his volume closes with a chapter or two of reflections, which, though conceding too much to individuals, are mainly just and sound. In popularizing the lives of the Mediæval apostles, he has done a good service both to history and to Christianity. "Take away these men, blot out their influence, and how materially would events have varied, how much the entire history of the Middle Ages would have been altered! They had their defects, the defects of their day and generation. But it becomes us always to speak with gratitude and kindness of men who counted not their lives dear unto them if they might win over to the truth the Teuton and the Sclave, and to whom modern Europe owes much of its present civilization."

Synchronology of the Principal Events in Sacred and Profane History, from the Creation of Man to the Present Time. Compiled from the most authentic sources, including the following standard works: "The Chronology and History of the World," by Dr. J. Blair; Archbishop Usher's "Annales Veteris et Novi Testamenti," "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," etc., etc. (Boston: S. Hawes. 1870.)—This compilation, consisting of three hundred octavo pages, is, from beginning to end, a tissue of inaccuracies of the grossest kind. In fact, we find it hard to characterize the literary meanness of its execution. And this is perhaps all we should say about it—trusting that our readers would for once accept a sweeping assertion of ours without proofs, and thus release us from the disagreeable duty of critically dissecting what is below all criticism—were not a list of testimonials and recommendations from journals and scholars of repute annexed to the book, which the publisher affirms have not been bought, and on the aggregate authority of which many a reader of ours might after all believe it to be a "*multum in parvo,* the quintessence of many libraries condensed into one volume," of "general accuracy and value," and deserving "a place in the family next to the Webster Unabridged," and in consequence suspect *our* dissenting judgment to have been bought, of course by the publisher of some rival compilation. This possible suspicion compels us to substantiate our assertion, especially as the New York *Tribune* thinks "the accuracy of such a work can only be tested by long use," adding that "it seems to be tolerably complete, and we have discovered no serious errors." We open a page of modern chronology, and we read: "1518. Magellan, in the service of Spain, first discovered the straits of that name in South America." This is justly contradicted under "1521," where we find that Magellan, having been killed on his homeward passage, "returned to the same place he had set out from in 1519." The intervening lines show that the "1518," which stands for 1520, the true date of the discovery, is no misprint. We read on: "1522. . . . Rhodes taken from the Turks by the Knights of St. John, Dec. 25." This stands for: Rhodes taken from the Knights of St. John by the Turks, Oct. 24. Next comes: "1523. . . . Denmark. Frederic. Revolt under Gustavus Vasa. The Danes expelled. . . . Frederic I., King of Denmark and Norway." To the full appreciation of the "general accuracy and value" of this passage it is necessary to keep in mind that the "Frederic" and "Frederic I." are identical; that the revolt of Gustavus was begun two years before 1523; and that he did not expel the Danes from Denmark, but from Sweden. Under "1525" we have the following double mention, in different style, of one event: "Prussia made an hereditary dukedom by A. de Brandenburg" —"Albert Duke of Prussia." Sultan Solyman's victory at Mohács, the death of Louis of Bohemia and Hungary, and the fall of the latter kingdom are epitomized in these words: "1526. . . . Turkish invasion of Hungary." A subsequent line adds: "Hungary. John Sepusius; deposed." It stands for: John Zápolya elected King of Hungary. The continuation is still more curious: "1527. . . . Bohemia. The Emperor Ferdinand I. marries Anne, sister of Louis, the late King, and obtains the crown of Hungary." The facts are that Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, married Anne six years before 1527, obtained on the death of Louis the crowns of both Hungary and Bohemia, and became Emperor thirty years later. Having thus deprived Charles V. of his imperial crown in favor of his brother Ferdinand, our author, in compensation, bestows upon him, under "1556," the arch-ducal and royal crowns of the latter, and extends his reign "over . . . Austria, Bohemia, Hungary." When Charles's son Philip married Mary Tudor seems to have considerably puzzled the compiler "from the most authentic sources," for we read that "Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., . . . married Philip II. of Spain" in 1554; that "Philip II. married Mary of England" in 1555; and, again, that 1555 was "the *second* year of Philip and Mary." The first event mentioned of the reign of Mary's successor is this: "1560. . . . Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black knit silk stockings by her silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, and she never wore cloth ones any more." That Gustavus Vasa died in the same year, 1560, is not stated. On the contrary, the death of his *successor* is given under "1556," thus: "Sweden. Eric XIV. died in prison." He revives, however, shortly after, for we read: "1561. . . . Sweden. The titles of count and baron introduced by Eric XIV." And again: "1566. . . . Sweden. Eric XIV." Whether the last mention means to refer to accession or death we are at a loss to ascertain, the fact being that Eric neither ascended the throne nor died in either of the years given. The same "general accuracy" characterizes our author's ancient chronology and history. Thus, he places the burning of the Alexandrian library in the year preceding "the war of Alexandria," amidst the tumult of which the conflagration took place. He makes Cæsar finish that war *after* his victory over Pharnaces, and then "come into Syria." Of the battle of Munda we read that "Pompey"—meaning the sons of the assassinated triumvir—"lost 30,000 men, and Cæsar only 1,000 and 500 wounded," implying, as it seems, that the 30,000 were all killed. We then read the precise number—"1,192,000"—of men killed by Cæsar; a brief mention of the war of Perusia as "*Persian* war," which may be a misprint; and, under "31" B.C., after "the battle of Actium," the following: "M. Antony drives Ariarathes out of Cappadocia and sets Archelaus in his place"—which event took place six years earlier. Under "30" we hear of the end of "the kings of Alexandria." The chronology of the American civil war equally swarms with errors. The following is the description, in full, of the battle of Gettysburg, which we shall not insult our readers by commenting upon: "Battle of Gettysburg, Penn. Gen. Meade attacked the rebels near Gettysburg, and after a three days' battle drove them from the field, leaving five thousand killed and wounded in our hands. Meade took 20,000 prisoners. Major-General Reynolds, commanding the first corps of the Union army, was killed."

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1870.

The Week.

CUBAN recognition occupied the House till Thursday, when Mr. Banks's resolutions were superseded by Mr. Bingham's, which simply authorized the President to protest against the barbarous manner in which the "war" in Cuba has been conducted, and to co-operate, if advisable, with other powers in keeping both parties within the limits of civilized warfare. The Cubans at Washington are reported to be greatly encouraged by the use of the word "war" in the resolution, and, since this seems the last that will be heard of either, from this Congress, nobody will grudge them their innocent satisfaction. The bill granting Goat Island, in San Francisco Bay, as a terminus for the Pacific Railroad, has been stubbornly debated during the week. On Monday, the Fortification and Army Appropriation Bills were passed. Mr. Whittemore's case came before the House on Saturday, on presentation of his credentials, and, of course, he found Mr. Logan ready to move against his admission. Postponement took place until Tuesday, when, by means of the previous question, Mr. Logan obtained a vote of exclusion, of 128 to 24. While the country is to be congratulated on this special decision, we regret that the House was not allowed time to invest its action with more of the character of a precedent for similar cases that may arise hereafter. The Senate has done little else than play with the bill to abolish the franking privilege, which it had no intention of passing, and which it killed on Tuesday, though by a rather close vote.

The retirement of Mr. Hoar had been so often predicted that when it occurred there was at first doubt if it had actually taken place. When it was known that he had really left office, there was any amount of speculation, the world generally inclining to the opinion that there was to be a general reorganization of the Cabinet. Mr. Fish, rumor said, did not agree with the President's San Domingo scheme; Banks's tremendous speech had had the effect of shaking the President's confidence in Fish; the Republican leaders had at last convinced the President that a cabinet must be framed which should represent "the live men of the party;" the President was at last frightened at the hostility of Congress; he had summoned the Honorable James F. Wilson from the West to take the Attorney-General's place, or else it was the Department of State; Mr. Creswell and Mr. Robeson were to follow Mr. Fish after Mr. Fish had followed Mr. Hoar. All these reports, which are not different from a hundred others that have been in circulation ever since Grant's inauguration, indicate the still unalleviated dissatisfaction of the political leaders with Grant's way of making up the list of his advisers—a way which he has in no instance changed for the better, in their opinion, except in the solitary instance of substituting Mr. Boutwell for Mr. Stewart. Mr. Fish was less to their mind than Wilson or Washburn, and Mr. Robeson was no more to be desired than Mr. Borie. Probably it is true, too, that there is a willing enough audience to listen to the talk of the organs of the leaders; and in the sort of discontented lethargy in which both the great parties now are, something startling in the way of Cabinet changes would be welcome to the public in general, as certainly it would be a godsend to editors. Apparently, however, neither the public nor the editors are going to be obliged; for there seems to be no intention on the President's part of remodelling his cabinet in the interests of "the live men of the party," or of abating at all, in his selection of new men, his remarkable indifference to "men known to the people." It is really a very remarkable indifference, and a proof of Grant's continued unmalleability, after all that has been said of his succumbing to pressure.

As for Mr. Hoar's resignation, it seems to have been accepted in accordance with the long-expressed wish of Mr. Hoar, and to have been offered as much to the President's regret as could have been the case at any time since Mr. Hoar became Attorney-General. He is understood to have been on peculiarly friendly terms with General Grant, as is believable enough by those who have long known him for one of the wittiest and shrewdest of men, as well as one of the most weighty and sagacious of legal advisers, and as being as pleasant with an honest man as sharp with a rascal and humbug. It appears that he was not willing at first to accept the place which Grant begged him to accept, and that he long ago was earnest to resign it. It may be imagined how well he liked to have Mr. Whittemore, for instance, or Senator Pomeroy urging on his attention the claims of this or that South Carolina politician, or—perhaps a shade worse—Kansas politician, to a marshalship or district-attorneyship. The President, however, insisted on his remaining, and attempted, as everybody knows, to secure for him a place on the Supreme Bench—a thing which was not to be, as some of the disappointed South Carolinians and Kansans have, no doubt, since meditated with some touch of joy. Since the Senate's revenge, Mr. Hoar has remained with the effect, whether or not with the intention, of showing the Senate that neither the Attorney-General nor the President was to be snubbed into submission; and now he goes out, to the general regret of the country, which by this time knows that, in losing him, the President loses a counsellor who would always have had a word of sense to say on any topic under discussion. That all he did in office was entirely to our mind is more than we would say. Too yielding a softness, and a too easy willingness to take a backward step after having taken a wrong forward one, are not among the late Attorney-General's faults of character; and if he had convinced himself, while at the Massachusetts bar or on the Massachusetts bench, that the Legal-Tender Act was a constitutional act, nothing was to be expected from him, when Judge Chase and the other judges decided that it was unconstitutional, than that he should make a demand to have the question reopened, and then fight to have it determined differently. Still, in peace as in war, "that is best blood which hath most iron in't;" and much is to be excused to the man who has for the first time, in many years of Washington history, given a back-handed blow to many an impudent and arrogant disposer of patronage. He may well be proud of most of the enmity that he won while in office, and may go back contented to Massachusetts to be her most honored citizen.

The Senate is reported to be not over and above pleased with the President's new man for the Attorney-General's chair, whom some of his enemies describe as a "third-rate rebel and a fourth-rate lawyer," and of whom some people, not his enemies but perhaps not much inclined to like his nomination, say that they hope, when he gets into his office, he may have influence enough to get his State into the Union. As to his ability as a lawyer, all that seems to be known about that in Washington is that Mr. Hoar recommended him for the last vacant justiceship in the Supreme Court, and that he is well thought of by the Georgia bar—which would seem to be enough to know. As for his being a third-rate rebel, the fact seems to be that, like half-a-dozen other Georgians who were either Joe Brown Anti-Jefferson-Davisites, or out-and-out Unionists, his legal brother Robert Toombs gave him a nominal position on his home-guard staff and saved him from conscription. It is asserted and not denied that he was a good Unionist before, during, and after the war. In the year 1869 he had cases in a certain town in his section of country, and was obliged to go into court and asked to have them continued, on the ground that he could not be admitted to the only hotel in the place for fear of costing it its patronage. He had been conspicuous as a Republican member of the constitutional convention, and that in those days in Georgia was to accept social ostracism, to say nothing of inviting a shot through a chamber shutter or from behind a tree. He appears to be known to General Grant by his speeches, and, we conjecture, by the character of him given by Mr. Hoar. He is a native of New Hampshire, and is in middle life. By virtue of a law

just signed, he will, if confirmed, be the head of a new Governmental Department, to be called the Department of Law, and to be of equal dignity with the other Departments. Hitherto each Department has had its solicitors and other legal officers, all independent of the Attorney-General, but hereafter the solicitor of the War, State, Navy, Treasury, and Interior Departments will be subservient to the Attorney-General, who by himself or his various assistants will manage every case in which the United States may be concerned, and who annually will report as the Secretaries do to Congress. The sneer in regard to the status of Mr. Akerman's State would seem to be rather harder on certain other people that could be named than on him. Doubtless, it was as well to recognize the fact that the South is once more in the Union, whatever may be the position of Georgia.

No record of the past week would be complete which should pass unnoticed the remarkable meeting at the Cooper Union on Thursday. The appearance of Red Cloud and his companions on the platform of our largest hall, crowded to excess with spectators of both sexes, was a spectacle such as may never be witnessed again so far away from the haunts of the wild Indians. It was comparable to nothing so much as the public recital of a fugitive slave in former years, and the moral effect upon the audience was certainly of the same kind. Red Cloud's presence and words were full of dignity, and he contented himself with repeating what he so constantly declared in Washington—they had been wronged, deceived as to the treaties, furnished with agents who got rich by defrauding them; and he demanded indemnification for the past, and better guaranties for the future. Red Dog spoke with an apt humor, which left no doubt that he was a "human being;" and Dr. Crosby, Dr. Washburn, Dr. Bellows, and Peter Cooper enforced the claims of the Indians in language calculated to confirm the good impression already made. So far as concerns the Indians, we judge the trip to this city to have been well advised; and public opinion was perhaps affected by it more widely and more favorably than we can estimate. No marvel of all that the Indians saw on their way to the East would compare, if they but realized it, with the diffusion given to their speeches by the aid of the telegraph and the press. It will be a peculiar disgrace if Congress alone shall show itself deaf to their just complaints, and bent on continuing the violations of treaty which are at the root of the present disturbances on the border.

When Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, now three months since, wrote to his constituents informing them that he would only accept a renomination on condition that, while awaiting the passage of a Civil Service Bill, he was not to be regarded as a patronage broker, the "men inside politics" wagged their heads and pronounced him a ruined man. The doctrine that office-seeking is the mainspring of American political movements is gospel to a Philadelphia politician, so that even the friends of the Congressman felt some alarm lest this defiance of the gentlemen supposed to control delegate elections and nominating conventions should result in a defeat that would be of bad omen to the cause of reform. That we do not agree with Mr. Kelley in his notions of political economy, nor in some of his other notions, and that, indeed, we have not been among Mr. Kelley's admirers at all, no reader of ours need be told; and yet it is with some satisfaction that we record the fact of his triumphant renomination. No man can have served for eight years in Congress without giving ample cause for personal dissatisfaction on the part of numerous influential constituents, and the very independence which Mr. Kelley has displayed is an earnest that he must have disobliged many men who deem themselves omnipotent in laying wires and "controlling their precincts." When to this was added the indignation naturally aroused by his refusal to be a mere machine for the distribution of Federal "patronage," one can readily understand that the canvass against him must have been long and bitter, as in fact it was. Yet, when the nominating convention met on Wednesday, the 15th, on the first ballot he received 64 votes out of 91; and, among the resolutions unanimously adopted, we observe the following: "*Resolved*, That we fully endorse the positions taken by him in his letter of March 8, 1870, addressed to a large number of his constituents, allowing his name to be submitted for renomination, and, until the passage of a Civil Service Bill by Congress, we recommend him to observe the provisions of the one submitted during this session."

Now the Fourth Congressional District of Pennsylvania comprises the north-western and western suburbs of Philadelphia, containing a large population of those who are regarded by politicians as the blind and unreasoning instruments of party manipulation. If in such a district a man can rise above the petty details of "patronage," if he can boldly bid defiance to all the office-seeking crew, and yet find in the more thoughtful portion of his constituents an efficient and trustworthy support, why cannot Congressmen in the decenter country districts venture to throw off the yoke which keeps them in a fever of apprehension whenever they find themselves unable to gratify the impossible demands of some "manager?" Mr. Kelley will have done some good in his generation if, acting from whatever motives, he shall make it easier for Congressmen to see that a little wholesome independence does not hurt them with the great mass of their constituents. That it would not, we have long been pretty firmly convinced. Is Attorney-General Hoar stronger or weaker before the people for his sending to the right-about certain office-brokers who grace the United States Senate?

The other nominees of the Republican conventions are not of a kind to raise the party in general estimation, or to enable it to contend with advantage with its opponents. We might except the candidate for Congress in the First District, but then his election is hopeless, and the luxury of nominating a good man could be afforded in such a case. Mr. Myers, in the Third District, triumphed over opposition that it was no discredit to encounter. On the whole, there is a good deal of dissatisfaction with the result. The judicial nominations, too, were bad, good men being shelved, and others chosen whose political and even pecuniary antecedents have not been such as to make them ornamental. The same fate attended the scramble for the local offices, the worst men winning, partly, it is said, because the honester members were tired out by the strife and delays of preliminary organization, and could not keep such late hours as the party managers. It has been suggested that the Union League might profitably resume its former activity in political affairs, and at least see that the city offices are filled by respectable men. Others look for a remedy of the existing evil to what is known as the Crawford County system, which involves a direct popular vote for candidates.

We hear a little more from the Charleston *Republican* in relation to the literary capacity of the late Legislature of South Carolina, but it is only to the effect that the editor of that journal has examined the payrolls of the body in question, and has found that no member made his mark, but that all signed their names. Of this there need be little doubt, but we still advise everybody to doubt that a majority of the colored Representatives and Senators of South Carolina can write or read a dozen legible words of ordinary script; and if any one is troubled by the doubt, as some Northern men have been who have applied, we see, to the editor of the *Republican* for information, we recommend him to ask the opinion of Mr. R. Tomlinson, late State Auditor, as to the incorruptibility and intelligence of last winter's Legislature. What his answer would be we can guess, though we know absolutely nothing about it; but, beyond a doubt, it ought to be unreservedly taken by us or anybody else. We have to say here, however, that the Reform Party has met in successful convention at Columbia, and, after speeches from white and colored speakers, has nominated for Governor Judge Carpenter, formerly a Federal General, and for Lieutenant-Governor General Butler, formerly of the Confederate service, and a South Carolinian of the South Carolinians. He is a relative of the Senator Butler who once represented the State in the United States Senate, and was a celebrity in his day. The prospects of the Reform Party seem more favorable than they were, and their platform, which accepts the Fifteenth Amendment and every other result of the war, leaves nothing to

be desired. A thing for Republican leaders to note about this business is the indication it gives that a colored South, solid for a Republican candidate, is not at all sure now, and grows rather less sure with every day.

What the mining interest is to Pennsylvania, the shoemaking business is to Massachusetts; and if the "Crispins" have not yet succeeded in getting laws passed securing them plenty of towels and wash-basins, and granting generally what they demanded by way of personal comfort or protection against their employers, nor in establishing a reign of terror, the reason appears to be rather that they live in Massachusetts than in Pennsylvania. Their trades-union is, nevertheless, very formidable, and practises intimidation and violence as legitimate means of gaining its ends. The pleasant life of a manufacturer in Sheffield has nearly become the prospect of the stubborn shoe-manufacturer. In the town of North Adams, at the western terminus of the Hoosac Tunnel, matters had reached such a pass that a manufacturer, rather than yield to the dictation of the Crispins, sent out to California and engaged seventy-five Chinese laborers to take the places of his strikers; and last week, to the dismay of the latter, the first colony of Asiatics that ever settled in New England arrived, and were safely lodged in the shop of Mr. Calvin Sampson. A large and hostile crowd met them at the depot, hooted them, hustled them somewhat, and threw stones at them, but did no serious mischief. The townspeople, we read, treat the new-comers with perfect respect, and with kindness such as "probably no Chinaman ever received on American soil before." They have, however, been prudently kept within doors for the present, and Mr. Sampson has doubled his guards, and taken other precautions against being blown up or set on fire.

The Chinese, and this especially annoys the Crispins, show the usual quickness of their race in learning the processes of their new business, and already do creditable hand and machine work that promises full success to the experiment. They apply themselves with the same earnestness and aptness to learning the English language, and will presently be objects of interest to the public and Sunday-schools. Their contract gives them twenty-three dollars a month the first year, and twenty-six dollars a month for the next three years; their travelling expenses were paid; they are housed and supplied with heat for cooking; and, if they die, they must, it is said, be sent home to China. The question that now presents itself to the Crispins, and, indeed, to all the other trades-unions in Massachusetts, is what to do to resist this innovation, which threatens to ruin their organization and put them beneath the concern of the capitalist. It will be contrary to experience if their first resort is not to violence and outrage, and their latest conclusion that, while the right to combine for higher or for fixed wages is indisputable and even sacred, the right to hinder any man from working for what he pleases exists only in the minds of the ignorant and brutal. It could have been wished that the labor controversy might have been settled here without involving a conflict of races; but it is not for us to choose which of two inevitable problems should first arise and be disposed of, or whether they should be kept separate. We can only congratulate ourselves that Massachusetts is as good a field as could be selected for either.

Some twenty Philadelphia gentlemen of wealth and deserved weight in the community, have united in a protest to Congress against the continuance of the income tax. They bring the usual and well-founded objections, that it is a tax on industry, thrift, and conscientiousness, and is unequal and unjust in its operation, but they lay stress on three points: that it was essentially a war measure; that by the law which continued it to this time Congress virtually gave a pledge that it should now be abolished; and that the tax is of so doubtful constitutionality as not to be "endured without question in time of peace." In other words, there is a settled purpose to test the law in the courts if it should be re-enacted. We have nothing to say on this last head, but the argument seems to us less strong in the other two particulars. It will be many years before we shall be able to dispense with "war measures," and it is only fair to discriminate among them when seeking to make this or that one odious. The Legal-Tender Act was a war measure, but, constitutionality apart, of a very different kind from the income tax law. In the latter there is nothing immoral, though it may be demoralizing, and on that ground might be abolished. As to the "pledge" of Congress, it consists in that provision of the act which continues it till the incomes of 1869 should be ascertained, "and no longer"—a provision put in to conciliate the popular opinion of the day, which, certainly, so far as it found expression, was adverse to the imposition of the tax, though there was, doubtless, a general alacrity among about thirty-nine millions out of forty millions of the people to see incomes levied upon to any extent that might please Congress. Then, as now, an income of more than a thousand dollars a year was not an encumbrance which more than 275,000 of our citizens labor under, if any faith is to be put in the assessors' books. This "pledge" Congress has, of course, the right to disregard entirely, the doctrine being preposterous that at one session Congress may, by an act made in the most ordinary course of legislation, tie up from exercising, ordinary legislative functions all Congresses or any one. Congress is more near to being practically omnipotent than it is to being so impotent as this doctrine would make it. The matter is different when, speaking by the mouth of Congress, the nation solemnly pledges the national faith to a foreign nation, and is somewhat different when, as in the Missouri Compromise, a generation solemnly ties its own hands in reference to a particular matter. But in neither of these cases is it ordinary legislation that is done.

Italy has lost a man whose death will be felt as deeply, if not as widely, in this country as in his native land, the Senator Gaetano de Castillia. He died at Vimercate, near Milan, on the 12th of May, at the age of seventy-six. Condemned to execution in 1824, for the part he had taken in revolutionary movements two years before, his punishment was commuted on the scaffold to twenty years' imprisonment at the Spielberg, whither Felix Foresti and Silvio Pellico had preceded him, and Count Gonfaloniere, Marquis Pallavicini, Andryane, Borsieri, and others, accompanied him. On the accession of Ferdinand, in 1835, the imprisonment, which had been of frightful severity, was commuted to perpetual exile in America. All whom we have named, excepting Pellico and Pallavicini, were transported to New York in the steerage of an Austrian vessel, towards the end of 1836. Two years later, Castillia was permitted to go to France, and might have returned to Italy had he been willing to enter into obligations to give no further trouble to Austria. He did return subsequently, but untrammelled by concessions, and naturally enough remained under police surveillance until the emancipation of Lombardy, in 1859. When Lombardy became part of the Kingdom of Italy, Castillia was made senator. He survived all his companions in suffering.

A venerable and illustrious man, the Marquis Gino Capponi, wrote thus of Castillia, the morning after his death: "He was one of those few elect spirits whom you could not approach without feeling in your heart a desire to be a better man. By the spontaneous action of his nature, he drew in, as if they were but one simple element, all those lofty sentiments which by their diffusion through the atmosphere of this world make it in some manner breathable; while he conciliated those who stood in apparent hostility to his way of feeling by a never-failing justice to adversaries; and this was the secret by which he made his way to every heart. Of an analytical turn of mind, he made his constant study the illustrating of that right which is above all rights, and which bears the name of moral law. Imbued with the classics in early years, and retaining them faithfully in his memory, he afterwards acquired English and German, but he had a strong preference for English literature, because he thought he found in it superior good sense and moral feeling. He who writes these words has lost one who has been for thirty years a brother and a frequent companion, and he writes them in the knowledge that the life of Castillia was precious to many, and that his death will draw tears from not a few noble souls."

MR. BOUTWELL AND MR. WELLS.

THERE is no one who knows Mr. Boutwell, or is familiar with his course as a public man from the days when he was a Massachusetts country Democrat down to to-day, who does not give him credit for personal integrity. He would no doubt on occasion do a little caucusing that might have a doubtful look, and he would allow more than a little to be done for him; and he would not make difficulties when the man who did it asked to be put into an assessor's office or a custom-house or a consulship; and he would be just as ready to give away places to the man who had served some other member of his party as to give them to men who had served him. Inveterate politician as he is, and that in no high sense of the word, though not in the lowest, he can find it easy to spend the public's money on public servants worth more to himself than to the public; but simple, crass honesty no one, so far as we know, has ever denied that, as a man, he possesses. And this is so well understood that while his getting into Grant's cabinet gave rise to gloomy forebodings in the mind of everybody who knew what was the breadth of his views, and about how much knowledge he has, and how thoroughly he is a politician, and how he would use the thousands of offices in his gift as rewards for all kinds of people with similar "records," his appointment as Secretary, nevertheless, added something to the strength of the public credit, and his course since his appointment has been serviceable in the same way. No one, friend or enemy, has doubted that if the national debt could be speedily paid by a sort of financial brute force, we have a Secretary of the Treasury whose relations to his personal creditors, and whose good intentions, and whose intensity of conviction and confidence in his convictions are such that the country's relations to the national creditors would speedily be of the best sort. Neither Boston, nor Hamburg, nor London, could fail to recognize the long difference between Mr. Boutwell, whether or not he had ever given any profitable study to finance, and an 1867 repudiator.

How little more than this we are likely to get from him has been for some time plain enough, but he has not made it so strikingly evident by any of his previous action as by what he has done in the case of Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells is probably the most useful public servant that the country to-day has. Beyond a doubt, for the next ten years, at least, the most valuable legislator is going to be the Congressman who has the clearest and most thorough knowledge of politico-economical questions; who best sees how the country can most rapidly become richer; and who understands and can show how, to that end, the load of taxation of every description can best be arranged on the public back. Reconstruction we are nearly done with; and we should be much more nearly done with it if the men who have been in Congress for the last twelve months, and have made this session perhaps the most futile session that ever was held in Washington, had had any notion of what it is that the average voter is thinking about most seriously. And whatever may be the opinion of Senators and Representatives who have lost their old subjects of slavery and the rebellion, and have not the knowledge, and have not yet formed the inclination, to adapt themselves to new issues, it is neither the insurrection in Cuba, nor the purchase of San Domingo, nor the regulation of the Mormons, nor the affairs of Roumania, any more than the success of this or that party in Tennessee, that seems to the country to be of vital importance. And that all these are going to seem of less importance before they seem of more, we may be quite sure. It is not on its addresses to Spain nor on its negotiations with Baez that the Republican party is to live for the next few years, but simply on its financial policy. And, as yet, it has none; nor can it be said to have in its ranks any Senator or Representative who has given proof of ability to shape one. Neither House has in it any one with a claim to the title of an expert in finance or any branch of political economy; and whether or not either House has any promising students is more than now appears; but if there are any such, they have need to bestir themselves, for Mr. Boutwell proposes to deprive them of their text-books, and to make their further study a work of immense difficulty. He is understood to intend securing the retirement of Mr. Wells, and the President is said to be at one with him in this remarkable project. The next Congress that legislates on pig-iron is to get its facts in regard to that manufacture, if it shall please Providence that it gets any facts in regard to pig-iron, from the gentlemen who make it. Any information as to the dividends of the New York salt-makers is to come from the books, public or private, as may seem advisable, of the salt-makers themselves. In a word, there are to be no more American statistics, Mr. Boutwell has decided; and when the people are asked to give money to certain persons who plead poverty and demand Government assistance, there is to be no means of discovering how needy they are except the word of the applicants; and each one of these, of course, strenuously maintains of almost every other one that he is a liar and, in effect, a common robber.

Here, it will be seen, is no question of protection or free-trade, and no opportunity for any honest protectionist or free-trader to disagree. It is simply that the facts on which legislation must be based in order to be useful or stable, are to be taken away from the legislator; unless, indeed, he sets himself about acquiring the impartial mind, the power of close observation of innumerable details, and of generalizing upon them philosophically—of making himself over, in short, into a philosophic scientist, and then sets himself, when made over, to acquiring a vast mass of special knowledge, of which he now has nothing, and which Mr. Wells has. The fact would seem to be that the Secretary of the Treasury has a hatred of statistics, or, at best, a disbelief in them, which might be called very curious if it were not so common among the men who have been most influential in the recent history of the country. Mr. Wells, for example, gathers together from all parts of the country, and studies and tabulates, a mass of figures capable, in the hands of an instructed statistician, of showing with accuracy what is to be our next corn crop or our next wheat crop, or cotton or wool crop —a source of information, one would think, which a financial minister might be thankful to have ready to his hand and be able to use in making his scheme of taxation. But Mr. Boutwell is capable not only of declining to use it, but of contradicting its conclusions on the strength of what he himself had observed from a car window when travelling up and down the country. Something like this we have heard of him, and there is nothing incredible in it, incredible as it ought to seem. Men of his kind do not care for figures, nor believe that there is a science of statistics, still less that upon it is based the science of society; and the political training which he has had has done nothing to develop in him anything but a sort of impatient contempt for people who insist on the necessity of scientific legislation. The best part of his training he got among the set of men, many of them able and most of them as honest as himself, who have for ten or twelve years past been navigating so successfully by merely keeping two or three of the great moral headlands in sight, that it is some time since they dropped the compass and quadrant overboard, and became careless, if not sceptical and scornful, as to any other part of seamanship than crowding canvas. And the worse part of his training he got in the school that thinks enough is said when it can say that it has got a majority in the last fall elections, and a very good show—if the proper number of brass-band speeches are made in the rural districts—for carrying the elections next fall.

We do not disguise our belief that it is little less than calamitous that a man so strong in his convictions, so narrow in his views, so uninstructed, and so saturated with the spirit of "practical politics," should have obtained the ascendancy which Mr. Boutwell seems to have attained over the mind of General Grant, or at least should be able to constrain him to choose between retaining the Secretary or sacrificing the Commissioner. It is notorious that Mr. Boutwell dislikes all reform, that he pooh-poohs the notion of a Civil Service Bill, that his department has been manned throughout in the precise spirit of Andrew Jackson's spoils policy. But that he should drive Mr. Wells from office is worse than all the rest; and that Grant should let him do it is something which, for its own sake, the Republican majority would, it seems to us, be only ordinarily prudent to prevent. Nothing, in short, should be left undone which seems likely to retain him. Mr. Wells can afford to go, we may be sure, a great deal better than we can afford to lose him.

THE EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT.

The eight-hour movement is the effort to settle a great *social* contest. The one thing very apparent in it is the profound dissatisfaction of the laboring classes with their present condition—a dissatisfaction entirely apart from the question of what wages men should earn in a special trade—a dissatisfaction entirely novel in the history of labor contests in the United States. It is a dissatisfaction such as, in a greater degree of intensity, has before now convulsed the social fabric of older nations. It is a dissatisfaction which, for the first time in our republic, ranges laboring men as a separate class against the rest of the community. This circumstance alone is sufficient to characterize the movement as an entirely different one from all those that culminate in strikes, or that aim merely at "getting twenty-five per cent. more wages for the same work." If this latter were all that is aimed at, nothing would be easier than to demand it, and in case of failure, to strike with precisely the same prospect of success as the eight-hour enactment offers. No; the men who are leading the eight-hour movement do not complain of the wages they earn in their respective trades. They are satisfied that their employers cannot afford to pay more. They are not struggling, as it were, each with the capitalist that employs him. They are struggling with the whole social organization, with the laws of the entire body politic, under which, by some mysterious process not intelligible to them, their labor no longer commands the same comforts, the same rights, the same influence, the same respect, the same justice that it used to command. They are making a desperate effort to prevent themselves from being pressed down under foot and reduced to the semi-servitude of the pauper labor of Europe. It is a blind rebellion against the fate which seems to threaten them with a worse slavery than that from which they have just freed their colored fellow-citizens.

It must be clear to every one who has attentively followed the development of this movement, that its origin lies in the monstrous inequality in wealth which the last few years have created, and in the equally monstrous inequality in all other things which has flowed from it; and in our Republic, men having not only the right, but the sacred duty, to lay bare each sore on the social body and see to it that the cauter be applied, we are likely to hear a great deal of this matter. In a republic, it will be argued, men must be somewhere near an equality in worldly possessions; there must be no extremes of stupendous wealth and abject poverty, or else the over-rich become ambitious, oppressive, unjust, proud, and the over-poor become envious, discontented, unhappy, desperate. There is no social and political equality, there is no republic, possible where such extremes prevail. The eight-hour movement is giving expression to a thought that has troubled many a thoughtful man of late. Its leaders are struggling to preserve the independence of the laboring classes; they are fighting to save the Republic.

Why, then, if this view of the origin of the struggle is correct, has it taken the strange form of an utterly futile and foolish demand for a legislative shortening of the hours of labor? We think we understand the reason perfectly. The laboring man who works all day from morning till night, all the six days of the week, will be a laboring man all his life. The man who has to work all day six days in the week to earn the necessaries of life, will be a poor man all his life. The man who can earn the necessaries of life by working only five days in the week, and then chooses to work the sixth day likewise, will earn more than he needs, will save the earnings of that day, and will grow rich. The laboring man who works all day from morning till night, all the six days of the week, will be a laboring man all his life, and will be an ignorant man all his life as well. He who can earn the necessaries of life by working eight hours instead of ten, or five days in the week instead of six, has some hours each day, one day each week, to devote to his improvement, to study, to increasing his skill, to learning how others have increased theirs, to invent means for saving his own labor, to improve his tools and to invent new ones. The wonderful progress in wealth, the wonderful spread of intelligence, that has made the career of the United States for ever memorable among nations, is due to the one principal fact, that nowhere in the world where protracted labor is possible would so few hours of labor furnish men with the necessaries of life; nowhere had men such leisure—not for idleness, but leisure for more work, to save and grow rich, to learn and become skilled. The laboring man understands this more thoroughly than the men of any other class in the community. It comes more closely home to him than to any other. He, if any one, feels instinctively that all his savings, all his progress in knowledge and skill, depend almost exclusively upon the number of his leisure hours—the number of hours, that is, which are left to him after earning the necessaries of life. Now, for some reason or other, laboring men throughout the country have for years past had to work more hours to earn the necessaries of life than they had formerly. They find that, after working all day six days in the week, they have barely earned subsistence, have saved nothing, have learned nothing. They know that they have done nothing to forfeit, within their knowledge, the results of their labor. They know that their labor produces as good results as formerly, or better. They feel that they are entitled to the same share in the results as formerly. They believe they are in some way defrauded of their rights. They know that it is not through their own employers directly, and that a strike would not avail. They do not, cannot understand the cause. They only know that the same hours of labor as before do not give them the same amount of the necessaries of life as before—do not give them the same savings, the same leisure, as before. And in their ignorance they claim that they should, therefore, have the necessaries of life for less hours of labor.

The process of reasoning seems simple enough. It is the kind of reasoning that always prevails in popular movements. But it shows very thoroughly how the eight-hour movement has grown naturally out of a conviction (which, indeed, no one denies) that labor in this country no longer commands the same comforts or the same influence that it used to command. We claim nothing for the argument except that it shows how a foolish demand for an utterly futile legislative enactment can be the natural outgrowth of an imperious, impatient, growing, threatening dissatisfaction with a social and political organization that can produce in a few years such "monstrous inequalities" of wealth, power, and justice as may well appall even those who have the courage to scrutinize them closely, as may well tempt less thoughtful, less conscientious people to shut their eyes upon them, to forget them in the whirl of feverish enjoyment or more feverish accumulation of almost fabled wealth.

The argument itself could have claimed our attention but for a moment. The essential *fact* is, that the laboring men of the United States are becoming thoroughly alive to the truth that, by some means which they do not understand, an unjust proportion of the products of their labor goes to swell the earnings of men whose colossal gains, colossal power, colossal unscrupulousness renders their existence dangerous to the welfare of the community; that the laboring men, at least of the New England States, are rapidly and actively organizing in order to control legislation favorable to their views; and that by a process of reasoning which we have just explained, this organization has taken the shape of the eight-hour labor movement.

We would not be understood as exaggerating the present importance of this movement. It will be years yet before the ordinary American will need to give himself immediate trouble about any of the phases of either the social or the economic contest between the capitalist classes and the laboring. That blessed provision of Providence which has entered so largely into so much of our American success—the continent of waste land behind us—is not yet exhausted, though it is going fast; and it is only here in the older States, where we "live closer" than in the West and the Far West, and where we have the largest class of foreordained and inevitable lifelong day-laborers, that the problem appears in threatening shape. In New England itself, where the eight-hour movement is stronger than in any other part of the country, the body of laboring men is not yet permeated to any very great extent by the doctrines Mr. Phillips has laid down for them. In Massachusetts they had, last year, a candidate of their own for the governorship, but he secured only a trifling vote. To be sure, there is to be set against this the fact that the so-called Temperance party cast a vote still smaller, and that nevertheless a very large portion of the Republican party is in favor of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, though, apparently, not in favor of the attempt at enforcing

abstinence by law. Nevertheless, we are yet a long way, speaking of the United States in general, from anything resembling a desperate struggle between the antagonistic classes whose rise we are witnessing. Still, though the evil is not upon us yet, the rise of these opposing forces is portentous, and, if it need not to-day trouble any politicians but the smaller local demagogues, it may well set serious men to serious thinking.

HON. P. L. SLIDER, M.C.

We give him full credit for well-intentioned ambition, persistent energy, and respectable capacity. The questions which afflict us with doubts are, What sufficient reason was there for sending him to Congress? and, What good has he done there? Like some other distinguished, and a vastly greater number of undistinguished, persons, he passed his early years in poverty; and, but for a laudable hankering after knowledge and a singular perseverance in striving to acquire it, he would have passed them in ignorance. So much has been said concerning this part of the Hon. Publius Slider's career, that we feel driven to strew a little of our own diction upon it.

It is not positive what species of light was shed upon his lonely childish studies. Some of his eulogists have contended for pine-knots; it is quite certain that he had no gas nor kerosene; let us compromise on tallow-dips. The point is important; witness the enthusiasm of sound Lincoln Republicans for lightwood; witness the moral glow which old Democrats find in coals of hickory. But Mr. Slider himself, never having claimed the halo of ignited turpentine in the natural stick, we will not insist for him upon that flaring distinction. One thing is sure: he was second clerk in a country grocery store; calumny cannot rob him of that title to the people's confidence. A further demonstration of his early promise exists in the fact that he slept on the counter, with no extra covering in cold weather but a horse-blanket. What would not his standard-bearers have given for that square of scarlet woollen during the late election? Carried at the head of a procession, it would have doubled his majority. A man who, at the age of twelve, slept under a horse-blanket, must surely be capable, at forty-eight, of presiding over the finance committee and giving sage counsel as to our foreign relations, however many proofs he may have furnished to the contrary. No one would question this inference except those equally cunning and imbecile miscreants, unquestionably copperheads at heart, who in 1863 asserted that the fact that Andrew Johnson had been taught to read by his wife did not entitle him to "every office within the gift of the American people." Draped in his horse-blanket and illuminated by his tallow-dip, young Slider studied English grammar and practised "writing compositions." There is no doubt that he possessed linguistic and other faculties which would have made him an excellent schoolmaster; for, amid the intellectual leanness of an average country town, he collected a small library of foreign books, and, as rumor phrases it, "mastered various languages." Indeed, his fame as a polyglot scholar is high, except among the peoples who speak the tongues which he is reputed to know. Barring the succulence derivable from these tales of romantic research, the record of Mr. Slider's earlier manhood is as dry as sawdust can make it. Quitting his clerkship, he became a journeyman carpenter, then a master carpenter, then a builder. Here—at a point which we now see to have been critical—his business promotion was checked by his good angel, in the guise of the Know-Nothing agitation. Had he once called himself an architect, he would have remained in merited oblivion; but being still a carpenter, still a worker with his hands, he was fit to represent the masses; that is, he was capable of guiding the nation in morals and finance, in peace and war.

We must not forget another petard which helped to hoist him. He had acquired a vehement knack at public speaking, unless, indeed, the faculty must be classed among his intuitions. This gift prospered; at first he was described as a "tonguey man;" then as "that promising stump orator, the Skokorat carpenter;" then as "that truly eloquent champion of the right, Mr. Publius Lyman Slider." For the matter of his "efforts" he drew upon the newspapers, which up to that time had been his only political reading. For the manner, he formed himself upon collections of Irish oratory and reminiscences of once notorious Whig and Locofoco stumpers. Matter and manner suited his auditors; they had read the first, and knew it was sound; they could hear the last, and it made them "holler."

A carpenter who could spout a college man out of sight, and who had in his youth slept under the reddest of horse-blankets, must of course be sent to Congress, or monarchists might repeat their sneer about the ingratitude of republics. Notwithstanding the murmurs of a few old fogies, who deemed that some knowledge of tariffs and international law was necessary to a legislator, Mr. Slider received a regular nomination and triumphantly led his ticket into the House of Representatives. What might well confound and alarm the despots of Europe is that the Republic survived the shock. What is more, the miracle continues; Mr. Slider is still there, and we still exist. He entered public life with three guiding ideas: first, to stand by his party; second, to do something for workingmen; third, to advance his own interests. Not another notion, not a theory with regard to trade or finance, not a trustworthy hypothesis as to the difference between a national bank and a sub-treasury, not a suspicion that there could be such things as natural laws of commerce and exchange, trammelled the infantile grace and simplicity of this aboriginal statesman. To see him lying down in the Capitol among these pythonian questions, reminds one of the cradled Hercules among the serpents, although we are obliged to admit that the parallel is more flattering to our countryman than to the demigod. This concession, however, is not made by the admirers of "the learned carpenter," who assert that, if he could have had his way, he would have strangled his serpents as well as another; from which we may infer that trade, finance, etc., were lucky in coming off as well as they did. It may be added that no radical change has taken place in Mr. Slider's views, except that his third guiding idea (to look out for himself) has become his first. Even his enemies must concede that, although like necessity he knows no law, he still puts an unwavering trust in statutes of Congress, at least in regard to their action upon other people. He maintains that the Legal Tender Act makes a seventy-cent greenback worth one hundred cents, while at the same time he votes to increase his own salary on the ground of a depreciated currency. He holds that a bill fixing eight hours as a day's work will cause eight hours to pass for ten hours with capitalists and employers, providing it is not a question of sawing at his own woodpile. It has not yet occurred to him to propose a law to the effect that forty minutes shall constitute an hour, and twenty days a month. When he comes to this, what alterations will be required in the calendar, not to mention confusions in the national industry! Perhaps we should have had fewer measures from him had he known that his discoveries, in truth, are the exploded bubbles of a hoary antiquity. A study into the decline of the Turkish piastre from a dollar to five cents, might have taught him that legal-tender firmans cannot make a nominal value pass for a real one. Familiarity with the history of French assignats and of our Continental currency might have led him to suspect that a redundancy of paper-money naturally converts coin from a circulating medium into a commodity, and so renders it as much an object of speculation as any other merchandise. We should have been spared a statute or two against the buying of gold for what it was worth. We should have missed other financial intuitions, and managed our affairs none the worse for it. No fancying what sort of code we might now be under had Mr. Slider been able to carry out all his successive views. Following his more and more enlightened guidance, we might have passed through a varied course of legislation, ranging from the barbarous to the semi-civilized. For the growth of the individual seems to resemble that of society; and the "learned carpenter" was marvellously conducted through the political dogmas of many ages, beginning with the wisdom of naked cannibals and coming down to the ideas current under the Tudors. For instance, he founded his defence of certain prohibitory duties on the sumptuary laws and customs exactions of Henry the Seventh. In short, he has been progressive, and will some day reach the nineteenth century, providing his life is spared another hundred or so of years.

Fortunately, Congress has many intuitive statesmen, and their vagaries have a blessed tendency to neutralize each other. Thus, the self-taught Slider, cherishing the welfare of carpenters, proposes a diminution of duties on Canadian lumber; whereupon the self-taught jumper, devoted to his Penobscot raft-builders, urges that said duties be increased; the happy result being an unruffled tranquillity in the tariff. It is the realization of the dream of a phalansterian philosopher, who held that, if a hundred babies were put in one nursery, they would squall each other into silence. There has been one remarkable movement in Mr. Slider's mind. By the end of his first term he appears to have been attacked by a suspicion that some knowledge of the past would not injuriously adulterate his intuitions. He decided to begin at the beginning; mounted upon Rollin, or some similarly-tried steed, he rode back to the dawn of history, and, as might be expected, he presently fell in with the Greeks and Romans. A studious, persevering man, capable of much misdirected effort, he soon gave a new character to his oratory. It became less like the editorials of

a partisan country paper, and more like the erudite passages of the authoress of "Beulah." It shone with the lore and the poesy which can be gleaned from the Congressional Library. He rarely mentioned Washington without making it clear that he had read of Camillus and Fabius Maximus. Debating a bygone tariff, he exhumed the fact that "the mariners of Tyre traded for tin with the tattooed savages of Albion." Denouncing the invasion of Kansas by Missourians, he tore an entire branch from the tree of classic eloquence, and described that much-suffering territory as "deflowered." Eulogizing the memory of "murdered Lovejoy" and "martyred John Brown," he parodied the outburst of Demosthenes concerning the dead of Salamis and Marathon. "By those who fell on Bunker Hill and those who conquered at Saratoga!" cried the deeply affected orator. Such like, thus far, has been the fruit of his researches. It is, nevertheless, a pity that he has only heard of Bastiat, and that he is unfamiliar with Mill's "Political Economy." Some friend should have informed him that these and similar authors would be not less useful to him in the Ways and Means Committee than Plutarch and Smith's Classical Dictionary. For lack of such an adviser, Mr. Slider has continued to plaster the maxims of a patrician and martial antiquity over the needs of a democratic and commercial present, soldering up the chinks in his logic with such tinsel as may be scraped from antique rhetoric. Result: glory, rather than power. Mr. Slider carried no more measures than before; but he became noted among his brother legislators as a "pundit." If he could not prevent the purchase of Alaska, he could show two *Globe* columns of extracts from hitherto unknown travellers, to the effect that said Territory produces trees and does not produce cereals. If he could not confiscate half the Southern States, he could bring to light the fact that Brutus put his own sons to death. Nothing found a chance to happen in our politics, but he produced a parallel case from the "archives of history." Supported by Plutarch and flanked by Merivale and Grote, he ransacked Latin and Hellenic themes as Alaric and Attila ravaged Latin and Hellenic lands. In standard editorial phrase, he exhausted antiquity.

We must not forget his style. He has a fine ear, of extraordinary length, for the music of periods. A friend of his, well known as "a scholarly man," assures us that some of Slider's sentences sound exactly as if they were translated from Isocrates. We will not quote the famous essay which he read this session on the Fenian imbroglio, lest we should weary readers who do not enjoy Melmoth's version of Cicero. We admit the factious charge that he is a copyist, without feeling bound to alter our estimate of his merits. His plagiarism is statuesque; in two points it rivals the antique: it is nude and it is cold. The resemblance only fails when we come to the classic characteristic of simplicity. Mr. Slider is ornate; you could not fairly demand so much metaphor from a carpenter; you would be tempted at first hearing to set him down for a college-man; you would add that he must have graduated a sophomore. Now and then our representative is surprised that he makes so little sensation. He observes the dusts of fame which follow the party war-horses, and resolves to outprance them on their own prairies. We listen; we rush for shelter; at last the stampede passes. We hear of a proposition to imprison a Dutchman in America every time that a Dutchman, who has crossed the Atlantic twice, is conscripted in Germany. We hear of this on Monday, and on Tuesday we have ceased to hear of it. Perhaps it is Mr. Slider's culture which disables him from outprancing and outsnorting the war-horses; if so, we wish that the same harness, tag and tinsel as it is, might be buckled upon those hitherto unbroken and terrifying stallions. Incited by his familiarity with the most martial nations of ancient times, our hero threw himself personally into the late war, volunteering as a major-general. His fortune reminds us of Terentius Varro; he was soundly beaten, and returned home in safety. Moreover, he did not despair of the Republic, believing probably that, if it could withstand intuitive statesmanship, it would not be ruined by intuitive generalship. The main difference between the Roman and the American lies in the fact that no admiring Senate went out to greet the latter. The responsibility of this oversight must not be laid upon General Slider, who would have been charmed to receive and address the conscript fathers.

The intuitive statesman has had his assailants. Did they attack him because he blundered in finance, because he wanted to risk foreign complications for the sake of the Fenian vote, because he exposed his stark ignorance of international law in handling the Cuban question? No; the lecturers and editors who caught him on the hip cared naught for these things; they were accustomed to act from a moral stand-point; they blackened his private character. He was charged with getting half-seas over at a picnic; and the Thoughtful Teetotaller was exhorted to make an example of him. How did he meet this adroit political thrust? By proving that he had supported the Fifteenth Amendment, and that his brother's barn had been burned by the Ku-Klux. Yet the Hon. Publius L. Slider is not to be entirely despised. We admit, with a doubtful flicker of gratitude, that he is a phenomenon of growing culture. In a republic of savages, and perhaps in a republic of backwoodsmen, he would be impossible. He may be said to hold the same position in our political life that the *Tom-Tom* does in our literary life. He paves the way for something better. Nevertheless, we cannot exhort the pupils of our common schools to take him for a model. He drives us to question the whole venerable theory of intuitions, and to suspect that the metaphysicians who found their systems on it build upon the sand. We broadly and stubbornly deny that immediate cognitions can produce statesmanship or anything else practically valuable. Our utmost concession is that a man may be an ass by intuition.

FRANCE.

PARIS, June 3, 1870.

THAT not one foot of his original standing has been preserved by Émile Ollivier is, unfortunately, too true. From the moment when he began to abandon all the principles to uphold which he ostensibly came into office, he has pursued a perpetually downward course, and is now neither loved, esteemed, nor feared. Émile de Girardin spoke but the bare truth when he said, the other day, in the *Liberté*, "It is certain that the Keeper of the Seals finds means every day to afflict his friends and make his enemies rejoice." Ollivier's friends (and he had some really attached ones) are in positive dismay, and, with fallen crests, admit that his failure is owing to the most inexplicable and most unforeseen of causes—to the species of madness, or rather imbecility, that apparent success produces sometimes on vain, vulgar natures. The disappointment is a severe one, for Ollivier's friends, who knew that he was vain, would never consent to admit that he was "vulgar," but, on the contrary, declared that the essence of his character was elevation. It is quite certain that, for being credited with this quality, Ollivier was elected one of the "Forty" of the Académie Française, and it is equally certain that, were the election to have taken place *after* instead of before the *plébiscite*, he would not, as I observed in my last, have counted perhaps one vote.

What is now believed by the wise and the initiated is that Émile Ollivier has served his time, and that the Emperor will let him slip down from his honors at the first opportunity, putting in his place a Picard ministry. The object of this is supposed to be simply a plausible way of coming round to M. Rouher. When this colorless, neither-flesh-nor-fowl Cabinet has become quite used up, and has proved its abortiveness, the Emperor will seem to give in spontaneously to the wishes of the Liberal party, and call the men of the moderate Left Centre into power. They will last a certain time also, as their predecessors have done, and then, after he has appeared to grant every imaginable satisfaction to the force of public opinion, Louis Napoleon, in honest regret (!) at the little success he has achieved, will turn round, and represent himself as obliged, for the sake of order, liberty (!), and the prosperity of the country, to resort to what was the original form of the Empire—to personal government, pure and simple, administered by the clever hands of M. Rouher.

That this will be the course of events, there is, I fancy, small doubt; but there will also be a degree of opposition, various in its nature and its sources, for which mere personal autocracy is, perhaps, even now, not altogether prepared. As I observed to you in my last, the fusion of all classes and opinions is an accomplished fact, and will not again cease to be. Orleanists, Republicans, Monarchists of all shades, meet and discuss together, and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, put in common their distaste to the existing régime rather than their approval of it. This is a gain to the nation that will nevermore be lost, and its results are incalculable. This fusion was the very first consequence of the advent to power of the Ministry of the 2d of January, and it was as unlooked for as it was complete and sudden. At the first reception of the *Garde des Sceaux*, the entire army of what is termed "all Paris" thronged the saloons of the new Minister. On the landing-place leading into the first drawing-room, I think I can even now see, as I saw then, M. de Rémusat holding with one hand the arm of a Legitimist and ex-deputy (who had once been his colleague), and with the other hand holding his own sides, for he was absolutely bursting with laughter. His companion tried to get away from his grasp, for the bystanders noted them curiously, but the witty son-in-law of Lafayette would not be eluded: "Look there! look there! *mon cher ami!*" whispered he, pointing to two men who stood in the entrance

between the first and second saloons—"Look there!" and there, where he pointed, stood shaking hands effusively and bowing low to each other—who? Why, M. Guizot and M. de Persigny! "And why not, *après tout?*" rejoined M. de Rémusat, when he had somewhat recovered from his fit of hilarity—"why not? the world is a comedy; but *such* a Carnival of Venice as you and I are witnessing at this hour we shall probably never see again."

Well, Louis Philippe's ex-minister was right. It was a carnival; but the people who have gone mumming and masking together will not now fall out again and refuse to meet. They will fight, and I should say there is many a hard fight in store for them; but they will come down together into the same arena, and (what is popularly termed) "have it out." If you need a further proof of the degree to which "fusion" of every sort and kind has gone, you need only open the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (of the 1st of June). You will find a long and very remarkable article, signed A. Cochin, upon the vexed question of the municipal regulations of capital towns, such as Paris, London, Vienna, etc. It is quite evident to all who know the classifications of opinions and parties in France that, up to the end of last year, M. Cochin would have had no chance of being admitted to the dogmatical, doctrinal, dictatorial *Revue*, for the simple reason that M. Cochin was one of the founders and chief contributors to the *Correspondant*, the so-called "Catholic" organ, whose principles were in every respect distasteful to the *Revue*. But many events have occurred to unite those who hitherto kept asunder. Rome has made itself hateful to such a large body of the enlightened Catholics of France, that it is a question now whether the writers of the *Revue* are more hostile than the writers of the *Correspondant*. In the lecture he gave upon the life of M. de Montalembert, M. Cochin publicly declared such sympathy and such determined admiration for the man who had just accused Rome of "idolatry," that it became the duty of every free, independent Frenchman to regard M. Cochin as a fellow-thinker and worker. This bringing together, however, of men in the two opposite camps of the so-called "Clericals" and the "Philosophers" is one of the greatest signs of the times that has been seen in France for the last twenty years.

In politics you have now *all* shades of *Liberals*—Democrats, Radicals, Royalists, Conservatives, Monarchists, Republicans—all, except the infinitely small number of "Irreconcilables," leagued together against personal government, or anything in the shape of despotism; in religion, you have all manner of *Christians* drawn into one common group, from High Churchmen (whether Catholic or Protestant) down to "Spiritualists," in order to resist the encroachments of the Papacy. The same movement is also becoming evident in two other strongholds of tradition in France—in art, namely, and dress. The attacks of "the Revolution" are tremendous on both, and the walls of these Jerichos are tottering. Fifteen years—nay, ten years—ago, a woman dressed according to rule—a rule as inexorable as Persian or Median laws. "Such a thing is not done," "Such a thing is not worn"—that was the form of the anathema—and those only who have become "one" of the Paris world can know how meekly, how unsuspectingly of revolt, all heads were bowed before the dread decree. But now, forsooth, there is no anomaly, no monstrosity, that is not permitted, or, even more, applauded, acclaimed. A parrot, with outspread wings and beak bent down over the wearer's nose, surmounting a bonnet of scarlet crape, would be merely looked upon as an "*idea*" of happy audacity; and the insertion of a beetle, or a frog, or (who knows?) a fish between the black fangs of the beak would be probably the "improvement" which some imitator of the first wearer would adopt. Sobriety was the distinguishing mark of good dressing in France; and, as in countries where honesty has been the associate of political stupidity, and rascality gets to be thought a synonym for ability, so sobriety is knocked on the head as *rococo* and *embêtant* (that is *the* word!), and whatever is noisiest in attire is held as a sure evidence of emancipation, therefore of progress.

In art, too, it is certain that France, with her curious imitation of the ancients, her "unities" and "traditions," has provoked a reaction, but the reaction is a purely Revolutionary one—namely, violent, destructive—and not in any way progressive or reconstructive. At the Exhibition of Modern Painters (or "Salon," as it is termed here), there are absolutely hundred of pictures which bear testimony to the truth of what I state. But one will suffice, for it could only exist in a country where to overthrow all rule had become a virtue. I allude to the "Salomé" of M. Regnault. If it were the mere proof of a wager won, this extraordinary picture would certainly have a meaning, for it does prove that a man with command enough of brush can do just what he likes; that he can throw an orange drapery over a yellow background, and fling a straw-colored sunlight over a figure of pale, golden-tinted flesh—all these colors, which have the horrible defect of "breeding in-and-in," may be thrust into villanous juxtaposition, and yet the picture be that of a painter. But, after all, when it is achieved, what is the achievement worth? It is a wager won—nothing more. The achievement itself is valueless, for it belongs to the school of pure disorder, of decomposition, which is the true and real Revolutionary school. M. Regnault in all this represents what, in another sphere, is represented by Rochefort, Flourens, and others, an outcry and a bustle—disorder, in a word.

Émile Ollivier has allowed himself to be reduced to the narrow, foolish, obstructive part played in French art by the derided old "classics" of modern times; but where are we to look, in either politics or art, for the masters—for those who create out of their own deep, innate sense of the beautiful, the grand, and the true—and who, satisfied to reflect the genuine characters of their own age, need to counterfeit none, but are and impress themselves upon the mind of the world? As yet, there is no sign of such in France, unless, indeed, it may be Gambetta.

THE ITALIAN PROBLEM.

FLORENCE, June 1, 1870.

POLITICAL geography and mental geography have, so to speak, different maps. The well-known boundary lines of the former disappear partly in the latter, and are replaced by a multitude of what might be called isonoëtic lines, which sometimes sweep boldly across the area of civilization, but more frequently form small eddies round local centres representing a community of mental habits induced by provincial isolation. To trace them all, to fix their centres, and to measure their curvature in a country like Italy, would, indeed, be an ambitious undertaking. But some of the larger ones are easily pointed out, and we shall see that, notwithstanding the apparent seclusion and dissimilarity of these eddies, they are connected and encompassed by some less tortuous lines, remarkable alike for their paucity and their distinctness.

Those who have known Italy only since '59 can form but a faint idea of the seclusion in which her disjointed provinces were forced to live. In the southern and eastern parts especially, the stagnation was almost complete. Only few carriage-roads traversed the country, and the great high-roads which connected the capitals were studded with trammels and obstacles. A journey from Rome to Naples was a kind of hurdle-race. Although only one political frontier had to be crossed, the traveller had to show his passport six times, and was liable to open his trunk five times before he reached the sunny Chiatamone. Foreigners did not mind this much. It was a matter of money and of time, at most of temper, which were all freely spent on the road; but a tempting mirage beckoned them on, and none but the tasteless were ever disappointed.

But it was different with the unfortunate natives. Their passports were something worse than blackmail schedules. Few had a good political conscience, and many had to tremble or to grow pale when the *sbirro* demanded his passport and impudently conned his features. Very often passports were not granted at all, or were granted only with the injunction to the petitioner never to come back again. This last contrivance was a Roman specialty, the Papal authorities being, thanks to the confessional, in a condition to know where the family ties were strong enough to secure the deterring effect of such an injunction.

The consequence of all this was that almost every Italian died near his cradle. Had the postal arrangements been tolerable, the home-bound Italian might have found means to communicate with his distant brethren without the trouble and expense of a journey. But even letters were expensive—just expensive enough to prevent a poor and parsimonious people from getting, or even thinking of getting, into the habit of epistolary conversation. Nor were seals respected. Letters were frequently opened, and then either confiscated or coolly sent to the addresses without an apology or the smallest attempt at repair. Newspapers were few, and hardly worth reading. Italian literature had reached its lowest ebb, and the few authors that managed to pass the ordeal of the *censura*, or who, in the pangs of their hunger, had prefaced their works with some *splendide mendax* dedication to some prince, minister, or cardinal, had nevertheless to starve among the unsold copies of their books, printed at their own expense and risk, and covering the brick floor of their cheerless studies. "What can we do," once said a professor of the Roman university to me, who longed to discuss some long-cherished ideas of his—"what can we do to keep pace with the outer world? We cannot get at it, nor

can it reach us. We can neither afford travelling nor buying foreign books and periodicals, not to speak of the dangers we incur in getting them through the custom-house and the censor's bureau." Mr. Gladstone once called the Neapolitan Government the negation of God. He did so after having visited the Neapolitan prisons. But he need not have gone so far to find that negation. The whole of Italy was a dungeon, and an exquisite godlessness ruled and reigned supreme throughout the land.

As long as Italy lay spellbound under this nightmare, each locality had to raise its own crops and then eat its own crops—metaphorically as well as physically. Men of talent and men of genius were born as often, probably, as at any other time of Italian history. But they grew up and thought, nay, even wrote and taught, without knowing each other. Seclusion created individualism, and individualism enhanced, in its turn, this mental isolation. It was a vicious circle, in which each link was guilty; but the principal guilt rested with the rulers and their willing tools. No wonder if localism continued to show itself in everything. Each village had its own costume. The Albano girl could not take a two miles' walk to Genzano without making herself conspicuous as a stranger. A borough is still called *un paese*, "a country." And who has not heard of the municipal sentiment of Italy? It has become proverbial as forming the characteristic feature of Italian history, the source of many woes and many glories. But it may not be equally known that even Italian philosophy partakes of this character. In other countries one thinker criticises and utilizes the other. One builds, and the other unbuilds or adds to the structure, as the case may be. At all events, one knows and influences the other. Systems and schools grow up, and the history of such growth becomes part of the national history. Not so in Italy. The three or four philosophers which modern Italy—the Italy of the nineteenth century—can boast of, have only two things in common: they all write Italian, and they all are political prophets and paracletes whose doctrines are consoling, hope-inspiring, and elevating. But no other country could have produced three contemporary and almost coëtaneous philosophers of such perfect originality as distinguishes Rosmini, Gioberti, and Mamiani. As thinkers, they were strangers not only to each other, but to the whole transalpine world. There is no evolutionary relation between them, and whatever their central or (so to speak) subterranean connection may have been, they appear on the surface as three distinct and isolated upheavals rendered possible by a sudden decrease of tyrannical pressure.

A short visit to Italy, provided it implies something more than hackneyed sight-seeing, must convince any impartial foreigner that the Italians are a highly-gifted people of great intellectual quickness. Those who judge them by their history, their literature and art, are generally inclined to give them credit also for great versatility of mind. And even this must be (partly at least) admitted, though on closer inspection it will be found that this versatility belongs to the abstract Italian rather than to the concrete individual Italian. That is to say, Italian culture, taken as a whole, appears, and is, many-sided and cyclopædic; but on examining its topographic components *seriatim*, one meets with little more than specialties. In fact, one is rather struck with this division of mental labor and distribution of mental wealth than with anything that could be called universality of culture. The sum total of mental endowment, measured by intensity, may be the same, or nearly the same, in the different parts of Italy, but the quality of faculties varies very considerably.

Considering the isolation in which the Italian states have been kept for the last two centuries, this need not surprise us. But, while admitting that these differences have been artificially enhanced by political segregation and tyrannical pressure, we cannot deny that they are partly (and certainly primarily) due to pre-existing differences of race. Long before the Italians had forged their own chains, the love of autonomy was far greater in them than the love of union, the local spirit far stronger than the national spirit. The neighbor was more feared and more hated than the foreigner. Each town was a stronghold, each city a citadel, the whole a chaotic mass of political atoms repelling or absorbing each other, and swayed by the crudest dynamics. This led, no doubt, to the formation of larger and more complex political bodies. But the centralizing process which began only after the fall of the Hohenstaufen was but a slow one, and soon came to a stand-still—at least as far as the general outlines of territorial segregation or aggregation are concerned. The map of Italy remained party-colored. The Congress of Vienna found it so, and its statesmen, who revelled in ethnographic confusion, have done their best to perpetuate this state of things.

Fifty-five years ago, Genoa was still capital of the Ligurian Republic. Seventy-three years ago Doges ruled at Venice. And even such of "the hundred cities of Italy" as had long lost their autonomy and centreship still gloried in their pompous yet terse and expressive surnames, which reminded them either of their former greatness or, at least, of some well-marked trait of their fading individuality. *Genova la superba* is still proud of her old "pride." And even *Pisa la morta* and *Bologna la grassa* see nothing derogatory to their dignity in these less complimentary epithets. Many of these municipal types are still recognizable in the people, especially among the uneducated classes. The Neapolitan, the Milanese, and the Genoese—or, let us say, the Venetian, the Modenese, and the Roman—are three types probably more widely different from each other, both physically and mentally, than any three specimens of Frenchmen. It would not be impossible to sketch these various types, and it might even be interesting, historically as well as psychologically, to use their graphic outlines as guides to a juster interpretation of historical antecedents and to a keener appreciation of ethnographic and topographic influences. That, however, is out of the question here. Only the most important and most conspicuous of these distinctions can be considered within the limits of this article.

American readers need not be reminded of the wide gulf that separates, almost in every country, the southerner from the northerner. You have, in addition, the west-easterly antithesis. And, in a measure, even Italy, elongated though she is, exhibits a double dualism. The Apennines make up for a want of width. Thus, we have a north and a south, a centre, and a transapennine region; in other words, we have the Piedmontese, the Tuscan, the Neapolitan type; and to the north-east of the Apennine, the Lombard and the Romagnole.

Of all the citizens of the new Italian kingdom the Piedmontese are the least Italian. They have played an important part in the Italian revolution, and their influence must long continue to be great throughout the Peninsula; but the Italian type, such as it remains impressed on the tourist's mind, or such as it manifests itself in Italian art and literature, has but a faint resemblance to that type of which *Gianduja* is a clever and good-natured caricature. No doubt, the existence of this caricature is in itself an eminently Italian trait. It shows that Turin could enter not only into the municipal feeling like any other Italian city, but also into that humoristic and genial spirit which tempered and corrected the exclusive sentiment—a spirit which seems to have animated, more or less, all the centres of Italian civilization which were large enough and refined enough for the growth of humor and self-irony (as the Germans say). Thus, Naples had her Pulcinello, Rome its Pasquino, Florence her Stenterello, Milan her Meneghino. It is probable that serious, sober-minded Turin would never have spontaneously produced such a creature as Gianduja had she not been provoked by the constant jokes of her grinning neighbor Meneghino. At all events, the two are now on excellent terms, and, in the course of this year's carnival, went so far as to exchange visits, when they were solemnly received by the town authorities and fêted and serenaded by the people.

But it is not often that the sturdy Piedmontese indulges in such jokes. He is an earnest, hard-working man, a practical engineer, a skilful manufacturer, a brave and hardy soldier, a conscientious, though red-tapish official. He likes discipline and order, and almost loves his king. Loyalty, with him, is not a mere principle, but a sentiment—an undemonstrative, old-fashioned sentiment. His kinsman and neighbor on the Ligurian coast is more of a republican, and is intellectually superior to his subalpine neighbor. He is not much of a soldier; but he is probably the most determined shipbuilder and navigator on the Mediterranean. The whole coast between Genoa and Savona seems but one large shipbuilding yard intersected by rocky headlands. Genoa is the only port for Italian emigration. When Ancona was but a station for the Austrian Lloyd steamers, and when Naples could boast of little more than fishing-smacks and orange-laden coasters, Genoa had established a regular steamboat communication not only with many Mediterranean ports, but with Buenos Ayres, Rio, and with the United States. No wonder that Columbus was a Genoese. Both the Piedmontese and the Ligurians are manly people; not very affable, perhaps, nor needlessly polite, but, on the whole, ready to oblige and loth to lie. Success and prosperity have been their reward. Their superiority to other Italians is, however, a purely moral one. Their contributions to science and to art have been but few, and appear insignificant when compared with the achievements of their southern and eastern neighbors. They are a nation of soldiers and of sailors, of manufacturers and of officials. And, like sensible men, they have made the most of their talents.

It is only when you cross the rapid stream of the Magra, a little to the

east of Spezia, where you take leave of the quaint pink façades and the four-storied country-houses, and where the sombre-looking slate ridges of the Riviera are replaced by the glittering marble peaks of Carrara and Serravezza; it is only then and there that you feel yourself reminded by your surroundings of that proverbial and ideal Italy with which we are all familiar, and which, rightly or wrongly, the world has learnt to love and to pet. There the wily, chatty Tuscan meets you; a smaller, livelier, less muscular man than his well-fed neighbor. He is courteous, yet staring and inquisitive, free and easy, yet cautious. He scorns provincialism of manners and of dialect, and thinks his own vernacular perfect though it is not. There is a cockney look about him, and you cannot associate with him for any length of time without becoming aware that he takes a greater interest in personal and worldly matters than in generalities and abstract principles. The professional statistics and university rolls of Tuscany show a remarkable predilection for the study and practice of law, and I would almost venture to say, though the assertion seems bold, that there are more *avvocati* or lawyers in Florence than privy counsellors in Berlin. And those who have a more literary or academical turn of mind are likely to devote themselves to the study of history rather than to any other study. The gossiping and intriguing disposition, induced by an immoderate interest in personal affairs, has of late found a wholesome vent in political and parliamentary life, on which it wreaks its *materia peccans*, and which, it may be hoped, will in due time react on it as a corrective, though, for the time being, it is itself lowered and degraded by it. After all, politics and history are closely related in their subject-matter. If, formerly, the Tuscans devoted their leisure to the compilation of big volumes of historical lore, they now write newspaper articles and political pamphlets, which absorb almost the whole of their literary powers and energies.

But the Tuscans are not only fond of history and proud of their own past; they love the very forms and methods and the phraseology of history. They like old deeds and dusty parchments, and the mouldy odor of archives. They have a keen appreciation both of the historic and juridic value of a title-deed or an inscription. They are masters in diplomatics as well as in diplomacy. Guicciardini, as far as we know him by his writings, his career, and the estimate formed of him by Charles V., is probably a more perfect prototype of a Tuscan than even Macchiavelli, arch-Tuscan though he is. The language, too, is, perhaps, of all the living languages, the most *lapidar*, if I may use such a term. It fits the marble as well as the parchment. To draw up bonds, deeds, and contracts, or to adorn tombstones and other memorial tablets with choicely-written, terse, yet pompous inscriptions, is a source of real happiness to the Tuscan, and the prospect of the epitaph would in many cases console him for the loss of a friend or relation. Both the lapidar and the curial styles are of Italian growth. It cannot be a mere chance, therefore, that the Italian language has reached its highest degree of perfection and of purity in that part of the peninsula where the genius of the people came nearest to the genius of the Latin language, of which the mediæval *volgare* was but a modification.

Mr. Emerson has said that history is biography. That, at least, is one of the possible aspects of history. It is unquestionably the commonest. Schoolmasters know that, on the whole, girls show greater aptitude and love for history than boys. History being generally taught as a complex of biographic sketches, and biography being something essentially personal, this predilection may be easily accounted for. And this circumstance may also explain the charms which the intricacies of mediæval history and the gossip of memoir literature have for the Tuscan mind. But Mr. Emerson must admit that there is another possible way of viewing and treating the history of mankind. Enquiring minds take an interest not only in the actors and their actions, but also in the feelings and aspirations which moved the actors and prompted the actions; nay, even in the resulting ideas and in their successive stages of evolution. Ethics, culture, and civilization have had, and will have, their own historians and their own histories, whose pages need not be crammed with many names or dates or anecdotes. Science goes about snuffling for laws everywhere, even in history, and cannot be kicked out of it. There is such a thing as philosophy of history, and the first man who ever thought of or attempted to treat this subject was a Neapolitan, Vico. This is not a mere accident. It is only one of the numerous facts which show that the Neapolitan mind is a speculative mind. That southerners are more imaginative than northerners is generally admitted. But that this greater imaginativeness can spontaneously assume the shape of philosophic speculation may seem strange and puzzling. Yet the Neapolitan and Sicilian literatures show clearly that it is so. The speculations of these southern philosophers may be rash sometimes, but they are far less so than positivists would like to make out, and they are certainly never dreaming or mystical. Nor must it be supposed that it is only speculation and deductive reasoning *à priori* which thrives in *Magna Græcia*. The Neapolitan mind likes inductive generalization, too, and might be successful in it if the Neapolitan had the necessary patience or perseverance for obtaining a sufficiency of data. But here he is apt to fail, being singularly averse to the tantalizing process of observing, sifting, and registering dry facts. Giordano Bruno is remarkable both for his speculations and for his Lullian art. But the latter is nothing but a piece of mental gymnastics. It leads to formulas of thought or Kantian categories, whose blanks are not likely to be filled up by Bruno's countrymen with concrete facts.

The Neapolitan, therefore, is more apt to become a theorist, a man of one idea, a *doctrinaire*, and even a fanatic, though there is something in his nature which, practically, prevents his going very far at a time in any one direction. He is an emotional politician; but, though a willing tool in the hands of a king or a demagogue, he is rarely, if ever, a leader. He understands principles, and can feel their majesty. But his allegiance to them is not of the *ruat cœlum* kind. Giordano Bruno recanted. Cesare Vannini, the atheist, wrote an ode "On God." And yet both died the martyr's death, and both died bravely. How can we account for these inconsistencies? And what is the Neapolitan's balance of mind if it can so easily be disturbed and so easily be re-established? Where the head is so docile and the heart so impressible, an appeal to either will be efficacious for evil or for good, according to the intentions of the appealer. And if we are to call this a mental equilibrium at all, we are bound to qualify it as what physicists call unstable equilibrium, or, better still, as an abstract medium between oscillations whose symmetry is more striking than their amplitude.

Correspondence.

REPLY OF MR. JAMES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your rejoinder to my letter does not require a long comment.

1. You say that, if I knew why people lived unhappily in marriage, I should possess "the secret of the universe, and all the world would flock to Cambridge." Nay, not so. This result would follow, not upon my possessing the secret of the universe, but upon all the world *believing* that I possessed it. For aught you know, for example, to the contrary, and so far as marriage is concerned, I may be in possession of that secret *now;* but evidently, so long as you disbelieve the fact, there is no chance of your coming to know the secret. And so of all the rest of the world. I should not have thought it worth while, however, to signalize this little oversight of yours to your attention, were it not that it prettily illustrates, as I conceive, a prevalent defect of the strictly scientific mind, which consists in supposing that men recognize truth primarily by the intellect, and only secondarily by the affections; whereas the exact contrary is true. Any truth, indeed (and any falsity as well), may be stamped upon my passive memory by a long unquestioned tradition, or by the authority of distinguished men; but I do not intellectually acknowledge or actively appropriate any truth or any falsity until I first cordially love it; *i.e.*, feel how inwardly *good* it is to believe it.

2. You admit that you practically concur with the theologian in attributing to man the power of antagonizing and, indeed, defeating his own destiny, as that destiny is previously defined in a material way by what we call "the laws of political economy," or, in a spiritual way, by what we call "the laws of God." Now, nothing need surprise one in the theologian, who fairly fattens upon paradox, and enjoys a professional right to belittle the laws of God at his convenience. But I am surprised to find you so ready to echo this blasphemy with respect to the laws of your own science, by alleging an equally hopeless conflict between *them* and the existence of human morality, or the free play of men's passions. I feel, indeed, a certain tenderness, if not respect, for a venerable theologic tradition, which binds me to asceticism by my hopes and fears of another and an untried world. But I have neither respect nor tenderness, but in the place of these a hearty contempt, for any pretentious science of *this* life which enjoins the same humiliating discipline upon me, and yet robs me at the same time of those superior sanctions which alone make the discipline tolerable, or reconcile it with my natural dignity. I will freely compel myself into any amount of physical abasement or humiliation which the good of my soul, real or imagined, enjoins upon me. For the

soul has an absolute claim upon my allegiance, and woe be unto me if I harden myself in indifference to it. But I cannot *freely* abase my soul, which is my will or moral personality, to any exactions of my physical nature, because my conscience of the true relation between them condemns me for doing so. Whenever, then, I am actually found abasing my soul to my body, or contentedly harnessing my conscience to the service of my instincts, you may be sure that I do so only at the instance of a corrupt and tyrannous civic order, and that I shall full surely become developed at last into the actual—or, at all events, the virtual—liar, thief, adulterer, murderer, or whatsoever else that is vile, which such civic order alone has power to make me.

3. You propose four alternatives to me, as exhausting, to your imagination, the practical possibilities of our existing legislation with respect to the sexual relation; and then you gravely ask me to choose among these the one most conducive, in my opinion, "to that perfect state of society" to which I am supposed to be looking forward. I have no objection to your proposition in itself. It seems comprehensive enough. But then it is absurd to represent it "as going to the bottom of our discussion." It does no such thing. Your third alternative is the one upon which you rely, apparently, to justify your hope in this regard, and this stamps the mental attitude of one of the parties to the discussion as so very superficial, that any talk of reaching "bottom" on these latitudes becomes preposterous. What real respect, let alone reverence, can any one entertain for marriage, who holds that it derives its essential dignity from legislation; thus, that there is no difference between man and brute, as to the sexual sentiment, but what is imposed by force, instead of being evolved by culture? Pardon me, my friend, if, in these circumstances, I forbear to accept your alternatives, one and all, as having the least relevancy to our discussion. They are, in fact, grossly irrelevant to it. They would be relevant, perhaps, if I were the mere "moral reformer" you are disposed to make me appear; that is to say, if I were in truth looking forward to some perfect "state" of society, as you term it, instead of contending all simply for the existence of society itself; that is, for the truth of such a divine order in human life as shall exhibit its public or universal element no longer coercing the private or individual one, as now, but, on the contrary, mightily soothing and fostering it.

But you must, my friend, acquit me, willy-nilly, of all proclivity to "moral reform" agitation. I have not so much as the ghost of a hope of any moral reform among men, save by absolutely freeing the moral force in them from the long bondage it has been under to physical want or destitution, and this can only be done by legislating, not positively, but negatively; that is, by cheerfully abrogating—with *due* regard to existing interests—every institution and privilege among us which still prejudices the advent of the broadest human society, fellowship, or equality. All the legislative capacity of the world—even if it were eked out by the dubious possibilities of woman in that direction—would be thoroughly impotent to bring about any *positive* good for mankind, or induct a true and permanent social order upon the earth. For this great boon we are dependent upon the sovereign mercy of God, or must look to the skies alone. I know very well that science is fast running away from our old-fashioned belief in the skies. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? Religion has sunk into such rank egotism and frivolity, that science can hardly do better than grow indifferent to it. Certainly, I have as little respect for religion, literally conceived, as I have for the idiotic old man who, in its name, drools out blasphemies against the Holy Ghost from the chair of St. Peter's. But I have a reverence amounting to awe for that supreme divine achievement in our nature, which religion has always ignorantly prefigured under the cognizance of the church, and which will really consist in the visible incarnation of His perfection in the harmonies of a free society, or spontaneous fellowship of man with man throughout the earth.

One word more, and I shall have done. You suspect me of "confounding two totally distinct things, spiritual and legal marriage." Pardon me again, my friend; there is no ground for the suspicion. When I talk of marriage, I mean spiritual marriage alone, having no power to conceive of any other. The power exerted by the law over marriage is never creative, but simply declarative. It does not ordain a marriage between A and B, but merely ratifies or records one, which stands exclusively in their unforced consent, in their spontaneous act. This is the only conceivable marriage between the parties, and this manifestly is altogether spiritual. And what the law does hereupon is simply to announce this spiritual transaction, or make it actually manifest to all men, that all men may hold it for ever sacred. I bought a house the other day, my purchase standing altogether in a free, unforced agreement, to which the owner of the house and I had previously come in that behalf. What the law pretended to do thereupon was, clearly, not to ordain or direct, or in any manner control the purchase, but simply to record the previous free agreement and deed of the parties to it, and hallow these as of right sacred against all outward force. Precisely so with marriage. The law has no magisterial, but a purely ministerial, efficacy with respect to it, being designed to avouch its inherent sanctity, and guard it from all outward interference.

But you go on: "Legal marriage is, or ought to be, but the outward and visible sign of spiritual marriage." Exactly so; just as my eye is the outward and visible sign of my inward faculty of seeing, my nose of smelling, my ear of hearing, and so forth; but when a man values himself upon his eyes, or his nose, or his ears, and not exclusively upon the interior things these organs signify, we do not call him a man, but a fop. Shall we let a similar foppery pass muster with us in regard to marriage? But I have interrupted you. You proceed: "With spiritual marriage the state has and can have nothing to do, beyond leaving men and women their liberty of choice." This is precisely what I have all along been urging. What then hinders our agreement? It is that you all the while make this sole *real* or inward marriage of man and woman which stands in their mutual unforced affection, altogether servile to *another purely actual or outward marriage, to which they are obliged by the necessities of our existing civic order.* The parties are held, in fact, by your doctrine, to a double marriage—one free or spiritual, the other enforced or material. I can only marvel, in this state of things, how—believing, as you must, in the rightful superiority of spirit to letter, or mind to matter—you can indulge any hope of a peaceful and orderly future for man upon the earth, short of a complete reversal to the fundamental canons of our existing civilization, all of which imply the rightful inferiority of the individual to the mass.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours very truly,

HENRY JAMES.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 11.

A NOTE FROM COLONEL MELINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your paper of the 16th inst. states that "the author of some notices of Italian literature" in the *Galaxy* for June (it should be May) speaks of Silvio Pellico "as the great Italian dramatic poet." This would naturally be taken to mean the great poet, etc., *par excellence*. The author neither meant so nor said so. His statement was: "Pellico is the great *modern* dramatic poet of Italy."

The author not only assents to the justice of the criticism that "generally these notices wanted perspective," but finds in them a total absence of "perspective." He simply undertook to give some account of what Italy had done in literature during the past three hundred years, and in the cramped space of three and one-half pages found no room for "perspective."

Giusti is quite well known to the author in question; but his article, as it expressly states, undertook scarcely more than to make a mere "enumeration" of distinguished Italian writers.

JAS. F. MELINE.

NEW YORK, June 17, 1870.

[We had no wish to misrepresent Colonel Meline, and are perfectly ready to declare that Silvio Pellico is not "the great *modern* dramatic poet of Italy." On the contrary, he is a dramatist infinitely surpassed by Manzoni and Niccolini. The latter merits the distinction which Colonel Meline bestows upon Pellico, who was the hero of a great tragedy, but hardly the author of one, though he wrote several tragical plays.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE will furnish a life of Charles Dickens, to be prefixed to a volume of that author's uncollected pieces in prose and verse, which Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. announce.

—Mr. B. F. French, in his latest volume of "Historical Collections of Louisiana and Florida," mentions no less than five MS. vocabularies or grammars, or both, of as many different tribes of Indians, now in possession of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. Among them is the Rev. Cyrus Byington's "Grammar of the Choctaw Language,"

which has just been published under the editorial supervision of Dr. D. G. Brinton, whose fitness for such an undertaking is well understood. Mr. Byington was a native of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and from 1819 to the close of his life, in 1868, was a missionary among the Choctaws, whose language he studied with so much thoroughness that when he died he was engaged in revising his grammar for the seventh time; and his family still have a Choctaw dictionary, embracing 15,000 words, which was left, like the grammar, in manuscript. Dr. Brinton's notes are few but helpful. We do not suppose he will find many pupils, but there may be some who will be interested to study the language of a tribe which is on the road to civilization, and whose extinction is at least less remote than that of the tribes not yet confined to reservations. Dr. Brinton says of the grammar itself that it is "one of the most valuable, original, and instructive of any ever written of an American language," and that it may well be doubted "if ever again a person will be found who will combine the time, the opportunities, and the ability to make an equal analysis of the language."

—A good deal of interest is manifested just now in the Celtic element of the English nationality, and a paper in *Putnam's Monthly*, by Professor Seelye, and a series of papers in *Appleton's Weekly*, by Mr. John Fiske, present with considerable force the arguments for the view that we are Celts, at least in great part. Mr. Fiske's articles are quite elaborate and very instructive; he brings forward an argument, however, which is quite surprising in a man of his acuteness and learning. This is that the sound *sh*, which is so characteristic of the German, is rarely heard in Welsh: further, that it is generally represented in English by *s* (as *Schwein*, swine; *Schwester*, sister): from which facts he infers a Cymric influence in the English language—"we speak Teutonic, not like natives, but like foreigners." Now this so-called Teutonic characteristic really belongs only to High-Dutch, while that which he considers a peculiarity of English is common to all the Low-Dutch and Scandinavian tongues, as a few examples will show. *Schwester*, sister, is, in Dutch, *zuster;* Norwegian, *söster;* Swedish, *syster*. So *Schnee*, snow, *sneeuw*, *snee*, *snö*. So with *schlau*, sly, Scandinavian, *slu; schlafen*, sleep, Dutch *slaap*. It would be easy to multiply examples to any extent. And inasmuch as Mr. Fiske's only other positive argument from language, *th*, he admits to be doubtful, he is practically reduced to the physical arguments—light and dark, long and broad heads, which, it must be confessed, land one in no end of bewilderment. If we once give up the evidence of language, we may be driven to Mr. Huxley's view, that there was no distinction at all between Teuton and Celt, only between dark Celt and light Celt.

—Writing of William Gilmore Simms, who died at Charleston on the 11th instant, his eulogist in the *Courier* said of him that "he was, with one or two exceptions, our only historian and our only novelist, and forever his works of this class may compare with the well-known productions of this and other lands, he has contrived to render them *also* subservient to the best interests of his fellow-citizens." The "also" we put in Italics as, probably, having been interpolated by some proof-reader or compositor who could not understand how on earth any man could have a doubt of the equality of Mr. Simms with any story-teller since the author of the Odyssey or any historian since Herodotus. It is by conjecturing the existence of some such proof-reader that we guess at the remark which the critic probably made. No doubt the "forever" of the sentences we have quoted must be changed to "however," and the two sentences must be thrown into one so as to read thus: "He was, with one or two exceptions, our only historian and novelist, and however his works of this class may compare with the well-known works of this and other lands, he has contrived to render them subservient to the best interests of his fellow-citizens." But this the patriotic proof-reader either could not endure or could not believe it possible that any critic should say, so he faithfully made laudatory nonsense of it. It was in a country where unfavorable criticism, even of so very mild a sort as this, directed against a writer such as Mr. Simms, strikes such horror as this into every proof-reader and printer and editor, that Mr. Simms was "our greatest literary light." Within the limits of South Carolina it has long been a sin of the nature of blasphemy, mitigated by the evident lunacy of the blasphemer, to maintain and teach that Mr. Simms did not far outweigh all other American authors of our time, including Mr. Bancroft, who used to be looked on with a curious respect, Mr. J. B. De Bow, and Dr. Nott of Mobile. In the rest of the South, admiration for Mr. Simms was not carried quite to the point of idolatry, for though his tales are full of generic Southern swamp, and pine barren, and magnolia, and Southern maiden, and Southern horsemanship, and Southern hospitality, still the distinctive South Carolina cockerel crows a little too loud and too often to make "Marion and his Men" and the other books consummately delightful to every Virginian, for instance, or Marylander or North Carolinian. That narrower patriotism which consists in a very ardent love for the State of one's birth Mr. Simms had in a degree remarkable even in South Carolina, where, perhaps, an old Virginian himself might have taken lessons in State pride. He certainly might have learned something in the way of bragging and vaunting the glories of his natal soil. The fostering of this spirit is perhaps to be set down as the most noticeable effect of Mr. Simms's literary activity. Probably it is true, as a friend of his says, that if one should "ask any youth within our [S. C.] limits to what or to whom he is most indebted for the strongest of his local attachments next to those of the paternal roof, he will answer that they have been derived from reading the novels and histories of this author." A kindred effect of Mr. Simms's writings, but one that doubtless was less powerful—as indeed we may well hope it was, for it was evil and only evil—was their nursing in the breasts of the Southerners engaged in the rebellion a spirit of the most bitter and foolish hatred and contempt for everything Northern. The old man fairly shrieked in his rage, and made a sorry spectacle of himself. This is how he used to write during the siege of Charleston:

> "Your graybeards with necks in the halter,
> Your virgins defiled at the altar,
> In the loathsome embrace of the felon and slave,
> Touch loathsomer far than the worm of the grave—"

and much more to the same effect. His poetry, however, was never, when at its sanest, of any value at all. His best claim to recollection rests upon his novels, which undoubtedly give him a right to the place accorded him of being the first of Southern men of literature. They are spirited and readable, and evidently the work of a hearty and honest man. They are not so different from Cooper's in any respect; and probably it might as truly be said of them that they were fathered by Cooper's, as of Cooper's that they were fathered by Scott's. At any rate, it is true that they bear about the same relationship, in point of excellence, to Cooper's, that his bear to the Scotch novels. Mr. Simms was born in Charleston in 1806, and was early left an orphan. He fell to the charge of his grandmother, who was in rather narrow circumstances, and who consequently was unable to give him anything like a good education. The boy was, however, a very greedy devourer of books, and thus he measurably educated himself. Having grown up, he studied medicine awhile and afterwards law, which profession he practised a little, but not with much success. Next he went into journalism, and there, also, he failed to distinguish himself. At last he took up authorship as a profession, and wrote with much rapidity a great number of novels, all of which had sufficient success. Besides these, he wrote some histories, which are of slight value, and several volumes of verses which, as we have said, were no good.

—One of the choicest specimens of Western book-making that we have seen, and we are not sure that we should make any qualification of the superlative, is the quarto volume published last year by Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, entitled "Spring Grove Cemetery: its History and Improvements, with Observations on Ancient and Modern Places of Sepulture." Spring Grove ranks among the largest of the cemeteries by which this country is honorably distinguished, and is not very far from being the foremost. There are two features which give it a great advantage over Mount Auburn, for instance: the absence, as a rule, of family vaults, and of artificial boundaries of iron and stone—a medley which is as shocking to good taste as prominent divisions of lots are unnecessary. Mr. Strauch, the present superintendent and landscape gardener, furnishes a readable preface, which shows that he knows his own business perfectly, though he indulges rather more freely than was required in confirmatory quotations from writers of authority. Then follows the history of the cemetery, its general plan, a description of the principal monuments; the regulations as to interments, the sale of lots, etc.; an appendix containing brief descriptions of the most famous cemeteries here and abroad; and, finally, a list of proprietors. Great pains have been taken in making the book. Each page has a fancy border which is constantly changing in design and color, and there is a large number of full-page photographic illustrations which well display the natural and artistic attractions of the grounds. Few of the monuments thus reproduced are offensively ugly, some are more than commonly fine, and the architecture of the receiving vault particularly commends itself. Altogether, this volume is capable of affording pleasure and useful suggestions wherever it may go, and as it contains ideas which are as applicable to parks as to cemeteries, we shall

wish that every growing town or city in the country may vote to supply its selectmen with a copy.

—For some unknown reason, an impenetrable mystery appears to hang over the founding of *Punch*. It is one that seems to disturb many minds, too, but it does not get itself removed. No sooner does one writer pen his paragraph stating that so-and-so was the original projector of the periodical, than some one makes another paragraph denying this, and asserting that the original projector was so-and-so, and that the thought first occurred to him in such-and-such a tavern. Then it is made to appear that it was not one man at all, but a company of men, who blocked out the periodical in a certain coffee-room, and that not Mr. Mark Lemon, but Mr. Henry Mayhew was the first editor. Mr. Lemon is just dead, and has been made the subject of more or less biography; and there is a new book professing to give a full and accurate account of the establishment of *Punch;* but we see everywhere corrections of Mr. Lemon's biographers; and, doubtless, the new book will be the basis for half-a-dozen fuller and more accurate accounts; so that we, for our parts, have decided on giving up the problem, and believing, as *Mr. Punch* himself probably does, that he was born of the foam of the sea, and sprang full-armed from the head of Zeus. No matter who was the author of his being, it is to Mr. Mark Lemon, just deceased at the age of sixty-one, that a very great deal of *Mr. Punch's* good character and success in life have been due. From all accounts of him, Mr. Lemon appears to have been about as fit a man as could anywhere be found to conduct a journal of the character of the one which was in his hands. He never struck in its columns at a personal enemy, for he was the sort of a man never to have personal enmities; political enemies he struck at fairly, it is said, though some of us over here remember that he struck at certain of his American political enemies with such blind ignorance of what manner of men they were as to be for that reason alone open to the charge of great unfairness. And most of us remember, with some disgust, *Mr. Punch's* eating of the leek on occasion of the end of our late war, and are not disposed to think him apt to be much fairer to those that are down than may be guessed from his quickness to make his bow to those that are up. Mr. Lemon, we are told, would have nothing indecent in his paper and nothing irreverent towards religion; and so it happened that though there is hardly a single number of *Punch*, from the first number in 1841, in which women are not in some way satirized, there is hardly to be found a single impropriety, and hardly one touch even of the cynicism which is about as civil a thing as women must expect from—say—a French censor of the general class to which *Mr. Punch* belongs. Of the British matron and the British maiden, *Mr. Punch*, however he laughs at them, is evidently a sincere and believing admirer. Mr. Lemon seems to have been a pleasant humorist rather than a man of great ability, and he is praised more for his quick eye for finding the right men for his purposes and his skill in keeping them together, pleased with him and each other, than for himself having done in his paper very much that was very good. As might be inferred from what is said of his freedom from personal enemies, Mr. Lemon was a very amiable man. Though he has held the rod over his generation, and lived by using it, he has now everybody's good word, and is declared to have been humane, generous, helpful to the obscure and struggling, the best of friends, sons, husbands, and fathers. He was a prolific author, but of works not destined to long life. He wrote no less than sixty dramatic pieces, two three-volume novels, many tales for children, of writing which he was fond, and very many articles in *Household Words* and the *Illustrated News*, of which latter he was, if we are not mistaken, the manager. To American readers he is best known by a jest-book which he compiled.

—M. Henri Cernuschi, the Italian banker lately expelled from France because of his munificent subscription to the Radical cause, has had for the past five years, as we believe we have before stated, a high reputation in Paris as a writer on political economy. He has been a determined and very able opponent of banking currency, and, in spite of his democratic affiliations, of the co-operative system. His monetary theories have been treated with profound respect by the leading economists of France, and in the session of the Corps Législatif of April 10 he was praised by one of the Ministry not only for his clear and forcible writings on his favorite subjects, but for the independence with which, in the late public gatherings, he told the speakers that their doctrines were absurd and due to their total ignorance of the nature of society and of the production of wealth—in short, gave them a lecture on political economy which was listened to with applause. Now that he has become a conspicuous martyr to his republican principles, his works on finance have been again brought forward by Guillaumain & Co. They are entitled "The Mechanism of Exchange," an octavo volume supplemented by the pamphlet "Against a Banking Currency;" and "Illusions of the Co-operative Societies," also a pamphlet. He is author, also, of two pamphlets of an autobiographical character: "Defence before the French Council of War at Rome," and "Reply to Count Cavour." Those who care to know the eminent men of the time otherwise than through the cyclopædias would do well to procure these works of Cernuschi, which cost, all told, in Paris, but nine francs.

TRANSLATIONS FROM DE MUSSET.*

FRENCHMEN are accustomed to call De Musset their Byron. Shall we imitate Coleridge and say that he is a *very* French Byron? No, for in the first place Byron's poetry has much of the cosmopolite, and, secondly, we are diffident about questioning the judgment of a foreign nation on one of its literary celebrities. Frenchmen have made so many mistakes of the kind. Taine's condemnation of Samuel Butler, for instance, or "Stendhal" Beyle's of Scott. We may say that Taine was carried away by his theory, or that Beyle's judgment was perverted by envy and jealousy (as he really had the conceit to believe himself *the* novelist of his time); yet beyond such considerations there seems to be as marked a difference in literary as in moral standards among different nations. Thus, De Musset's strong point was probably his being what his countrymen call *fin*. Now this hardly translatable French quality, this delicacy of thought and expression combined with much psychological study, we Anglo-Saxons are not apt to value very highly; we are more prone to see its defects, such as a tendency to run into morbidness and lose strength. And here is a marked difference between Byron and De Musset. The former was a strong man. He was assuredly not a first-rate artist, and that not so much from haste and carelessness as from mental constitution. But whatever he did bore the impress of power. Byron caught a wild Pegasus by the mane; De Musset trained his stud in private—and there were some nightmares in it. The lives of the men were as different in this respect as their writings. They were both addicted to fashionable gallantry and both intemperate, but not in like manner. Many women fell in love with Byron's person; we may be sure not one ever fell in love with his coat and waistcoat buttons, as Madame Colet did with De Musset's. Byron drank gin and strong wines; De Musset killed himself with absinthe, and the aroma of it seems to breathe through most of his works.

Again, Byron was simple and intelligible. Any schoolboy can understand him, except some parts of "Don Juan." Many men cannot understand large portions of De Musset. We confess ourselves of the number. If some young person asked us to explain the "Merle Blanc," we should be puzzled to distinguish accurately the satire from the pure fantasy. In short, we suspect that in their best characteristics the English and the French poet were quite dissimilar, and that their common quality was their worst—a very tinsel and claptrap misanthropy.

We have confessed our inability to understand De Musset fully. Perhaps it is for this reason that we never could get up an ardent admiration for him. His *chef d'œuvre* (as is usually considered) disappoints us wofully. The "Confessions of a Child of the Age" is audacious of revelation; but audacity of revelation is nothing rare in French literature of any age; and the whole book seems unconnected, more like a series of magazine articles than a complete work. We never could refrain from the suspicion that it owed much of its success to its personality—the singular narrative of his singular relations with George Sand, the *liaison* which attained so scandalous a notoriety after his death.

Not that De Musset was a remarkably indecent writer. On the contrary, as French writers go, he is remarkably decent. We believe that he was naturally refined and chaste till his *milieu*, as Taine would call it, forced a certain amount of grossness upon him. We believe this because his improprieties do not pervade and impregnate his writings; they are struck in like *purpurei panni*. For instance, his famous "Ode to the Moon," so bizarre in its commencement, so beautiful towards its close, has, plastered on at the end, without reason or motive, nine stanzas which it is difficult to qualify without using very unconventional terms. In this respect we may compare him to Catullus. Catullus is hideous where Ovid is merely voluptuous, but you may expurgate Catullus without making one awkward break or losing a single line of good verse; you cannot expurgate Ovid without eliminating three-fourths of his best poetry.

These remarks on a not very agreeable subject we have felt compelled to make lest any cautious reader might suppose that the pretty little

* "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870.

volume before us contained anything unfitted for the drawing-room. The "Selections" comprise versions of two prose sketches, "The White Blackbird's Story" and "Mimi Pinson" (Molly Thrush, the Grisette), two plays, "Fantasio" and "No Trifling with Love," and nine of the smaller poems. French prose is difficult to translate (a popular delusion to the contrary notwithstanding) for several reasons, among others, because the French tongue is more *intense* than ours, and anything like a literal translation of it appears stiff and bombastic. In trying to avoid this error, the translator has sometimes dropped into a free-and-easy tone. "Bumped" is too rough a word for *cognai*, and "rather over nineteen" is very inelegant *American* for "avait à peu-près dix-neuf ans." On the whole, however, the prose sketches are well rendered, and the plays *very* well. As to the verse, we hardly know what to say of it. It would be too broad an assertion to affirm that French poetry is untranslatable into English verse. The Alexandrine, when made the vehicle of comic or satiric matter, may be adequately reproduced. But the highest order of French poetry cannot be. By the highest order we mean the lyric; for another popular delusion in the matter of French literature, which denies the existence in French of poetry of the first class, is founded on the erroneous assumption that the poetic *chefs-d'œuvre* of a language must be looked for among its epics and tragedies. The best French lyrics vie with those of any language. And we speak knowingly and feelingly, after much painful experience, when we say that of all possible exertions of human intellect there is none, except the attempt by a non mathematical man to acquire the higher mathematics, which gives so little result for so much time and trouble, as the attempt to "overset" a first-rate French lyric into English verse. You may catch the ideas of the original, you may find your rhymes, but the melody and the poetic expression have evaporated in the process, and there remains a *caput mortuum* of average magazine "padding." The best that you can say of the best of such trials—Mahony's shots at Victor Hugo, or anybody's shots at Béranger—is that they are not absolutely bad. After which, any detailed criticism on "The Advice to a Gay Lady (*Une Parisienne*);" or, "The Three Steps of Rose-colored Marble," may seem superfluous. Yet we feel bound to make a few notes, if only to show that we have read them carefully. We think the translator has not caught the metre of the former exactly. It is a rising and falling verse, and, like all rising and falling verses, from the hexameter and pentameter downward, very effective in skilful hands. It is, in fact, *a four-line stanza disguised by being printed in six lines*, and so far as the untranslatable can be translated we should turn it somehow thus:

"Oui, si j'etais femme aimable et jolie
Je voudrais, Julie,
Faire comme vous;
Sans peur ni pitié, sans choix ni mystère,
A toute la terre
Faire les yeux doux."

"Yes, were I a woman, as charming as you,
Full fain would I do, Julia, after your guise;
Without choice, compassion, concealment, or fear,
On all, far and near, cast the tenderest eyes."

"S. B. W." translates thus:

"Yes, were I a woman, charming and pretty,
I think I should do,
Fair Julia, as you,
Without fear or favor, distinction or pity,
Smile and make eyes
At all 'neath the skies."

Here the transposition of the rhyme substitutes a sense of incompleteness for the full close of the original. Much of the "Three Steps" is very prettily turned so as to preserve the droll sparkle of the original. Sometimes it falls short, as in—

"Ye water-gods that vainly try
Beneath your fountains to be dry."

"Vainly try" is hardly equivalent to *font tant de façons*, and *cuvettes* are not "fountains" but *basins*, regular wash-basins; the plebeian word is purposely used to heighten the ridicule. De Musset's French is always pure, never slangy, but frequently familiar. Lines 5 and 6 have no corresponding rhymes, and at the foot of page 208 a grave accent in the French perversion of a Greek name has apparently led the fair writer to substitute an Eta for an Epsilon.

The translator is a lady of too much sense and scholarship to expect the ordinary adulation indiscriminately applied to ladies' work. We have no fear of offending *her*, but we should be very sorry if our remarks conveyed the impression that her versions are not very much above the ordinary hobble—for the word *run* were absurd in this connection—of translations from the French. And we think that any one who tries to make translation respectable, to make it something above mere bookseller's hack-work, deserves all encouragement. We have spoken of current delusions about French. Here is another mischievous one: that translations from French are useless, because all the persons likely to take interest in the subjects of which French authors treat can read them in the original. Sensation novels are supposed to be the only exception. The *fact* being that every boy whose parents occupy a certain position picks up a smattering of French at school, which, if his business or pleasure does not lead him to enlarge it into a familiarity with the language, he forgets even sooner than his college Greek. Translations would be more read if they were, as a general rule, better done. Such a book as Mr. Durand's translation of Taine's "Italy" is a real public benefit, and "S. B. W.," on a smaller and more unpretending scale, deserves to be considered a benefactress. Even without "enjoying De Musset greatly," her readers may satisfy their curiosity with specimens of a writer certainly original and certainly unlike any English or American author.

Vermont at Gettysburg. By G. G. Benedict, Lieut. A.D.C. (Burlington Free Press Association. 1870.)—Besides mountains, the chief productions of the State of Vermont are men, women, maple-sugar, and horses. Singing the praise of these, the poet briefly says of the men that they are "strong." In the late war they certainly made this title good on many fields, and when the battle was not to the strong the Vermonters were seldom to blame for defeat. Now, those who happily have returned to their native hills recall the old feats of arms with just pride; and while the comprehensive historian of campaigns and battles hangs back from his difficult task, Vermont makes haste to mount high ground against his coming. In a recent number of the *Nation* we noticed a book which told how bravely a Vermont brigade followed the fortunes of Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley; and we have now before us a book with the title, "Vermont at Gettysburg;" as if Vermont had been there bodily, mountains and all, to oppose General Lee. It is a short and rather dry recital of brave deeds, in the main hardly more interesting than an official report. But the author puts in Vermont's claim to the chief credit of repulsing the advance of the enemy on the second and third days at Gettysburg; and this would excite the resentment of many who took part in the fight. Stannard's Vermont brigade, which this book particularly celebrates, belonged to the First Corps, and we think it would not be easy to satisfy Fifth and Sixth Corps soldiers that there was any merit more conspicuous than theirs in checking the enemy on the second day, while Second Corps soldiers would, doubtless, maintain with vigor that they were the rock on which the great charge spent itself on the third day. But this is for history to decide. It is not for us to apportion the praise who cannot in our confines give view of the many-sided testimony. The Vermonters have done well to make themselves heard thus early in their own behalf; and it will be well also if other claimants for the laurels that Vermont has put on speedily make it clear who, if any, has a better right to wear them.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Andersen (H. C.), O. T.: a Danish Romance	(Hurd & Houghton) $1 75
Buchanan (R.), The Book of Orm	(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 2 00
Carter (R.), A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England	(Nichols & Hall)
Disraeli (B.), Venetia: a Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.) 0 50
Fawcett (Mrs. M. G.), Political Economy for Beginners	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 00
Figuier (L.), Primitive Man	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Forwood (Dr. W. S.), The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 75
Jackson (Dr. J. C.), American Womanhood	(Oakley, Mason & Co.) 1 50
Macleod (Rev. N.), The Starling: a Scotch Story	(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 2 00
Plumptre (Rev. E. H.), Biblical Studies	" " " 2 00
Powell (A. M.), The Lesson of Quakerism, swd	(New York)
Reade (C.), Put Yourself in his Place	(Sheldon & Co.) 1 50
Rambles in Cuba	(Carleton)
Swayne (G. C.), Herodotus	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 00
Smith (Dr. W.), Dictionary of the Bible, Am. ed., Part XXVIII, swd	(Hurd & Houghton) 0 75
The Story of Wandering Willie	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Thomas (Dr. J.), Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biographical and Mythology, Part 7, swd	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 0 50
Wilberforce (Rev. S.), Heroes of Hebrew History	(Geo. Routledge & Sons) 2 00

Fine Arts.

THE SO-CALLED BEETHOVEN CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL.

"And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, heavens to earth."

At last we, too, have had our jubilee. Now that the star-spangled banner has been furled and the smoke of the last cannon has been blown away, let us for a moment survey the field and see what it has profited us Altogether it has been a very odd jubilee. If the true history of its tribulations, disasters, successes, strikes, broken promises, large expenditures, and small returns is ever written, it will be a most suggestive chapter for

all future projectors of monster festivals to ponder over. Perhaps the most singular feature of this singular affair is that nobody seems to have known whose festival it was. Mr. Gilmore was the father of the Boston jubilee, and all his choral children knew him; but who fathers this one, and who are its sponsors? Beethoven's name is the only one that has been prominently put forward. Alas, poor composer! He hated monster festivals, and fled from them as scenes of discord utterly apart from all true purposes of art. Now that he is dead it is hard to make him responsible for what he so disliked while living. His name has been taken for the sake of the few dollars that it was hoped might be coined from it; but even as Beethoven was poor and thriftless in life, so his shade has brought no gold to the pockets of the speculators.

The idea of having a festival in this city in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth was first taken into consideration last December by a number of gentlemen of means and musical taste. Mr. Bryant was their president. They had various committees, the music committee consisting of ten gentlemen of the highest standing. Mr. Mould and Mr. Vaux designed a magnificent building, to cost some three hundred thousand dollars, and to be erected in the Central Park. Sir Michael Costa was to be brought over from England to conduct. All the great living composers were to be asked to write something for the occasion. Every resource of art was to be taxed to make the affair one that should bring credit upon the city. But trouble arose as to the question of authority on the part of the Commissioners of the Central Park to permit the erection of a building to which an admission fee was to be charged. It was found that the Legislature would have to be applied to for a special act. Then came in the old political bugbear, and the thing was at an end. Unless they could have the Central Park the committee would have nothing, and as this was found impracticable, the gentlemen of the committee quietly lit their cigars with the plans and specifications of their Coliseum and went to their several homes. So ended in smoke the first plan for the jubilee.

Then came the Great Unknown, and filled the papers with flaming advertisements of the mighty things that he was to bring to pass. Among other impossibilities, he announced that Handel's "Oratorio of the Creation" would be performed—a piece of intelligence that must have made old Haydn turn over in his grave. However, if he had only heard how dreadfully at last it was performed, his perturbed spirit would have been quieted, and he would have been very willing to have it accredited to Handel or to anybody else. The advertisements were full of the most monstrous promises, artfully designed to gull a confiding public. A supernaturally large chorus of miraculously gifted singers, gathered from every quarter of the globe, accompanied by a prodigious orchestra of the most eminent living artists, assisted by an organ of titanic size, whose tones should outpeal the thunder, were to sing all the greatest compositions of all the most famous composers, in a style that should appall the universe, while the clash of innumerable anvils, beaten by arms of herculean strength, and the roar of mammoth cannon, fired by the very lightning itself, should shake the round earth to its centre, and cause it to quiver in sympathy with a shuddering, awe-stricken, but entranced, audience, more brilliant than the stars of heaven and more numerous than the sands of the sea.

We have condensed the programme a great deal, but have hardly burlesqued it, and any one who read the earlier announcements will bear us witness that nothing could very much surpass their ridiculous and pretentious bombast. The managers of the affair certainly did bestir themselves to gather together all the people, good, bad, and indifferent, from Parepa and Kellogg and the Handel and Haydn Society down to the man who was hired to play the steam calliope. Thanks be to Apollo, however, that dreadful engine was not used at last, for there was no steam. An army of conductors was enlisted in the affair—Bergmann, Zerrahn, Rosa, Maretzek, Gilmore, Pech, Sherwin, and others—enough to demoralize the best orchestra that ever played. As well have put the baton into the hands of Briareus at once. Then the chorus was the queerest mixture of country choirs in for a frolic, singing societies from little villages that no one ever heard of before, members of city choirs who came once to gratify curiosity, and, strangest of all, the conservative old Boston Handel and Haydn Society. How these latter ever came to co-operate is a mystery to every one, and most of all to themselves. It became, before the end, not only matter of mystery, but also of repentance. The innermost reason was, probably, that many of the members thought this was a capital chance to come on to New York, and stay for a week in the big city free of expense. Such is the nature of the thrifty New England minstrel. They came, but, if the reports that were written back to the Boston papers can be relied upon, they were not over-happy when they arrived. Those papers were quite a Book of Lamentations. It was a *miserere* chorus from these poor *Trovatores*, far more affecting than that of Verdi. Manrico and Leonora had their little hardships, but, at all events, they were never called upon to sleep ten in a room at the Park Avenue Hotel. The society was further displeased because the "Elijah" night was altered from Wednesday to Thursday, without consultation with the society; also, because they were only permitted to sing a portion of that oratorio after all; also, because they were requested to sing in the "Anvil Chorus." But the hardest to endure of all their woes was the leadership of Dr. Pech in the "Creation." This seems to have met with the unanimous and unqualified condemnation of the society. They certainly were not in a pleasant frame of mind.

But they were by no means the only discontented ones. The chorus benches thinned out after the first day, until a great deal more pine-board than broadcloth and muslin was visible. The orchestra, too, shrank down from its fine proportions of the first night to miserably small dimensions. The best players went away. Behind the stage and in the chorus and orchestra rooms all was disorganization. The programmes were made out without proper consultation with those who were to take part, and were very seldom adhered to. No special seats were assigned to the different societies. The chorus came and went as it felt inclined; it shifted like a musical quicksand. The rehearsals were slenderly attended, and general confusion prevailed. Of course, the Italian combined chorus selected this state of affairs as the proper moment for indulging in a strike for pay.

The audience was of the same shifting character with the chorus. The house was never really filled. Even at the most popular of the performances, which were those where there was most noise, long benches were vacant all about the edifice. The scale of prices had to be lowered. It was found that few were willing to pay the exorbitant sum at first demanded. As the expenses of the undertaking had been very great, the loss was corresponding. The affair dragged along in this way through the week. On some days the attendance was quite large; on others it dwindled to a handful. Reviewing the whole matter, we cannot consider it other than a failure. Those who took part in it certainly so regarded it, and the public never seems to have given its confidence to the undertaking. There was an immense deal of hard, zealous work done by those in charge of the festival. They paid their money with a most liberal hand to get the best aid in their power, and certainly there was some good music given. The Handel and Haydn Society sang the "Elijah" music most nobly. Parepa was splendidly good, and there were some other excellent features in the affair. The building was a peculiarly good one. It reached, we believe, the proper limit of size for the purpose. The Boston Coliseum was much too large; in this one, however, the acoustic properties were well-nigh perfect. But art has gained nothing by this festival, and no one has heard anything that he could not have heard to better advantage at a dozen concerts, during the winter, at Steinway Hall or the Academy of Music.

The drawbacks to success were principally these: The affair had no competent musical head; it was too hastily prepared; there was not sufficient money to carry it properly on—a vital want; it never had the confidence of chorus, orchestra, or public; the chorus was a helter-skelter, untrained, and crude body of singers, without proper rehearsal, organization, or discipline; the orchestra was of much the same character, and was badly balanced, being deficient in the reed instruments, and in all those elements for producing broad effects of which Berlioz has written so explicitly. Many of the singers sat facing each other and with profile towards the audience, instead of facing in the direction in which the sound was to go; their efforts neutralized each other, and half their force went for nothing. The organ was a feeble fraud; it filled up the space that should have been devoted to the chorus. There were no brains in the affair; it followed humbly along in the old Gilmore rut, without a single new or original idea of value. These certainly are sufficient reasons why the affair was not a success. It was a mushroom festival. It grew up in a day, and will be forgotten as quickly.

Let no one suppose, however, from the ill success that has attended this, that the future has nothing better in store. At some later day, not, we trust, too far distant, under some leader of genius, and with time sufficient for preparation, and money sufficient to provide the proper material, a musical festival may be given, with legitimate musical effects, such as Gilmore with his clap-trap anvils and blatant artillery practice has never dreamed of. When this occasion comes, the public will not be slow to lend to it a hearty support.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1870.

The Week.

THE bill to reduce internal taxes has been the chief occupation of the Senate, and developed a strong majority against the continuance of the income tax. On Thursday, Mr. Akerman was confirmed without opposition, the principal objections to that gentleman seeming to have been raised by the Washington correspondents, in the discharge of their duty of keeping the public alive to its interests at the capital. On the same day, Mr. Sumner's Cuban resolutions, on which we have commented elsewhere, were introduced, but could not be passed at once as he desired. The House, still on the same day, had a sharp tussle over the Reapportionment Bill as it came back from the Senate, and finally, by 98 to 95, referred it to the Judiciary Committee, from which its chances of emerging are slim; as also might be said of the instructions given the Committee of Ways and Means, on Monday, to report a bill reducing all the duties on salt by fifty per cent. The Georgia Bill came up on Thursday, and, after escaping a labyrinth of amendments, was passed in so simple a form that the House must feel tolerably ashamed of the mess it has heretofore made of the business. The State is declared entitled to representation, and nothing is allowed to abridge her right to choose members of the General Assembly according to her constitution—that is to say, next fall. She and Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, are also relieved of the prohibition against forming a militia. We trust that but a few days will elapse before the Senate confirms the action of the House. On Tuesday the House passed the Omnibus Appropriation Bill.

The Senate has refused to re-enact the income-tax law, and, if we are really rid of it, doubtless we are well rid of it, on many accounts. Those on whom it has borne hardest would have paid the same amount with comparative cheerfulness if levied in another way, involving none of those odious comparisons between the employer whose wealth was great and income uncertain, and the salaried employee who, besides the misfortune of being poor, had the additional ill-luck of being sure of his income. Indirectly, this state of things might be said to have encouraged men to indulge in speculation, and to have aided in unsettling business; and the abolition of the tax, now that trade is almost recovered from its ten years of fever, seems appropriate enough. Those who, like the Philadelphia gentlemen alluded to last week, were disposed to test the constitutionality of the tax, are now relieved of the necessity. They will perhaps still be interested in a collateral question decided last month in the United States Circuit Court of the Massachusetts District. In 1866 and 1867, it appears from the report just published, one of the Judges of Probate in Barnstable County had his official salary taxed, against his protest, by the revenue collector; and the suit (*Day* vs. *Buffinton*) was brought to recover. The plaintiff confined himself chiefly to the point that the judge's salary, being paid out of the State treasury, was a part of the revenues of the State, and could not be touched without the exercise of a power which might be so used as to destroy the functions of the State, or even the State itself. The defendant argued for the paramount authority of the Federal Government, and, as the people of the State formed also a part of the general governing power of the country, denied that there was any likelihood of the abuse of taxation as suggested. The Court, however, held with the plaintiff that the judge's salary being impaired was a detriment which might either cost the State a servant or an additional outlay, and, in either case, was an interference of the admitted sovereignty of the United States with the admitted sovereignty of the several States.

The investigation into the petition of a Mr. Hatch that this Government should give him fifty-odd thousand dollars, for losses and injuries sustained at the hands of Baez, in San Domingo, has been brought to an end at last, but not till it had been deflected a little from its proper line, so as to glance at some of the President's friends. Mr. Hatch appears to be a respectable man, the worst that is proved against him being that he preferred Cabral to Baez, when that pair of worthies were fighting to be President—which would seem to have been an error of judgment, for Baez got the better of Cabral, but which does not look to us like a crime, nor a defect of taste, so far as we know the reasons for admiring Baez. His preference got Mr. Hatch into trouble, however, for they took him, and gave him a court-martial trial—"a barbaric farce," Mr. Schurz calls it—and, of course, sentenced him to be shot. But the San Domingo Senate decreed his pardon on condition that he should leave the country, and this he would willingly have done, but Baez kept him still in jail. Here General Babcock, the President's envoy to San Domingo, comes into the story. Mr. Hatch was kept in jail, he says—and so does Mr. Perry, the American consular agent—because Babcock and Baez thought that if he got out he would give his countrymen facts and figures which would prevent annexation—a fear that Mr. Hatch has since justified. He was therefore kept incarcerated some six or eight months after his pardon—a course which Baez would not have dared to take had not Babcock encouraged him; or which he certainly would have refrained from taking, had Babcock remonstrated. Mr. Schurz and Mr. Ferry, who sign the minority report, are severe on the General, who certainly might, we think, have come better out of the affair than he does. There is talk, however, of a letter from the President, which will soon be published, in which he declares Babcock to have been acting under instructions, and assumes all the responsibility of his conduct. The report of the majority, exonerating Babcock, goes out of its way several times to express its good opinion of the treaty with Baez, and reads very suspiciously like a mere plea for the annexation of the island. Messrs. Schurz and Ferry severely condemn General Babcock's indifference to Hatch's fate, and hold the belief that his and the President's queer eagerness for annexation is what kept an American citizen in Baez's prison. Poor Hatch, amid all this Senatorial cudgel-playing, fares rather badly. The minority report, however, declares his claim just, and recommends its enforcement, while Messrs. Nye, Williams, Warner, and Howard rather vaguely oppose the petition.

General Butler is evidently a most irritating subject to his fellow-members of the House. Having occasion lately to review the proceedings of this session, we have been forcibly struck with the number of encounters, scrimmages, altercations, turn-ups, personal difficulties, knock-downs, drag-outs, yardarm-and-yardarm engagements, in which the Representative of the Fifth Massachusetts District has been engaged. Not a few of these have been brought upon him by his queer position as champion of the Administration, as when he fell out with Mr. Dawes on the subject of Government retrenchment, and, the other day, with General Logan on the subject of Cuba. Mr. Conner, of Texas, was another of his adversaries, but a light-weight. Mr. "Sunset" Cox was still another, and the General has just had to defend himself against Mr. Randall, for altering, in the *Globe*, some piquant remarks made by the latter in regard to a certain person's honesty. Savagest of all, however, were the charges and counter-charges between Mr. Butler and Mr. Farnsworth, on Wednesday week, which were the last, so far, of a campaign which the two members have been carrying on for months with varying success. It has been thought impossible that any sort of a dermatologist should get through the General's skin, but Mr. Farnsworth seems to have succeeded in putting him into a great rage, and the choice language which ensued may be imagined. It was amusing to hear the man who seized the barrel of telegrams, and who makes it his business to inform himself of the private history of his fellow-members, charging Mr. Farnsworth with dealing blows behind the back of his

antagonist. Mr. Farnsworth's constituents may feel reasonably certain that their representative's back is as little open to assault as his front, or he would not be engaged in the occupation of "smashing Butler." The particular charge against Butler this time was that he was advocating a cause on the floor of the House for money to him in hand paid. No one will ever know, it is probable, whether he was or not. What is noticeable is that not many people care; for such is the esteem in which the member from Essex is held by the world at large, that it makes not the slightest difference how many particular "sinful games" are charged against him—his general character covers the whole ground.

Wall Street has had another characteristic sensation, though scarcely of the first magnitude. Some three months ago, a third or fourth-rate broker's firm, of fair credit and standing, in spite of one or two previous difficulties, became suddenly one of the heaviest operators on the Street, Its purchases of gold were large enough to turn the tide of the market, and to advance the price from 110¼ to 115, in the face of an almost universal belief in lower figures, and are now reported to have exceeded five millions of dollars in amount. Its operations in stocks were on an equally liberal scale, and were sufficiently important to confirm the whole Street in its opinion, that the extreme ease in money would cause higher prices for most securities, although their value, represented by earnings and property, was steadily declining. So bold and effective were these operations that they were crowned with a temporary success, and the firm conducting them came to be recognized as one of the leaders of the Street—almost. It soon became known, however, that these operations were carried on for account of a young gentleman recently released from State prison, after having served out a term for a well-remembered series of gigantic forgeries. It is highly creditable to Wall Street that most of the houses of rank and character declined all transactions with the firm in question as soon as their principal became known; and the rejoicing of many of the newspapers over the gullibility of what, in their choice vernacular, they call the "Wall Street sharpers and gamblers," merely shows how little they understood the situation. It is to this conservative and high-principled action of many of the best firms that Wall Street, and, indeed, the whole country, owe their escape from what might have proved a very serious panic. As it was, the affair ended speedily in the total discomfiture of the enterprising youth, and the ignominious failure, for a comparatively moderate sum, of the half-fledged leader of the Street.

The interesting feature of the affair has been the conduct of the press. Those editors who had been prominent in urging the early pardon of the distinguished forger remained silent on this his last escapade, while others spoke almost encouragingly of his "honest" efforts to earn a living and pay his debts, while his friend and broker (who takes, we believe, a lively interest in missions and Sunday-schools) was raised to a level with the Christian martyrs. Most of them indulged in a display of financial knowledge, and all gratified their consciences and pleased their country subscribers by friendly and intelligent criticism of the "Wall Street sharpers and gamblers" above referred to. In the meantime, Wall Street itself has resumed the even tenor of its way. Neither the genius of the "Young Napoleon of Finance," nor the courage of his broker, have availed to prevent a serious decline in both gold and stocks, which, to outsiders, seems the only course for values to take in the present quiet condition of affairs throughout the country.

For the last ten years we have had no June so hot as this one, whether we try it by the mercury at its highest point or by an average point, determined by several measurements. Life has been little else than a burden to the sweltering inhabitants of most of our great cities, and even in the rural village of Springfield, as New Yorkers say, and among the Massachusetts hills, the mercury stood once at 103 in the shade. This, however, is probably only brag; the distinction of being the hottest place in the country undoubtedly belongs to the metropolis. Indeed, New York would, anyhow, be the hottest place on this continent, though the thermometer should be induced to testify in favor of some other locality; for New York does more business with greater ardor, and performs more intellectual and physical labor in the twenty-four hours, than any other city in the universe, let alone America; and thus sentient New York becomes secure of the dignity claimed for her. What would have become of the New Yorker during the past six or seven days if he had not consoled himself by watching the thermometer, and reading telegrams stating that it was only ninety-seven or ninety-eight in the shade in rival cities and towns; and if he had not drunk more soda-water and Vichy than all Europe combined; and if he had not a way that of itself would be enough to freeze and petrify the whole of Boston, of laying aside coat and waistcoat, and fanning himself in the streets with a Japanese fan? He must have perished. As it was, life was a burden that many found too heavy to bear, and the list of deaths from sun-stroke is a long one, while a great number of people have been struck down, more or less injured. What the poor wretches must suffer who live packed in the eighteen or twenty thousand tenement-houses of this city it is frightful to think of. To sleep in some of these lodging-rooms is, in fact, to some of them simply death, for they are often found in the morning dead from the effects of the heat and the loathsome air. It is a thing to be thankful for that Supervisor Tweed meditates free bath-houses; he could hardly make us restitution of some of our money in a way more acceptable than by affording the means of coolness and cleanliness to the unfortunate creatures who give him their votes, and the means of being munificent to the public after the fashion of an ancient Clodius, say, or Sulla.

The long fight in Massachusetts over the question whether or not the confessed robbers who are known as the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Ring should be permitted to get hold of several more millions of the State's money, has at last been settled in the negative for this year at any rate. Thanks for this are not due to the Legislature, however, for the Lobby was too strong for its virtue, and both Senate and House succumbed and passed the bill demanded, by a small majority and at the last moment—some members of this Senate and House having no doubt then and there performed the last legislative action of their lives, except such as they may perform in town meeting, the people in general being thoroughly aware of the moral and pecuniary aspects of the scheme. The bill was killed by Governor Claflin, who sent in his veto, over which it could not be passed. The effect which this produced on the supporters of the measure, who were congratulating themselves on having overridden the previous action of the Legislature, was highly enjoyable. Most of the Boston papers have throughout supported the attack on the treasury; their conduct having, indeed, furnished to angels and men a spectacle simply unaccountable, for they had every inducement, one would think, to outspoken independence. Their interests seemed to lie where their duty lay, yet, except the *Herald*, they all—with a peculiar feebleness of manner, to be sure—upheld the schemes of the Ring. The *Transcript*, in particular, was very amusing for a day or two after the veto. Dark hints, small sage reflections, bits of peevishness, little scratches and stabs—all the weapons of its armory were brought into full activity. Here, for example, is a grewsome death-stroke at somebody: "Those who consider themselves 'a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself' at the State House, should not make themselves quite so conspicuous lobbying members." Another one appears to be aimed at the same person, and, we hope, put him out of his misery: "It is truly pitiful when members of the General Court find it necessary to go to the chief of the Council Chamber lobby, and enquire what the Governor will approve and what he will not in a pending measure." Dwelling still on its trouble it says again, in another place, speaking to the universe in general: "A bad veto and a terrific storm were rather too much of disturbance of the social system for one afternoon." We trust the politicians will watch and see how much Governor Claflin's common honesty hurts him with the people next year.

There has been little news during the week concerning the Chinamen at North Adams, and all of it of a peaceful character. Twenty-five of the striking Crispins—perhaps the Americans who followed their French and Irish fellow-craftsmen reluctantly—are said to have bought a shoe factory in order to run it on the co-operative system, and another similar company has been

formed which will at once build itself a factory. One of the Crispin orators, addressing an anti-Chinese labor meeting at Albany, revealed the fact that an attempt had been made, he himself participating, to establish a Chinese lodge of Crispins in North Adams, and to persuade the Chinese that their labor was worth at least two dollars per day, and that they might oblige Mr. Sampson to give them their due. Nobody can object to either of these ways of accepting the situation, which indicate a calmer sense than we were prepared to give the Crispins credit for. It is well for trades-unionism, as for the shoemaker, to stick to its last; and this is what it does not do when it resorts to violence or intimidation. Chinese lodges and strikes will come in due time when enough Chinamen are collected together in any given place; but the prospect appears to be not immediately flattering at North Adams. Meantime, it is interesting to watch the general tone of the press on the subject of this innovation. In Massachusetts, so far as we have observed, there is only a kindly spirit manifested, but elsewhere the sentiment of the press is divided. The economic bearings of the problem on the protection and free-trade controversy have not escaped notice; and each party offers the pill to the other with a laughable aversion to having it returned for digestion. The *Tribune* has always let its humanitarian sympathies obscure its logic when compelled to face the inconsistency of welcoming "pauper labor" immigration, while denouncing the free importation of the products of the same labor abroad. It takes the part of the Chinamen in Massachusetts only by forgetting the inexorable reasoning of its editor in his "Political Economy." This the free-trade journals, like the Cincinnati *Gazette*, retort upon Mr. Greeley; but the more consistent protectionist organs, half triumphantly, half sorrowfully, lay the Chinese foundling at the door of their opponents.

Mr. Greeley, however, is not the only philanthropist whom the North Adams experiment has put in a tight place. Senator Wilson has been taken to task for his ardent support of Mr. Stewart's bill, making void the long-term contracts of speculative Chinese-labor importers. Mr. Wilson would, perhaps, not oppose Chinamen as working freely for themselves, but if he did, it would not be wholly surprising. He is closely identified with the shoemaking interest, having sat upon the bench formerly himself, and having his home in a shoemaking town, and owing much of his elevation to his being a representative not only of the working-classes generally, but of shoemakers especially. We do not say his present course is influenced by the thought of his political prospects, though it might naturally be. From whatever motive, he has expressed himself most decidedly in opposition to what he calls this degraded form of labor, and furnishes one of the signs that the Chinese question may very possibly divide parties and shape Presidential campaigns. The Democrats, Eastward at least, seem fumbling for their cue, and so long as the *World* does not give it to them, and the South wants to supplant the negro with the Chinaman, it is somewhat doubtful how they will jump. The discussion at large would be helped a good deal if every editor would keep standing in his paper the 5th and 6th articles of the Burlingame treaty, which expressly recognizes the right of voluntary locomotion and travel for the citizens of China in this country, as the English and Continental treaties have lately done for their subjects who desire to emigrate.

Two or three weeks ago we expressed some regret that the two most promising colored boys that were available had not been selected by Senator Revels and the other Congressman who sent up colored candidates to West Point. We hear from various sources, and are requested to say so, that one at least of the two boys was as promising as need be desired. James W. Smith is described to us by competent observers as being more than ordinarily intelligent and well-educated. In eighteen months—fifteen of them in an evening school in Columbia, South Carolina—he fitted himself to pass the written examination for admission to the Hartford High School, making papers which were not excelled by those of any other candidate. At the end of his second year in Hartford school, he made application to finish the course in two years, and this he accomplished, and at graduation stood in the first half of a class of thirty. We understand him to have been rejected at West Point—or put on probation, if that is his present status—because of defective eyesight, and not for any deficiency in point of preparation. The other negro candidate was physically but not otherwise fitted for admission. The suspicion that with one or the other of these instruments the examiners will always be able somehow to keep the Academy free from colored cadets, we see nothing as yet to justify. All the officers seem, so far as is known, to have been both just and courteous to these two boys, although it is asserted that some of the cadets were abusive, and that stiff politeness was the best treatment that they got from any. This, of course, will not last very long. The young fellows at Cambridge seem not to have suffered in mind by reason of the presence of one or two colored undergraduates, nor at seeing one of them take prizes for literary and other distinction; and a West Pointer does not, we believe, consider himself better than a Harvard man, and, if he does, he must either at once abase his spirit, or expect Mr. Logan after him.

The English Liberal party has just sustained a great loss in losing the Earl of Clarendon, a not very great man, but one who has latterly been able to be of very great service to it. Socially, his position could not have been bettered, and the qualities of his character peculiarly fitted him for the work of inducing that acquiescence in measures which the aristocracy, left to its instincts, would have fought against, and of bringing about within his own order those compromises which have been so largely the very history of the English aristocratic Liberal party during Lord Clarendon's life. He was a born and a made diplomatist, having, by nature, tact, caution, address, and sagacity, and having learned in a regular apprenticeship to the art, and a long subsequent practice, every branch of it. He was born in 1800, and was a younger son of a younger son, his father being the brother of the second Earl. He was early put into the diplomatic service, in which he rose rapidly, and was but thirty-three years old when, at an important juncture, he was made Minister to Spain, where he showed great skill and tact. In 1838, he succeeded to the title, and from that time to the day of his death was rarely out of office at home or abroad, his services being employed by both the parties. Thus, he was Aberdeen's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and when that ministry fell in 1855, and Derby was asked to form another, he expressed his desire to retain Lord Clarendon in office, and would have done so had he been able to form a ministry. Palmerston, who succeeded in the task, did keep him. Earlier, he held many offices, the one greatest in dignity being the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, where he had a troublous five years. Perhaps his most marked diplomatic services were his allying England with Cavour, and his management of the English relations with France, in which country his old friendship in Spain with the mother of the Empress stood him always in good stead; but his whole life has been the career of a more than fairly successful diplomatist, in the old acceptation of that term. He was not a man to believe that the personal qualities of ambassadors, their anecdotes, their wines, their dinners, their relationships and friendships, do not influence the destinies of nations, for he had experience to the contrary, and doubtless would not have feared to predict, if prophesying had been in his way, that so it will continue to be till the end of time. Earl Granville is said to be the Earl of Clarendon's probable successor, and may be the man to settle the *Alabama* claims.

Other foreign news is of comparatively small importance. There has been rioting at Cork since Wednesday of last week, beginning with the tailors, who were incensed at the importation of Germans to take the places of strikers, and afterwards extending to nearly all the trades, if the Cable despatches are to be trusted. The case is analogous to the Chinese difficulty here; and how soon Chinamen, as well as Germans, may be taken to Cork is a question perhaps worth considering, when China is colonizing the west coast of the Atlantic. The French news of most interest for Americans is the near departure of M. Prévost-Paradol for Washington, where he will deserve to be welcomed—not for what he nominally represents, but for what he is—as few of his predecessors have had cause to be. In Spain, the Cortes have adjourned after passing a very moderate gradual emancipation act for Cuba, in spite of a brilliant plea by Castelar for immediate abolition. The Queen has abdicated in favor of the Prince of Asturias.

MR. SUMNER'S CUBAN RESOLUTIONS.

PERHAPS it is too much to ask of a man whose efforts in diplomacy have once made so vast and reverberating a noise as some of Mr. Sumner's, that he should thereafter hold his peace concerning foreign affairs. To have made such an echoing and re-echoing speech as that about the *Alabama* claims, which set almost all Americans swinging their hats for eight or nine days and made every Englishman double up his fists and curse every time he thought of it for several weeks—to make one such speech, and not determine to make another one at the earliest opportunity, is probably more than ought to be expected of human nature.

It is true, too, that the atmosphere of Washington constitutes a medium seen through which objects assume all sorts of non-natural and deceptive shapes and sizes, and the perspective becomes worse than Chinese. The Congressman living in that atmosphere of Saturday-afternoon oratory, joint resolutions, wire-pulling and lobbying, humbug and claptrap of every sort, falls of necessity into all kinds of errors as to the state of public opinion and feeling, and finds the indispensable need of the annual "mingling with his constituents" that we shall soon be hearing about, and of going to cattle-shows and hotels and once more getting his hand "on the great heart of the people." Especially is this true when it is getting near the last end of the session. No doubt to-day, after six steady months of Washington, the Senators and Representatives are desperately few in number who are not more than half-inclined to believe that the most populous region on earth is Buncombe, and that of the inhabitants, all that are not knaves in search of a post-office or in possession of one are fools, to whom anything may be said.

Whatever may be the genesis of them, we have just had from Mr. Sumner a set of resolutions which are worthy of General Banks, and are as uncalled for and superfluous as anything that ever came from even the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. In fact, it is saying too much for them to say that they are uncalled for and superfluous. They are such as to do this country discredit, and moreover to injure the cause which they profess they desire to serve. Nothing is less to the credit of a nation than an ineffectual and disregarded interference in the affairs of its neighbors, and just such an interference the passage of Mr. Sumner's resolutions would be. The tone of the language alone, to say nothing about the matter of the message, is enough to ensure the anger of Spain, or, what is as bad for us, to call out merriment not only in Spain but elsewhere. It is easy to imagine the feeling with which a Madrilenian, who believes the rest of the world to exist as a border to Castile, will read such language as this: "In the name of humanity, the people of the United States solemnly insist that these things shall cease; . . . they make this appeal with sincere good-will to the people of Spain, and with the assurance that the justice they (the Spaniards) do to others will redound to their own happiness, welfare, and renown; . . . the people of the United States are pained to hear that the pretension of property in man is still upheld in the island colonies of Spain; . . . that instead of terminating this pretension at once, the Spanish Government propose to protract it for an indefinite period by an impossible system of gradualism; . . . the people of the United States regret to witness the extraordinary efforts of the Spanish Government by violence and blood to maintain the unnatural jurisdiction in Cuba, forbidden by the great law of progress, and hostile to the interests of both parties."

These passages give the tone of the resolutions, which is patronizing and didactic to a degree that would do credit to a Chinese Secretary of State addressing a Loo Choo ambassador; but it is not a tone that has been heard in Western diplomacy since Menchikoff contemptuously snubbed Earl Russell for intermeddling and using high language where he was afraid to intervene effectually, and, indeed, had no intention of intervening. Any people would resent such instruction so administered, but it is a very great blunder to administer it in the face of all the world to perhaps the haughtiest nation in Europe. The Spaniards are about as unlikely a people as any in existence to enjoy being told that their scheme of abolishing slavery is an "impossible gradualism;" that they do not know so well as we can tell them what is for the best interests of the Cubans, and what is more, that we can tell them better than they know what is most to the advantage of their own pockets, to say nothing of their honor, happiness, and good name; that their very presence on this side of the water is flat opposition to "the great law of progress;" that we can inform them that it is written in the oracles of God that they are to march out of North America, as, we are happy to remind them, they had to pack out of their South American colonies; that they uphold a baseless pretension—the same which they are charged with planning (but not wisely) to overthrow; that, in short, they in many ways "pain" the people of the United States, and must mend their hands at once.

Yet we suppose nothing is much more certain than that the people of the United States have not at present the remotest intention of going to war with Spain in behalf of the Cubans. One or two journals, whose support of a cause is not to its advantage, and a certain class of Congressmen whom the country is unfortunately willing to hear talk, but for whose advice in weighty matters it does not care a pin, may make a good deal of clamor about Cuba and "the Monroe Doctrine," but they do not in the least affect the public mind. The people in general certainly despise and detest the cruelty of De Rodas' volunteers; but they also despise and detest the cruelty of Quesada, with his six or seven hundred prisoners murdered at once, and they know the bloodthirsty ferocity which characterizes the Spanish race, wherever found; they have for months looked with only a languid interest at the war, or whatever it is that is going on in the island; more clearly than anything else they see the fighting left to negroes and hired foreigners, while Cubans hang about New York and the watering-places; in short, the President's recent proclamation expresses the public opinion about Cuba. Clearly, the country has no intention of embarking more money and men in the business of fighting at present. Of that we have had enough for a time, and when we want more we probably shall not get it by attempting to drive one set of Spaniards out of Cuba to give it to another set—we being all the time about as much beloved by the one set as by the other, and much more likely to get Cuba into the Union, supposing that to be at present desirable, after purchasing her from Spain, than we are to get her without violence from the Junta after that body has been put in possession, and begun its garroting and shooting.

This being the state of the case, the country's mind being made up not to fight, and Mr. Fish and the President being able to do all that these irritating and otherwise ineffective resolutions can do, why should they be introduced? At least, why should more of them be agreed to than the portions which, in rather injudicial and undiplomatic, if not, indeed, somewhat intemperate, language, remonstrate with the Spanish Government against the barbarities of the volunteers? That would be doing in a more public and solemn manner what Mr. Fish has been privately doing for many months, and might be of some avail. But to send a set of fighting resolutions, and then not fight, would be anything but dignified or wise; and it would surely be none the less ridiculous because the resolutions were couched in the language of a schoolmaster berating a boy rather than of a correspondence between equals.

THE END OF THE ERA OF SPECULATION.

PRECISELY ten years from now the business of the whole of the United States was marked by a dulness, a stagnation, similar to, but even exceeding, that which now prevails. That summer's dulness was the commencement, as this summer's dulness is, we think, the end, of the wildest era of speculative excitement witnessed since the times of Law and the South Sea Bubble. In 1860, the fierce agitation of the Presidential election, and the alarm created by the bold threats of the Southern extremists, almost paralyzed business, involved all the mercantile interests of the country in serious loss, threw large numbers of people out of employment, and thus prepared, on the one hand, the sudden and spontaneous uprising of the unemployed masses in support of the Government in 1861; and, on the other hand, created a class of people almost new to our generation, a class of merchants of education, unoccupied, poor, frequently heavily, nay hopelessly, indebted, often reckless with hopelessness, and in every way suited to become the

nucleus of that community of speculators which has occupied so large a share of the public attention ever since. The depression in business in 1860 furnished alike the first armies of soldiers and the first armies of contractors, camp-followers, and speculators. The later armies of soldiers were impelled by patriotism, the last were compelled by the draft. The main army of speculators was subsequently attracted by the extraordinary temptations of the times; the last and most noticeable detachment were themselves the outgrowth of all that was vicious and bad in a period pre-eminent for badness and vice. But both armies had their first origin in the summer dulness of 1860.

The career of the soldier army is well known, though, as yet, unwritten. The career of the speculator army is not only unwritten, but entirely misunderstood. When, in 1861, the Government came into the markets of the country as a buyer of labor and of all the products of labor, it came into markets overstocked almost beyond precedent, and unnaturally depressed to the point of despondency. The Government purchases had a double, nay treble, effect. They rapidly reduced supplies, and they enabled all sellers to become enlarged consumers, at the very time when a liberal proportion of the producers was withdrawn from active labor. The effect upon prices was magical. Everything advanced with a feverish rapidity that was perfectly incomprehensible. First food, clothing, arms, munitions of war, next machinery, metals, raw materials of every kind, then ships, and other means of transportation, and all their representatives, like steamship stocks and railroad stocks—one after another, all rose in price. The extraordinary gains made so suddenly and incomprehensibly by the legitimate dealers in these articles, and the almost certain continuance of the advance, based as it was upon the steadily diminishing production and increased consumption of both Government and people, were quickly recognized by that large class who, from natural taste or from their peculiar circumstances, were inclined to take advantage of it. It was this extraordinary rise in prices that produced the speculative mania. To the thousands who soon learned to follow speculation in all the various objects of trade as a lucrative profession were speedily added the hundreds of thousands who, while really engaged in other pursuits, were yet tempted by the reports of fabulous gains to indulge in more or less important "outside transactions," which can be properly characterized only as gambling. This class came to be known in all the markets as outside dabblers: lawyers, doctors, merchants, retired capitalists, Government officers, and bank officials, who had no better excuse for being engaged in operations in flour, or gold, or cotton, or stocks, than for playing *rouge et noir*. For all these classes the three years from 1862 to 1865 were mainly years of a certain feverish prosperity. The great majority of speculators all the world over are inclined to speculate for a rise, and during those three years the incessant purchases by Government, the steadily diminishing production, and the reckless waste and consumption of a people that deemed itself rolling in wealth, kept everything almost constantly rising; hence speculation in the main was profitable.

With the close of the war in 1865, a violent change set in. The disbanding of the armies restored a large number of men to productive pursuits, the Government purchases rapidly diminished, stocks of many articles became again abundant, and prices materially declined. But it was found that the South was so entirely deprived of every article of merchandise that the demand from that section sufficed to maintain the prices of many things. Many soldiers returned from the war possessed of means, and did not resume their former occupations with the expected promptitude. The destruction of the war even in the North was so serious as not to be repaired even in a year or two of peace. Two successive poor, or at best indifferent, crops of breadstuffs followed the peace, and prevented a great decline in food and, consequently, in the wages of labor. A great abundance of idle capital in Europe sought employment with the utmost confidence in the extension of our wonderful railroad system, and became during the last years a purchaser of products and labor almost comparable to the Government itself during the time of war. All these circumstances tended to delay, though they could not prevent, the decline in prices which was sure to follow ultimately the cessation of the causes which had produced the advance. The two years following the close of the war were years of repeated and violent fluctuations, which tempted many to continue for a time their speculative operations, but which, in the main, resulted disastrously for all outside speculators, leaving a profit only to the brokers, bankers, and others employed in conducting the operations, and reducing daily the number of "dabblers" by their complete financial exhaustion. The accounts from all the leading markets agree in this, that the fortunes made, the small and large sums gained during the years of war, were almost all lost again before the close of 1867, and that the men who fed the great speculative fire previously to 1865 had almost all disappeared from view.

But the men who had adopted speculation as a profession were not to be thus driven off the course by a mere decline in the natural supply of deluded victims. Men who had once tasted the delight of taking the money earned by other men, and making it their own by dint of superior cunning, shrewdness, or unscrupulousness, were parched with a craving for the continued indulgence. Men who had acquired habits of luxury not far inferior to those of Imperial Rome, needed a perennial supply of revenues to maintain their state. Men who had acquired control over markets, and wielded immense power, were unable to relinquish it. All these men must continue to speculate, even though the original temptation, the natural fluctuations in prices, be utterly wanting. If there be no natural fluctuations in prices, artificial fluctuations must be created. It is out of this combination of circumstances that has grown what might be called the second period of the speculative era. The first began with efforts to profit by violent fluctuations in prices, brought about by natural causes, and necessarily, indeed, ended as soon as these natural causes ceased to operate. The second began with efforts to create artificial fluctuations in prices, and is, we think, now gradually drawing to a close.

The markets in which the operations of this second period were carried on were comparatively limited in number. In the early years of the war, speculation invaded everything. Latterly it has been confined mainly to railroad stocks, gold, cotton, grain, and real estate. It would be impossible, within our limits, to follow its career closely through all these markets; but we will point out such of its salient features as will, we think, justify our belief in its early end.

Few people who visit the lovely parks growing up in all our leading cities, who roll along the miles of new boulevards and drives that intersect or surround every suburb, stop to reflect that most of these improvements, with all their manifold attractions, are only the artificial but seductive stimulants to a gigantic real-estate speculation. The people who are so patriotically interested in providing their fellow-citizens with agreeable opportunities for healthful recreations and exercise, especially on horseback or in carriage, of course never have any interest in "lots" along the drive or near the park. They induce legislatures and city governments to order the construction of these improvements. Who has the right to object? Is not the expense assessed on the property benefited by it? Nominally, yes! Really, no! These improvements carried on everywhere are raising the taxes in our towns and cities to such frightful figures that none can afford to live in cities except the very rich, and those who are too poor to go away. Every day the distance which mechanics and men of moderate means have to travel between their homes and their work increases, every day tenement-houses are becoming more tightly packed, all in a large measure owing to the fabulous and fictitious prices put upon city and suburban property by a gigantic real-estate speculation, carried on for the benefit of the speculators, mainly at the public expense, and under the delusive pretence of the public benefit. This speculation, we think, we clearly see the end of. City taxation, not only with us, but throughout the country, has exceeded its possible limits. People are driven from town by the crushing taxes. Real-estate dealers, alike in Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, and San Francisco, report an unusual number of dwellings and business tenements unoccupied. Unimproved property along the lines of great improvements is still reported as "firmly held," but with "no transactions," sure evidence of a pause in the speculation. With the increasing number of unoccupied houses, how many new ones are likely to be built? How many purchasers are there likely to be for new lots at fabulous prices?

Our last two grain crops have been extraordinary. For three years past prices of breadstuffs have been declining, but have been prevented from reaching their normal figures by a desperate combination of the grain speculators, who were only too cheerfully aided by the grain-growers, and who found an inexcusable and unwise support in the Western banks, unable to distinguish between the high prices of war times with poor crops, and the necessarily low figures of peace and abundance. With this assistance, speculation has been enabled to hoard and artifically withhold from market a large portion of two seasons' crops, and even attempted to stop the progress of recent shipments to Europe, ordered from there to meet an anticipated deficiency in the coming harvest. Fortunately, we think, for the country, the Western banking interest is recognizing the artificiality of the movement, and their own danger in supporting it, and during last week refused to furnish funds for carrying the grain speculation into a third season. The result was a very sudden and sharp decline in the price of wheat, which in itself is not important, but which shows that the speculation was indeed sustained by the banks. That support permanently withdrawn, as it now seems likely to be, the artificial grain speculation may fairly be considered ended.

Our readers may remember that we have persistently urged that there was no reason why the premium on gold should not have gone to a merely nominal figure two years ago. It was only upheld by the artificial combinations of the Erie robbers and their like. From the explosion of their gigantic schemes last fall, this band of choice spirits has not yet recovered, and, indeed, seems likely never to recover. The natural speculation in gold had almost entirely ceased, when they sought, by fraud and device, to arrest the natural decline, and force the price to a ridiculous figure. Their utter failure, in which nothing but their infamous influence over some of our judges saved them from bankruptcy and lynching, set the market free, and it has since steadily declined. A few months since, just when the public mind had quietly settled down to specie payments, another adventurer, but recently returning from the goal to which his predecessors seem hastening, tried to follow feebly in their footsteps, and came to still more ignominious grief; since when the market has again resumed its downward course. It is not the rise or fall in the premium which is important in this connection; it is the fact alone that the wildest and most desperate artificial combinations scarcely for a moment divert the market from its quiet downward course, which most clearly proves the decay, the end of the speculation.

But in no market has speculation revelled to the same extent as in the Stock Exchange. Here the colossi of modern finance have met upon a battle-ground worthy of their powers. Here natural and artificial stimulants to speculation, foreign and domestic influences, local and national interests, have mingled in an almost inextricable confusion. Here speculation becomes confounded with legitimate investment, here some of the profoundest problems of modern statesmanship meet face to face with the schemes of disreputable financial parasites. Enough may, however, be clearly discerned to warrant our assertion that, even in this arena, the battle, as far as speculation is concerned, is well-nigh ended.

The features of the great railroad-share speculation on the Stock Exchange since the peace have been mainly three, *all tending and aiming to advance prices*. First, a system of improved practical management was introduced by Mr. Vanderbilt, which was a legitimate and honorable means of increasing the value of the stocks representing the roads benefited by the improvement. Next came a system of consolidating various lines under one management and into one company, and the issue, in the way of dividends, of large amounts of new shares, to represent the supposed increased value of the road by virtue of the consolidation or other improvements. Last came the unblushing issue of new shares and new bonds, for the payment of unearned dividends, for the completion of improvements never contemplated, for any and every purpose, sometimes without purpose, occasionally without even a pretence of purpose. All these influences seem to have been fairly exhausted; and, beyond levying a tax at Albany upon the whole of the State for the benefit of some of the exhausted railroad treasuries, it seems that even the ingenuity of distinguished railroad managers would be sorely tried to invent new schemes for advancing the prices of their securities.

The improvement system introduced by Mr. Vanderbilt was very effective when applied to such a frightfully mismanaged concern as the Harlem Railroad. It was even not to be despised in the case of the New York Central, which had been habitually plundered for political purposes. But roads *running into New York City* are no longer "lying around loose," the mismanagement of Harlem was altogether exceptional and phenomenal, much of the improved earnings of the so-called Vanderbilt roads was due to other causes apart from the management, and it would be as difficult to find other roads upon which the experiment could be successfully tried as it would be to find another Vanderbilt to conduct it. The consolidation scheme has been carried to a point that alarms even the managers themselves, and that seriously engages the attention of thoughtful men everywhere. Each consolidation is an attempt at monopoly. Each attempted monopoly is met by fiercer competition, and competition adds to expenses and diminishes profits. People ask themselves where is the increased value of the road as represented by consolidation, if consolidation everywhere leads to increased expenses and diminished earnings? and thus faith is lost in the value of securities issued upon such basis. The whole system of consolidation and of its immediate offspring, paper dividends, has been such a fruitful source of corruption, fraud, deceit, that it has tended more than any other one thing to fill people with distrust of railroad management, and to deter them from speculating in stocks. One element remained, after consolidation, improved management, and paper dividends had ceased to influence the market, that was relied on as certain to revive speculation by advancing prices—the extreme ease in money. But here we are in the midst of summer; money has been cheaper and more abundant than has ever before been known in this country, yet no advance has taken place in stocks. On the contrary, prices, as a general thing, have been declining. There are no outside buyers or sellers. The Stock and Gold Exchanges are alike deserted. Even the flare-up and failure of the young adventurer just referred to has created scarcely more than a ripple of excitement. Everywhere young, active, intelligent men are abandoning speculation, and even the brokerage business, for other more simple and more remunerative, less uncertain pursuits. Everywhere respect for legitimate business is increasing, and the artificial speculation of the last few years exciting more disgust. The dream of rapid wealth has proved a nightmare. The notable exceptions that were wont to illustrate it are beginning to be recognized as doubtful bubbles, whose career may yet end in the poor-house or the penitentiary. In a word, the closer the examination, the more decided is the conviction that we are rapidly approaching the end of the ten years' speculation.

ENGLAND.

JUNE 10, 1870.

JUST as I am about to write, I receive the sad news of Mr. Dickens's death. It seems impossible to pass over such a topic in silence, and yet more impossible to say anything which will possess any particular interest for your readers. Mr. Dickens's writings are as familiar on your side of the Atlantic as on ours, and I can add nothing to what will have been said sufficiently often before you receive this upon his literary character. I do not know, indeed, whether the moment after a man's death is the best time for taking stock of his achievements; for some obvious reasons, it is the worst; though it is inevitable that every one should try to express something of the common regret at the loss of one who, if not the greatest, was incomparably the most popular writer of his generation. No other writer in England has commanded a circulation equal to a half, I believe I might almost say a fourth part, of that attained by Mr. Dickens; and I shall not now ask how far his permanent fame is likely to correspond to that which he has enjoyed in his lifetime. Nor, if I do not venture to assume the office of critic, is it right to dwell at any length upon topics of more personal interest. It is chiefly desirable, as it seems to me, at the present moment to do what one can to maintain the privacy of a literary man's life, rather than to help in satisfying the curiosity of the "many-headed beast." It is enough to say that Mr. Dickens had a singular power over the affections of his friends, and that there are many besides his children who will be grieved to the heart by this morning's

news. If, as Johnson said of Garrick, his death has "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," it has also saddened more profoundly many smaller circles, and that is an epitaph of which we ought to be more ambitious. I feel, however, as though I was treading a rather dangerous path, and approaching too closely the verge of topics that should be held in sacred privacy. Yet I could not write to you to-day without attempting to give some small expression to a feeling of regret which is at the present moment affecting the whole nation, and, I might doubtless add, more nations than one.

Another writer died last week whose name may be known to some of your readers. I mean Mr. Mark Lemon, who had been editor of *Punch* since its commencement. Mr. Lemon's own writings were of no great value, but in his editorial capacity he was associated with some eminent names. *Punch* will, at any rate, be remembered as the recipient of some of Thackeray's happiest trifles. The collection of such names suggests some curious reflections. Mr. Dickens was the leader of that school of English humorists which has been dominant for the last thirty years, as *Punch* was one of its chief organs. It has had many merits, and amongst them may certainly be reckoned that of moral purity. There is not a word in Dickens or in *Punch* which might not be read by a father to a rising family of daughters. That is a good thing in its way, and yet the words have almost an ironical sound. Have we not descended a little into the milk-and-water school of morality? *Punch*, I fear, has pretty completely lost its former spirit, and if it refrains very properly from attacking us by unworthy means, has rather fallen into the error of general insipidity. There is no poison in the cup which it offers, but there is also remarkably little flavor of any kind. Once, *Punch* was a bit of a radical; now he has become a twaddling old gentleman who believes in his *Times*, and whose great object it seems to be never to tread upon anybody's toes or say anything unfitted for an academy for young ladies. Well! if our comic literature is moral to a painful degree, we know where to look for consolation. To say nothing of the Swinburnian school, with its passionate desire to exchange

> "The lilies and languors of virtue
> For the roses and raptures of vice,"

we have been treated to an amount of what I may mildly describe as impropriety in our recent newspaper literature which is a rather amazing illustration of British respectability. It would be nearer the mark to say that such a torrent of filth was never poured into general discussion before; and, of course, private conversation is apt to exceed the limits of public talk. I will just remark, as a hint to schoolmasters, that our latest and worst scandal seems to have been partly owing to a custom, which has lately become common, of allowing schoolboys and undergraduates to perform private theatricals in which the women's parts are taken by boys and young men.

I have been led by a rather queer association of ideas into a revolting topic. By way of return to purer air, I will remark that a new contest is now opening in Parliament. The Education question is coming on, and the forces on both sides are gradually taking up their position. As I shall have to refer to the matter in future, it may be as well to attempt a short statement of the actual position of the controversy. The great fight will take place over what is known as the religious difficulty. The mass of English children is in a state of profound ignorance, and the ignorance is nowhere more profound than in regard to all theological questions. A friend of mine was putting a school through their catechism the other day. Each boy answered his questions very fluently until he came near the end of the creed. Here a dead pause took place, till, after repeated efforts to obtain a satisfactory answer, the explanation of the sudden hitch in the proceedings was given in these words: "Please, sir, the boy as believes in the Holy Ghost isn't here to-day." That is very apt to be the case. But, of course, there is a vehement conflict as to the particular shade of doctrine which is to be impressed upon such promising pupils. They must have the right doctrine about the Trinity, though they may be only able to receive it by a subdivision of labor. And the reason is very simple, namely, that each sect wishes to have the prestige and influence derivable from the management of the national schools. At present, the schools are all supported by the various denominations, with certain assistance from Parliament, and they are naturally anxious to maintain their position. In future, however, if Mr. Forster's bill passes, there will be three classes of schools; first, the denominational schools, as at present existing; secondly, schools, denominational or otherwise, which will receive subsidies from a local rate; thirdly, schools to be founded in future by various municipal authorities, to be supported out of the rates and a parliamentary vote in aid, and to be managed by the representatives of the ratepayers. Of course, there is no dispute as to the first class of schools; but the difficulty turns upon the conditions under which the other two classes are to be assisted from the rates. The Government proposal is shortly this: that the local authorities are to determine in every case what is to be the religious teaching in the schools, or, if they please, to dispense with religious teaching altogether. There can be no doubt, however, that, in most cases, they will either aid some school already in existence, or else found schools in which the doctrines of the most powerful sects in the place will be taught. To guard against any possible grievance, it is therefore proposed by Government that there shall be what is called a conscience-clause in the act. That is, the parents shall in all cases have the power of withdrawing their children from any religious training of which they disapprove. It was suggested that the clause as originally proposed was not sufficiently stringent, and they have signified their willingness to adopt a clause of any stringency that can be devised. There can be no doubt that a measure resting upon these principles can be passed by Government, if it chooses. The Conservatives will join the Government majority in adopting it: and, considering Mr. Gladstone's great power in the present Parliament, there is no doubt that he can do what he pleases.

Here, however, comes in the real difficulty. Such a measure, if passed, would be substantially a Conservative measure, and would fail altogether to satisfy the Radical wing of the Liberal party. Their demands are in substance that, in all schools supported or aided by the rates, no denominational training shall be allowed. They shrink, however, from proposing a distinctly secular system, and have invented the word "unsectarian" to express their meaning. The precise nature of their proposals is, either that the Bible alone shall be read "without note or comment," or that no "distinctive religious training" shall be allowed. Of course, there are certain differences as to the terms on which schools are to be managed, according as they belong to the second or third of the classes above-mentioned: that is, according as they are originally founded or only in part supported out of the rates. The objection generally made to these suggestions is that the simple reading of the Bible, or the teaching of a kind of essence of religion without any particular flavor, would in practice be equivalent to no religious teaching at all, and would lead to nearly as many troubles as a more decidedly sectarian method. In this I think that there is some force; at any rate, the League and its supporters would have occupied a more intelligible position if they had adopted the simple principle that the religious part of the training should be left to voluntary effort, but that, when given, it should be given according to the taste of the teachers. The attempt to throw a kind of sop to the prejudices of the British public is felt to be rather unsatisfactory, and has to a certain extent a rather hypocritical appearance. It looks as if they were anxious to make an apparent concession, which is really no concession at all, and to allow religion to be taught, so long as it is deprived of all that gives it meaning in the eyes of the teachers. I will not, however, discuss the rights of the question. I have sought to give you a kind of plan of the scene of action, so that you may judge what is the real meaning of the policy which Government is likely to adopt. I expect that Government, whilst doing what they can to conciliate their radical opponents, will nevertheless remain substantially on the more conservative side, and that we are, therefore, merely at the beginning of a long contest. I earnestly hope that some measure may be passed this session; but I am not sanguine enough to hope that it will amount to anything like a final settlement. The questions at issue are too exciting and too important to be set to rest by the necessarily languid debates at the end of a session.

THE ITALIAN PROBLEM.

II.

If we cross the Apennines between Florence and Bologna, we descend into a region which, at first sight, seems to have nothing in common with the south-western half of Italy. The climate, with its excesses of cold and heat, seems Castilian rather than Italian, and the scenery, if it could be seen in the simple garb of its native flora, might not improperly be called Dutch. If we, nevertheless, recognize Italy in these regions, it is due to the works of man rather than to those of nature; it is due to what man has planted and built, to the olive and the vine, and to the palatial splendor of the cities. The high-roads are garden avenues, hung and draped with heavy garlands of vine: what of the dead level of the plain and its windmill? You cannot see either. Even the corn-fields are only visible in patches, hedged in as they are by rows of mulberry and fruit trees. And in the clearings of this vast orchard stand splendid old towns,

dreamy and dilapidated, yet stately and venerable; overgrown, perhaps, with grass or ivy, but not covered with many layers of modern varnish, certainly not hidden under it. Florence and Naples are half modern towns already, and daily growing more so. But Mantua and Padua, Verona and Venice, Ravenna and Ferrara, are so many cairns of history replete with the glories of the past only.

Here, then, we are in a region where nature has done less, and where, consequently, man was forced to do more than on the south-western side of the Apennine. We are in that vast plain representing the valley of the Po and of its tributaries, which is hemmed in between the Alps, the Apennines, and the Adriatic. It is the only alluvial plain in Italy, and we will endeavor to show that these physical aspects of the country are coextensive with certain mental characteristics of its population. We need not here reconsider the Piedmontese, and may at once exclude the upper or western part of this valley, which, moreover, partakes more of the Alpine than of the lowland nature. But Venetia, Lombardy, and Parma, the northern portion of Modena and the Romagnas, down to Ancona, represent a district which, though capable of many subdivisions, may well be considered as a whole, ethnographically as well as geographically.

It is admitted, I think, that the inhabitant of the plain, provided his plain is traversed by navigable rivers or borders on the sea, is, other things being equal, a more civilizable person than the mountaineer. Switzerland enjoys exceptional political advantages, yet it never played an important part in history like Holland, nor can it boast of many great men. And as to the Tyrol, it is a positive disgrace even to Austria, being the home of all that is most stupid and benighted, the refuge of superstition and ignorance, of priests and legitimists. In the plains there may be fever and consumption, but there can be no *goître* and no cretinism. There, too, as everywhere else, priestcraft and ignorance may lead to vices and to crimes, but the effect will cease with the cause, and the case need never be deemed a hopeless one.

Without further indulging in speculations of this kind, we can easily convince ourselves that the inhabitants of this north-eastern part of Italy are a race not only vastly superior to their Alpine neighbors, but in some respects even to their transapennine brethren on the volcanic coasts of the Mediterranean. Count all the illustrious men of Italy, not her tyrants and historical rascals, but those that were really great, in art or science, in literature or in civic virtue, and you will find that by far the greater number of them were born and educated in this part of Italy. Raffaelle and Guido Reni, Titian and Giorgione, Correggio and Paolo Veronese, Palladio, and the three Caraccis, are striking instances. Leonardo, too, may well be called a Milanese. We must not judge by what we find of pictures and statues in these noble towns. Pictures and statues are movable property. An invader may take them to the Louvre or wherever he pleases. But the works of the architect remain. They alone are monuments worthy of the name. An individual may be honored and immortalized by his statue, but for a nation or any community of men the fittest monuments are its buildings. And the architecture of these transapennine towns is not only grand and beautiful, but seems to have altogether escaped those blighting influences of *rococco* and renaissant art which have disfigured Rome.

Science, too, was cultivated here not only sooner but more thoroughly and more successfully than elsewhere in Italy. Bologna, Pavia, and Padua are even now important seats of learning, but in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries these universities were frequented by foreigners from all countries of Europe, and even Vicenza had its high school of learning which was hardly inferior to the others. Much, no doubt, was due to patronage and to the laudable efforts of the Gonzagas, the Della Scalas, and the Estes, but without the genius of the people this patronage could not even have existed. Volta and Galvani, Grimaldi and Torricelli, Morgagni and Tomassini, Fallopio and Malpighi, Cardano and Tartaglia, Nobili and Mariannini were all born on this north-eastern side of the Apennines. More names might easily be added. But those here mentioned belong to a select band of thinkers and discoverers whose discoveries have not only enriched the older sciences but have created new ones. We need not exaggerate the importance of Cardan's formula for solving cubic equations (which is said to belong to Tartaglia rather), but what would anatomy, and, above all, what would physical science be without the achievements of these illustrious men? Tuscany, it is true, can boast of having given Galileo to science and Michael Angelo to art, and these were giants. Brunelleschi, too, was a Florentine, and so was Giotto. Yet, great though these names are, they do not invalidate our theory, since the genius of a people and their general turn of mind ought not to be judged by its possible maxima of excellence, but rather by the number of cases in which any given kind of excellence is obtained among them. And to find this, we must consult not only the lists of great historical names, but also the statistics of the professions. The establishment of political liberty has not yet affected these data, and we are justified in taking them as the exponents of the spontaneous preferences and leanings, and, therefore, of the innate capacities, of the various peoples of Italy. The classification of these intellectual types and their territorial grouping, such as we have attempted to set forth in this and in the preceding article, will be found correct by all who take the trouble of verifying it. It may be briefly summed up as follows:

The Piedmontese are the soldiers and the officials of Italy, the Ligurians her sailors. The Tuscan is the man of the world, and, therefore, fond of all that refers to this world, of gossip—past and present, of history and politics, of law and diplomacy, of polished speech and polished manners. The Neapolitan mind is imaginative and speculative. Saturated, as it were, with the sensuous imagery of its southern world, it seems more ready to rise and soar above it; not that it is ever capable of what Coleridge called "otherworldliness" (which is a prerogative of northerners, rather, and of Protestant bigots in particular), but it certainly feels more at home in metaphysics than in physics, and the uneducated are readier to accept miracles than laws. Lastly, in the transapennine Italian we have recognized a very highly-gifted being in whom the equilibrium of the mental faculties, independently of their absolute strength, seems to have reached a remarkable degree of perfection. His mind is the artistic mind *par excellence*, in which intellect and imagination control and fertilize each other, so that it may either create a work of art or become capable of putting the *prudens quæstio*, that "well-grounded anticipation" which, according to Bacon, must precede all scientific experiments and all discoveries, and which, as "prudent," is an act of the intellect, and, as a "question," an act of the imagination. The history of Volta's classical experiments offers a striking example of this. To use a very trite and not very accurate metaphor, we may say that, if Piedmont is the hand of Italy, Naples is its heart, and the remaining central portion its head.

But, strictly speaking, we have thus far only demonstrated that there is a hand and a heart and a head in Italy, and it still remains to be seen whether this hand, this heart, and this head belong to the same organic body, and, if they do, we have still to account for such a union, for its suddenness, its cohesion, and its vitality. Surely not every hand coalesces with every head, nor every head with every heart. We have hitherto pointed out nothing but differences, all radical mental differences, too, and the question arises: What caused these differences to become mere functional differences, indicative not of plurality but of organic colligation and national oneness?

The next and concluding article will contain an answer to this question.

Correspondence.

THE NECESSITY OF LEGAL TENDER.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: My views of the Legal Tender Act differ somewhat from those of a large and perhaps the soundest part of the public. If correct, they have an important bearing upon the question, and, if they are not so, will you be kind enough to point out the fallacy?

It is evident that gold and silver bullion cannot be used as money. The operations of assay and weight, as well as subdivision, are too slow and cumbrous. Governments therefore issue coin, bearing their stamp, as evidence of definite value. It is not probable that any one will make a question about receiving this. But then it may happen, and the conditions of trade will not admit of this uncertainty. Thus, if I give my note for a thousand dollars' worth of goods at sixty days, and resell them later for another note at sixty days, I must have an absolute certainty that what I receive from the second note will pay my own, and that no freak of my creditor can expose me to trouble. Governments, therefore, make their coin a legal tender, which, when offered in payment of debt, releases the debtor from legal process.

In the case of convertible paper, if my creditor refuses it, I can draw the specie, and the knowledge that I can do so prevents him from refusing

it, because he does not want to be burdened with the specie. In 1857, the withdrawal of the specie from the banks for export produced a panic and a suspension: but the great contraction of the currency, or, what is the same thing, check to its circulation, brought such a fall of prices as to attract gold in large amounts from abroad. The suspension lasted but sixty days, and in the interval there was no premium on gold. Anybody who could not settle a debt with bank-notes could easily procure gold, either at bank or of a broker, at a merely nominal charge.

I do not myself believe that it would have been possible to have maintained the convertibility of our paper money under our existing system during the war. At all events, such possibility is not self-evident. If it was not, we had no resource but inconvertible paper. Now, the difference between legal-tender notes and all other Government securities is, that the former are always at par, while the others are not—in other words, they are money. Without the Legal Tender Act, everybody owing a debt would have been liable to a claim for gold; and, as all the convertible paper which we used before the war would have disappeared, our enormously increased monetary transactions must have been conducted on a greatly diminished money basis. An idea prevails that the paper money might have been left free to find its own level of price. A moment's reflection will show, however, how impracticable this is. The New York banks owe about two hundred millions of deposits, and would be liable to a demand for gold from every depositor. If it were attempted to settle this with paper at market value, what authority would fix this constantly fluctuating value, and enforce the decision when made? On a smaller scale, it is true, you cannot, by making the notes a legal tender, compel a bootmaker to sell his boots at less price; but when he has once delivered them to you, both you and he know in exactly what medium his bill will be paid. Were it not so, you might be exposed to serious disagreement when you came to settle the bill. Fancy an Irishwoman buying a leg of mutton. The price agreed on is twelve cents. When she produces her scrip, which she has received for yesterday's washing at 130, the butcher informs her that he can allow but 125. The state of the market would probably soon justify the active interference of the police. Only a very small fraction even of our cash transactions are settled at the moment, and wherever there is debt, the law must declare what medium shall be used in payment of debt. The law does not attempt thereby to fix its value, which is regulated by other considerations.

In short, the first requisite of money is that there shall be no question of price. It is this alone which saves us from a state of barter. I believe there never has been, and never can be, in any civilized nation, any money in extensive use without its being either a legal tender, or convertible into one; and that, in the absence of the latter quality, the former is indispensable. And allow me to observe, once more, that the legal-tender quality of paper money does not in the least involve its depreciation. It is quite possible to restore convertibility, by contraction, without repealing the Legal Tender Act. But the previous repeal of this act would transfer the legal-tender notes to the position of Government bonds, and would reduce us for money to actual specie, or a far less amount than we had before the war, with a corresponding effect upon prices, and with bankruptcy for almost the entire debtor class—that is, the immense majority of the country.

G. B.

Boston, May 27, 1870.

[The paper money of the Government *was* convertible all through the war, at a certain rate. Its value—that is, the quantity of it necessary to purchase anything—was ascertained from first to last by a reference to the gold standard. The gold standard was in the mind of all large dealers in fixing the price of their commodities. They never dreamed of looking to the legal-tender quality of the greenbacks as a source of stability. The dreadful scene in the market between the Irishwoman and the butcher, which "G. B." pictures, actually occurred every day all over the country, as the washerwomen and laborers knew to their cost. That is, the paper money they received on Saturday, as wages, often lost ten, twenty, or thirty per cent. of its value in the butcher's eyes between that and Monday or Tuesday. The "marking up" and "marking down" of goods was going on constantly in every store in the land, as the Government credit improved or declined under the influence of victory or defeat. How "G. B." comes to be oblivious of this passes our comprehension. The greenbacks, of course, served the purpose of money, but served it very badly—they were money that only fulfilled its function very imperfectly, to the great detriment of the poor and unwary—that is, of those who could not mark their goods up and down. The reason why we used it was that we could not well afford to keep our gold, and when the Government offered a cheap though bad substitute for it, being sorely pressed, we sold the gold to foreigners, and got on as best we could with paper. What would have happened if the paper had not been made legal tender? Considerable distress, doubtless, among the debtor class at first, but afterwards far greater certainty in transactions. *All* classes would have *thought* in gold constantly, and would have talked of the rise and fall in paper, instead of the rise and fall in gold (which never stirred), and thus great suffering and delusion among the poor would have been prevented, and all contracts would have been made in gold. Nobody who gave his note for goods, payable in greenbacks at sixty days, knew, during the war, what he would have to pay in reality. So the shrewd people protected themselves, either by paying cash, or by adding on enough to their prices to cover the risk of depreciation in the legal tender. The possibility of maintaining the convertibility of our paper did not need to be self-evident to justify non-interference. Our point is that the reference to the gold standard —that is, *mental conversion*—was not avoided by the Legal Tender Act, could not be avoided without a change in the constitution of the human mind, never has been avoided by any nation, and therefore ought not to have been attempted. Simple Government notes would never have sunk below thirty cents on the dollar, we may be sure, and if people had not used them as a standard of value in fixing prices of goods, or making contracts *de futuro*, we should have been no worse off than we are, for the legal tenders never have been a real standard of value. The publication of "G. B.'s" letter has, we are sorry to say, been unavoidably delayed.—Ed. Nation.]

THE FAITH OF CONGRESS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Will the ethical editor of the *Nation* be good enough to answer the following questions:

1. If, at the time of the enactment of the income-tax law, about thirty-nine millions out of forty millions of the people were in favor of such a law, how did it happen that in this much talking and writing community the willing thirty-nine millions remained dumb and allowed the reluctant one million to mould "the public opinion of the day so far as it found expression," and by the power of that opinion to compel Congress to promise that the tax should not be levied after 1870?

2. If the levying of an extraordinary tax for an extraordinary occasion is "an act made in the most ordinary course of legislation" (and I think it is), why is not the issuing of bonds, upon certain conditions, to raise money for the same extraordinary occasion, also an act done in the ordinary course of legislation? and, even if it is not, what rule of morality is it which authorizes Congress to disregard pledges which it makes in the ordinary course of legislation, yet requires it to scrupulously regard those made on extraordinary occasions?

3. How is the matter different *morally*, "when speaking by the mouth of Congress the nation solemnly pledges the national faith to a foreign nation?" Who or what but the nation *ever* speaks through Congress when it makes any pledge or passes any law? Why is Congress more bound to keep faith with foreign nations or individuals than with our own citizens? Does the solemnity make the difference? In what respect or degree is one deliberate act of Congress more solemn than another? and if it is so, what degree of solemnity is required in the passage of a law in order to make its provisions binding upon Congress?

I ask these questions merely for information. Of course I acknowledge that Congress has a right to change its mind and to continue the income-tax law; but it should do it, I think, on the ground that it is still a necessary law, and not upon the ground that the promise to discontinue it in 1870 was made merely to conciliate public opinion, and may therefore rightfully be disregarded.

Respectfully yours,

Joseph Moran.

New York, June 23, 1870.

[We suppose the newspapers attacked the income-tax law at the time of its first passage because the large majority of newspapers published in this country were owned and edited then, as they are now, by men who had incomes to be taxed, and did not mean them to be

taxed if plenty of talking and grumbling could prevent. So far as our observation goes, the great majority of the people either wish the retention of the tax, or at the very most are indifferent as to whether it goes or stays. We have little doubt that if we had time to find them we could show our correspondent letters enough, signed "workingman," or "mechanic," or "ploughholder *versus* bondholder," addressed to some of the cheaper journals, and demanding that the incomes of the wealthy should bear their share of the burdens of the war. Nor are there wanting instances of journals editorially throwing their weight on this side of the controversy, as witness the influential Springfield *Republican*. Of course, the "workingman" has not many papers printed in his interest and to express his opinions—though no doubt his political opinions are expressed for him freely, both just about election time and at other times—but some papers he has, and every such paper represents the real feeling, we venture to say, of a majority of the readers of most of the papers on the other side.

There is this difference between the binding power of legislation which is of the nature of a promise to a foreign people and that which is of the nature of a promise to our own citizens. The foreigner knows only that a people recognizing fully those cardinal principles of honesty and honor which he also recognizes, has made him, in as solemn a way as it can, a certain promise, to break which is to disgrace in the common estimation of mankind the party who breaks it. The American promisees know the same thing, but they also know something more. They know themselves as citizens of a country whose citizens are the government; they know themselves as promisors as well as promisees. For a thousand reasons, they are ready to admit that Congress must be allowed the right of changing its mind, and this to the end that the citizens may be the better pleased; which, in fact, is merely saying that the citizens claim for themselves the right to change their minds as changing exigencies may require. Congress is in this view the people. But of these changing exigencies, these fluctuations which bring us good or harm, which dispose us to lay on ourselves new burdens or to take something from the old, the foreigner knows nothing and needs care nothing. He is not called on to suffer with us in our calamities, and we do not call him to share our prosperity. He simply knows us as people who have bound themselves unreservedly by every weighty moral consideration to do so and so as regards him. We on the other hand know ourselves, whether or not we are constantly saying so explicitly to one another, as being always at liberty to seek other ways than one, to consider expediency, to do differently towards ourselves to-day from what we had proposed to ourselves last year.

We have here presented a rather unlimited or even exaggerated statement of the principles concerning which Mr. Moran makes enquiry, but the exaggeration will help to make clearer the distinction we would draw between what may roughly be called ordinary legislation and treaty legislation.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

Mr. John Langdon Sibley, librarian of Harvard College, has for many years been engaged in preparing biographical sketches of the first two hundred and twenty-five graduates of the Academic Department of the university, and now proposes, if he receives sufficient support, to publish them in a single volume. The design embraces the classes from 1642–1678, in the first of which graduated Sir George Downing, and the last, Cotton Mather, with many more or less eminent personages between. Mr. Sibley does not overrate the remarkable characteristics of this body of men, whose lives he intends to trace with great minuteness of detail, "adding catalogues and bibliographical notices of their writings, to open to others the way for further investigations." The chain will be complete when these Sketches are placed side by side with the Harvard Memorial Biographies, showing that, in founding as in preserving a state, culture takes its rightful place in the front rank, shuns no responsibility, and is equal to any. Mr. Sibley's work will not be stereotyped, and the edition will therefore be limited. Subscriptions (at five dollars a copy) should be sent in before September 1st.

—That the world, whether or not it has grown more virtuous, has, at all events, grown more delicate, is a thing often said, and doubtless true. Why it should be held that the world of to-day is less virtuous than the world of other times has never been satisfactorily shown by any writer, from Carlyle back to the *laudator temporis acti* nearest the beginning of time and the end of chaos. This, however, is a large subject. That the world, so far at least as it concerns itself with literature, grows more delicate, seems to be certain; and the reason is not far to seek. Every day the distinction between literature *virginibus puerisque* and other literature becomes more difficult to maintain; everybody reads; and the public demand for books which everybody may not read is constantly becoming smaller—smaller comparatively, at any rate. A writer of our day who makes a book which cannot be talked about by men in presence of women, and by men and women in presence of boys and girls, makes a greater mistake than any of the same sort that could have been made by any writer of past times. Such a writer nowadays talks to an audience bound by many considerations not to listen; and also he loses the immense advertising advantage of not being generally talked about and discussed in all companies. Miss E. S. Phelps, for instance, writes a book which tells people that the Christian heaven is neither a "state of mind" nor a place where one sings and hears singing without end, but is a place where, after death, one is made happy, if one is a mother, by the love of ideally good children; or, if one is a boy, by unlimited skating and swimming; or, if one is fond of horticulture, by gardens with perfect houses attached—and the book in which she sets forth this theory of future life gets her thousands and tens of thousands of readers—perhaps a hundred thousand. But on one's fingers one might count the thousands who have bought the novel by Miss Phelps which followed "The Gates Ajar." Yet "Hedged In" is, perhaps, a cleverer story than its predecessor. But it is a book that parents will not put into their children's hands, and that cannot be chosen as a topic of conversation in mixed companies. Probably it would be safe to say that "The Gates Ajar" has been read by ten persons for one who will read "Hedged In." A more conspicuous instance than that of Miss Phelps might be found in the contemporary history of American writers; but the comparative success of her two stories is sufficient to point our moral, which is, that nothing is more certain—despite the temporary repute of indecent writers, despite Swinburne and the bigamous novelists—than that the times grow worse for authors who deal with indecencies.

—A writer in the London *Practitioner* has something interesting to say in regard to a curious sensation which most of our readers have felt, and which, if they believe what is said by this writer, they will not be pleased to feel again. The sensation in question is thus described by Coleridge:

> "Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
> Which makes the present (while the flush doth last)
> Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
> Mixed with such feelings as perplex the soul
> Self-questioned in her sleep; and some have said
> We lived ere yet this yoke of flesh we wore."

Tennyson also, among a great many other poets, ancient and modern, refers to it:

> "Moreover, something is or seems
> That touches me with mystic gleams
> Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
>
> "Of something felt like something here;
> Of something done I know not where;
> Such as no language may declare."

And Dickens, in "David Copperfield," regards the sensation as one common to all men:

"We have all some experience of a feeling which comes over us occasionally of what we are saying and doing having been said or done before, in a remote time—of our having been surrounded dim ages ago by the same faces, objects, and circumstances—of our knowing perfectly well what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it."

This description is either fuller than that of the two poets, or else it is a description of a considerably stronger sensation than that which they had experienced. The *Practitioner's* correspondent says that he had been from boyhood familiar with the feeling, but that it never came so frequently nor with such intensity as a year or so ago, just previously to a fit of epilepsy, which disease then for the first time attacked him. He has since had but few recurrences of the feeling, but on two of the few occasions it was followed within twenty-four hours by an epileptic seizure. There seems to the writer, then, apart from all the pretty things that philosophers and poets have made out of this experience, that it has for its chief interest a therapeutic interest. The sensation of pre-existence, or

whatever it may be called, ought, he thinks, "to be regarded as showing disturbance of brain-function," and he doubts if its recognition and removal might not often prevent much more important disorders. He suggests, too, that "enquiry in cases of epilepsy may detect a something of this sort put aside as not being of sufficient consequence to speak of, and yet in truth being a minimized form of *petit mal*, warning to precautions against a larger seizure." The chief precaution he would take is cessation from work, or a diminution in the amount of work done. It would be curious to know if Mr. Dickens, by whom this sensation seems to have been felt so often and so vividly, and who died, it is said, of overwork, had experience of it in the later days of his life.

—The London *Spectator* is a very clever paper, as everybody knows, and as honest a journal, beyond a doubt, as any that ever existed; but there is no doubt either that, now and again, in one of several ways, it allows its enemies a chance to mock at it and cast derision upon it. The more or less painful-seeming character of its religiousness, for example, frequently amuses its foes; and so does the sort of mixture of whim and sublimated moral earnestness with which it treats many topics that the children of this world dispose of in a few words of what they call common sense, or else give the go-by entirely as being matters not of human concern. Then again, it does, no doubt, rather too much affect "insight," and, far as it can see into mill-stones, it sometimes professes to have seen further than it really has. There was no need, for example, of its discovering by certain signs that the writer of a book called "The Woman Who Dared" was "Miss" Sargent, and of proceeding thereupon to make some remarks, suggested by passages in that production, on the power inherent in certain feminine natures of dropping, under certain circumstances, the sense of shame, as a man under the same circumstances could not. The fact is, as some at any rate of our readers know, if more of them are ignorant of both book and author, that the author of "The Woman Who Dared" was Mr. Epes Sargent, a resident of Boston or some of the parts adjacent. The *Spectator* has also been making some calumnious remarks about the Republic which cry aloud for retribution, as being, if such language may be permitted, indicative of want of knowledge, want of its own beloved "insight," and truly deplorable failure to "comprehend our institutions." "It must not be forgotten," says the *Spectator*, commenting on Mr. Goldwin Smith's letter to Mr. Disraeli, "that the professor is living in the United States, where men take Mr. Disraeli's revelations for gospel." In this explanation of Mr. Smith's reasons for writing his letter there assuredly is not any astonishing degree of penetrative sagacity. Nor is there much closeness to facts in the statement that Americans accept Mr. Disraeli's revelations for gospel. Seven Americans in ten, and in the North, eight or nine in ten, are, as between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, for instance, on the side of Mr. Gladstone. Most Americans who know anything about Mr. Disraeli think of him, we should say—no doubt in an inadequate way—as being a man of great ability, destitute entirely of political principle, and quite willing to go a long way in attacking an adversary. They have a sort of admiration for his adroitness, and they like his courage; but the narrower mind and more acrid nature of Mr. Gladstone do not prevent his moral earnestness in the work of reform from putting them almost to a man on his side. To say all this, is making too much of a thing of no importance; but it seldom does an Englishman any harm to tell him that, as a rule, he had better, when American affairs are to be talked about, open his eyes and ears, and not open his mouth.

—But, perhaps, when he talks like this it may be as well for us ourselves to give heed and let him talk on. A writer in the *News* is speaking of the lack of an international copyright law: "Indeed, more than one [American] speaker on the subject has avowed that it is better to let American authors be pirated in England than to renounce the privilege of spoiling the English. We shall be glad to hear that Congress is at length brought to a better mind." It is not the fault of Congress, however; unless, indeed, it is the duty of Congressmen to be a little wiser and a little better than the electors who follow them and look up to them as leaders. Many of the American publishers, all the authors, and all intelligent and honest men and women generally who have thought the thing out, wish an international copyright law to be passed; but as for the people at large, the simple truth we take to be this: they are persuaded that English books will be dearer when the authors get some money from the American consumer than they are now. And moreover, they are a little obtuse and do not clearly see how a man has the same right of property in a poem or story he has made that he has in corn he has raised or shoes he has made. While the people are in this frame of mind and state of knowledge, it is too much to expect of the average Congressman that he will feel the disgrace of the present condition of things or see his way clear to bettering it. Negotiations looking to the framing of an international copyright law are now going on between Great Britain and this country, and perhaps the prospects are better than ever before of our ratifying the treaty, though we have once or twice before come near doing so; but that the prospects are very good, it is still too much to say. Mr. Welford, we see, writes from England that there are now some indications that the British publisher himself begins to be opposed to the ratification of a copyright treaty between the two countries. Apparently he fears that his American rivals, with a reading public behind them so much larger and greedier than the English reading public, would outbid him constantly, and soon have in their pay all the most popular authors. So we are, perhaps, to have an opportunity to read to our old homilist some of the lectures upon the wickedness of piracy which he has for years been giving to us.

—We extract from a list published in the *Revue Bibliographique Universelle* for April and May, the names of the principal bibliographical periodicals in Europe, with some particulars concerning them. The *Revue* should, however, be consulted. AUSTRIA: *Oesterreichische Buchhändler-Correspondenz*, founded in 1860, and appearing three times a month; takes note of all books published in Austria, in whatever language, as well as of engravings and music. In connection with this appears the annual classified *Oesterreichischer Catalog*, sold entire or in parts. BELGIUM: *Journal de l'Imprimerie et de la Librairie en Belgique*, 1854, monthly. BOHEMIA: *Vestnik bibliografičky*, July, 1869, monthly; gives also Slovenian publications, and works published in foreign languages which relate to Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia. DENMARK and NORWAY: *Dansk Bogfortegnelse*, 1851; appears from eight to ten times in the course of a year. *Dans Boghandlertidende*, 1854, weekly; the organ of the Danish publishers. ENGLAND: The *Bookseller*, 1858, monthly; the *Publishers' Circular*, 1837, fortnightly, with Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s *Monthly Bulletin; Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record*, 1866, monthly. FRANCE: *Bibliographie de la France*, 1811, weekly; *Revue Bibliographique Universelle*, 1868, monthly. GERMANY and SWISS GERMANY: *Allgemeine Bibliographie für Deutschland*, 1842, weekly. GREECE: Μηνιαῖον δέλτιον τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς βιβλιοπωλεσίας, 1862, monthly. HOLLAND: *Nederlandsche Bibliographie*, 1856, sixteen numbers yearly. *List van Boekwerken*, 1837, monthly. *Alphabetische Naamlijst van Boeken*, 1846. ITALY: *Bibliografia italiana*—replaces, beginning with this year, the *Bibliografia d'Italia*, 1867—fortnightly. POLAND: *Biblioteka Warszawske*, for publications in the kingdom. RUSSIA: *Knizhniy Vyestnik*, 1860, fortnightly; *Zhurnal Ministerstva narodnavo prosvestcheniya*, the official organ of the Minister of Public Instruction. A new periodical, *Bibliograf*, is announced as about to appear at St. Petersburg. SWEDEN: *Svensk Bibliographie*, 1828, monthly. The list of periodicals of this class which have previously existed for a longer or shorter term, is very much longer than the foregoing, and will be found in the *Revue*.

—About two years ago, the religious and the intellectual world of France were a good deal agitated by the proposal made in the columns of the *Siècle* that a portrait-statue should be erected in honor of Voltaire. Not only in France but elsewhere—in England, on the Continent, and here in America—the pulpits and the religious press were loud in condemnation of a project which was characterized as no better than impious and blasphemous. That a Catholic Frenchman should have been scandalized by the scheme was reasonable enough, for certainly the Catholic Church may recognize in Voltaire a man who was once, at any rate, a formidable enemy, whether or not he is very formidable now; but the denunciations of the Protestant religious press sounded as if the current estimate of Voltaire that is entertained by Protestantism were the traditional estimate handed over to our fathers by the Catholic Church, which stigmatized as a mere bestial atheist a man who, whatever else he was, was not an atheist, but as avowed a believer in the existence, omniscience, omnipotence, justice, and mercy of a Supreme Being as any of the men who denounce him without having made the acquaintance of his works. As to his spiritual-mindedness and the soundness of his faith, that is another question. Despite all opposition, the statue has been finished, and is soon to be set up. At first it was intended to place it in a square, or rather a *rond-point*, which Baron Haussmann had determined on making in the Rue de Rennes; but Baron Haussmann was obliged to go out of office and leave the Rue de Rennes and many other streets and squares unfinished; so it is probable that the statue will be set up on the Quai Voltaire. "To Voltaire by popular subscription" will be the only inscription on the pedestal. The statue is of bronze, and is the work of a M. Barbédienne,

or rather it is the work of M. Barbédienne and of Houdon, for our contemporary has obeyed orders, and instead of giving an original conception has followed the work of his celebrated predecessor. Houdon, by the way, our readers will recollect, is known in this country by his statue of Washington, of which the original is in Richmond and a copy in the State House at Boston, and which is considered very successful, though it is not precisely the Washington of the school histories. His Voltaire, certainly, has an air of being a most life-like and truthful representation of the very man himself, and one can imagine its being contemplated with pleasure by the ecclesiastic who desires him to be seen as a fleering and jeering scoffer, and by the *bonnet rouge* who would gladly hang every priest, monk, and nun, and imagines that Voltaire would have joyously assisted him in his labors. The continued influence of Voltaire among the less intelligent opponents of the Church may be guessed from the fact that the number of subscribers to the memorial fund was 205,000.

—Recent papers in *Hours at Home* and the *Atlantic* on Siam have caused us to examine with some curiosity a copy of the "Bangkok Calendar" for 1870, printed at the press of the American Missionary Association at that capital. On page 50 is given a list of the children of the late First King, eighty-four in number, including one miscarriage, which the King himself duly recorded (No. 54). His Majesty Phra-Bard-Somdetch-Phra Paramendr-Maha-Mongkut was of course a polygamist, and his children were born to him sometimes at the rate of three a month. His ninth child and fifth son—another Somdetch—born in 1853, is the present First King. The late Second King, whose name was even a little longer than his illustrious colleague's, had at least thirty-one wives, who bore him sixty-three children, again including the miscarriages, this time set down at six. The catalogue of these princes is rendered quite amusing by adopting the Siamese calendar, thus: "Prince George Washington (the present Second King) born year of the dog, 30th Aug., 1838." Other nativities follow: in the year of the rat, the cow, the small dragon, the monkey, the cock, the hog, the tiger, the rabbit, the great dragon, and the serpent; and the typographical necessities of the table are such that we have the Princess Wong Chandr described as "full sister of the 1st year of the dog," and the Prince Toe as "full brother of the 14th do do do hog." The calendar proper, in which remarkable events are set against each date, has been edited with a perspective which may be far from ludicrous to an American missionary in Siam, but which reads oddly over here. Along with the record of church days are mingled notes of the departure and arrival of missionary families, of incidents in our late civil war (a date being reserved for the escape of Union officers from Libby), of international events of all degrees of importance, and finally—what is really interesting—of the progress of civilization in Siam. The late First King took kindly to European ways and notions, and was the author of innovations which produced an astonishing mixture of barbarism and civilization. He made himself the equal of foreigners whom he entertained officially or otherwise, permitted them to stand or sit in his presence, while at the same time his queen would be on all fours in a corner, shook hands with them, and otherwise made them at their ease and allowed them to observe their own customs. He employed foreign obstetricians in his harem, which was a great scandal, but a great boon to his wives if, as is likely, they had been subject to a treatment which obtained among Siamese midwives forty years ago—that, namely, of toasting the mother before a slow fire for a month immediately after delivery. The glimpses, in fact, one gets in this Calendar of the condition and estimation of women in Siam are almost enough to make a conservative Mormon subscribe for the *Revolution*. The old-school priests of Buddha, for instance, may not live, stand, or walk under any place where women live, sit, or walk; and the consequence has been that a bridge thrown across a street for the convenience of opposite neighbors has proved a serious obstacle to their promenading. The late First King was the father of a new school of Buddhists, who disregarded these and other superstitions; but they are as yet in a vast minority.

WALLACE ON NATURAL SELECTION.*

NOTHING shows more clearly the pure spirit which characterizes the general intercourse of scientific men than this work of Mr. Wallace. Having been, by one of those frequent accidents of discovery, the joint-worker with Mr. Darwin for years before either knew that the other was occupied with the question of natural selection, he now puts before the public a collection of essays having a bearing on this question, written and published at various times, not with the intention of detracting from the credit due his distinguished fellow-worker, but rather to limit his own very modest claims. He says: "I have felt all my life, and I still feel, the most sincere satisfaction that Mr. Darwin had been at work long before me, and that it was not left for me to attempt to write the 'Origin of Species.' I have long since measured my own strength, and know well that it would be quite unequal to that task."

The first two of these essays, "On the Law which has Regulated the Introduction of New Species," and "On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type," were written before the publication of Mr. Darwin's book, and are therefore quite independent productions. The remainder of the essays show throughout the interaction of the original thought of the author and the work of the other students in the same field. They show very beautifully how rapidly a theory expands when it ceases to be the personal property of a single intellect and becomes the common working-ground of many students. The third, fourth, and fifth chapters are devoted to the discussion of a part of the subject which, although first suggested by the Amazonian traveller Bates, is, to a great extent, the intellectual property of the author, namely, the mimicry or protective resemblances among animals. The wonderful phenomena of imitation among insects, which give us, in the butterflies and other insects, the most perfect imitations of the leaves of plants or the coloring of the bark of a tree, or even the dung of a bird, receive here an elaborate discussion. There can be no question that these chapters give the strongest arguments for the theory of natural selection which have yet been presented. The fact, which seems pretty well made out, that those groups of insects which are protected from their natural enemies by some unpleasant secretion, or in any other way, are generally the most varied in appearance, the most abundant, and the most frequently imitated in form by the other groups of insects, is probably the weightiest contribution yet made to the evidence in favor of natural selection. The author, with a discretion which many of the advocates of Darwinism would do well to imitate, does not weaken his argument by asserting that all variations which bring about imitations are to be ascribed to the principle of protective resemblance. The chapters "On Instinct in Man and Animals," "The Philosophy of Birds' Nests," and "A Theory of Birds' Nests," are devoted to a laudable effort to overthrow the common idea involved in that most question-begging of terms, *instinct*. The author endeavors to show that men build as much by instinct as animals do, imitation being the basis of the work in both cases. In the few classes of facts cited, the author makes a tolerably clear case for his view. Birds do indeed have a chance in their youth to see how a nest is built, and it is quite conceivable that they build in part from recollection of the nest where they were born. But there are other and more numerous cases, such as the nests of the solitary wasps, where the phenomena are much more complicated, and where imitation is out of the question. Besides, there are the cuckoos, which lay their eggs in the nests of other birds, a feat which it would be difficult for the birds to learn by imitation. Although the author has done good work in these chapters, by endeavoring to persuade the public to look upon the feats of animals in a common-sense way, and not to make unjustifiable suppositions concerning the nature of the mental operations therein involved, we cannot believe that he has cleared up the main difficulties of the question. We may ask our theorizers on animal psychology why the more marvellous performances of the so-called *brute creation* may not be classed with the mental operations of our *lightning calculators*, who certainly perform their work by no blind instinct, inconceivable as the means may be to the general run of men.

In the eighth chapter, our author answers the arguments against the Darwinian development hypothesis which the Duke of Argyll has brought forward in the "Reign of Law." With a small expenditure of force, he pretty effectually demolishes the theory of the "continual interference" of the Creator in the operations of nature—a theory, by the way, which, by the fitness of things, should have been originated by the supporters of the miracle of the winking Madonna rather than by the interpreters of the great forces of nature. At the close of this chapter the author tabulates, in a form more ingenious than logical, the arguments for the Darwinian hypothesis, under the title of "A Demonstration of the Origin of Species by Natural Selection." It will have for the general reader the great value given by a clear synoptic form to a train of argument so long that few but the special students of the subject have been able to grasp it in its expanded form.

* "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection: A Series of Essays by Alfred Russel Wallace, author of 'The Malay Archipelago,'" etc., etc. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

The chapter on the action of natural selection on man, in which Mr. Wallace, with great ingenuity, shows how man is, by his intellect, sheltered from the action of natural selection, at least so far as that operates through physical peculiarities, is probably the most important contribution which has recently been made to the theory of races.

In the tenth and concluding chapter of the book, the author takes up the question of the limits of natural selection as applied to man. It marks a new era in the history of the last phase of the development hypothesis, for it shows that one of the originators of the present form of that theory has passed the first enthusiasm of discovery, and can look with calmness upon its defects. We must congratulate the scientific world that the ablest advocate of Darwinism has had the philosophical acumen to perceive, and the courage to declare, that there are features in the physical and mental structure of man which cannot have been produced by natural selection. Our author's considerations on this point are too extended, and too closely connected, to enable us to illustrate by extracts. We can heartily commend the whole chapter to all who are interested in this vast question. That the reader may not be frightened from this profitable task by the fear that they may be too recondite for any but the specialist, we venture to give some of the headings of the sections of this chapter, which are: "The Brain of the Savage shown to be Larger than he needs it to be," "Man's Naked Skin could not have been produced by Natural Selection," "Feet and Hands of Man considered as Difficulties in the Theory of Natural Selection," "Origin of Man's Mental Faculties, by the Preservation of Useful Variations, not Possible." This chapter is throughout penetrated by a religious spirit, which in no way, however, prejudices the argument. In recapitulating, the author says: "The inference I would draw from this class of phenomena is, that a superior intelligence has guided the development of man in a definite direction and for a special purpose, just as man guides the development of many animal and vegetable forms." There will be a large amount of short-sighted criticism expended to show the contradiction between this assertion and some of the sentences of his criticism on the "Reign of Law." We leave the satisfaction which this may give to those who admire the *tu quoque* line of argument. The author closes his work by an admirable refutation of the assertion of Huxley, that our "thoughts are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena." The argument on this point is as clear as it is courteous—in the latter regard well suited to be a model for the gentleman whose assertion it overthrows.

It is not a little singular that, within a year, two of the greatest thinkers of the day, who have gone furthest on the road which is generally believed to lead inevitably to atheism, have, in all earnestness and in the true scientific spirit, declared that their studies have given them the abiding conviction that there is, beyond this range of physical events, an intellectual guiding force. Our author believes that all force is "will force," the will of a Supreme Intelligence; and Julius Robert Mayer, who has carried the idea of the correlation of forces to that point where the short-sighted believed he had left nothing but machinery in the universe, has declared that beyond all these phenomena must lie the Infinite Mind, and that his work, so far from sapping, has only strengthened the foundations of religion.

MR. READE'S LAST NOVEL.*

Mr. Reade has done once more what he has never yet failed to do. He has written a thrilling and passionate novel, from the perusal of which one could pause about as easily as he could linger in the act of going over a precipice. As the story appeared in monthly parts, the reader's progress through it may be described as dropping from one sharp and piercing point of interest to another, which, like so many projections of rock from the sides of the precipice, are each one more poignant than the last, and renders his course more and more terrific, until he is hurled at last into the abyss of bliss below.

We are sure that, if the reader will recall the chief incidents of this novel, he will not find our figure extravagant. Henry Little, the hero, is first blown up, or rather blown out of the window, by the trade against whose rules he is working; but not to leave Grace Carden, whom he hopelessly loves, he arranges to work by stealth in an old deserted church. Grace and her other lover, the bad one, Coventry, find their way thither more dead than alive, lost in a snow-storm, and Little saves them. Coventry gratefully sets the bravos of the Union on Little's secret, and they almost murder him. Finally, he goes to America to make a fortune preparatory to marrying Grace, and now Jael Dence, his faithful friend and ally, is blown up, and subsequently half-drowned in a pond, but she is got out and gets well. Next, it is Grace's turn: Henry's letters are intercepted by Coventry; she believes Henry false, promises to marry Coventry, and marries him just an hour before Jael brings her a true-love letter from Henry. On this she stabs her husband, but not so mortally as she would have liked to stab him. Of course, he lives, and Grace goes into a Protestant convent.

Here the reader is at his wit's end; but not so the author. He has a whole deluge in reserve, and just when Grace has come back so that she can have some small, wretched glimpses of Henry, and Henry is watching her in secret, and in secret Coventry is watching them both, the author breaks the Hillsborough dam, and whish! comes the flood, drowning everything before it. Coventry is up in a tree, and Henry is in-doors at an upper story window; Grace goes sailing down the deluge between them. Both make a clutch at her, and Little gets her; but "such was the force exerted by the torrent on one side, and the desperate lover on the other, that not her shoes only, *but her stockings, though gartered, were torn off her in that fierce struggle.*"

Perhaps this may be thought a minor point; but let us wait a moment.

Of course, poor Little falls a-kissing the senseless form with frantic love; and poor Coventry, remembering that he is her husband, calls out to him to stop that, please; but Henry does not desist in the least, and roars back: "'Your wife, you scoundrel! You stole her from me once; now come and take her from me again. Why didn't you save her? She was as near to you. You let her die: she lives by me, and for me, and I for her.' With this he kissed her again, and held her to his bosom. 'D'ye see that? liar! coward! villain!'"

(At which, we are afraid, we feel like pausing to laugh, in spite of our eagerness to get on. Perhaps this idea of defying with kisses and beard-ing with embraces is a stroke of art that passes the modesty of nature; though, to be sure, nature herself is not particularly modest in everything.)

Meantime, nobody can tell what might happen if it were not for a larger tree than Coventry's that comes drifting by, and cuts it off, and sends the false husband whirling away upon the current. You breathe freer; Henry shoots a hole through the roof, and draws Grace out upon it, and saves lots of other people; the water goes down, and he sets forth to take her home to Woodbine Villa, she walking and being carried till they find an opportune horse jammed in among the débris, but still alive. Henry puts her on this and walks beside her; and now you learn why "her stockings, though gartered, were torn off her" by the flood. "*At this*," Grace's promise to marry him next morning early, "*Henry kissed her little white feet with rapture, and kept kissing them at intervals all the rest of the way*," which he plainly could not have done but for the force of the flood; and it must be owned that he has an advantage vouchsafed to very few lovers; though, certainly, after Grace has been walking through all that mud and water! . . . But no matter. Henry exacts a promise from Grace that she will get to bed at once; and then he goes out and saves more lives, and returns next morning to see how Grace is; when who is the first person that meets his eye in the parlor at Woodbine Villa? Why, Mr. Coventry, by all that is wretched! Mr. Coventry, dead below the waist, but very lively above, and capable of living years, and keeping Grace and Henry asunder.

At this point the reader breaks out in a cold perspiration; he cannot imagine what *shall* be done, now; but Mr. Reade arrests him a coiner—whom he has had floating about all the night of the flood in a box for the purpose—brings the rogue to trial, proves him the no-clergyman who married Grace to Coventry, and has the marriage pronounced null. You think you are at the end. Not so; Coventry petitions Parliament to have the ceremony declared valid, and the rapidly intervening marriage of Grace and Henry illegal; when up pops an honorable friend of the true lovers, and explains the circumstances to Parliament, and the Coventry petition is dropped; and Grace and Henry are now off in Scotland enjoying a perpetual honeymoon, while Mr. Coventry spends his remaining days in the spiritual exercise of cursing.

"And Fiction," says Mr. Reade, as if he thought something of the kind ought to be said, "whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest, and greatest of all the arts;" which may be true, though, honestly, things in this book have made us doubt it; and, to

* "Put Yourself in his Place. By Charles Reade." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. New York: Sheldon & Co., and Harper & Bros.

tell the truth further, fiction does not appear to have been used as an art toward the end, where characters and catastrophes have been heaped down pell-mell together. At the same time, we are bound to believe, from thorough conviction by Mr. Reade's former books, that, when he ceases to be an artist, it is of his own motion. We only wonder that he cares so little for the public that honors him so much, for it seems to us that he finally sacrifices to theatrical effects what was first and best in the conception of his story, and the early development of that conception. He makes you in love with Grace Carden, to begin with; she is not a very high type of womanhood, but she is supposable, and, men being men, lovable. Women, however, are very subject in the imagination to a kind of passive dishonor; and long before you reach the climax of Grace Carden's fate, she has been so hungered for, and torn at by her two lovers, and so beaten about by their adverse passions, that you, who would once have been glad to have such love as hers, are very willing to give her up to Mr. Little; for something pure and sweet, through no conscious fault of her own, has been crushed out of her in all that furious handling. She has ceased even to be bewitching—the smallest of the feminine virtues—long before the end, and Mr. Reade need not have had her attempt murder in order to render her a revolting person. Jael Dence is better, but great physical strength and rare fidelity pall upon the fancy after a while. As for Messrs. Little and Coventry, they are both odious, severally and distinctly detestable. We hedge again, by allusion to the constantly recurring strokes of wit, and the human nature which Mr. Reade shows by flashes in his people; and then let us doubt if this will atone for their general lapse and collapse. The most egregious catastrophes are painted with force and probability, but you wish they had not needed so much painting.

Let us say once more that "Put Yourself in his Place" is intensely interesting, and then let us say, it is a pity that it is not less interesting and better. We do not forget "George Eliot" when we say, as we do say, that the author of "Put Yourself in his Place" is now the greatest living writer of English fiction; and that makes it all the more melancholy that he will do what he has here done. But it is consoling to think that a literary excess or blunder is not retroactive, and that though "Put Yourself in his Place" exists, none of Mr. Reade's former novels has therefore ceased to be.

The Universe; or, The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little. By F. A. Pouchet, M.D. Translated from the French. (New York: Scribner. 1870.)—Delicious paper and printing, a gorgeous cover, and numberless interesting and well-executed cuts and colored plates give to "The Universe" a most attractive exterior, which is none too splendid to be in keeping with the style of composition and the things which M. Pouchet describes—a charming selection of natural curiosities. The book tells about objects of zoölogy, botany, geology, and astronomy; but the names of these sciences hardly occur in it, for it makes no pretension at all to afford any scientific knowledge of these matters, although its anecdotes have been drawn from the sciences. It is, as its author says, only "a series of sketches and pictures," and he mentions, as an altogether supererogatory virtue, that the drawings in one part of the book have "quite a special character." The work is a repertory of wonders, and does not address itself to the dry understanding, but to the æsthetic sense and the love of adaptation and fitness in things. That the author is a man of science and has studied to be accurate are facts not without interest to the reader, because a suspicion that the things which appeal to his admiration were fables would be a great drawback to the pleasure he receives from them. But further than that, the scientific character of its author is of no consequence. However high that may be, this is not a book to learn from. When so much consideration is paid to grandeur of diction, exaggerations will creep into descriptions, and little details will even be supplied by the imagination, without any basis of fact. That this has happened to M. Pouchet, a reader who is familiar with any of the unfamiliar things upon which he is most eloquent will be pretty sure to find. To select an example from an object as widely known as possible, take his account of that monotonous cellar, the Mammoth Cave (p. 687, *et seqq*). Anybody not enthusiastic who has ever been there will smile to read of "views of the most grand and varied kinds," "the magical splendor of stalactite halls," "regular churches formed of precious stones, gleaming with different colored lights, the splendor of which dazzles the traveller," "the Dome of the Giant, the immensity of which strikes one with stupor," "the exploration requires five or six days," "the sulphurous atmosphere," etc., etc. The last point is too incorrect for any guide-book.

The author informs us in his preface that his sole object in writing his book has been to inspire and extend a taste for the natural sciences. If this is true, he appears to us not to have chosen his means wisely. In order to give a boy or girl a love of observation, it is necessary to show him that the things he has about him and can observe are worthy of attention. This is done, for example, by such a book as Nuttall's Ornithology, because the birds of his own country are there described, and it is shown that they have interesting peculiarities of appearance, habits, cries, etc. It helps a boy much less to convince him that there are interesting things in the world if those things are out of his reach. But to collect together all that is outlandish and sensational in nature, and to feed the mind exclusively on such things, can only tend to destroy a natural appetite for nature. After reading for the first time all the marvels in "The Universe," the ordinary world must seem insipid and less worth observing than it did before. The glowing diction of M. Pouchet is less calculated to excite the powers of observation than the imagination, and that in an unhealthy way. Moreover, such a book gives a very false conception of the manner in which the objects of nature are related to one another. It magnifies that unity of nature which results from the adaptation of different things to one another, because the beauty of such unity is readily perceived without any particular mental training. But the structural unity in nature, to perceive which requires the development in the mind of special conception, must be passed over in a work which is never to demand any effort of thought on the part of the reader. "The Universe" ought to be regarded as a book of entertainment, and as serving no higher purpose than that of beguiling tedious hours. So regarded, it fulfils its end and has a real value. It will delight a child.

Natural History of the Human Races, etc. By John P. Jeffries.—(Wooster, Ohio: Printed for the author. New York: Edw. O. Jenkins.)—This book should have had a different title: it does not really attempt to give the natural history of the human races. For such an enquiry the author has not the first requisite: he has never conceived the enormous difficulty of the questions involved in his title. The book is, in fact, a compendium of information concerning the history and characteristics of most of the divisions of the human race. As such it is not altogether without merit, for it really gives a good deal of matter and is notably free from efforts at fine writing; but the compiler brought no critical ability whatever to his work, so that it depends altogether upon the author from whom he derived his facts whether the reader gets trustworthy or worthless statements. The childlike confidence the writer puts in all authorities is sometimes quite amusing. Not only does he unhesitatingly accept the whole Mosaic account of the extreme longevity of the descendants of Adam before the Noachian deluge, but even the newspaper reports of great cave discoveries of "statues and obelisks of solid brass," "a copper sarcophagus, nine feet long, sculptured with several hundred figures," in Illinois, are willingly adopted as gospel truth. That the Cardiff giant does not figure here is proof that the work was done before that great treasure was unearthed. It is refreshing to find here a man who still believes that the old mill at Newport was built by the Northmen, and that the story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas is veritable history.

The blunders into which the author has been led by want of knowledge of his subject appear on every page. Taking a random selection from the book, we find on the 97th page the statement that "the Semitic family embraces the Hebrews, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Iberians, Spaniards, and other kindred tribes." Other statements of his classification of men are simply incomprehensible. He says "the Hamites include the Canaanites and other kindred nations. They were so closely allied with the Semitics as to be literally one and the same family; not negroes or black persons, as has generally been contended." Afterwards, he by implication refers the negroes to this group!

The two closing chapters of the book treat of the "social nature of man" and "man morally considered." Having disposed of the natural history of man in the first three hundred and fifty pages, the author, with equal audacity, proceeds to discuss the subjects falling under these titles in the last thirty pages of his book. The main point of the first of these chapters is to prove that the negro cannot make a useful element of our society. This the author maintains with numerous arguments, few of which, however, are new; but he closes with the assertion, utterly at variance with the facts, "There is not a solitary case upon record where the engrafting of one people upon another, politically or socially, has proved beneficial to the united peoples or nations." In the last chapter we have the assertion that "Socrates was the *revelator* (*sic*) of natural religion and moral rectitude; and Jesus Christ the promulgator of

revealed religion and the way of salvation." It would be well if those who assume to make this comparison would look a little into the facts of the "moral rectitude" of the great Athenian. We fancy they would be a little surprised by some of the results of an investigation into this point.

Bad as the book is, it is defaced by the illustrations. The violently colored woodcuts, in which our Indian chiefs figure in all the colors of the rainbow and in every description of garment, or the hairy absurdity labelled "Our Saviour," make one almost despair of the artistic perception of the public they are made for.

Hans Breitmann in Church. With other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1870.)—From the beginning there appeared to be danger that Mr. Leland, with his fluency and his readiness to be satisfied with something less than a high success, would give us too much of "Hans Breitmann," and that he has not done this in "Hans Breitmann in Church" nobody, we imagine, would say. There are other things, and possibly better things, in the Breitmann ballads, but the thing nearest perfection in its kind, and most entertaining and freshest, was the figure of Breitmann himself—the lager-bier-drinking "Dutchman," as we Americans civilly call our Germans—who is not quite as full of sentimentalism as he is of lager-bier, and who is never so maudlin, either with bier or with sentiment, that he has not an eye to small change. Of this amusing gentleman, Mr. Leland made for us a likeness, which was, no doubt, a little staring, and perhaps was a little out of drawing, but which was, nevertheless, to be called good. The philosophizing, for instance, concerning various abstract entities would have seemed more natural in the mouth of another sort of German than the Philadelphia ward politician and saloon-keeper whom we first saw when he "gife a barty," and whom afterwards we saw as one of "Sherman's bummers" and as a caucussing candidate for a Congressional nomination.

Here, in "Hans Breitmann in Church," the artist has done something more of what he has been doing ever since his picture first called out applause, and in this last volume still another layer of obscuring paint is interposed between the spectator and the original figure. Certainly nothing that here is added adds anything to the fulness and vividness of the portrait, and, Mr. Leland's taste in the matter of incidents being what it is, there is usually little pleasure to be got from seeing in action the personage whom he had the fortune to create, or rather discover and show to us.

Hasty and ill-considered as these pieces are, however, the author is too clever a man not to have put into them some good things. For instance, "a Boston shap" having said that, after all, the author of the Breitmann ballads was not humorous—

> "Dough he maket de beoples laughen,
> Boot dat vas only all"—

a "Deutscher" who was present remarks that to his mind that sounds like a "baradox"—

> "'Twas like de saying dat Heine
> Hafe no witz in him good or bad,
> Boot he only *kept sayin'* witty dings
> To make beoples peliefe he had."

And there is something funny in this sketch of Breitmann and his fellow-bummer, Von Stossenheim, "who had théories of Gott":

> "Outspake der bold Von Stossenheim,
> Who had théories of Gott:
> 'O Breitmann, dis is shoodgement on
> De vays dat you hafe trod;
> You only lifes to joy yourself,
> Yet you yourself must say
> Dat self-development requires
> De réligiös Idée.'
>
> "Dey set dem down und argued it,
> Like Deutschers vree from fear,
> Dill dey schmoke ten pfounds of Knaster
> Und drinked drei fuss of beer.
> Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,
> Boot Veit he had him denn,
> For he took him on de angles
> Of de moral oxygen."

Now, this seems to us all out of keeping. At any rate, it is one of the things that we had in mind in saying that the author has not been careful to preserve the tone of his picture. This Breitmann we have just been looking at is surely not the earlier Breitmann, but a Deutscher-Amerikaner of a different type, if, indeed, he is distinctively a Deutscher-Amerikaner at all, and is not merely a German of the sort that Frenchmen and Englishmen, as well as Americans, have long known very well and laughed at a little. But, as we have said, it seems to us that much better than the repetition of familiar satirical strokes at familiar German weaknesses, was the amusing picture, abounding in suggestions, and successful, too, as positive portraiture, of the Philadelphia German beer-drinker, with his mixed speech and modified German notions, who appeared in Mr. Leland's first work. And to say this is to condemn most of the later work as being worse than it might have been "if the painter had taken more pains," though it is far from condemning it absolutely.

It is perhaps not worth while to say much about an occasional lapse into coarseness which Mr. Leland permits himself. It is not of a particularly bad kind; but it is coarseness. This, by the way, is a method of raising a laugh which has come to be more surprising to see a writer take than it is unpleasing to see done. That it is unpleasing Mr. Leland seems not to know; this is not the first book of his in which he thus offends against good manners. It is noteworthy that nearly all others of our later American writers of any name have been perfectly free from grossness or coarseness, and this whether or not they have been sermonizers or humorists—whether they have had more or less latitude allowed them.

A Brave Lady. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. With illustrations. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.)—To our thinking, this is the best novel that Mrs. Craik has written in some years. It is not as pleasant reading as some of the earlier ones, it is true, for the story is in itself painful, and the author makes little or no attempt to relieve its sombreness. But then it is almost entirely free from the sort of sentimentality which has most interfered with the enjoyment of many of Mrs. Craik's readers, and the fact that her chief character is a woman, and that her male sinners are of a weak, vacillating kind, keeps out of sight, in a great measure, one of her principal failings as a novelist: her inability to draw a manly man—an attempt she was always making and always failing to accomplish. Her hero was always a very conscientious woman in trousers. This time she has resumed her proper dress, and really possesses force and life-likeness. At the same time, it is fair to say that even Josephine Scanlan, whose general fidelity to woman nature most readers may recognize, gives still another proof that Mrs. Craik, even in her best efforts, never quite succeeds in disengaging an individual from a type; that she rather embodies her ideas of certain faults and virtues than sets a real person before her readers; and that as her men never succeed in being more than partially disguised women, so Josephine just fails of being quite womanly because it was necessary to Mrs. Craik's conception of her that she should err on the side of justice instead of generosity—in other words, that the failings of her heroine should be masculine, as, in other cases, the virtues of her heroes have been feminine. One could love Mrs. Scanlan more, even if one did not approve her so highly, if her perception of her husband's weaknesses had been less keen, and her judgment concerning the duty she owed him a trifle less impartial. According to Swedenborg, the difference between men and women is that, being both resolvable into love and wisdom, the man is first wisdom and then love; the woman first love, then wisdom. It is only against Mrs. Craik in her capacity of artist that we are disposed to cavil that when she draws an ideal she reverses the natural order, and makes her men too tender and her women too just. Her present novel, however, is unusually well written, its principal moral is sound, and the story, though more painful than it seems to us a work of art has any legitimate right to be, is well told and interesting, and will repay perusal.

Warp and Woof. A Book of Verse. By Samuel Willoughby Duffield. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1870.)—Mr. Duffield has, doubtless, already made for himself numerous friends amongst the readers of the verses which appear from month to month in the magazines, where he appears as a writer of pieces which show more than the usual correctness and skilfulness of magazine poetry. That they show that their author was born a poet it might not do to affirm; but that he was either born poetical, or has been made so, the reader of them will probably think it safe to say. Evidently, they are the work of a man of some poetical feeling; but as one reads them, the doubt is forced upon the attention whether Mr. Duffield would ever have made verses of any sort, good or bad, if other men had not made verses before him; and there seems to be little doubt that very much of what in his verses is at all good, is due to the effect upon his mind of several contemporary poets. "Longfellow" one says very often; "Tennyson" often; "Lowell" now and again; "Browning" oftener; and still other poets seem to have as good a right as Mr. Duffield to the form of his poems, and also to the matter of them. Of every such writer of verses it may be said that he does well for the sake of his own amusement and improvement to practise his accomplishment; but Mr. Duffield's book will, no doubt, give pleasure to some others besides himself and his immediate circle of personal friends.

Man's Wrongs; or, Woman's Foibles. By Kate Manton. (Boston: Crosby & Damrell. 1870.)—The plot of this tale is certainly not one of maddening interest. A family of loyal Georgians are obliged to leave their "luxurious Southern home and begin life anew in the cold, unsympathizing North." While beginning it, their daughter is constrained to abandon the expensive joys of party-going; but even with this dark shadow resting upon her young life, she is so lucky as to meet the Earl of Somerset, who is at the time travelling in America. With him she discourses upon the painful subject of woman's inhumanity to man, as evinced in setting him an example of extravagant dress, forcing him to give her his seat, and the like brutalities, and to this nobleman she is finally married without the usual tortures of opposition and delay.

As a discussion of social questions, the book is little better than baby-talk; but the numerous sketches it contains of celebrated characters (which are studied by the heroine as a basis for elegant conversation) enable the reviewer to regard it as a biographical dictionary. In this light, it is defective as lacking alphabetic arrangement; and indeed, in a grave historical work, such expressions as "had he have told me" should have been rigorously eschewed, nor should William the Silent have been numbered among the princes of England.

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Porter (Prof. N.), American Colleges and the American Public	(C. C. Chatfield)	
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